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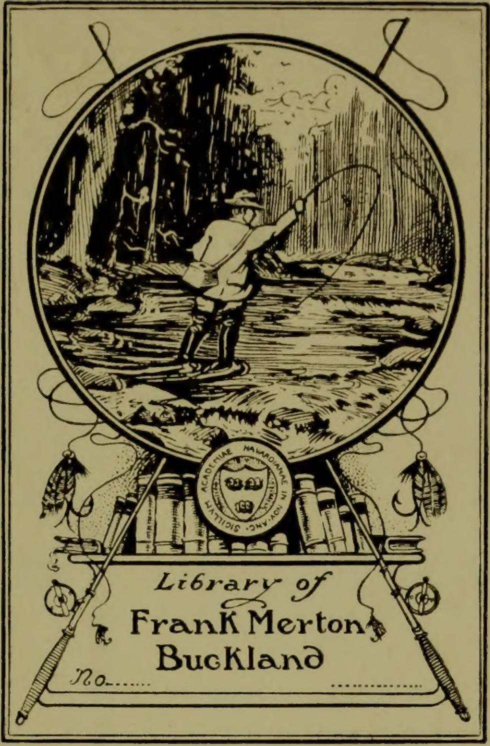

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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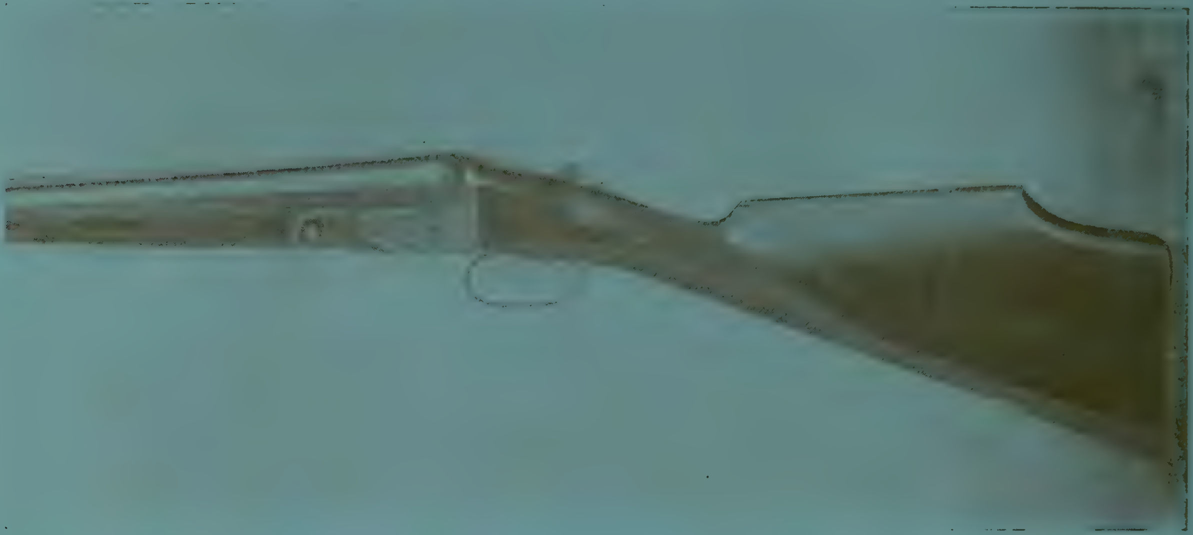

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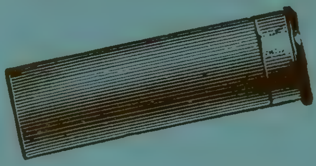

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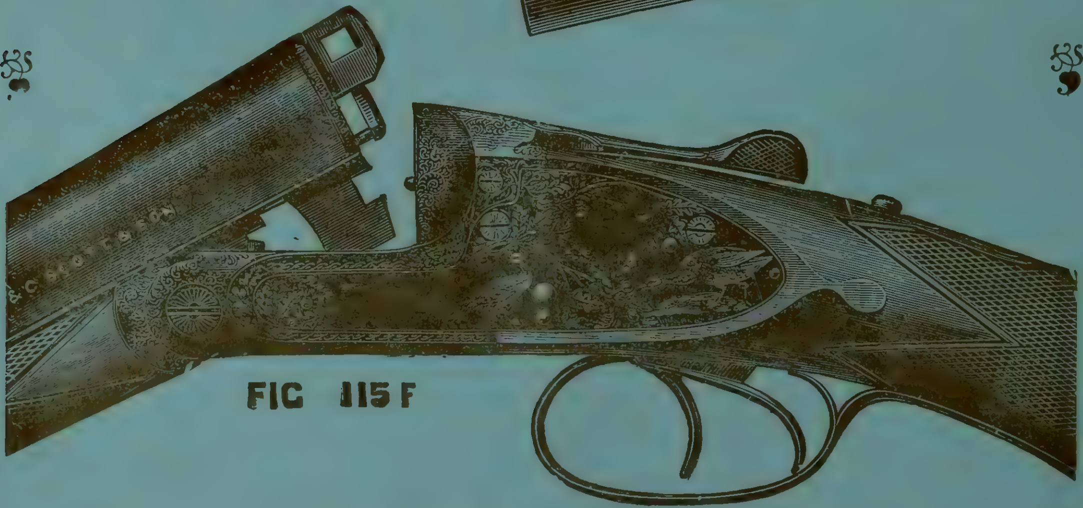

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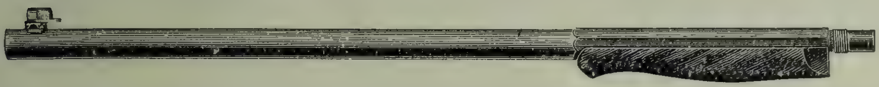

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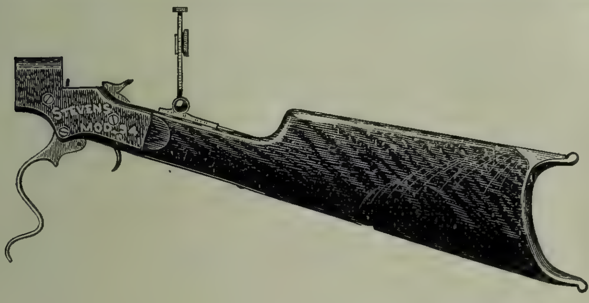

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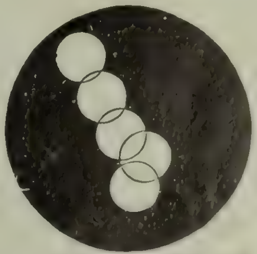

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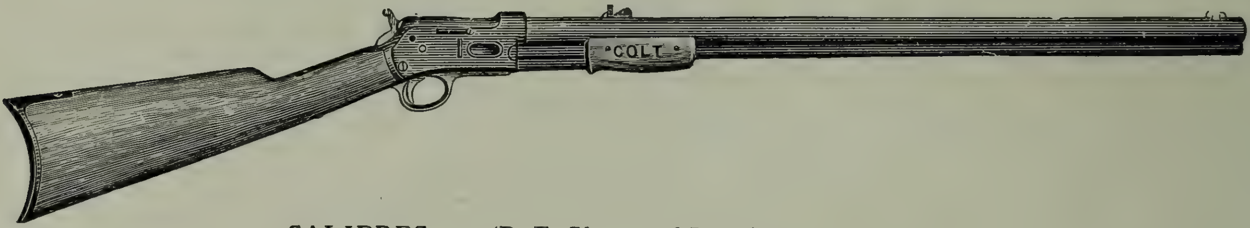

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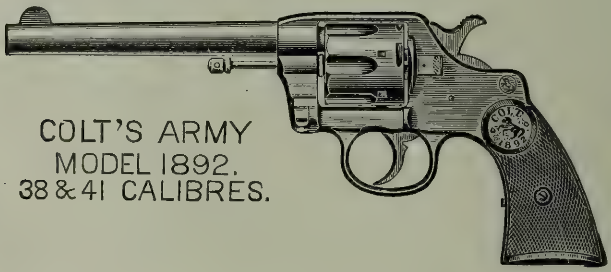

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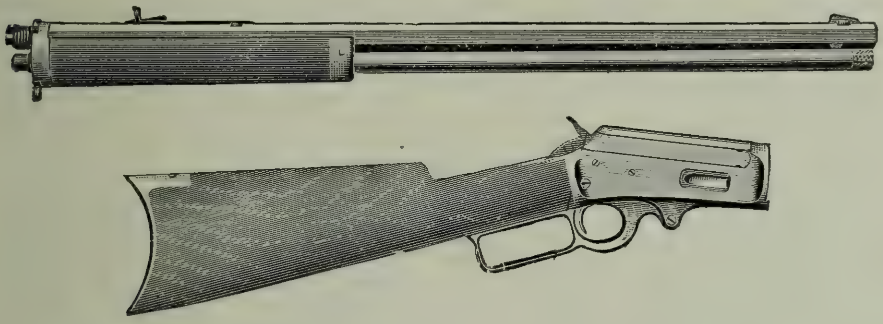

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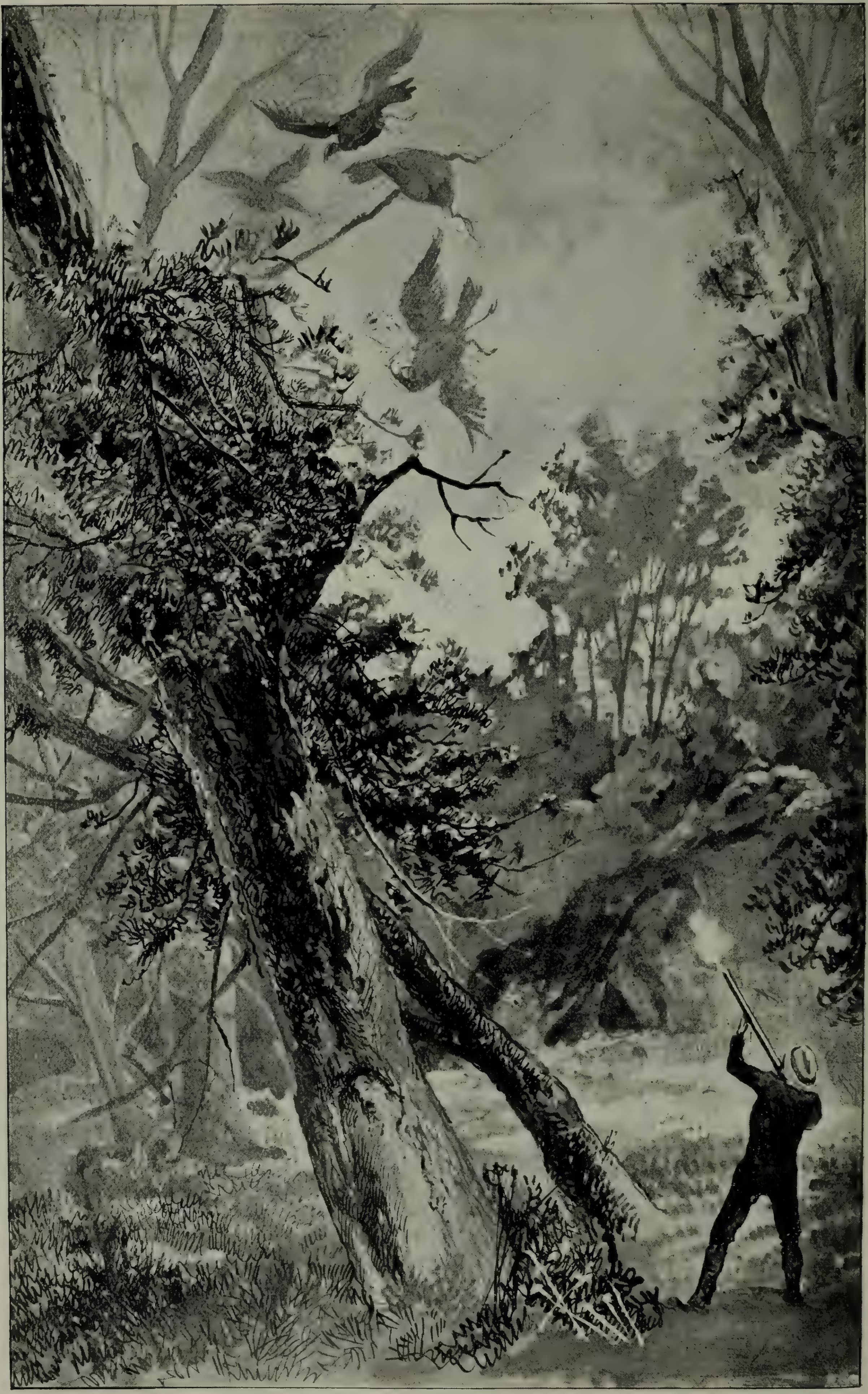

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT.

(*See page* 22)

RECREATION.

Volume I. OCTOBER, 1894. Number 1.

ALASKA.*

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

I.

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A country which has Florida at one end and Alaska at the other, can ill afford to be rent apart, and this lesson we are learning better and better every day. A people possessing the power and right to leave the frozen regions of the north in winter and go, in their own territory, to enjoy the warmth and sunshine, the orange groves and flowers, the green hummocks and white sands of Florida; and in summer to inhale the cooling breezes of the arctic regions; to travel for a thousand miles on salt water, with never a symptom of the wretched sea malady, and under a warm sun to look upon fields of ice which call to mind the glacial epoch; a people, I say, who can do all this, under their own flag, should say in their hearts every day, "What a calamity to have been deprived of this privilege."

Thousands of our people go every year to Florida to escape the rigors of a northern winter and to enjoy a change of scene. Thousands of others go every summer to Alaska, not only for the change of climate, but for the experience, and to see sights not to be seen on any other portion of the earth. All through the summer months, and until late in the fall, well equipped steamers ply regularly between Tacoma, near the head of Puget sound, and Alaskan points, making the round trip in from twelve days to two weeks; bringing back their passengers stronger and healthier than when they took them away; their lungs filled with fresh sea air, their trunks filled with Alaskan curios, both real and bogus, and their pockets more empty than when they started, but delighted with the journey and glad they had gone.

There are ship captains and ship captains, but the one with whom we went to Alaska had the advantage, or disadvantage, according as you looked at him and he looked at you, of being both. By some travelers, the captain of the Alaskan steamer Queen, was regarded as little less than a polar bear—curt, uncouth, rough, rude and disagreeable. These "some" appeared to be decidedly in the majority, for those who found in him any redeeming traits seemed inclined to hold their tongues, apparently fearing to be charged with violating that so-called American principle which holds that the majority is always right. That the captain had two sides to his character was patent from the first (in fact, who has not?) The great problem was which to take; and the next, could you take one side as a meal, with a little of the other side to flavor it, as you put a little bitters in a sweetened cocktail?

On the 6th of August, 1891, the rain was pouring down in torrents, as my daughter and I, at 10 o'clock in the morning, stepped from the Seattle dock on to the deck of the Alaskan steamer, to be greeted by the rest of our party, which had been made up for the trip in Portland. A good deal depends, on such a trip as we were starting on, upon the personnel of your party, and we were especially blessed. We had Mr. F. and three daughters; Mr. K., his wife, little son and darling little Liebling; Mrs. K's brother (Mr. S.); Mr. C., of Portland, and M. Von ——, a German gentleman making a tour of the States. The steamer was packed, as they always are, and the passengers ate by relays. We took our meals at the second table—second only in point of time, not in the quality of food. We were all seated at one table, at the head of which was a vacant chair, and after awhile who should take possession of it but our polar bear of a captain.

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* From Gen. Gibbon's forthcoming book, "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains."

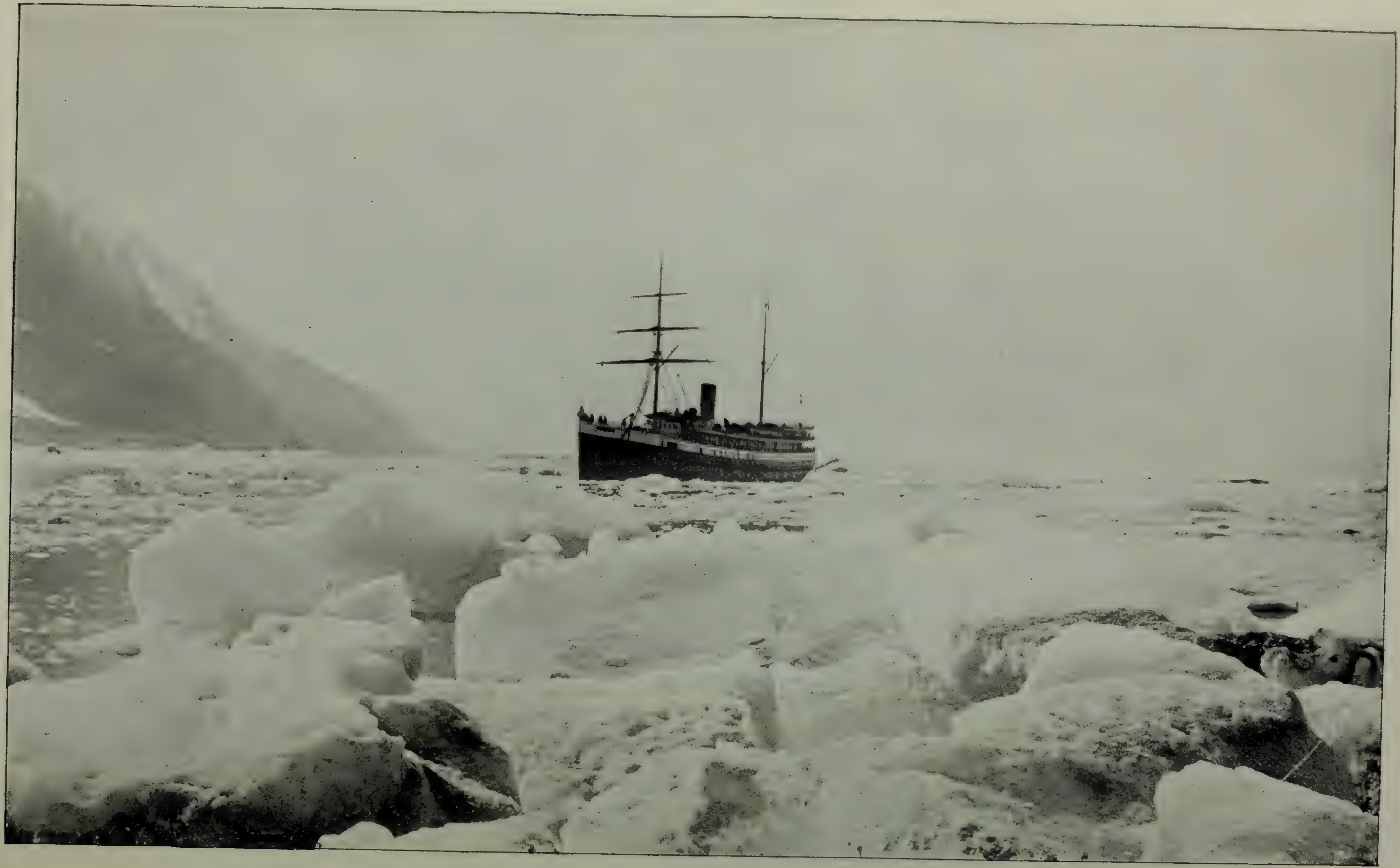
For sixty odd years people of all kinds and characters have been hammering into me the necessity of a wholesome respect for authority ; and, considering the circumstances, I think the lesson has been pretty well learned, though I regret to say there are some men so blind as not to agree with me on this point. All travelers know that a captain on his ship is as great an autocrat, if he wants to be, as the Czar of Russia on his throne. I was hence somewhat surprised to see this captain, after he had taken off his gold-banded cap, and seated himself, salute the assembled diners with a nod and a smile, as if he looked upon us as almost human beings. He even addressed a remark or two to those seated next to him. "Come," I said to myself, "this is not his polar bear side." After awhile, one of our party, I think it was a lady, asked, "Captain, when will we reach Victoria?" He replied curtly and not very definitely, and at once appeared very hungry. "Here," I thought, "is the bitters in the cocktail. The captain does not like to talk of official matters when there are so many other and better things to talk of."

We found our dinner better, much better than we had been led to expect, from the talk of others, and when we left the table and climbed the stairs to the upper deck, we paused on the first landing to read a type-written paper, posted on the large mirror into which every one had to look in passing. This proved to be an itinerary for twenty-four hours, of our steamer's progress, and was signed by the captain. One item was "We reach Victoria at 9 o'clock to-night." Ah ! ha ! Our polar bear does not like to duplicate official information. He places all that is necessary for us to know where we cannot help seeing it, and beyond that he does not care to have us inquire. "Milk for babes."

We go on deck and move forward to take a look at Port Townsend. The captain, with his banded cap on his head and his official coat on, is walking grimly up and down the bridge. He has evidently but one thought in his mind, and the frigid way in which he says, now and then, "port," or "starboard a little," precludes the idea that he can think of anything else than official business. None but the most thoughtless would dream, for a moment, of addressing him now, and if any one should he would get no answer. He would be chilled by a vacant stare and possibly a "port a little." The polar bear is evidently in charge of the deck. But after a while our lines are all out and we are securely fastened to the dock. Our bear leaves his post, takes off his gold banded cap and steps ashore. Meet him now and he is as mild as mother's milk. Ask him any question you please as to his boat, and he will not only reply, but will volunteer information. He will advise you where to go and will tell you there is plenty of time—only come back when the whistle blows.

After a while we leave Port Townsend and plow our way out into Fuca straits. But why do we keep so close to Whidby Island ? One look at the captain, on the bridge, is enough to show that we need expect no information there. The notice on the stairs may show. It does. "Touch at Anacortes at 4." So we are not going direct to Victoria, but are first to steam through the beautiful group of San Juan Islands and view the beauties of the young Yankee town of Anacortes ; and all this information is obtained without having to wake up the bear in our captain. The look at the young town was not of much interest, but steaming through narrow straits and between the beautiful islands, which we came so near losing some forty years ago, was a treat well worth the extra time. As we skirted along the shore of San Juan Island, how natural to recall the bold stand taken by that little captain of infantry, with his handful of men, when he defied a whole fleet of hostile vessels in defence of the flag he himself so viciously assailed years afterward. An interval of only four years separates Pickett of San Juan Island from Pickett of Gettysburg !

We spent the night in the beautiful land-locked harbor of Victoria, and the next morning, as we steamed through the channel, which was finally awarded us by the Emperor of Germany, we



THE STEAMER "QUEEN" IN GLACIER BAY.

mentally returning thanks for his sound judgment, crossed the 49th parallel and entered British Columbia.

To attempt to tell the story of our trip through the thousand miles of Alaskan water with its picturesque scenery, would be to repeat an oft told tale. The weather had cleared; and we lounged on the steamer's deck as she glided over a narrow canal-like body of water as smooth as glass and as salt as the sea. We were hemmed in by hills and sometimes by mountains, on either side, timber-covered from the water's edge to their very summits, while here and there the white fields of distant glaciers glittered in the sun-light, tempering, at least in our imagination, the rays of the August sun shining down upon us.

At one point only do we leave this smooth, narrow channel, and feel, for an hour or two, the roll of old ocean. It happens to be at night, and only those awake feel it. To even these it is little more than a lullaby. We open our eyes the next morning on smooth water again, thankful that our trip has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of a sea voyage, and that we are once more in our own country; for since crossing the 49th parallel we have traveled across that part of British Columbia which is between us and our outlying territory of Alaska. The channel along which we are travelling is still narrower than before, while in places, it is little wider than our steamer. The country here, thickly covered with small timber, does not seem to be inhabited; though now and then a spiral of smoke curling above the tree-tops tells of some wood chopper, or some lone fisherman's camp. But on the 9th, house tops are seen in the distance, and we are told that we are approaching Fort Wrangle, where we will land and remain a few hours. We steam up to the long wharf, and evidently our arrival is a great event in the place, for the few white people living here, and all the other inhabitants, including Indian men, women, dirty children and dogs, flock to the landing to greet us. We all go ashore, as a matter of course, curious to see what manner of place this is, where once was stationed a garrison of United States soldiers. The old Fort Wrangle looks as if the buildings, which the troops occupied, might now be tumbling about their ears, if they had still been here. The other buildings, which stand in a curved line along the shore, are not much better.

Everything seems to be falling into decay, caused by the dampness which prevails here for so long a period each year.

Trade is active, and the dirty squaws eagerly offer to our passengers, for sale, their trinkets of various kinds; some of which are evidently of native manufacture, but many others just as evidently imported for sale as "curiosities from Alaska." The real curiosities are the "Totem poles," standing in front of what are clearly the chief houses of the place. At the top of each pole are crude, roughly carved representations of bears, ravens, etc.

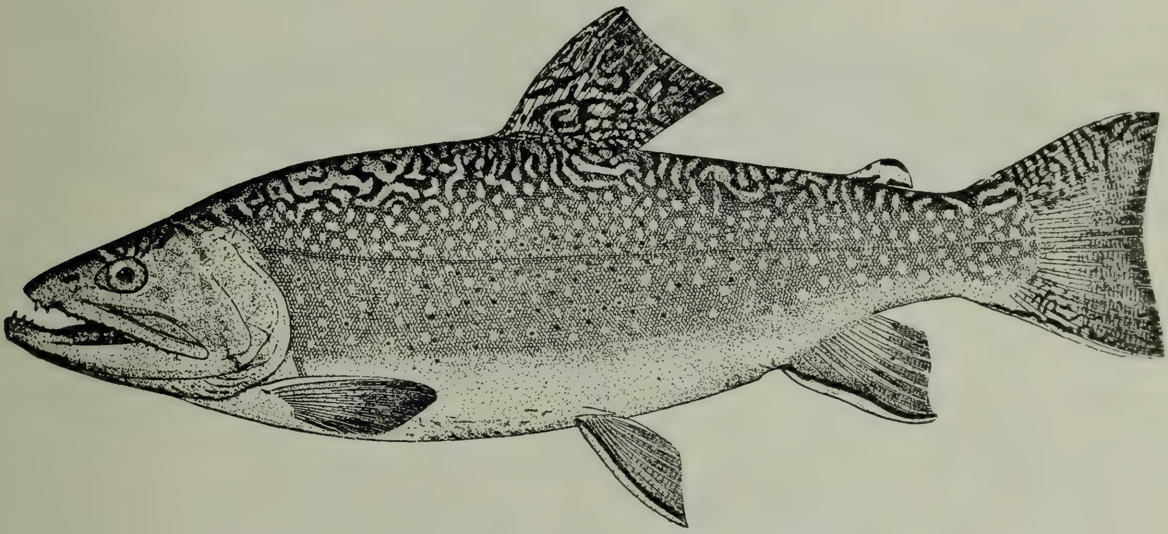
I heard, when in Port Townsend, what to me is a curious assertion regarding these "Totems" of Alaska; but coming from the highest authority on such subjects (Judge S., of that place) is entitled to full credence. Such emblems, when found among rude peoples, are usually supposed to appertain in some way to their religion. Judge S. declares these Totems have nothing to do with any religious beliefs, and that they are simply the nursery tales of the Alaskan Indians. In fact, they are what we would call the Mother Goose rhymes of these tribes. This is exactly what they sound like when, with a fac simile of one of these Totems in his hand, the judge tells its story and the wonderful transformation undergone by the whales, the ravens and the butterflies represented upon them. Fancy one of the old crones we see before us lulling to sleep her dirty-faced baby with a Mother Goose story, read from the long pole which stands in front of the door of her hut.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW THE TROUT CAME TO CALIFORNIA.

David Starr Jordan, LL.D.

"The ultimate result of centuries on centuries of the restlessness of individuals is seen in the facts of geographical distribution. Only in the most general way can the history of any species be traced; but could we know it all, it would be as long and as eventful a story as the history of the colonization and settlement of North America by immigrants from Europe. By the fishes each river in America has been a hundred times discovered, its colonization a hundred times attempted. In these efforts, there is no co-operation. Every individual is for himself. Every struggle is a struggle of life and death. Each fish is a cannibal and to each species each member of every other species is an alien and as avage." (Science Sketches, p. 132.)



BROOK TROUT.—*Salvelinus Fontinallis.*

In the light of this statement we may try to find out how the trout* came to California. The trout is in California now. It is everywhere in California. There is no brook so poor that a trout cannot somewhere or sometime find a place in it. Even the driest Arroyo Seco has at its head somewhere a living spring, and here the trout remains until the winter rains release him. The trout was not always in California, and at some time or other it came to California from the far northwest. All this we know very well. We know it as well as we know that the sonorous Spanish names came to California from the south, or that Saxon enterprise came over the plains, across the isthmus and around the Horn.

The records of the trout are less perfect than the stories of the Argonauts or the annals of the Mission Fathers; but some records there are and whatever these records tell is true so far as it goes. Let us piece these records out joining their facts by lines of least resistance. Let us frame a history of what may have been true, and it will remain true until some one can read the records better.

The trout was born in Europe on the flanks of the glacial mountains. The salmon was its parent. The environment of land-locked lakes and glacial streams determined its character. From northern Fjords and mossy brooks it spread over Siberia. No one can tell the story of its migrations from one great dreary river to another in this vast region, for no one knows what it does there to-day. We know that Siberia is a land of trout but the names of the kinds of trout in Siberia are bare names to-day as they were in the days of Steller and Pallas. From Kamtschatka to Alaska, across the cold Bering Sea, is but a step for a fish of spirit, and this step is often made by the trout to this day. In the Kamtschatka rivers, the trout has changed somewhat from any of the varied forms that are known from Europe. His scales are smaller (180 instead of 130 in a line along his sides) and across his throat, half hidden by the branches of his lower jaw, is the Λ shaped blotch of scarlet. Such a mark is known in the north as the sign manual of the Sioux Indian. It is the mark of the cut throat trout. This trout freely enters the sea in Alaska to-day, and he has done so ever since he came to that region. Thus he passes readily from one stream to another; one colony mixing freely with another, till from one end of the territory to another the trout are virtually alike. In the brooks they grow slowly and in the sea rapidly, but the streams are clear and the sea is cold. If food is scarce in the rivers, there is a clear passage from them to the ocean with no alkaline basin or mud-flat to be crossed. For these reasons the trout of Alaska and Kamtschatka have remained uniform in appearance. They are all alike, cut throat trout. A hundred and fifty years ago, the Russians in Kamtschatka called them *Mykiss*. From this, in 1792, the old German compiler, Walbaum, gave them their scientific name of *Salmo mykiss*, and to this day, *Salmo mykiss** is the scientific name of the cut throat trout.

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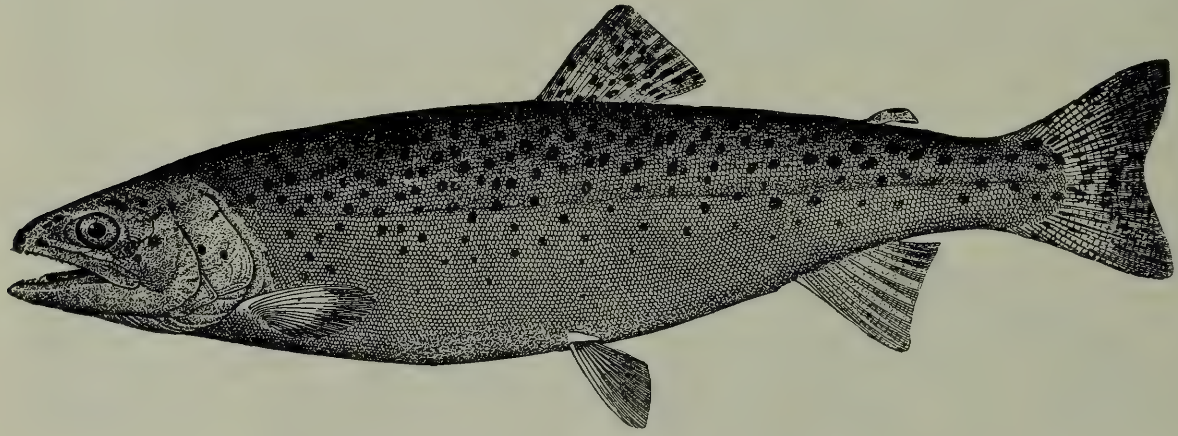
* I here use the word trout as it is used in England for the black-spotted fishes of the genus *Salmo*, which retain the teeth on the shaft of the vomer, and which inhabit the streams and lakes of regions where water is cold and clear. I distinguish the trout from the marine and anadromous salmon on the one hand and from the fine-scaled, red-spotted charr (salvelinus) on the other. If our pilgrim fathers had sailed from Cumberland or Westmoreland, instead of from Devonshire, they would never have called the beautiful red-spotted charr of our New England streams a "trout." They had never seen a charr in the south of England and had probably never even heard the name. Trout and salmon they knew well and the names they gave to the fishes of the new world that seemed nearest like them. There is no genuine trout in America east of the Great Plains. The eastern brook trout or speckled trout is a charr. No higher praise can be given to a salmonoid than to call it a charr.



BLACK SPOTTED TROUT.—*Salmo Mykiss.*

Finding Alaska a good "fishing ground," the trout spread itself through all its rivers. The conditions of cold, clear water from the mountains to the sea are much the same all the way from the Yukon to Fraser's river, and the Columbia, and even as far south as the Umpqua and the Klamath. To all these, one after another, the cut throat trout came from the north. The ocean offering easy access from the mouth of one to the mouth of another, there is very little difference to this day among the colonies inhabiting the different river basins. The Mad river and Elk river in Humbolt county, California, mark the southern limit of the extension of the cut throat trout along the west coast, by processes of ordinary transfer from river to river by way of the sea.

Ascending the Columbia river, the trout spread itself widely in the streams of the green and moist region west of the Cascade Range and through the arid lava-strewn wildernesses which lie to the east. Each stream received its quota of trout, but as the way was open up and down the stream, the species remained essentially as it was in Alaska. Isolation or separation from the main body in some way is a prime factor in the permanence of new forms. In Waha lake[*] in Washington, a glacial lake which has now no outlet, the trout became entirely cut off from the parent stock, and a local race, with shorter head and the black spots gathered on the tail, was formed by the separation.

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* By the laws of scientific nomenclature, the oldest name of any species is its right name, all questions as to which name is the best or sounds the best being disregarded. The cut throat trout was called *Salmo mykiss* in Kamtschatka by Walbaum, in 1792; *Salmo muikisi* by Schneider, in 1801; *Salmo purpuratus*, by Pallas, in 1811, his specimens being also the *Mykiss* of Kamtschatka. It was named *Salmo clarkii*, by Richardson, in 1836, from Columbia river specimens. A number of other names, as *Salmo stellatus*, *brevicauda*, *aurora* and *gibbsii* were applied to specimens brought in by the Pacific Railroad Survey.

The trout thus came to the fountain head of the Columbia, and its great tributaries, the Snake, the Salmon and Clark's Fork. How it crossed the Great Divide over to the headwaters of the Missouri and spread itself, where it could, in the Yellowstone Park, I have already twice told in my way. Dr. Evermann, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has told it in a still better way, for he has himself visited the Two Ocean pass and caught it in the act of crossing the Divide. Just south of the Yellowstone Park is a great depression in the main divide of the Rocky Mountain chain, which is reduced to a quarter of a mile of low marshy ground. East of this marsh the Atlantic creek flows eastward into the Yellowstone. West of it, Pacific creek finds its way into Snake river. Across the marsh the streams become entangled and each one sends a part of its water across into the other. In the spring the marsh is largely under water and there is no obstacle to the passage of the trout. For the greater part of the year, one stream, at least, is open, and the trout can pass without hindrance from the Snake river to the Yellowstone, from the basin of the Columbia to that of the Missouri.[†]

Thus the trout came over into Yellowstone lake and into the Yellowstone river, thence into the Missouri and its great, clear affluents, the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin, and throughout the Missouri basin as far to the east as a decent fish can live.

The wash of the Bad Lands in Dakota fills the river with fine clay and quicksands; and in yellow water over quicksand bottom one does not look for trout. The Black Hills of South Dakota are full of clear streams, but there are no trout in them. The bad water of the main river into which these streams flow shuts off the trout from them. The fact that the trout are shut out shows that conditions have not materially changed since the trout came into the Missouri. The cataracts which fall from the lava beds in the Yellowstone Park have also excluded trout from a great number of beautiful streams as the Gardiner, Gibbon and Firehole rivers, and the charming expanse of Shoshone[*] and Lewis lakes. This shows that these waterfalls were formed before the trout crossed the Divide.

From the tributaries of the Missouri or the Snake, the trout crossed, in some way as yet unknown, to the headwaters of the Platte, and filled all the brooklets of the Colorado Parks. From these it again overflowed into the neighboring waters of the upper Arkansas. The fact that through all these streams of Colorado and Wyoming the trout are substantially alike, indicates that the date of crossing from one to the other, say from Denver to Pueblo, is comparatively recent. The runway is not, however, yet made out, but it probably lies between Pikes Peak and Denver and may have been due to some glacial overflow, from the South Platte into the creek called Font-qui-Bouille. The passage from the Missouri to the Platte is older, for here the trout have became perceptibly changed. The trout of the Platte[†] and Arkansas is small, very green in color, with very red flesh; the spots are gathered chiefly on the tail and the red cut throat mark is bright.

From the Arkansas river to the Rio Grande, over the Sangre de Cristo mountains, is again but a step—a short step, but a very high one. This again the trout has, in some way, crossed. Here we may imagine glacial lakes, now drained, as the way of passage; or still better we may say we do not know. The transfer must have been an old one, for the trout in the Rio Grande[‡] is visibly different, the variation lying in the larger scales and smaller size of the black spots. Once more across the main divide we follow the trout, from the tributaries of the Rio Grande to those of the Colorado. Here again the point of transfer is unknown, and here once more the imagination—and the glaciers—must fill the gap. It is not far from Rio Chama over to the Rio San Juan. In the beautiful streams of western Colorado the trout have made themselves at home, and their abundance here is scarcely less than in their chosen haunts in Washington and Alaska. Already the sage brush trail, which leads to Trapper's lake and the dark cliffs along Eagle river, are strewn with tin cans, newspapers, cigar stumps, and other debris of civilization. The trout of the Colorado* river most resemble those of the Rio Grande, but they vary a good deal with variations in surroundings. They show a tendency to orange rather than purple shades on the fin ; the spots are small and largely on the tail and the scales are smaller than in most of the others. The sides show often a red lateral band, more distinct than in any other form thus far mentioned. The cut-throat mark is still clear as in all trout east of the Cascades and the Sierra Nevada.

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[*] The Waha Lake trout has received the name of *Salmo mykiss bouvieri*, from Captain Bendire, its discoverer; one soldier naming it for another.

[†] The trout of the upper Missouri has been called *Salmo lewisi*, by Girard, and *Salmo carinatus* by Cope. It does not differ in any visible way from *Salmo mykiss*. Trout confined to rivers are always smaller than those of the same kind resident in lakes. Those which enter the sea grow to a still larger size.

[*] In these streams are now trout in abundance, various species having been introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission, in 1888.

[†] The "Greenback trout" of the Arkansas and Platte is *Salmo mykiss stomias*, Cope.

[‡] The trout of the Rio Grande is *Salmo mykiss spilurus*, Cope. Its range extends farther southward than that of any other known form; as far as the mountains of Chihuahua.

In the Arkansas basin in a bend of the main divide, high above the river, lies a pair of glacial lakes, shut in by one moraine and separated by another. These are the Twin lakes, beloved of anglers and famous for their magnificent mountain setting. In these lakes are two kinds of trout, different in size, color, character of flesh, way of living and choice of bait. Dr. Evermann and I visited the lakes in 1889. We found but one kind, the ordinary Greenback trout of the Arkansas, and went away contented with that. A much better angler, Mr. Charles J. Fisher, of Leadville, was not satisfied with our conclusions and insisted that we should go back with him. We did so and were rewarded by many specimens of the beautiful "yellow fin trout,"† first introduced to science in 1889. This is a large trout with bright yellow fins, a yellow stripe along the sides, pale flesh, the black spots very small and all gathered on the tail. It has not yet been found in any other waters. It is very different in structure and aspect from the Greenback trout which swarms with it in the Twin lakes. It must have been derived from the Colorado trout, which inhabits the other side of the Divide. How it crossed the Saguache mountains from the Gunnison or from the Roaring Fork, no one can now say, but that this crossing was a fact I have no reason to doubt.

At this same point the "lay of the land" renders a diversion necessary. When you come overland to San Francisco by way of the Central Pacific, after you have passed Ogden an hour or so, you will notice a break in the mountains to the northward. Through this break to the Snake river the waters of the Great Salt lake once flowed. It was not a salt lake then, and it was much larger then than now. The old lake has been called lake Bonneville. You may trace its former boundaries as terraces upon the slopes of the hills. You can see them from the car windows, looking out in almost any direction. Through this break once came up the trout* from the Snake river to Utah lake, Jordan river, Bear river and Provo river. It came into all the sparkling streams of the Uintah and the Wahsatch, which now find their end in the salt and alkali of the Great Basin. The trout in Utah lake are large, with large scales and small spots, and the spots are scattered over the body, fore and aft, as in the trout of the Columbia.

Another off-shoot from the Columbia trout is found in the bed of the old lake Lahontan, a glacial lake now long since drained, in whose basin lies Pyramid lake, Truckee river and the great alkaline sink of the Humboldt. In lake Tahoe,† the most beautiful lake in all our country, this trout appears to its best advantage. It is a big, strong gamy fish, with small scales and large black spots ; the spots being scattered over head and belly as well as on the tail. The Tahoe trout is one of the finest in America. It is found not only in lake Tahoe and its outlet, but in Humboldt river, and in every suitable stream and lake in the Great Basin of Nevada, as its cousin *virginalis* is found in the Great Basin of Utah. As lake Bonneville was drained to the north, so was lake Lahontan to the northeast, and the great Snake river found room for all their waters. From its great resources, it stocked them all with trout, and the falling of the waters has left these trout to isolation and therefore to change.

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* The trout of the Colorado basin is *Salmo mykiss pleuriticus*, Cope.

† The yellow-fin trout of Twin lakes is *Salmo mykiss macdonaldi*. Jordan & Evermann.

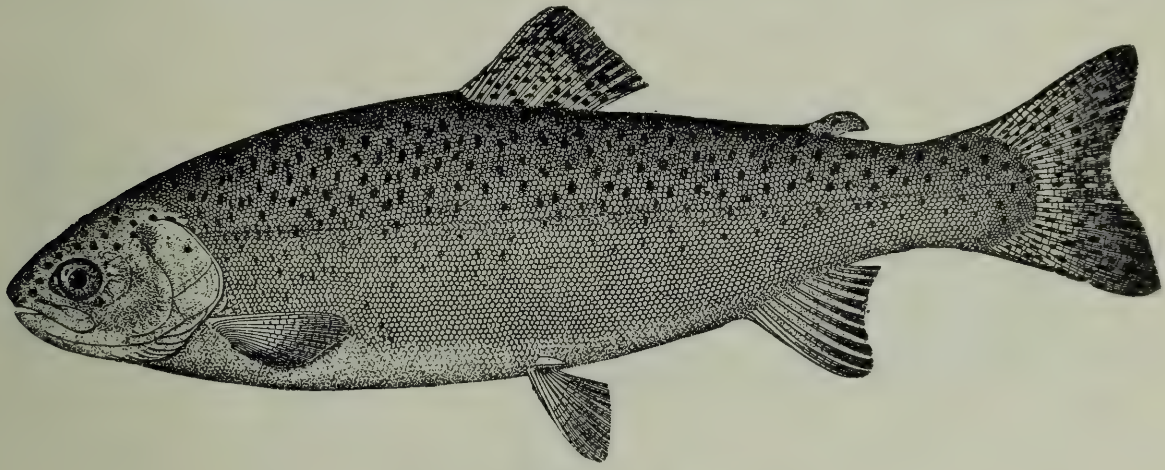
* The trout of the Great Basin of Utah are *Salmo mykiss virginalis*.

† The silver trout of lake Tahoe may be known as *Salmo mykiss tahoensis*, Jordan.

Part of the trout in the basin of lake Tahoe have followed the usual habits of river trout, living in the streams or lakes wherever fortune may carry them, but ascending the streams to spawn. These are known as "pogies," or "black trout," to the Tahoe fishermen; but some of the trout cast their spawn in the gravel of lake Tahoe itself, never entering the rivers, and migrating only between the depths of the lake and its shores.

These have become gradually isolated and differentiated from the rest of their tribe. They are changed in size and appearance as well as in habits, and are known as the silver trout of lake Tahoe. This silver trout lives in the depths of the lake. It is much paler than the common Tahoe trout, with fewer spots and less of copper color along the sides. The cut-throat mark has nearly faded away and other changes are seen on close inspection. This is the largest of all our fresh water trout, often reaching 8 to 15 pounds in weight. The largest known specimen, weighing 29 pounds, was sent from Tahoe city as a present to General Grant, some fifteen years ago.

High above lake Tahoe in the Great Sierras, are many beautiful lakes, which when discovered, had no fishes in them. These lakes were made by the great Pyramid Peak glacier, some by excavations, some by the formation of moraine dams. When the glacier melted away it left its huge traces in moraines, lake and sheep-back, one of the most remarkable glacial basins in the world. But the disappearance of the ice sheet did not bring in the fish. The Glacier Falls in Glen Alpine creek was a barrier no trout could surmount. Mr. Gilmore, the owner of the valley, some fifteen years ago, helped the trout over this obstacle, and now no better trout lakes exist, any where, than lake Gilmore, Fallen Leaf, Half Moon, Heather, and the rest of the Glen Alpine series. The highest of all of them, Medley lake, in the astonishing "Valley of Desolation," a region which only the pencil of Doré could represent, sends its waters west to the American river, and east to lake Tahoe. This would furnish a race-way for trout from one side of the Sierras to the other, a second "Two Ocean Pass," were it not that water-falls on both streams make it inaccessible to fishes from both sides alike.



RAINBOW TROUT.—*Salmo Irideus.*

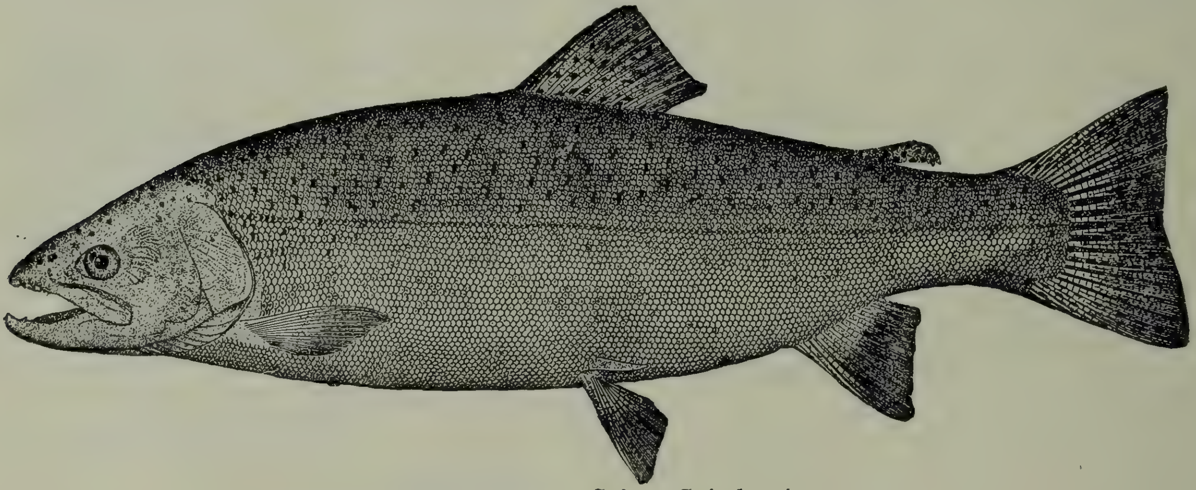
The true mykiss trout inhabits the Columbia and the Snake river above the Shoshone Falls. Below the Falls, however, according to Dr. Gilbert, a peculiar form occurs, as yet unnamed, with the spots and coloration of *irideus* and the small scales of *mykiss.* This may be the ancestor of *virginalis*, but it will take years of exploration before our theorization upon it can rise much above the level of guess work.

Still another great lake existed in the

arid basin in pleiocene times, and was drained into the Columbia. This has been called lake Idaho, and the lakes and sinks of southeastern Oregon and southwestern Idaho are remnants of it. Concerning the trout of this region, we know almost nothing, and "almost nothing" gives little excuse for romancing.

Coming back to the Colorado Basin we find its trout spread far and wide in the mountain streams. Between the valley of the Colorado and that of the San Joaquin, stands the great main chain of the Sierra Nevada, full of trout brooks, separated by rocky walls which no trout can ever pass. To the southward this great wall breaks up into detached ranges now separated by valleys of death; fiery deserts and alkaline sinks, some of them below the level of the sea; burning wastes of cactus and greasewood, enlivened only by the rattle of the "Sidewinder." In the glacial period, this region had a different climate. Melting ice once filled the terrible deserts of Amargosa and Panamint with sweet waters. In some way or another this region was traversed by the trout. Thus from the Colorado to the Kern * the trout must have come into California. In the Kern river, it seems to have lost most of the red of its cut-throat mark, but not all of it. The scales became somewhat larger, the red band on the side more distinct and the spots extended forward. If we recognize two species of trout in America, as from other considerations we probably ought to do, we must place our line of division here. The descendants of all who crossed the Sierra Nevada from the Colorado to the San Joaquin are the Rainbow trout, *Salmo gairdneri*. All the rest are the cut-throat, *Salmo mykiss*. But the fading of the cut-throat mark is almost the only sign by which we know that the line of division is passed.

The trout spread through the Kern river, some of them passed down the stream and grew large. Others clambered into the mountain meadows and grew very small and very bright. Those separated from the rest by the falls of Agua Bonita * in Volcano creek on the flanks of Mount Whitney, are now noticeably different from any other which we know. The scales are very small and barely touch each other, the fins and bands are yellow and not red, the cut-throat mark is yellow too, and the black spots are profusely scattered everywhere. In color like the yellow fin trout of the Colorado lakes, this golden trout of Mount Whitney is different in other respects and of all the trout we know it is smallest and prettiest.



STEEL HEAD.—*Salmo Gairdneri.*

The trout passed down the Kern river to the San Joaquin, sending up side colonies which filled King's river, the Merced, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Calaveras, and all the other mountain tributaries. What changes took place in these streams we do not know, for it will take a long time to go a fishing in them all. There are stories of strange trout in the Moquelumne and in other streams, and there is enough yet to be found out in the Sierra Nevada to interest ichthyologists and anglers alike for many future generations.

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* The trout of Kern river is *Salmo gairdneri gilberti*, Jordan, named for its discoverer Dr. Gilbert, who has been so long my colleague in the study of our fishes.

* The Golden trout of Mount Whitney is *Salmo gairdneri agua-bonita*, Jordan.

The San Joaquin meets the Sacramento end to end and the two break through the coast range to the sea. In the Upper Sacramento is occasionally taken a trout which the Indians call No-Shee[*] or Nissuee, and which must resemble the original stock of the San Joaquin. It has the small scales of the Kern river fish, but the red cut-throat mark is gone and the spots are few and sparse. It is a large trout, and is but rarely taken, the specimens now known being from the McCloud.

The common trout of the Upper Sacramento may be descended from this, but its scales are larger, its body deeper, the red band on the sides more distinct and there is at least a trace of the cut-throat mark, showing where its tribe came from. This trout is the one distributed from the hatchery at Baird as the California Rainbow trout,[†] and planted, often ineffectively, in many eastern rivers. It passes by degrees into the common trout of the Coast Range, smaller, with large scales, white throat, and varying much with streams and food. The trout of the little Coast Range[‡] is found all the way from Washington to the Mexican line. It abounds in Rio San Luis Rey, in San Diego county, and I have heard of its occurrence across the border. In no two streams does this Coast Range trout seem to be exactly the same, and in all it is small, speckled and vigorous. In one stream of the Redwood country, Purisima creek, in San Mateo county, there is a high waterfall where it drops into the sea. No trout can climb this fall and those who are above it have been there for many generations. These Purisima trout, as the name befits, are the brightest in color of all the trout of the mountains. When the trout which have gone down over the Purisima falls reappear in other streams, as they often do, we can still know them by the brightness of their colors. We recognize the mark of "La Purisima Concepcion."

From the Coast Range it is not far to the sea, and those who go to the sea must sometime come back to the mountains, for all the salmon family cast their eggs in the gravel of fresh water brooks. In this way, they formed a migrating habit, and ocean feeding in trout means large size. The migrating trout of all grades enter the rivers of California, from Point Concepcion to Puget Sound. These fishes are similar to the Coast Range trout in most respects, but reach a much greater size. Ten pounds is not uncommon and they have been known to run as high as thirty. These sea-run fishes are known as steelheads or salmon trout, and are often taken for salmon. They are trout nevertheless, not salmon at all. The name steelhead, being used for no other fish, is well applied to them. Their origin, if this story I am trying to tell is true, is from the brook trout of the Coast Range. These two have together gone northward, invading the original territory of the cut-throat trout. In the streams about the mouth of the Columbia, all three, brook trout, cut-throats and steelheads, can be found together. They do not mix nor interbreed. Any one can tell them apart and no one can doubt that they are distinct species. To find intermediate forms we must follow the steelhead[*] backward or the cut-throat forward.

But the steelhead does not stop with the Columbia. Its descendants have invaded the Fraser river and have become the great white trout of the Kamloops and Kootenay lakes, the Stit-tse[†] of the Indians. This trout does not differ much from the steelhead, but its large scales, silvery color and sleek aspect give it an appearance from its cut-throat ancestry, which lives with it in the same waters. Different species the two are, beyond a doubt; yet they belong to the same series. They stand at opposite ends of a long chain that still has many links and that has lost many more. For each link in the great chain, there is a long and an eventful history.

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[*] The No-Shee trout is *Salmo gairdneri stonei*, Jordan, named for its discoverer Livingston Stone, the veteran fish culturist of the U. S. Hatchery at Baird, California.

[†] The Rainbow trout of the Upper Sacramento is *Salmo gairdneri shasta*, Jordan.

[‡] The trout of the Coast Range is *Salmo gairdneri irideus*, Gibbons.

[*] The steelhead trout is *Salmo gairdneri*, Richardson, named in 1836 for its discoverer, Dr. Gardiner, an enthusiastic young naturalist, stationed at Fort Vancouver, in the employ of the fur company.

[†] The Stit-tse trout is *Salmo gairdneri Kamloops*, Jordan.

ETHELINDA.

STANLEY WATERLOO.

My Ethelinda's curled her down
'Neath the mighty beech, where the leaves are brown;
She's chattering in a merry mood,
The daintiest creature of the wood:
My comrade she,
The love of me,
My sweetheart in the forest.

My Ethelinda has a bout
In her trim canoe with a mighty trout
And the pines which love her, seem to nod
In sympathy with her bending rod:
"My thing of joy,
My fisher boy,"
I call my Ethelinda.

My Ethelinda swims with me—
As deft in the waves as an otter she—
She laughs and frolics by my side
As we drift along with the freshet's tide:
My water's pearl,
My Indian girl,
My Naiad of the river.

My Ethelinda's hand is quick,
Of the sudden shot she's learned the trick,
And the hurtling course of the grouse is done
With the sharp report of the lightest gun:
My wood nymph she
Of high degree,
My little brown Diana.

* * * * * * *

The daylight breaks; my eyes are dim;
I'm here alone with my boatman grim.
My Ethelinda's gone from sight,
For she only comes in my dreams at night:
My vision's heart,
My other part,
My flitting thing of beauty.

A WINTER WITH THE CHEYENNES.

Captain H. H. Bellas, U. S. A.

In the beginning of the winter of 1875, a battalion of the Fourth Regiment of United States Cavalry was in cantonment on the Sweetwater, a small stream emptying into the North Fork of the Red River, in the "Pan Handle" of Texas. We were living comfortably in the picket-quarters we had built, on our return from the annual summer hunt after "lost Indians" on the Staked Plains; congratulating ourselves on the assurance that our scouting was over for the winter at least. The section of country in which we were located, was at that time completely uninhabited. Large herds of buffalo appeared on the hills outside the post, nearly every morning, in fancied security. Many species of game, were in fact, abundant; deer, antelope, wild-turkeys, prairie chickens, etc., all undisturbed by either railway trains or settlements. Our camp had been established the preceding spring in what, till then, had been purely an Indian country, rarely visited by a white man. One evening in November, I was notified that a party of Austrian officers, consisting of Prince E——, and several others of noble birth, were en route from Fort Sill to our post, under escort, for a few days hunting, and then to proceed on their way, via Camp Supply, in the Indian Territory, to Fort Dodge, Kansas. I was ordered to take charge of the party on their arrival and to conduct their hunt.

We were frequently visited by similar parties and it was our fortune to entertain, at different times, army or civil officers of almost every nationality in Europe: — English, French, German, Spanish, Russian, and even Japanese, who visited our western country in search of adventure and excitement. Fleeting visions of the champagne and cigars it would be necessary to consume, late hours that I should have to keep, and old yarns that I would be required to spin, crowded through my mind rapidly, as I determined to at least retire at an early hour that evening, in order to be prepared for the siege on the morrow, being already about two days behind on my allowance of sleep. I have since learned that it is a good rule in military service to always keep a little ahead if possible, so as to be ready for any emergency that may arise.

Scarcely had I started to carry into effect my plan when there was a loud knock at my door and our post-adjutant entered, saying that all the preceding orders were countermanded and I was to immediately prepare my troop for field service. A courier had just arrived from the commanding officer of a small body of cavalry accompanying some four thousand Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians from their reservation, on their winter hunt in the western portion of the Indian territory, bringing word that the Indians had assumed a threatening attitude and that trouble was imminent, unless reinforcements were forwarded at once to overawe them.

All my pleasant anticipations vanished immediately, as did my prospects of slumber, and the rest of the night was spent in putting my troop in readiness for the march, drawing supplies and preparing for a decidedly ugly looking winter's campaign. It was found impossible, however, to move before daylight.

It had commenced snowing heavily, and the howling wintry wind drove the snow in cutting and blinding blasts over the bleak prairie surrounding our cantonment. Neither men nor animals would have been able to travel a mile in safety in the intense darkness and the driving storm.

In the early gray dawn my own and another troop of calvary, under the command of old Major C——, were on the road and making our way northward as rapidly as possible. All day long our squadron pushed forward in the face of the storm, till darkness compelled us to go into camp. Fortunately in this part of the country, there was plenty of cottonwood timber along the streams, and we soon had roaring fires going. The next morning the march was resumed, but wherever the ground was not hidden, a bleak and blackened prairie extended before us, with every vestige of grazing destroyed by fires, kindled, as we had no doubt, purposely by the Indians. This is a favorite scheme of theirs on leaving their old camps, to cripple the movements of any white neighbors in time of peace and to prevent pursuit, if necessary, in time of hostilities. Certainly we had good evidence of the temper of the tribe we were soon to reach. Everywhere, blackness and desolation met the eye, with not a sign of game; not even the ubiquitous jack-rabbit or the saucy praire dog.

The third day out, the weather moderated and the sun shone brightly. About mid-day we reached the crest of a low range of hills and *mira!* there lay the whole Indian encampment below us. They had already observed our approach and warriors were seen scurrying hither and thither on their ponies, driving in the herds, shouting and gesticulating and evidently uneasy as to our intentions. In a small grove of cottonwoods, on the banks of Wolf Creek, about a half-mile distant, we also descried the white tents of the troop to whose relief we had come, and whose commander quickly came galloping to meet us with a hearty welcome.

We soon learned what we were expected to do, as well as the state of affairs generally. The two tribes had recently quarreled and had separated; the Cheyennes going farther northward for their hunt, while the Arapahoes continued on their route towards the Staked Plains. These latter had assumed a decidedly hostile attitude also towards the military sent with them for the purpose of preventing them from interfering with, or being molested by white hunters; and at the same time to prevent, if possible, their going on the war-path. The Cheyennes, had been whipped, starved and cleaned out of almost all their herds, during the preceding autumn, by General Mackenzie's command, and to avoid being drawn into any further conflict, they had wisely seceded from the belligerent Arapahoes; leaving them for once to bear the brunt of the war alone. A body of the northern branch of these latter—between twenty and thirty in number—had recently left their reservation, in the Department of the Platte, made their way across the country, massacred a small party of buffalo hunters (whom they claimed were interfering with the winter supplies of their tribe), and were now secreted in the camp of their friends. Powder Face, the head chief of the Arapahoes, had refused to deliver the murderers to the troops, on the plea that it was impossible to identify them among the Indians of his own tribe; adding also that we had no right to make such a demand and threatening, that unless our interference ceased, "somebody would get hurt."

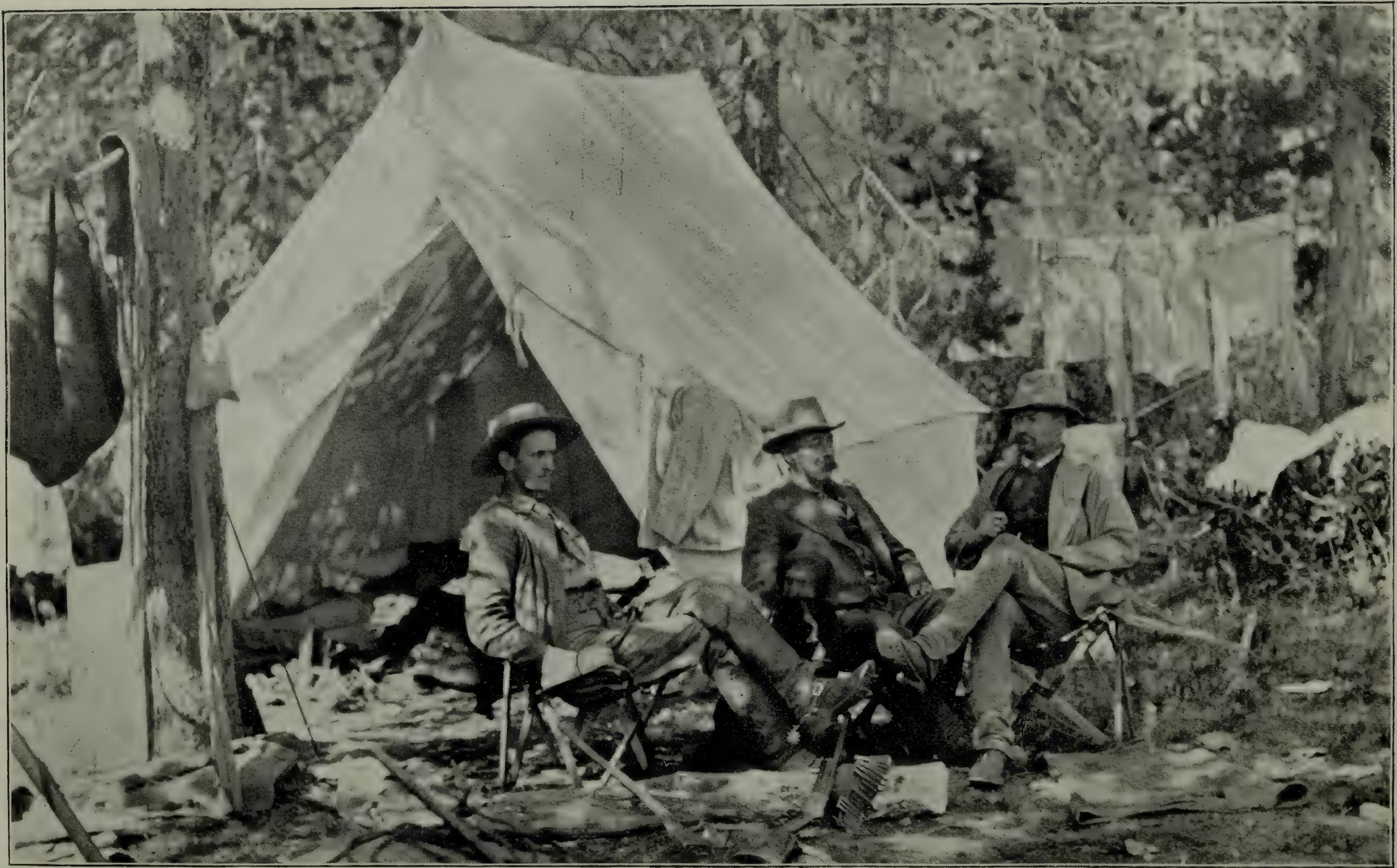
POWDER FACE.
ARAPAHOE CHIEF.

Our duty was plain, and Powder Face was notified by Major C—— that we would call upon him at once and hold a council. After putting our companies in camp, beside the one already quartered there, our party, consisting of half-a-dozen officers, with an interpreter, rode across to the Arapahoe encampment and entered the lodge of Powder Face. Here we found that surly chief, with Little Raven (the second in command), and all the other leading warriors of the tribe, in full gala costume. A more scoundrely array of faces it has rarely been my fortune look at. After the usual smoke all around, our demand was made for the immediate surrender of the whole band of northern Arapahoes then in hiding,—whether concerned in the recent massacre of whites or not;—they having left their reservation without permission and come, as we suspected, on some secret and hostile mission to their friends in the south. The object of the reply made us was evidently to gain time;—it being to the effect that while the people demanded would be surrendered, if they could be found, they (the whole tribe) were our friends; which was more than they could say for the Sioux and Cheyennes in the north, who were, the chief said, preparing to go on the war-path in the coming spring and boasting that they would sweep the country of every pale-face! Prophetic and ominous words, of which we were afterwards to be reminded and to witness the fulfillment, but of which, though warned immediately, no notice was taken by the government. Our reply to this speech was simply that we would give them one hour in which to decide whether the surrender demanded would be made; that if not, it would be necessary for us to charge their camp and take the offenders, besides punishing the others for their refusal to assist us. Prompt, decisive action was necessary, in our position, and we had determined on a strong game of "bluff," as the only recourse, owing to our having so small a force at our command. The Indians merely stared in silence and seemed to wonder at our audacity, as we left the council, mounted our horses and rode back to our camp.

At the appointed time, seeing no signs of life in their encampment, Major C—— gave the order for the battalion to assemble. The bugle sounded "boots and saddles," and the men at once responded to the call. The next instant we saw the Indians,—who had been hovering all the afternoon around our camp, watching our movements to see if we would attempt to carry out our threat,—spring to their ponies and fly from the camp in every direction. In a few moments our line was formed and the troops sat on their horses waiting for the order to advance, when lo! a white flag appeared in the Arapahoe camp and a messenger from Powder Face came to inform us that all the men demanded, that could be found, would be surrendered; the rest having fled (?) from their camp in fear of the proposed attack! Our game of bluff had succeeded, as anticipated, and right glad were we that it was not necessary to carry it to its conclusion; for our three troops—about one hundred and fifty men in all—would, I fear, have had a sorry time of it against the one thousand or more fighting force of the Indian camp; they being fully as well armed and mounted as ourselves, if not better. By dark the prisoners were sent in to us,—some twenty or more,—and were immediately started, under a strong guard, for Camp Supply; nearly a hundred miles to the eastward.

The next morning, leaving the two remaining troops with the Arapahoes, I proceeded with my own across the country in order to follow up the Cheyennes, keep an eye on their movements and see that they did not attempt to imitate their Arapahoe neighbors. I felt certain that the two tribes would not combine, as the Cheyennes had a great contempt for the others, on account of both their treachery and cowardice; manifesting it by embracing every opportunity to run off Arapahoe herds, beat their squaws, and insult the tribe generally. The Cheyennes, on the contrary, have always been accounted—and justly too,—one of the bravest and most warlike tribes on the plains; while their women are undoubtedly the handsomest and most virtuous of those of all the tribes. For many years past the Cheyennes had been leagued with the Sioux in the north, and with the Comanches, Kiowas and others in the south, in every outbreak; generally bearing the brunt of the fight, until conquered by our troops; while their allies had deserted them and secretly made their way back to their respective reservations.

TO BE CONTINUED.



PHIL. ROLLINS. DR. W. A. VALENTINE. COL. DAN'L APPLETON, 7th REG'T, N. Y. N. G.

OUR HOME CAMP ON PACIFIC CREEK.

ELK HUNTING IN THE SHOSHONE MOUNTAINS.

W. A. Valentine, M. D.

One day, towards the latter part of September, 1892, two weary and disappointed hunters stood on a plateau in the Shoshone mountains, on the headwaters of one of the tributaries of Snake river, tightening their saddle girths and deploring a succession of misfortunes.

One of these men was the hunter-guide, Elwood Hofer; the other was the writer hereof, who had gone from New York to Wyoming for a vacation, and, an elk head. Our party of three, with three guides, cook and extra man had been over two weeks in game country, but had seen no elk. The Indians had been before us on their Fall hunt, and apparently had driven the elk out of the whole Snake river country. We had moved over to Pacific creek and on Monday morning each sportsman had taken his guide and struck out for elk, leaving the home camp in care of June, the extra man, and the cook.

Hofer and I had covered a great deal of country in our search for game, but until this Friday afternoon I had had no chance to win my elk head. We had put in a day of hard mountain climbing, hunting, and a long, and fatiguing stalk for a bull elk, who in the end only offered a long shot which hit without disabling him, and now, late in the afternoon, we were back with our horses preparing to start for our temporary camp, about fifteen mlles away. We were sorely disappointed, as we felt that the next morning we ought to return to the home camp, and here we had just found what promised to be good elk country. As we were about putting our rifles in the slings that hung on our saddles, Hofer remarked that to avoid accidents in going down hill, where we usually led our horses, he preferred to have rifles unloaded; so I took out my cartridge, mildly protesting that as I used a single shot rifle I preferred to carry it loaded as long as there was any chance of seeing game.

Our route lay across a succession of ridges or spurs from the mountains, and gullys, but we had not ridden more than a hundred yards when we heard that most thrilling of all sounds, to the hunter's ear, a bull elk's whistle. Pulling up and looking about we saw him on a ridge in front of us and about four hundred yards away, coming down a game trail. Waiting until he passed behind some bushes I dismounted and at Hofer's suggestion, ran forward to the brow of the ridge, hoping to get a shot at the elk in the gully. I found, however, that he had headed down the gulch, evidently intending to go around the point of the ridge on which we were; so there was nothing for me to do but to take our side of the ridge and run down in the hope of getting near enough for a shot in case he crossed. Down the ridge I sprinted in what seemed to me mighty good get-over-the-ground time, judging by my shortness of breath, until I looked back and saw Hofer motioning energetically to me to go on. Thinking the elk must be making the better time, I put on all the force I had left and ran as far as I could. Panting desperately I sat down and attempted to get my breathing apparatus in condition for a shot, as I saw the trail led over the end of the ridge about a hundred yards away.

Just as I began to feel that I could hold steady enough for an aim, the bull walked over the ridge offering a splendid broadside shot. What a superb animal he was! He looked "the monarch of the mountains" sure enough. How exultingly I sized up his magnificent head and antlers, as I took a careful aim behind his shoulder and pressed the trigger of my trusty old Sharps.

Did you ever find yourself in a position where no words in the English language could express your feelings? Well, that was my predicament at that moment, for instead of the sharp, clear report of the rifle there was the hollow click of the hammer through an empty barrrel.

In the excitement of the moment I had forgotten to load my rifle. It would

HIS FIRST ELK.

have taken several short-hand writers to have recorded my thoughts during the few seconds it required to transfer a cartridge from my left hand to the chamber of the rifle. Fortunately the wind, what there was of it, was in my favor, as it drew up the gulch, and the elk paid no further attention to the sound than to turn his head in my direction and then continue his stately walk. Now a quick aim behind his shoulder and this time the rifle spoke in answer to the pressure on the trigger. The old fellow threw his head around toward the side where he felt the sting of the bullet, and as I sprung up he started off at race-horse speed. Unmindful of Hofer's advice, shouted at me from far up the mountain side, not to shoot again as the elk was hard hit, I sent a second bullet after him, saw him stagger and throw his head toward the wounded side.

The elk now disappeared over the next ridge, and impelled by a fear that he might possibly get away, I tore madly over rocks and through brush after him, for by this time I was intensely excited. I was reassured, however, on reaching the crest of the ridge, to see him staggering about in a little meadow in the bottom of the canyon. I walked cautiously toward him for I have been told what an ugly creature a wounded bull elk is when he turns hunter instead of hunted. Just then I heard a fawn bleat and looking off to the left saw one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen.

A band of about seventy-five elk was coming over a ridge into the meadow where my elk now lay dead. Sitting down quietly in the grass, which closely matched the color of my clothing, I watched them go by, not a hundred yards away—cows, yearlings, fawns and one fine old bull, the lord of the harem, whose antlers I studied most carefully, but finding they were not so large or so fine as those of the one I had killed, allowed him to go on with his band. How they did leap and prance, all unconscious of the presence of an enemy ! One old cow, however, who was bringing up the rear, finally seemed to scent danger, for throwing up her head, with a snort, away she went in the direction whence they had come. For two or three minutes the old bull seemed to think he had better go and bring her back, and the manner in which he trotted a little way after her and then returned, several times in an undecided—" Yes, I will—no, I won't" sort of way was very comical. Finally he decided to let her go, and marched off with his band, punching with his great antlers, in no gentle mood any of the others who attempted to drop out of the ranks. As they disappeared through a break in the ridge at the end of the meadow I went and examined, with pardonable pride and satisfaction, the fine head, the magnificent antlers, the great muscular trunk and the lithe, sinewy limbs of my first elk. My aim had been nearly perfect in both instances, for the two bullets had gone in behind the shoulder, about four inches apart and only a trifle too high to be immediately fatal.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Capt. H. Romeyn, U. S. A.

Probably but a small proportion of those who read of the wonderful sandstorms and mirages of the African deserts are aware that the same phenomena, on almost as large a scale, can be seen in our own country. Along the borders of some of the streams of Oklahoma, on the plains of eastern Washington and Oregon on the Gila desert in Arizona, and in the Pecos valley of New Mexico, the sand dunes change their forms with every passing wind; and the dry and shimmering plains of Kansas and Nebraska, as well as those near Laramie and on the upper portions of the Rio Grande, furnish miragic views which astonish and charm the beholder. Wide spreading lakes tantalize the unsophisticated traveler or hunter; a buffalo skull with a raven perched upon it becomes a white steed bearing a sable rider; the cayote sneaking across the field of vision a mile away assumes the proportions of a lion, and, in the days of the buffalo, a herd seemed often aerial nondescripts, deriving sustenance from the air in which they were apparently floating.

Prior to the opening of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and in fact, down to the '70's, the whole of the country, lying west of the settlements in Kansas, and along the Platte, swarmed with game of all kinds peculiar to the plains. Officers of the army stationed on the routes in Kansas, could at times count buffalo by thousands, while standing at their doors; antelope dotted the prairie in all directions, or, gathering in bands of hundreds in the autumn, furnishing sport for the hunter, as well as the finest of meat for the soldier's table.

In the timber along some of the streams deer could be found, and among the rocky and storm worn bluffs, bordering other portions of the larger water courses, "black-tails," or "mule-deer" repaid the toil of the sportsman. There was a spice of danger, too, to give a zest to the sport, and it was not certain that the hunter would not become the hunted, if he ventured far away from his "base," at the post or camp of the military, or the train of wagons with which he might be traveling.

Fort Wallace was situated on the Smoky Hill river, about 420 miles west of Kansas City, on the line of the stage road from that place to Denver, and was for about three years my army home. Directly across the insignificant rivulet called "the river," and about two and a half miles from the garrison, the steep bluffs bordering the valley were broken into rough, rocky defiles and canyons, and in them a herd of mule-deer had frequently been seen, during the summer and early autumn of '70. No signs of Indians had been seen near the place for over a year, and thinking the venture a safe one, I concluded one November morning to try for a deer. My own hunting pony was not at hand, and I borrowed from the corral one which had been picked up on the prairie some time during the season, and which would stand fire without flinching. In fact, he would *stand* anything but traveling, and stand it all day; and as for speed, any good train-ox could outrun him. He was warranted to endure any amount of heel persuasion his rider had leisure or disposition to bestow upon him. But I had no thought that speed would be required of him that day; and leashing my dog, a powerful and speedy lurcher, I started early for the haunts of the deer.

The morning was cold, and over the lower grounds along the river a thick fog hid most of the country from view; and I found it yet more dense in the "breaks" among the bluffs. Still, as I had a favorable wind, and could see a short distance, I carefully picked my way among the rocks, hoping to get a shot at short range. As the sun rose the fog became less opaque, and above it I could see the highest points of the bluffs, when suddenly, from just at the feet of my pony, a jack-rabbit sprang up and hopped leisurely away. The sight was too tempting for the dog's training.

A plunge or two parted the leash at his collar, and away went game and hound at racing speed, up the ravine. I followed at the best jog I could get out of the pony, over the rocky ground; but by the time I had gained the head of the gorge, for such it became before reaching the prairie, the game had left the country.

A thin haze then hid the face of the landscape, and I could not trail the dog on the hard soil. I was at a loss which direction to take, but rode to the summit of the nearest swell of ground in the vicinity, to reconnoiter. Nothing could be seen of the dog, and I was turning the pony's head to try another direction when I saw something that drove dog and game out of my thoughts. My heart gave one bound, and stopped beating for an instant. The cold sweat stood out in bead-like drops on my face, while down my spine ran a chill that was ice-like in its intensity. Not more than a quarter of a mile away, on the next rise of ground, half a dozen swarthy figures loomed above the fog, and stood out in bold relief against the horizon, and while I looked others cantered up. Then, at a gallop, they started in my direction. "How fleet is a glance of the mind!" I was at least six miles from the post, on a pony whose best speed I could almost equal on foot. If I chose to try the ravines for shelter, I might not at once find a place where they could be descended by my animal, and, once in them, I was liable to be lost in the fog, only to be found when it cleared away, with my retreat cut off. If I ran for home, I must ride at least three miles before I could get to a point where my flight could be seen by friends, and assistance sent. All this and more went through my mind like an electric thrill, and wheeling the pony sharply to the left, I plied the "government brass" in a way that astonished him, and got all the speed out of him that was possible. As I looked back I could see the heads of my pursuers, rising and falling upon the mist, though apparently not gaining much. Half a mile to the eastward of what I supposed to be my position when I started, the descent from high prairie was smooth and easy, and I had directed my course for that point. I found, however, that I had lost the direction, and was stopped by the perpendicular wall of a branch ravine, which gave no foot hold for man or beast; so turning squarely to my right, I continued my flight in that direction. As I turned I looked back, but the fog hid my enemies from view.

A few hundred yards on I reached the head of the ravine, and turning again to the left, rode in the direction of the garrison. The pace was telling on my steed, and it was only by constant use of the spur that I could keep him in even a moderate canter. My only hope was that he would hold out till I could reach the brow of the slope, whence smoke of shots could be seen at the post; then shooting him, use his body as a defence, and make the best fight I could, trusting that succor would reach me in time to save my life. By the time I reached the crest of the ridge my pony was down to a walk, and finding a slight wash out just at the brow, from which I could see the post, I halted to fight it out. As I faced southward, I found that a slight breeze, before which I had been running, had dispersed the fog behind me, and my pursuers were nowhere to be seen. While I looked, my dog, following the trail of my horse, came into view where I had struck the ravine, and a few hundred yards in his rear were my pursuers—*a band of eleven antelopes*. The dog, which was nearly white, had killed or lost his game, and, with the curiosity which lures so many antelopes to their death, they were following him.

The reaction was in a degree pleasant, but, the tension gone, I found myself too weak to ride, and man and horse took a good long rest before going on to the fort.

I said nothing of my stampede, till after I had heard an older officer tell how he had been "scared out of his boots" at the sight of a band of elk, on Laramie plains, thinking them Indian ponies. Then I told my story.

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Captain C. J. Crane, U. S. A.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

The wild turkey is surely the king of game birds. To shoot him at night means, of course, to find the bird on his roost, preferably asleep, and then, without giving him a chance for his life, to kill him in cold blood, usually with a shot gun.

This does not sound sportsmanlike; it is more after the fashion of the Indian who hunts for meat and will take it, however and whenever found. He considers himself lucky to find the turkey on its roost. To hit, at night, even so large a bird as a wild turkey, perched among the top branches of a tall tree, must not be considered an easy matter, by any means. In the earlier stages of my turkey hunting, I have missed eight such shots in succession, and then, when I found the ninth bird, called my companion to do the killing, which I was sure I could not do. Of course, with bright moonlight, no leaves on the trees, the turkey exactly in the right place, so that when looking at him along the gun barrel the front sight is also visible, the poor bird would have no more chance for his life than had Davy Crockett's coon, and, like him, might just as well come down and surrender.

The almost certainty, however, will be, that even in moonlight it will not be possible to see the turkey and the front sight of the gun at the same time, and no actual aim can then be taken as in daylight shooting. For a sure, quick wing shot, it would be easy to bring down a large bird from the tree tops, if the light be strong enough to expose the bird to good eyesight; that is, it ought to be easy on account of the little use made of the front sight in either class of shooting. I have never been a good wing shot, and, as already stated, found great difficulty in hitting the turkey after it became so dark that I could not make the proper use of my front sight. I have killed many turkeys in day time; but a good deal of my hunting was done for meat, not for sport, and I wished to get it the easiest and surest way possible, so I tried hard to solve the night shooting problem, and at last succeeded to my satisfaction.

Day after day I sat in my room and pointed my gun at some object on the wall, my purpose being to get as accurate an aim as possible without using the front sight. After doing my best each time I placed the gun to my shoulder, I would incline my head forward as in shooting, and, using the front sight, see how my aim was. Before taking down the gun I would always correct the aim and notice how the stock felt. The difficulty was with the elevation, and after much practice, I would, while correcting the aim, raise the sight above the object, then drop it below, then raise the muzzle, not so high as before, lower it not quite so low as before, and so on, till a good aim was obtained—all the time noticing how the gun felt against my shoulder and cheek.

Many times thereafter I put into practice my room-acquired knowledge of night shooting, and with good results. Sometimes I fired with both eyes open. This was in order to follow better the movements of the turkey; for the bird does not always, when hit, fall straight to the ground, and falling from the highest trees and striking the ground seldom disables him.

Though a most wary bird in day time, the hen turkey and the younger cocks patiently await while all this searching and aiming is going on, especially in the autumn and early winter. The wise old gobbler, with long spurs and long black tuft hanging from his breast, is not so easily caught napping; but even he does not always become frightened at slight noises under his roost. Unless he has been hunted recently he is also slow to take alarm at night. Where night hunting is seldom practiced the turkeys will allow talking under the tree, and even the making of fires. This lighting of fires under the tree is done in some localities where heavy green foliage hides the birds from sight, as in the pine trees of New Mexico or the live oaks of Florida. The stratagem is not always successful, especially if the birds keep still.

The trees usually selected by the turkeys for their roost are the tallest in the woods and those leaning over water, if such trees can be found. Where several trees, larger than the rest, stand close to water, it is always well for the hunter to examine them to find if turkeys have roosted there recently. If so, the fact may be easily ascertained in the day time. If such trees are near a small bluff or hill so much the better. The turkey being so heavy a bird and not fond of flying, takes advantage of any hill that will bring him near the same elevation as his roost.

Turkeys usually feed just before going to roost, and appear to be hungry early in the morning. They feed on acorns, berries, pecans, grass seeds—almost anything if the next better cannot be found. Pecans, I believe, give the flesh of the turkey a finer flavor than does any other food. If killed early in the night their crops will be found to be full of food; if toward morning they are utterly empty.

When not much hunted the turkeys go to and from their roost about the same hours as their barn yard cousins do. A roost having been located during the day the hunter usually waits till all the birds have gone to sleep, then quietly gets the best position he can find for one sure shot, for he cannot be certain of more than one while under that tree.

Sometimes several may be killed without the hunter having to move out of his first position. Usually, however, the roost is emptied as a result of the first shot and the hunter looks for his birds in other trees in the neighborhood. The best light for shooting turkeys from their roosts, at night, is not bright moonlight, for the glare on the gun barrel is bad and the bright light on the turkey frequently seems to leave visible only that part of him not touched by the moon's glare, thus apparently diminishing his size greatly. If, with moon at her full, we can get thin clouds, or, better still, a light, drizzling rain, the conditions are of the best. We can then see fairly well and can move about without being heard.

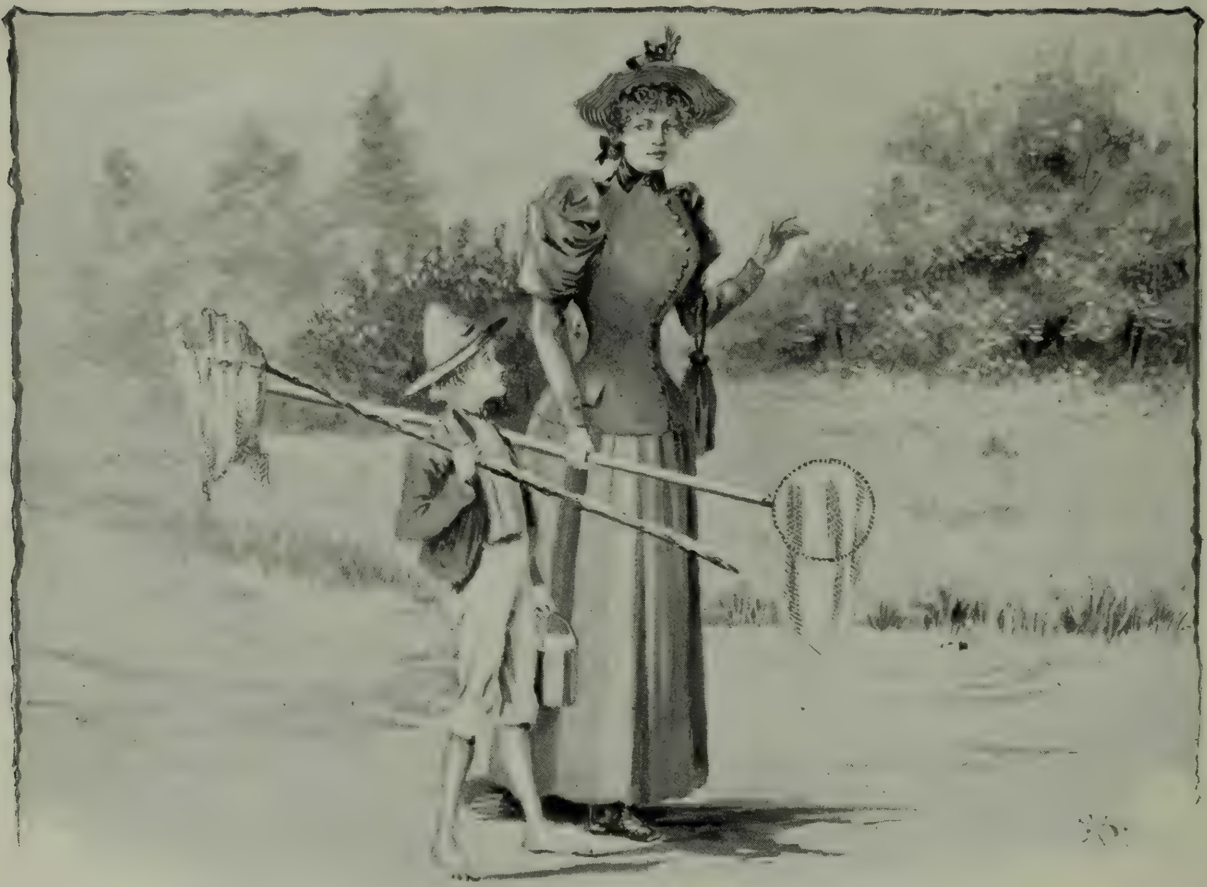
As a rule, the birds do not perch near the main body or trunk of the tree, and if in tall trees, they appear very small at night. Often a large gobbler will look like a short stick lying across a small limb. When the head can be seen to move the bird is awake and on the lookout, and frequently flies without giving other warning.

In a single large cottonwood or pecan tree, as many as fifteen or twenty turkeys sometimes pass the night. Usually, however, the flock will be much more scattered. Sometimes a single turkey will be found all alone in a big tree. After the first dawn of day I have seen at one sight—just once—as many as 100 turkeys still on their roosts. I had shot several on the edge of that piece of woods and knew not of the presence of this great flock.

When much hunted, turkeys become wild and are hard to approach on the roost, taking flight when first hearing the hunter and never allowing him a shot; so that the finding of a turkey roost does not necessarily imply that a single bird will be even shot at. After leaving the first spot selected by them, they frequently light on the ground and roost there the balance of the night. After two or three visits from the hunter the flock of turkeys will look for a new place to sleep.

The turkey in falling from a tall tree top, if shot dead, makes a loud noise on striking the ground. Other birds that appear at night fully as large, make no such noise. Many a buzzard has paid the death penalty for looking like the king of game birds when asleep on his roost at night, and many hunters have been deceived by the great resemblance, until the buzzard began to fall, catching from limb to limb and breaking his fall so as finally to make little noise in striking the ground.

The wild turkey, like many other game birds and quadrepeds, is being rapidly exterminated. Nowhere on the continent can this noble bird now be found in the great flocks that a few years ago were common throughout the south and southwest; and unless stringent measures are taken to protect it, it will be known to posterity only through books and museums.



"YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN AN AQUARIUM, HARRY? WELL, COME AND SEE ME FIT UP ONE WHERE THE WATER WILL NOT HAVE TO BE CHANGED FOR A WHOLE YEAR."

SUMMER—AN AQUARIUM STORY.

MARK SAMUEL.

WHICH do I prefer, summer or winter?

Why, summer to be sure.

Winter with its dark bleak mornings gives me no chance for those early rambles so delightful after bending for hours over a type-writer in the close confinement of a city office. Then again there are so few out-door pleasures which a girl can enjoy alone.

In summer all nature is in her happiest mood, her rich life, glow and beauty seem truly to "reflect an image of heaven." At such times an unfathomable longing steals into my heart and life seems real and full of promise.

Look where I will, every form, no matter how minute, seems courting that inquiry which rightly followed will surely lead to great results. It matters not where one goes, or what one sees, be it on the shores of mighty ocean or in the midst of piney woods, all breathe one answer: "Seek and ye shall find." But, there! I am getting sentimental again, and Charlie says that will never do for a stenographer. It's unbusiness-like. "Stuff," I can hear him say. "Give me polo, billiards and baseball in summer, with the spirit and snap of trade in winter, and all that goes to make one's blood tingle in the great race for power and for wealth!"

Per——haps; but strange to say the popular answer even among men, is always in favor of summer, with whose advance the mighty dollar seems to lose much of its charm and power.

The reason? Nature herself must explain.

For me the advent of May means a ramble over the "downs" and greater hills, near the city, before starting for the office and the duties of the day.

Aside from the invigorating influence of air, and sky, and field, I dearly love the excitement of anticipation. Who can foretell the treasures of a morning's search! For I quite agree with "A Traveler from Altruria"—to walk simply for the sake of exercise, is very poor enjoyment.

My purpose is to glean from these "downs" enough of nature in her summer dress, to enliven our little winter home with at least one bright attractive spot.

It shall be a crystal lake,
With living water from verdant grove,
Breathing of nature and of love.

And perhaps, who knows? Some dismal winter evening, when brother Charlie is out of sorts, and beloved Wall street has failed to fill his measure of happiness, my little lake may display enough of science and of love to wean him for a time from those gloomy golden heaps that have just slipped by again.

I shall try it any way! So off I go with pole and net and rubber bag.

In twenty minutes I am on my happy hunting grounds, and if I mistake not, yonder looks a likely pond.

Dip number one. Down it goes right into the muddy bottom, my nice clean linen net! A little twist—a firm hold, and up it comes again leaving a dark spreading trail behind. What rich green plant is this, with its small leaves all crisp and curled?

Why it must be anacharis. Just what I want for my aquarium, but I shall not forget the unhappy experience of the late German emperor who imported this "beautiful American pondweed" for his canals and passed strict laws for its protection; for it finally grew to such proportions that it impeded the passage of the boats, and now a heavy fine is imposed on any one caught putting the pond pest," as they now call it, in other German waters.

This plant is fairly covered with those graceful little hydra that do such wonderful things, although just now they only look like uninteresting bits of jelly.

Perhaps you and I and Charlie will devote a winter evening to these little hydra.

That bushy looking weed floating down there ought to look nice in my clear glass tank. I may as well select half a dozen of the thinner strings. Why, of course, this will look perfectly lovely in one corner of the aquarium, with its horn-like fruit, from which it gets its name hornwort, or hornweed.

Oh! What beautiful little green stars those are! How gracefully they move up and down on the water.

I wonder if my pole will reach them?

Pshaw! It's just too short.

Wait a minute, there's a stone. Now with one foot on here and one on the bank, I can just——oh, I'm *so* nervous. "Take care, take care, little girl, that's dangerous." Oh! oh! ah! I've got them, and they are beauties, too. Roots and all. Starwort must have its roots, thin as they are, or it will not grow well.

By the way, that warning voice I thought I heard just now, did not sound like brother Charlie's.

I wonder if —— if any one else will be interested in my —— aquarium.

The sun way up there already! Well, I'll just try a dip in the old mill pond and then start for home.

What lovely mosses grow all along here; green, brown, red, gray, and even purple. I never saw such variety, but none so pretty to me as the neglected willow-moss I often find in the running brooks.

Let me see, which way do I go now? Oh, yes! down there by the big willow takes me to old mill pond. It was not so far after all

My! What's all this wriggling and squirming about? What's the matter down there?

Well! I declare if it isn't one of those amusing little newts, or water-lizards, as Harry calls them. But why all this turning and twisting, Mr. Demyctilus? to honor you with your scientific name. Oh! I see you are changing your skin, and have it clear of your head and shoulders, but all your poor little efforts fail to free you further.

Dear! dear! what will you do? You

cannot go about all the days of your life like that! You look a disgrace to the ancient line of tritons from which you are descended, and were the old farm hands to see you now, they would almost be justified in thinking your touch fatal to their precious cattle.

Mon pauvre petit! You evidently realize your position keenly.

Look out! you'll twist your dear little head off in a minute. I wish I could help you.

Why, what's the matter? All of a sudden perfectly still except for your mouth moving in that funny way. Exhausted, I suppose, and no wonder.

What! Another newt coming, and swimming right out towards you. Now there will be trouble.

Wonder of wonders! He seizes hold of the floating skin and pulls and tugs away like a good fellow, until off it comes, sending him head over tail; after which the good little Samaritan quietly creeps off, while our tiny sufferer deliberately devours his troublesome old jacket.

In all my country rambles I have never seen anything like that. Evidently some cry for help was sent forth and promptly answered, but how?

I know not. Truly there is much to be learned here. I must capture you, my little friends. I am sure you will be immensely amusing in the aquarium. To catch you now, though, means a quick and dexterous dash.

That's lucky! Now I want your mate. There she is, peeping out cautiously from behind yonder stalks of grass. A scoop, a scurry and an upward sweep of the fine net and out you come, my spotted dear.

I've got you! There, there, don't be frightened. I'll lift you by your nice long tail. I know what you like.

By the way, it seems strange that grass grows so tall down there. I wonder if it can be Italian tape grass, discovered by that enthusiast, Signor Vallisneri. I hope it is. I've been wishing for some ever so long. It *is* Vallisneria, I am sure of it. No, let me see. I want some of the younger stalks, roots and all, and to make sure of its future growth I will take part of this rich dark soil, so that it will bloom indoors.

Won't Charlie's eyes open when he sees the pretty flower at the base of Mrs. Vallisneria plant slowly unwind her long spiral stem until it mounts to the water's surface seeking that precious floating pollen of her complementary plant, and having found it, slowly rewind and descend. He never would believe me, but he says seeing is believing.

Now I need some "floaters." Every placid lake has "floaters," and mine is to be a lake of peace.

There it is! "horrid green scum," some people call it. On the contrary, it is formed of very pretty water plants. Though why the books call it duck meat, I cannot imagine, for ducks have nothing to do with it. This looks extremely like the little lemna, spoken of in my aquarium guide, that carries on its rootlets, those tiny animals that fish love so dearly.

A couple of taddies now, and I am off. My! how late it is! I must hurry back for breakfast, or I shall be late down town.

Who is that descending the hill? Evidently another early bird, though a rather diminutive one. Why, it's little Harry Hilyer, with his home-made net.

"Mornin', ma'am."

"Good morning, Harry. What are you carrying so carefully in your pail?"

"Fish. Sell 'em cheap. Want 'em?"

"I don't know, let me see first what you have."

"Shiners, minnies and pollywoggles."

"Well, yes, I can use some of those. I will take two tadpoles and four small shiners."

"Here's the shiners. Ain't got t'other things."

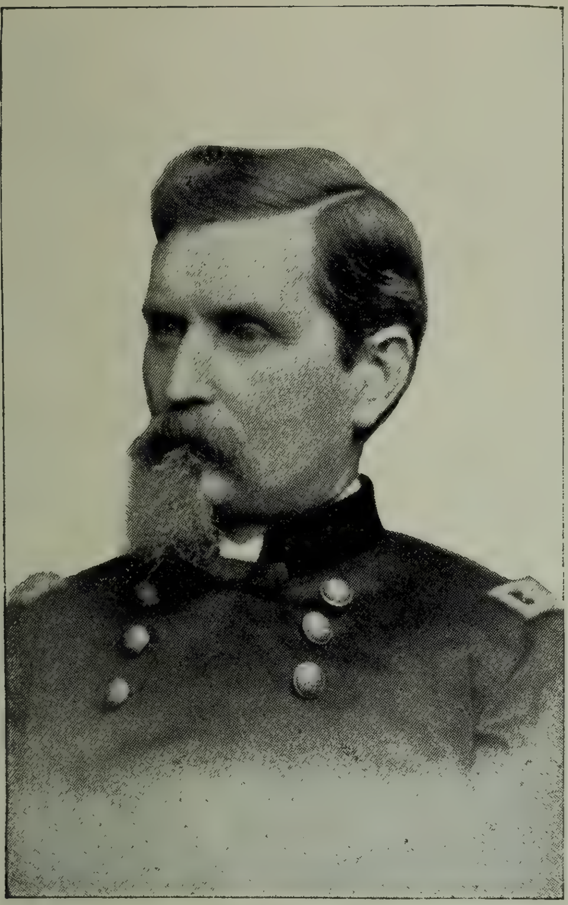
"Yes, you have. Oh! I forgot, I should have said two polywogs. No, I don't want those with legs, they will be frogs too soon, and then good-bye to the little fish in my aquarium."

"Your *whaat-um*?"

"My aquarium. You have never seen an aquarium, Harry? Well, come and see me fit up one where the water will not have to be changed for a WHOLE YEAR"

"Whew! I should like to see that."

TO BE CONTINUED.



GEN. JOHN GIBBON, U. S. A.

General Gibbon was born in Pennsylvania and appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from North Carolina. Graduated July 1, 1847, brevet second lieutenant and was commissioned second lieutenant in 1847. He served in the Mexican war and in the Seminole war in Florida. Promoted to first lieutenant September 12, 1850, and to captain November 2, 1839. Served in Utah, 1860–61, was chief of artillery on General McDowell's staff, October, 1861, to May, 1862. Brigadier-general of Volunteers, May, 1862.

Was in the battles of Grangeville, Manassas, South Mountain and Antietam. Brevetted major-general of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct at Antietam. He held an important command at the battle of Fredericksburg, where he was severely wounded. Was brevetted lieutenant-colonel U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Fredericksburg. Was severely wounded at Gettysburg while commanding the Second Corps, and brevetted colonel U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious service in that action.

He also held an important and responsible command in the Richmond campaign, and was brevetted brigadier-general U S. A., for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania, Was commissioned major-general of Volunteers June 7, 1864. Brevetted major-general U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious conduct in the capture of Petersburg. Mustered out of the Volunteer service June 15, 1866, and commissioned colonel U. S. A., July 28, 1866. Promoted to brigadier-general U. S. A., July 10, 1885, and appointed to the command of the district of the Rocky Mountains.

He commanded the column that rescued Reno from the Sioux Indians in June, 1876. Retired in 1892, and now lives in Washington, D. C.

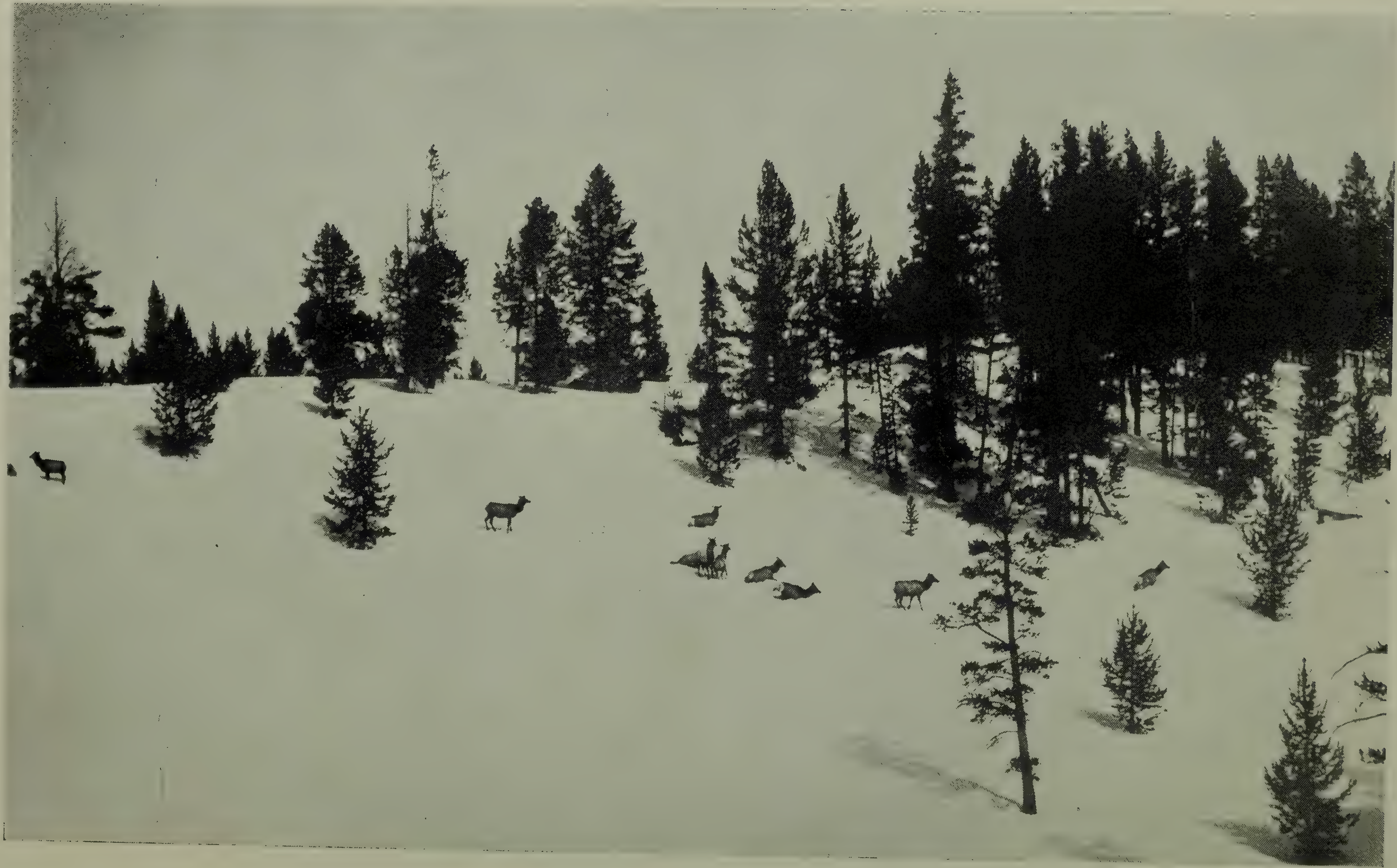
An officer who served with him several years, and knows him intimately, says:

"He is an able writer and deep thinker, a thorough soldier, and not a politician; honest, strict on duty, and genial and kind off duty. He is brave as a man can be in battle. A true and loving husband, a kind father, and the truest kind of a friend. A thorough sportsman, temperate, modest, and as careful of the welfare of the humblest enlisted man as of his chief of staff."

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, with their interesting family of seven children, are on a three years' cruise around the world, in their own yacht. They are seeking the by-ways as well as the highways of foreign countries and no doubt, on their return to America, Mr. Hawthorne will give his readers some valuable and interesting matter covering his researches.

The young people of the Hawthorne family are unusually bright, intelligent and capable. They are musicians, cooks, woodchoppers, photographers, sailors, bicyclists, etc., and what they do not see and what they do not learn of the countries they visit would be of little intesest to any one.

Mrs. Hawthorne has written a most delightful sketch of a Paper Chase, given by the commanding general at Jamaica, West Indies, which will appear in the November number of Recreation.



HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.—A WINTER SCENE IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. *(Photo. by Haynes.)*

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

"ARE you fond of hunting?" I asked J. Carter Beard, the great animal painter. "Yes; and yet I seldom take a gun when I go into the woods. I love the birds and beasts too much to want to kill them. I prefer to hunt with a camera, or a sketch book. I like to go into the haunts of my wild friends, approach them as closely as possible and then study their movements, their habits, their family life, their love-making, their quarrels. I like to make sketches of them in all their attitudes and poses. These I work out in my studio, at my leisure. If you sportsmen would cultivate this taste more, instead of killing so much game, you would enjoy your outings more, and the woods, the fields and the mountains would be the more interesting and attractive to future generations."

"But," I said, "all sportsmen are not artists."

"It is not necessary that they should be, in order to bring home pictures of what they see in the woods. Photography is now so simple a process that any one, of ordinary intelligence, can learn to operate a camera. If you see in the woods a bird, an animal, or a number of them, in such positions, attitudes or groupings as to form a delightful picture, and if you have not your camera with you, make a rough sketch or diagram of the scene—no matter how crude—indicating figures, trees, rocks, etc., by crosses or rude signs. Then go to an artist or an art student, show him your sketch, tell him all you can recall of the poses, attitudes and movements of the various actors in your drama, and you will be surprised to see what a life-like reproduction of the scene will grow under his hand and your direction. If you can get a photograph of the landscape, even after the game is gone, all the better; but this is not essential. The picture you have seen and have jotted down in your own rough way, can be reproduced without it."

I called on Frederic Remington, another artist whose vivid portrayals of hunting scenes, and of life in the far West, have made him famous, and asked if he were really a hunter, as his work would seem to indicate."

"Yes," he said, "I have done a lot of hunting on the plains and in the mountains, but not much killing. I have a fine rifle and a complete hunting outfit. I have made several trips with army officers, cowboys and others, into good game countries; but when I get out there I usually leave my rifle in camp and hunt with my pencil; I like it better."

ROUNDED UP.

Fortunately, this sentiment is growing among sportsmen, and whereas ten years ago few men ever thought of taking a camera into the woods, on a hunting or fishing trip, it is now a part of the outfit of nearly every party of gentlemen that goes out; and the trophies it enables them tc bring back are prized equally with those that are captured with rod or gun.

One of the most notable achievements of this kind that has ever been recorded was that of Mr. F. J. Haynes, the St. Paul photogtapher, who, in the dead of winter made a snow-shoe trip through the Yellowstone National Park, carrying a camera, and bringing out with him a number of beautiful pictures of elk and buffaloes, besides charming views of the mountains, the geysers and the great forests clad in their winter garb of snow.

Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Lay, Colorado, has also made some wonderful photographs of elk, deer and antelope, on their native heath, planting a camera near their runways, lying in wait until they approached near enough and then uncovering the lens.

L. A. Huffman, of Miles City, Montana, has carried a camera into some of the wildest places on the continent, and has as fine a lot of big game pictures as has ever been made. These gentlemen are welcome to all the benefit they may receive from this statement. I hope it may be the means of their selling hundreds of pictures, for they are great educators.

I have sets of the pictures made by all three of these photographers, and some of them will be reproduced in future issues of RECREATION. I should be glad to hear from all amateur photographers who have pictures of game, fish, camp scenes, or other subjects in this line.

POSING FOR A PICTURE.

CAPT. H. H. BELLAS, U. S. A.

A NOTABLE RECORD.

Captain Henry Hobart Bellas, U. S. Army, whose portrait is shown herewith, is a native of Pennsylvania, residing in Germantown, near Philadelphia, and is descended from several of the oldest and most aristocratic families, of English and Scotch blood, of that commonwealth; being a lineal descendant of the celebrated Hon. William Moore of "Moore Hall," in Chester county, as well as of Rev. William Smith, D.D., the first Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. He is allied by descent and marriage to the Cadwaladers, Erskines, Bonds, Smiths, Whelens, Hillegases, Boudes, Anthonys and Rudolphs of Pennsylvania; the Moores, Van Rensselaers, Livingstons and Pintards of New-York; the Hobarts of New England; the Duponts and Ridgelys of Delaware; the Goldsboroughs of Maryland and the Taliaferros of Virginia. Captain Bellas served in the Union army in the last year of the rebellion and assisted in the defence of Washington against the rebel raid under Early, in July, 1864.

For services rendered, he was afterwards appointed by President Grant in the regular service as Second Lieutenant of the Fourth regiment, U. S. Cavalry, October 1, 1873; promoted First Lieutenant, April 2, 1879, and Captain, April 24, 1886. After a constant active service on the western frontier of over twelve years, he was finally placed on the retired list of the army, October 2, 1890, by special act of Congress, for disability incurred in line of duty, with the rank of captain of cavalry.

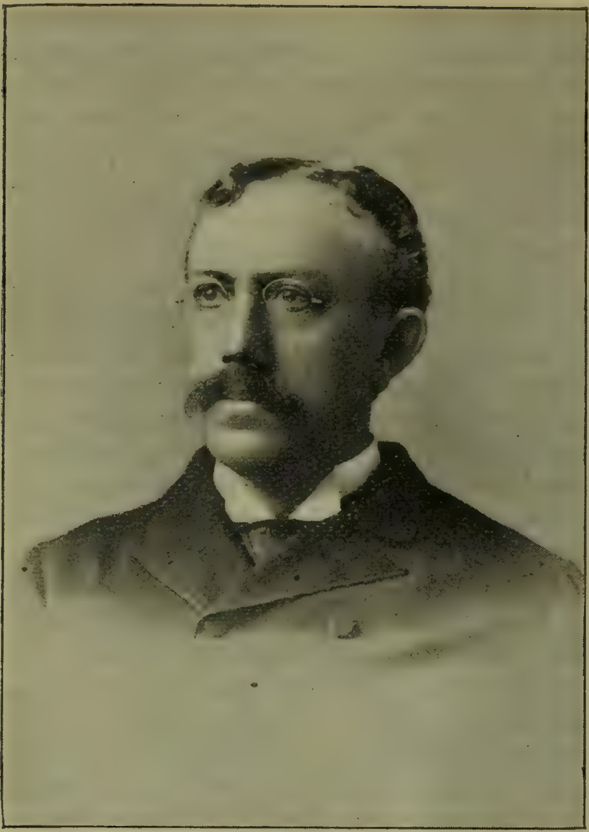
Captain Bellas graduated from Harvard University in 1867, with the degree of LL. B., and is a member of the Pennsylvania Historical and other societies, besides being connected with nearly all the various patriotic hereditary orders of the United States. He is also associate editor of the "American Historical Register," published in Philadelphia.

Captain Bellas has kindly consented to contribute a series of papers to Recreation, narrating some of his experiences on the frontier, in hunting, scouting, Indian fighting, etc. His marked ability as a descriptive writer and a story teller is shown in his article in this issue, entitled "A Winter with the Cheyennes."

TWENTY ACRES OF CARIBOU.

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has lately returned from the far northwest, and tells of a wonderful herd of caribou which he encountered. He says:

"When we reached the edge of the woods on lake Athabasca, in the beginning of August, we commenced to see a few deer every day. One evening, as we were paddling along the margin of a large lake, one of my half-breeds called my attention to what he thought to be earth moving, some distance away, and on looking through my glass I saw that it was an immense herd of reindeer. They were in bands of 200 or 300 each, and crowded closely together. We approached, walked in among them and opened fire on them, when they stampeded in every direction. We killed 70 of them and then went into camp. During the next three days we dried the meat of all that we had killed. The great herd remained in our immediate vicinity all the time we were there, and at one time when closely massed, covered about twenty acres of ground."



DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D.

THE subject of this sketch is one of the most remarkable men of our day.

No man has ever acquired so great a fund of knowledge with so little apparent effort as has David Starr Jordan. From a bashful farmer's boy he has become the head of one the greatest colleges in the country. A classmate of his says, "Dave Jordan was a genius even in his boyhood. He never had to study; he just simply looked at his lessons and knew them." A former teacher said of him, "You cannot teach such a boy as Jordan was. He knew all we were going to tell him before we were half through saying it."

He was born at Gainesville, New York, in 1851, so that he is still a young man, yet his published works are numbered by the hundreds. He was graduated at Cornell, whence he was appointed Professor of Natural history, at Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill. He was an instructor at the Warsaw Academy, and at several other schools and colleges. A former pupil of one of these says, "Professor Jordan was one of the most original and interesting men I have ever known. His lectures were revelations. They sparkled with wit and wisdom, yet he seemed never to have made a moment's preparation for one of them. He seemed never to know what he was going to say, but always said something of great value."

Jordan built the State University, at Bloomington (Ind.), from a cipher to one of the foremost institutions of its class, and is now doing a much greater work at Stanford University. He is worth more to California than any gold mine she ever had. His best known books are "Science Sketches," "The Manual of the Vertebrate Animals," and "Synopsis of Fishes of North America;" but all his works are of deep interest and of great value to the student of nature. The editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, recently said of Jordan, "He never writes anything that is not good."

His article in this issue of RECREATION, entitled "How the Trout Came to California," will be recognized by all ichthyologists as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to that science.

Readers of RECREATION may congratulate themselves on the fact that Professor Jordan is one of its contributors.

I AM receiving a great many such letters as this, for all of which I am grateful to the writers.

"SANDWICH, ILL., Sept. 11, 1894.
"MR. G. O. SHIELDS,

"Dear Sir—Your circular letter of 1st at hand. I enclose herewith $1.00, for one year's subscription to RECREATION. Having all your books in my library, and having enjoyed them, not only once but many times, I anticipate many a treat in reading your magazine.

"I wish you abundant success in this new venture.

"Yours truly,
"J. B. CASTLE."

LET YOUR subscription to RECREATION begin with number 1. At the end of the year have the twelve numbers bound and you will have a gallery of engravings that you would not sell for $50.00, to say nothing of the reading matter that will come with them.

THERE are a number of surprises in store for readers of RECREATION, in the way of beautiful pictures. Look out for them.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION,

RECREATION is devoted to all legitimate and healthful amusements, outdoor and indoor. It will not undertake to say all that may be said of any of these subjects, but will give enough high class reading matter and illustrations, on each topic, to be worth $10 a year, yet the subscription price is but $1.

RECREATION will be a clean, breezy bright, spicy magazine, such as any lady or gentleman, or any child may read with pleasure and profit. Nothing will be printed in it that could cause any one to blush.

It is not installed to fill a long felt want. No one has wanted such a magazine, that I know of. People don't get time, nowadays, to want anything in the way of reading matter; but people will want RECREATION when they see it, and, they will buy it. RECREATION does not claim that there is any special field for it. It will make its own field and then cultivate it, industriously.

Bill Nye has said, "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that aint so." RECREATION does not claim to know everything, but what it does know, is so." It will be truthful and practical.

There are a number of sportsmen's publications in this country of high rank and long standing. RECREATION is not in the field to compete with any of them. While the magazine is young its price will be $1 a year, and it will give its readers the full value of their money, just as surely as they get it in the other publications, which charge more. RECREATION makes a small beginning, but it will grow, and it will be well for all interested to keep an eye on it.

If you want a magazine built on these lines send in your dollar at once.

GENERAL CUSTER'S FIRST GRIZZLY.

The group on the title page of this issue of RECREATION is a reproduction of an historical painting. In a letter written by General Custer, dated at Camp Bear Butte, in the Black Hills, August 15, 1874, he says:

"I send you a photograph to-day which will convince you that I have, at last, killed a grizzley bear, after a most exciting hunt and contest. The bear measured eight feet. I have his claws."

This was General Custer's first grizzly, though by no means his last. Persons who are familiar with the history of the opening of the Black Hills to settlement will remember that, in the summer of '74, General Custer made a careful exploration of the Hills and of some of the surrounding country. His official report of that expedition reads like a romance. He found beautiful valleys which were overgrown with rich grass and painted in many colors, with thousands of acres of flowers. He found placer gold so near the surface that the horses' hoofs turned it up when cantering over the soft soil. He found rich deposits of copper, valuable bodies of timber and great cliffs of mica, marble and gold-bearing quartz. He found an abundance of large and small game, and clear mountain streams teeming with fish. All these he described with the pen of a Verne.

The picture here referred to was painted from a photograph, taken on the spot, by James H. Beard, N.A., the father of Dan. C., J. Carter and Frank Beard, of this city, under the personal direction of General Custer, so that each face shown in it is an actual portrait. With the General are his brother, Boston Custer, and Chief Bloody Knife. The dog is General Custer's famous deerhound, Tuck, who, the General states elsewhere, caught and pulled down several antelope, at different times, in straight-away races.

The original painting is 24 x 36 inches in size and is offered for sale, by the widow of the deceased artist.

NO CLASS of men have had so many stirring adventures, and can relate them so well, as our regular army officers. Within the past thirty years the frontier has been moved from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, principally by force of arms, so that there is now no frontier. The United States army has done this great work. The principal actors in this thrilling drama—the army officers—are all scholars; many of them fluent writers. Their minds are stored full of reminiscences of Indian wars, scouting service, hunting and fishing, camp life, etc., that when put in print make the most fascinating literature that this age is capable of producing.

Recreation has been fortunate in arranging with a number of the more prominent of these army officers to write of their service and their experiences on the plains and in the mountains. Many of these stories are already in hand. Four of them are published in this number, and others will follow in due time; so that the readers of this magazine may confidently expect some most charming reading for the coming winter evenings.

WHERE THE SUNBEAMS SPEAK.

Capt. W. A. Glassford, of the Department of the Colorado, is perfecting a plan for the transmission of heliograph signals between Denver and Mt. Ellen, in southern Utah. The relays in this line will be at Pikes Peak, Mt. Ouray and Mt. Uncompahgre. The greatest interest in this feat is centered on the attempt which will be made to flash signals from Mt. Uncompahgre to Mt. Ellen, a distance of 183 miles. The greatest distance heretofore covered by heliography was that between Baker Butte and Graham, in southern Colorado, a little more than 100 miles. The heliograph is an instrument by which the sun's rays are reflected from highly polished mirrors, in such a way as to throw the flash on any desired point within the line of vision. By a system of screws the flash is kept sighted on the distant station and by cutting off or obstructing the flash, for longer or shorter periods, the signalman at the other station sees the dashes and dots of the Morse code of commercial telegraphy. These are formed into words and messages of any desired length, and are transmitted at the rate of about ten words a minute.

Good Things to Come.—Among the good things to appear in the November number of Recreation are the second installment of "Alaska," by General John Gibbon, U. S. A.; "A Paper Chase," by Mrs. Julian Hawthorne; the conclusion of Major Bellas' thrilling account of "A Winter with the Cheyennes;" Charles Greenwood's fascinating description of hunting and trapping in the Kettle River country; "Blue Grouse Shooting in the Rocky Mountains," by Mack W. Miner; "Bass Fishing in Indiana," by Col. W. T. Dennis; the second and concluding chapter of Mark Samuel's charming story, "Summer;" "How he got Left," by Hon. Hershel Whitaker; "Photographing Big Game," by A. G. Wallihan; "Coon-tail's Mishap," by Capt. H. Romeyn, and several shorter articles of deep interest. At least six of these stories will be elaborately and beautfully illustrated; yet this magazine sells at 10 cents a copy.

A Laudable Object.—The Constitution of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association recites that it is formed for the purpose of securing co-operative work among state sportsmen's associations, game wardens, and individuals in protecting game and fish during the close season; to obtain harmonious legislation by and between the several states, territories and districts in their game laws; to discourage the reckless killing of any and all kinds of game for pleasure or for pecuniary profit; prevent the unnecessary destruction of forests and the killing of insectiverous and song birds; encourage a general adoption of the game warden system; extend the number of State and National parks by proper legislation; foster the introduction and protection of new species of game; ascertain, defend and protect the rights of sportsmen, and promote the affiliation of all worthy members of the fraternity throughout the United States.

Truly a laudable undertaking and one that should enlist the active sympathy, not only of all sportsmen, but of all lovers of nature.

M. W. Miner, an old friend of mine, who owns some rich placer property in the Salmon river mountains, Idaho, has a horse that he has lately christened "Debs," because, he says, this cayuse can raise more hades in three minutes than any other animal west of the Missouri river. By the way, Mack has spent several years in the Rockies, and has promised to write a series of articles for Recreation descriptive of some of his experiences there. He is a racy writer, is full of droll humor, and my readers may expect a rare treat when he gets his literary harness on.

Your Friend Says So.—A number of sportsmen have sent in the names and addresses of their friends, with the request that sample copies of Recreation be sent them. If you have received a copy of the magazine, that you have not ordered, rest assured it is through the courtesy of some friend of yours who is anxious to contribute to your pleasure. Show your appreciation of his attention by sending in your subscription at once.

More space will hereafter be given to cycling news. Several articles on this topic are now being prepared for RECREATION, by well known writers, which will be liberally illustrated. Other departments will also be opened, devoted to yachting, tennis, trap and target shooting, natural history, etc. Keep an eye on RECREATION. It will interest you, no matter what your favorite sport may be.

WILL SAY I.—There never was any good reason why an editor should say "we" when speaking of himself. There is one good reason why he should say "I," and that is, that it is right. The editor of RECREATION will use the personal pronoun, singular; not in order to be singular but in order to be right.

Send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are fond of outdoor sports, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

The future numbers of RECREATION will be as good as this in every way, and much better in some ways. After a few months the size will be increased.

A CLEVER BOY RIFLEMAN.

THE portrait shown herewith is that of master Clarence E. Long, of Lafayette, Ind. It is from a photograph taken in 1893, when he was 11 years old. At the International Sharp-shooters Tournament in Chicago, in August, 1893, he used a Stevens new Ideal 25–20 rifle that was made to order and weighed 9 pounds. In his first 100 shots, he made 65 bulls eyes; and during his two days shooting did not make a single miss. He carried off one of the International Souvenir medals, of which he is justly proud; being the youngest sharp shooter that had ever won one of these trophies. His practice with rifle has been confined, mainly, to fancy shooting, at which it is claimed he has no equal at his age. He shoots in all the positions in which it is possible to handle a rifle—standing on his head, bending backward over a chair, and makes all the mirror shots. He shoots the ashes from a cigar while his father smokes it; cuts cards held edgewise to him, and objects no larger than ten cent-pieces are shot from the fingers of an attendant. He cuts a button from a belt, buttoned close around his father's body, letting the belt fall to the ground.

Master Clarence has, within the last few months also developed remarkable skill with a shot gun, and during the Indiana state tournament broke 8 out of 10 blue rocks, under American revised rules. It is believed that in a short time he will make the expert trap shooters look to their laurels. He is a stocky built boy, with dark gray eyes and a modest, reserved, disposition, rarely speaking except when spoken to.

CLARENCE E. LONG.

He appears not more than ten years old. He has shot a number of exhibitions before large audiences, and shows no embarrassment, going about his work like an old timer.

FISH AND FISHING.

BLACK BASS FISHING.

Unquestionably one of the finest game fishes in the world is the black bass. It gives the angler more game and more sport than any other fish, excepting of course the salmon, which is now out of the reach of those whose time and fortune are limited. Considering the absence of black flies, mosquitos, etc., and the comfort of a good boat and guide, bass fishing is far more enjoyable than any other class of angling, especially to one advanced in years.

One of our greatest fisherman, Dr. Samuel Mixter, of Boston, who has killed every species of fish, from the salmon of the north to the tarpon of the south, when asked what kind of fishing he liked best, taking everything into consideration, replied, "black bass fishing"; but you must kill *one* tarpon. After the first one, however, tarpon fishing is too much like work.

There is an erroneous opinion among trout fishermen that black bass in a pond destroy the trout. When the trout spawn in the fall, the bass are in the deep water, for the winter. The following year the young trout can take care of themselves. It is the pickerel and perch that do the damage to the trout. In Grand lake, Maine, the land locked salmon have increased since bass were put into the lake.

In Belgrade lake, Maine, there are ten trout, this year, where there was one five years ago, the bass having almost exterminated the pickerel and kept down, to a large extent, the smaller fishes.

I get this information from two of the best guides on these lakes, neither one having seen the other. These men are more interested in preserving the trout and salmon, than any sportsman is, as their occupation depends on the fish supply being maintained.

What sport is more fascinating than playing a 3 to 4 pound black bass on a 6½ ounce Leonard rod, a fine line and a light reel, in bright, clear water? I know of none, and I have fished from Labrador to Florida, and have killed nearly every kind of game fish.

C. E. Fuller.

Postmaster W. G. Lott, of Aitkin, Minn., caught on August 5, last, a black bass which weighed 7¾ pounds. It measured 22 inches in length and 16½ inches in girth.

Joseph A. Burr, a Brooklyn angler, caught a big bass in Lake Waramaug, Conn., in August last. This was a small mouth and weighed 7 pounds 6 ounces.

M. P. Gray, of Frankfort, Ky., took a six pound black bass at the Flats, near Detroit, in the early part of August. The fish measured 21½ inches in length.

W. A. Gray, another Brooklyn angler, reports having caught a large mouth black bass, in Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, that weighed 8 pounds.

Subscribe for Recreation; $1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy.

In answering advertisements please mention Recreation.

"AN OLD FRIEND."

In a series of interviews with members of the last Congress, 31 out of 43 remarked that they were readers of *The Youth's Companion*. For definite and trustworthy information on the questions of the day it is really unique, while the high character of its stories, the wide fields covered by its special articles, and its contributions from the most famous writers in Europe and America, are well known.

Its programme for the year seems brighter than ever. Some of the important stories are: "The Deserter," by Harold Frederic; a tale of the Great Mutiny in India, by Sarah Jeannette Duncan; several Romances of the Sea, by W. Clark Russell; Tales of the War, and of the Frontier in Early Days. Henry M. Stanley contributes two thrilling narratives from darkest Africa, and Archibald Forbes writes of his "Closest Call." Naval Battles are described by Admirals, and Military Life by Generals. Then there are articles on Choosing an Occupation, Boys Who Should Not Go to College, Physical Training, Recreations of all kinds, and many other practical subjects.

Another pleasant feature is the charming picture of a young lady of colonial times, "Sweet Charity," reproduced in colors from a painting by Ferris, which is presented to all subscribers who send their $1.75 for a new subscription or a renewal.

The Youth's Companion and Recreation one year $2.00. Order through this office.

GAME NOTES.

PELAN, MINN.

EDITOR RECREATION:

I have just returned from a trip to the big Muskeogs. Lost a wounded moose by not having a dog to trail blood; shall have one before next fall. I found a cow with two calves and made a sneak on them. Caught one calf and told my man to make a dash for the other at the same time. I had to shoot over the cow twice, to drive her away. When I got my calf safely roped and secured, I looked around to see how my man was making out with the other, and there he stood, with his mouth open, looking at me, while the calf I had sent him after was trotting across the prairie with its mother, half a mile away. Of course, there was no use of saying anything. No words have yet been invented that would express my opinion of him. I have since sold the calf to a man who was collecting, and who had a permit from W. P. Andrews, state game and fish commissioner, to catch all the young moose, elk and deer he could find. He was collecting for some railroad man. Later on he bought the three year old bull moose from Ellerton brothers. I shall keep on with my work of catching moose calves and raising them, if I have to go 100 miles into the interior to find them. I believe it is much better to preserve them in domestication than to allow the Indians to kill them off.

A correspondent, writing from Waha, Idaho, says:

"Sarvis berries are ripe over on Wapahilla creek, in the Salmon river country, and there is a whole herd of cinnamon bears in there, feeding on them. They hide in the thickets and swampy places, so that we can not see them in daylight, but they make deep trails to and from the feeding grounds. A few dogs would furnish us a week's sport in the gulches.

"I have been too busy to have any fun shooting, except at blue grouse, which I pick off with my 24 calibre Stevens' pocket rifle; though I did let the life out of a fine tom cougar which had the impudence to visit a spring at the same time I called there, for a drink. His pelt will adorn sister's library, as soon as the squaw finishes the tanning.

"The Salmon river, with its breaks and canyons, is a wonder, and would keep a camera fiend busy for a week."

WINTHROP, OKANOGAN CO., WASH.

Editor RECREATION:

This is one of the best big game ranges in the west. Deer are abundant all through this country, sheep and goats fairly plentiful, and there are some bear—both black and grizzly. Owen Wister, a classmate of mine at Harvard, hunted the white goat in this region successfully and wrote an article descriptive of his experiences, which has already appeared in print.

If any of your readers think of visiting the west for the purpose of hunting, I shall be glad to have them come this way and to give them any assistance and information in my power.

GUY WARING.

A FRIEND at Waha writes that elk are abundant in the vicinity of the Payette lakes and that near Joseph's lake, in Oregon, Rocky Mountain sheep are plentiful. He says all the ranchmen there butcher them for their mutton supply, using all kinds of old guns to hunt them with.

JAMES RASOR, who lives on General Gibbon's Big Hole battlefield—writes: "I have had lots of sport here during the past year. Have killed ten moose and two bear since you were here; sold the skin of one silver-tip grizzly for $35. I killed a black tail buck, the other day, that dressed 160 pounds."

MR. D. H. BRUCE, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes that a family of flying squirrels has lived in his attic for many years, passing in and out through a knot hole in the cornice.

MR. H. G. DULOG, of Estes Park, Col., reports having seen a mountain sheep feeding with a band of cattle, near a wagon road, a few weeks since.

IT IS believed that there are at least 25,000 elk and 150 buffaloes in the Yellowstone National Park.

READ THE advertisements; you will find them interesting. In answering them please mention RECREATION.

BICYCLING.

An editorial in a recent issue of the New York *Sun* contains so much of interesting history and so much good, sound advice, that it deserves a permanent place in the literature of the wheel. A portion of it is here reprinted :

> We remember well the bicycle when it first came to town. Mr. Thomas W. Ward, the son of our old friend Samuel G. Ward, was, we believe, the first amateur to own and ride a bicycle in this city. It was a heavy, clumsy, and shackly thing, one of the loose-jointed French machines, with wooden carriage-like wheels, imported or made by Mercer & Monod. Bicycling, or wheeling as it has been called since its development into utility, was then confined to halls, the most conspicuous of which was kept by Alvah Pearsall and his brother, the former a photographer by profession, and by the famous old gymnasts, tha Hanlon brothers. There one used to see, besides the heavy Monod or French velocipede, the Wood machine, the Pickering machine, and finally the Demarest machine from which the great high wheel, long ago replaced by the "Safety," suddenly sprang into existence, and for years held the road, giving "headers" to luckless riders. New York, then, only twenty-five years ago, didn't have a foot of pavement fit for a bicycle. The first man to try the walks of Central Park was arrested, and though it was ruled immediately that such people might be admitted there, the Park's footpaths were of not much use toward spreading the use of bicycles out of doors. We remember the first time a few bicycle riders of New York crossed over to Brooklyn to enjoy a run on the wooden pavement of Atlantic avenue, before the days when the right of the bicycle to enter all highways had been legally established. Bothersome and irritating as it inevitably is to horsemen, when we consider its positive value and common use for transportation, who can deny the propriety of its hard-earned privileges? It would be delightful for any one familiar with the initial stages of the bicycle to see it now in its glory, not only an instrument for passing a few moments in entertaining exercises, but a vehicle of universal usefulness, of absorbing attraction for open-air travel, and last but not least in importance, the most powerful agency by all odds, for creating the invaluable boon of good roads.
>
> We do not wonder that our wheelmen have made so great an effort for the improvement of roads that apparently all their remarkable energies are centered upon it. Here are many thousands of active and progressive young men, owning millions of dollars worth of property in their wheels, equipped at last with a machine for self-transportation, which, since the invention of the pneumatic tire, has become an almost perfect vehicle to ride on. There needs but a smooth, hard road to make wheeling ideal. The wonder would have been if from among the members of the wheeling organization, passing over every highway of the country in their travels, and stimulated by their circumstances to an intense desire for better roads, there had not arisen the strong and united determination to have them, and the vigorous and well directed effort to get them, of which the public, and especially the rural public, are becoming daily more and more informed. Fortunately for the wheelmen, their cause is re-enforced by the interest of still greater road users, the farmer and his draught horse, which is identical with theirs.
>
> When the roads have finally been improved to a point that is satisfactory, then indeed will it be said that the bicycle has been good for both man and beast. We must say also, respectfully, that the low handles of the racing wheel, or scorcher, are not good for road use, and that the bent and mean-spirited backs of the men using them injure the repute of wheeling. Raise the handles of the roadsters and the riders will rise with them, and the latter thereby will be not only benefited in minds and morals, but they and their pursuit will be more esteemed and admired by the people they go among.

NOTES.

This has been a great year for record breaking and the wheel is at the front in this particular. At the Springfield meet in September, F. J. Titus, of the Riverside Wheelmen, New York, rode one hour against time, covering 26 miles and 1,489 yards, thus breaking the world's record of 26 miles, 127 yards, also lowering all records from seven miles up. E. C. Bald, of Buffalo, rode a mile in competition in 2.05 4-5, lowering the world's record of 2.10 1-5, held by Titus. C. M. Murphy, of Brooklyn, rode two miles, with flying start against time, in 4.06 2-5, breaking the record of 4.15 3-5 held by Tyler. Nat Butler, of Boston, then rode two miles in 4.04 4-5, breaking Murphy's record of 4.06 2-5. The one mile (class A) competitive record of 2.10 2-5, by Sims, was tied by same rider. J. S. Johnson rode three miles against time in 6.26 3-5, breaking the former record of 6.27 4-5; he did four miles in 8.35 3-5, breaking the former record of 8.43; five miles in 10.48 4-5, breaking the former record of 10.51 3.5,

All the manufacturers are bending their energies to the production of wheels capable of still greater speed. What will be the mile record a year hence ?

The bicycle has had a hard struggle to get into the 400, but is there at last. When the season of '94 opened at Newport, society ladies did not ride wheels. A month later a few of them ventured to ride in the back streets, but did not wish to be seen or to have the fact mentioned publicly. As time wore on these women became more courageous and others bought wheels. Of course the men followed suit. On September 11th, the following dispatch was sent out to the Associated Press from Newport :

> In view of the popularity of bicycling, Mr. James J. Van Alen will entertain all the fashionable bicycle riders in Newport at "Wakehurst," Friday night, at dinner, and a dance will follow. Each bicycle will be illuminated by a pair of Japanese lanterns.

The fete was given and was one of the greatest of the season. This settles it. Mr. Van Alen is a leader of the highest social circles and the wheel is in the 400 to stay.

PUBLISHER'S DEPT.

"SWEET CHARITY."

In the Artists' Exhibition of 1893, at the New York Academy of Design, there was exhibited an oil-painting by J. L. G. Ferris, entitled "Sweet Charity." Its richness of coloring commanded instant attention, while the lesson it taught was so impressive that one naturally returned to it for a second view.

Its subject is a young lady of colonial times who is on an errand to one of the poorer families of the town. She has a sensible, charming face, which expresses with remarkable fidelity the sentiment of her errand. There is not a home that this charming picture will not ornament. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"Sweet Charity" was purchased by the publishers of *The Youth's Companion* and has been reproduced in colors in large size, 14½ x 21.

It will be sent to all new subscribers to *The Companion* who send $1.75 for a year's subscription.

The Youth's Companion and RECREATION, one year $2.00. Order through this office.

THE LARGEST GUN FACTORY IN THE WORLD.—Such is the distinction that has been attained by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn. Its works cover nearly 30 acres of ground, and comprise 18 acres of flooring. Three large and eight small engines, giving in the aggregate 1,219 horse power, are required to drive its machinery. Over 1,700 men have been employed all through this dull year, and over 180,000 rifles and shot guns turned out, nearly all of which have been sold and shipped. The company began business in 1865, with a small plant, employing less than twenty men. The business has been built up from that small beginning to its present magnitude, by making only good goods and by employing only fair and honorable business methods. This brief bit of history contains an important lesson for all manufacturers of sportsmen's goods.

RIFLES THAT SHOOT RIGHT WHEN HELD RIGHT.—I visited the Stevens Arms and Tool Company's factory, some time ago, and the inspector showed me a target with one bullet hole in the bull's eye. He assured me, however, that five bullets had been put in this hole at 100 feet. The rifle was equipped with a telescope sight.

The old tip-up action, used by the Stevens people, was objectionable to some riflemen, especially in large calibres. The company has lately adopted a solid frame, with a drop lever action similar to that of the Ballard rifle. This '94 model can be uncoupled at the breech in a few seconds, so that the arm may be packed in a trunk or short case. Different barrels, rifle or shot, can be used on one stock. The '94 model is a beauty.

FOR RELOADING SHELLS.—The Ideal Manufacturing Company of New Haven, Conn., makes a great many tools that are valuable to those who reload shells. One of them is the Universal powder measure, which measures out a charge of powder of any size from 3 grains up to 8 drachms, with perfect accuracy. The manufacturers guarantee that in loading 10,000 shells, with this machine, there will not be a variation of one grain from the required charge.

The Ideal Shot Shell Loader is another new implement that insures to the user absolute accuracy and the maximum of speed and comfort in his work. It is simply a pleasant evening's amusement to sit down and load a thousand shells with this machine.

A NEW TAKE-DOWN RIFLE.—The September issue of the Marlin Fire Arms Company's catalogue is at hand, and I am glad to learn that a take-down is added to this company's list of rifles. This is made in all the calibres of the models 1893 and 1894, can be furnished with any length of barrel, style of magazine, and with straight or pistol grip. This new rifle has all the security of the regular rifle, for the barrel is fastened into the receiver in exactly the same manner.

The model '94, by the way, is the logical successor to the model '89. In this rifle are brought out the improvements of the '93 model, adapted to the '89 system, making the action much simpler than that of '89. In this model all projections are removed and the rifle is more pleasing in appearance than the '89.

The new catalogues are ready for distribution. Address the Marlin Fire Arms Company, New Haven, Conn. Mention RECREATION.

The new 25-calibre cartridge, holding 25 grains of powder, is an extremely interesting subject for riflemen. The shell is 2¾ inches long and is tapered just enough to prevent sticking in the chamber after firing. I have not yet had time to test it, but those who have done so are enthusiastic in its praise. It should give excellent results up to 200 yards. The Stevens people now chamber their rifles to use this cartridge; the U. M. C. Co. is prepared to furnish the cartridge, and the Ideal Manufacturing Company, the re-loading tools.

HOW THEY CAME THERE. — The Lyman sight is known and used wherever rifles are used. I have been looking through them, at frequent intervals, for fifteen years, and have in my collection several mounted heads of big game that probably would not have been there had I been using ordinary open sights.

LOADED TO KILL.—Every shooter who has ever used a box of the United States Cartridge Company's cartridges is an advertising agent for that house. I have shot away several thousands of these cartridges myself, and have always found them reliable. They are built for business.

A GOOD BOOT.—Old Cornelius Vanderbilt said, "It is always a pleasure to me to commend a good man." The man who makes the Hannaford Ventilated Rubber Boot is built that way. His foot gear keeps your feet dry and comfortable.

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Old Black Bass—Do you see that little frog hanging there by a string?

Young Black Bass—Yes, mother.

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Last night an awful dream I had,
'Twas a dream that made me shiver.
I saw a cat fish for a shad,
And the shad roe up the river.
—*Ropersville* (*Tenn.*) *Review.*

Baitley—There must be some monstrously big fish in that river where you say you go fishing?

Rodley—What makes you think so?

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Second Trouter—I don't know; never ate any. Did you?

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AFTER BIG FISH.

Hobbs—I hear Hy Roller has gone fishing.

Jobbs—Yes, and judging from the tackle he took he must be fishing for whales.

Hobbs—What was it?

Jobbs—The North pole, the Virginia reel, the equinoctial line and Sandy Hook.

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"The biggest fool I know of, my son, is the man who puts on an overcoat when the first pleasant days come, at the end of the heated term."

"Who's the next biggest?"

"The next biggest is the man who walks around in the dead of winter without an overcoat, just to show how tough he is."

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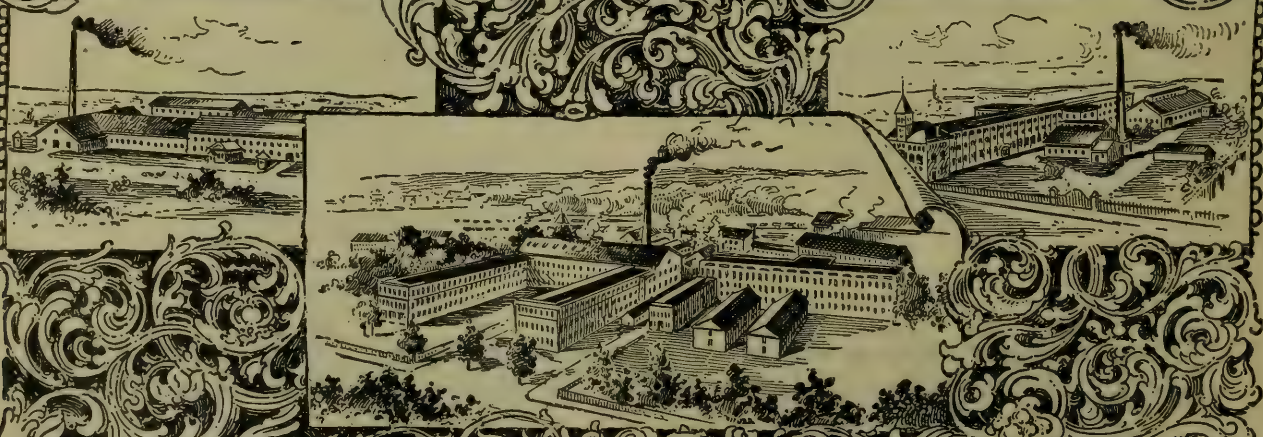

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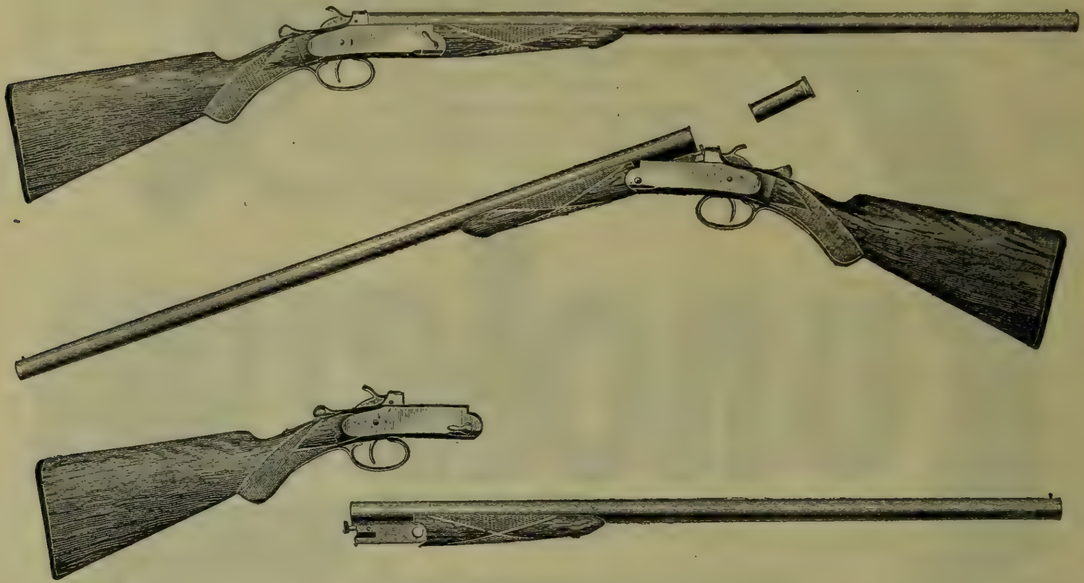

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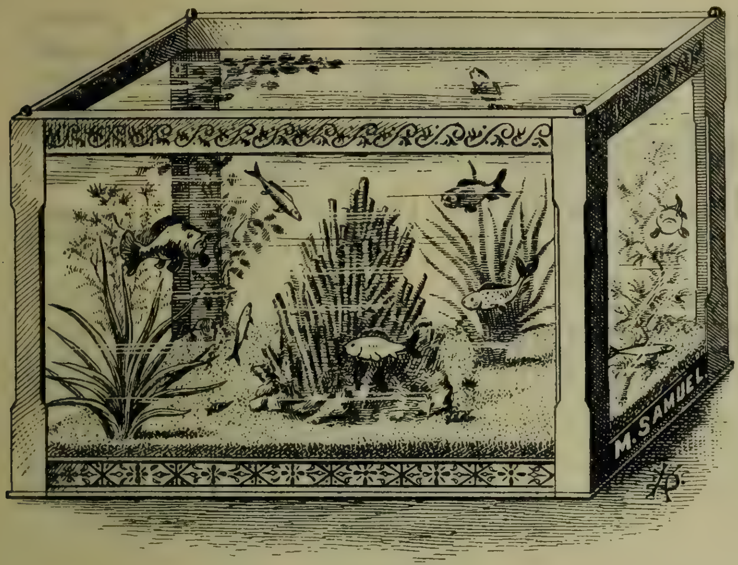

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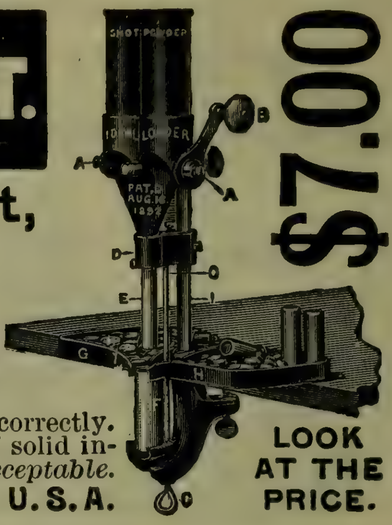

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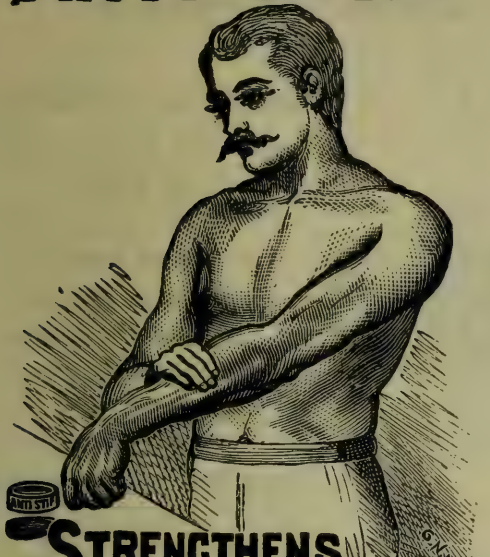

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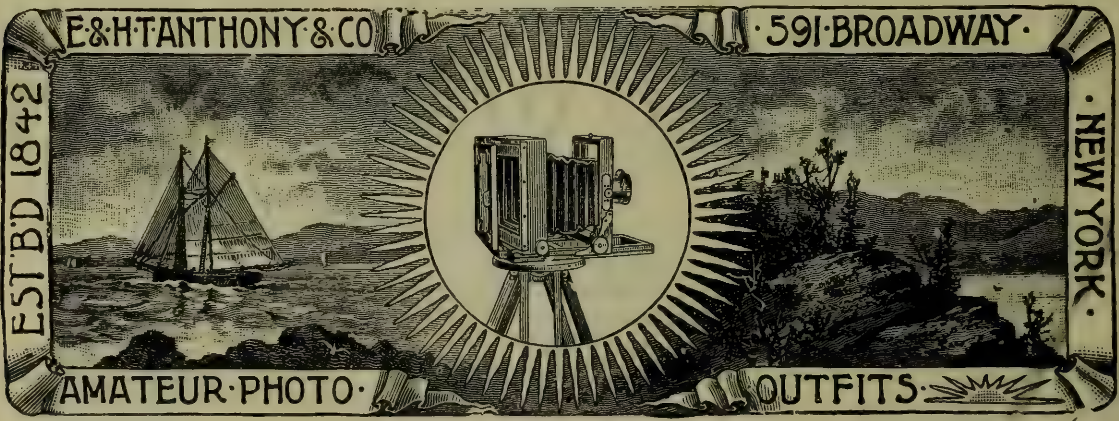

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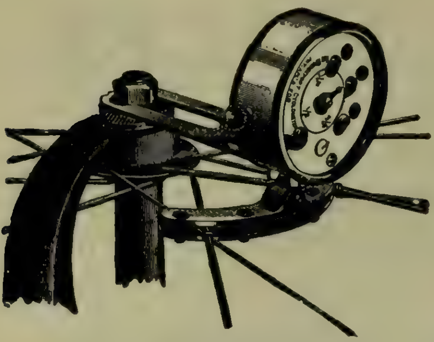

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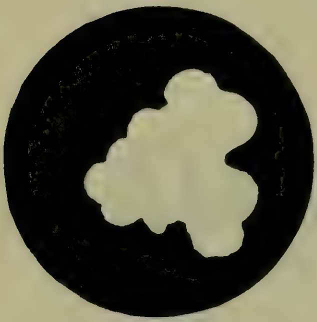

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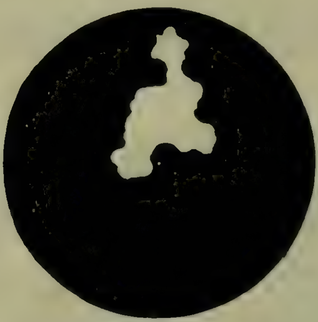

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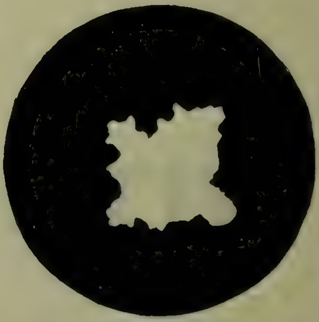

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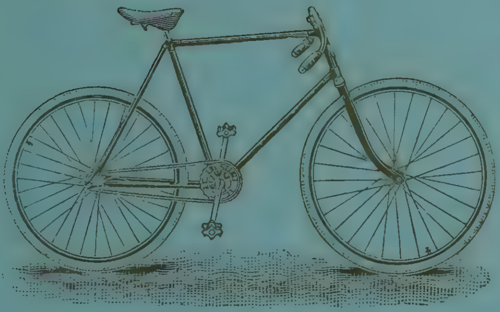

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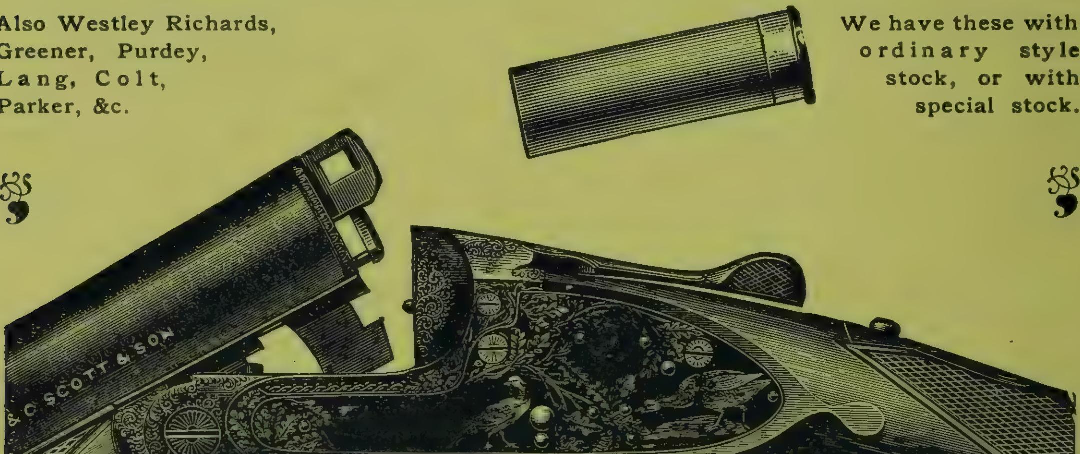

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

216 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

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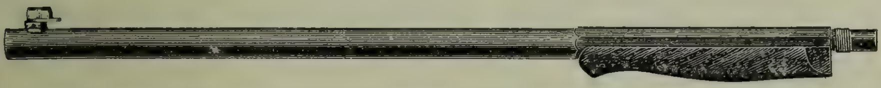

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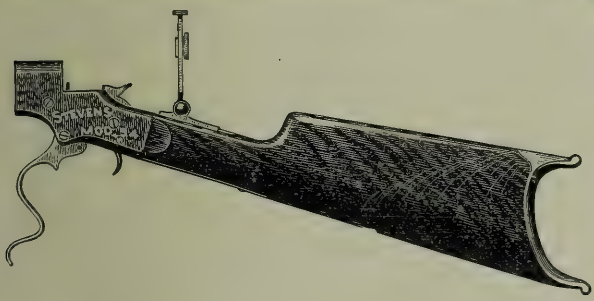

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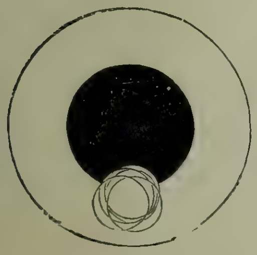

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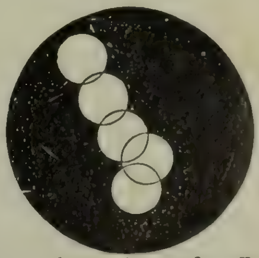

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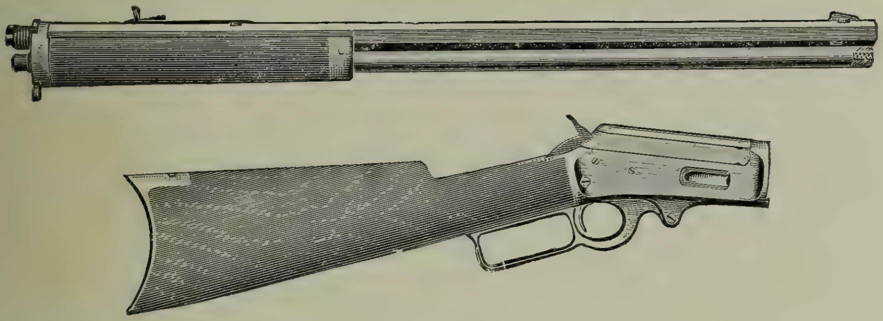

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The many tons I am constantly ordering from you is evidence that I think they have no equal.

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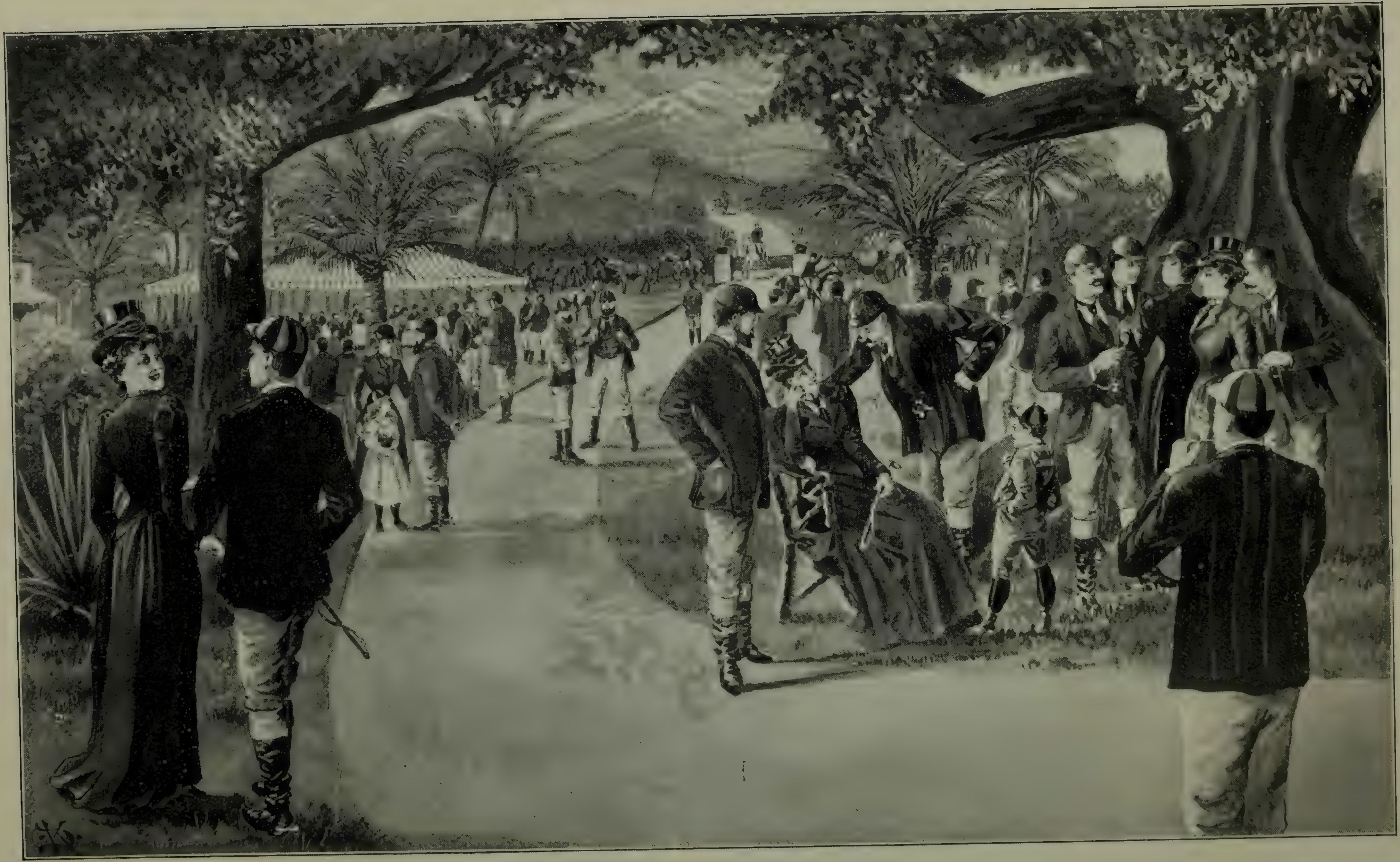

THE FINISH AT TRAFALGAR PARK.

(*See Page 50.*)

RECREATION.

Volume I. NOVEMBER, 1894. Number 2

ALASKA.*

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

II.

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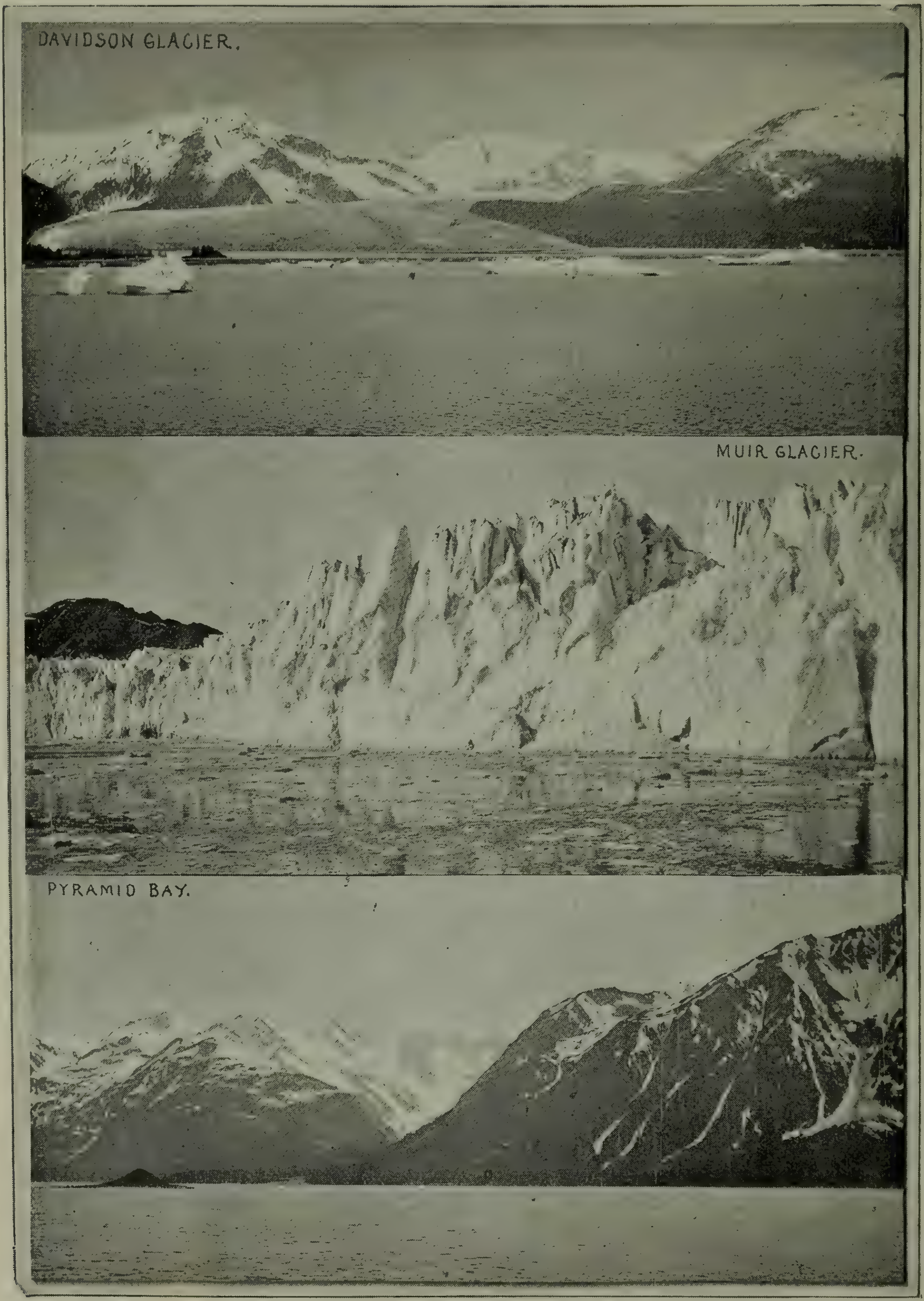
Leaving Wrangel, with its squalid houses, its bad smells, its dirty Indians, its totems, and its curios, both real and bogus, we steamed all day and all night, through more beautiful and still wilder scenery than that passed below, and the next morning opened our eyes upon our first glacier, its surface lit up gloriously by the first rays of the morning sun.

We were lying by in Toku inlet, at the foot of Toku glacier, and it seemed almost sacrilege that, with a hoisting apparatus, we should be picking up and stowing away in our hold, tons upon tons of beautiful, clear ice, floating all about us in pieces varying in size from that of a bushel measure to that of our great steamer, or, for all we knew larger, for what we saw was above the surface of the water, what was below we, of course, could not see. Those who claim to know tell us that the unseen part of an iceberg is three times as great as that above the water.

We had full opportunity to speculate on this subject when, early the next morning, we ran into Glacier bay. For miles ahead and as far as we could see on every side was a vast field of floating ice bergs, large and small, and these began to thicken so rapidly that for a time it looked as if we should never be able to get through to the head of the bay where is situated the Muir glacier. A short distance ahead of us was another steamer which had the appearance of being jammed in the ice, as she seemed to be making no progress at all, and slowly as we were moving, we soon passed her. Our captain was at his post on the bridge, and every minute or two spoke some earnest words to the man at the wheel. We crept slowly through the masses of ice, bumping against and pushing aside a piece here and skirting alongside of a great ice island there. The immensity of some of these was demonstrated by the fact that as we passed along the steamer's waves did not move them, but broke against their sides as on the rocky shores of some mainland. The most daring would not dream now of waking up the Polar bear in that stone man on the bridge. He watched every turn of the wheel, every block of ice in his way as if the very fate of his vessel depended on his breathing in the right direction. The ice-bergs became larger and more formidable and a collision with one of these, if direct, or too heavy, might send us to the bottom; and then, as far as escape was concerned, we might as well have been within the Arctic circle searching for the north pole.

On every side was this great sea of loose ice, far beyond which were high percipitous rocky mountains, in the valleys of which were to be seen vast masses of snow-covered ice as far as the eye could reach. Behind us, hull down, in the distance, was the other steamer, her masts dimly showing above the ice in a way decidedly suggestive of a half sunken vessel. Fortunately the air was almost perfectly still. What might have been our fate had a stiff gale been blowing, grinding these great bodies against one another and against us, was not a pleasant subject of inquiry. Yet the bear up there on the bridge, knows what he is about. The steamer which precedcd us failed to make its way through this ice and


DAVIDSON GLACIER.
MUIR GLACIER.
PYRAMID BAY.

SCENES IN ALASKA.

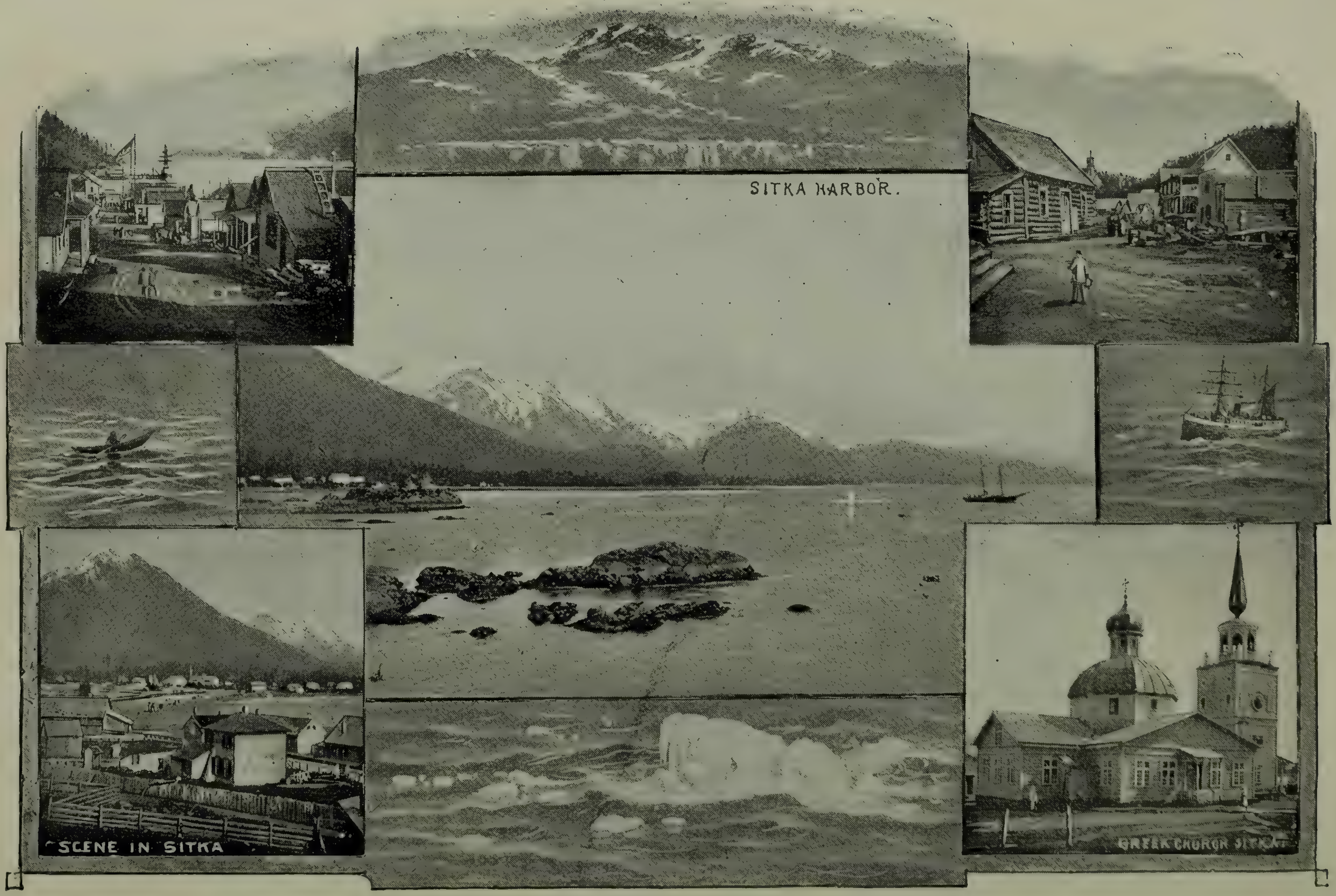
turned back before sighting the glacier, but *ursus arcticus* knows that the gentle head wind blowing in our faces is driving those bergs down the bay and that the closer we get to the glacier the less ice we shall find in the water; hence it is wiser to go ahead than to turn back. Our captain has some of the bull-dog, as well as the bear, in his composition, and does not like to turn back as long as there is a possibility of success by holding on. This combination of the polar bear and the bull dog succeeds in the end; for soon we pass what, in the distance, looks like an indefinite field of ice and snow, extending far up into the mountains, and which we are told is a glacier. From the foot of which three great bergs float quickly between us and it, and the ice in our front does decrease. A clear space gradually opens ahead, our speed is increased, and we go plowing rapidly forward toward a great vertical wall which rises from the water directly across our path.

On the right a sandy point projects out into the water and a short distance back from the shore appears a small board cabin and from a staff near by wave the Stars and Stripes. A shot is fired on shore and our whistle screams out a long salute to Miss S., who, with two or three friends, has for weeks been occupying the cabin, taking observations on the Muir glacier and waiting more or less patiently for us to come and take them out of this wilderness, back to civilization. We steam past the little cabin and go straight for the wall in front until it begins to look as though we were going to run, bows on, into it; but we come to a halt only when the captain could not help himself. As it was, I felt perfectly certain we were not more than a few yards from the ice when the engine stopped; our speed gradually lessened, and then the engines being reversed, we backed away from almost contact with the foot of the glacier to a safer distance where our anchor was dropped and we came to a rest. We could now gaze at and study, at our leisure, the grand Muir glacier.

How perfectly futile for one to attempt to paint, in words, the glories of the scene before us! Yet it must be done, for a glacier we came here to see, and this ramble would be a ramble without any point to it, should I fail to tell you of the character of this great ice river. So, although I am sure to fail where the brush of a skillful artist alone could succeed, I must make the effort. Only once before had I seen a glacier, but that was at the top of a snow mountain, where the surroundings were entirely different, more especially as to the way in which the glacier disposed of itself. On the mountain glacier the effects of its motion were apparent in the long, straight ridges of debris it left on either side, in the shape of lateral moraines, while at its foot the process going on was perfectly apparent and open to the eye. There great blocks of solid ice were lying in a confused mass half covered with dirt and mud, and beyond this in the valley below could be seen what science calls the terminal moraine, a great bank of earth and stone built across the valley as if protesting against any farther advance of the main glacier in that direction.

Here, so far as we can distinguish, from the ship's deck, there are no lateral moraines and there certainly is no terminal moraine; for where it ought to be is the sea on which we are floating, and this glacier terminates itself by dropping off blocks of ice into the water. These float away and gradually melt, depositing their mud and stone for miles down along the bay; and until "the sea gives up its dead" these will never be seen by mortal eye.

The great wall, therefore, which we see across the valley above, is simply the face of the glacier left after the dropping away of masses of ice which are carried away by the sea. This wall extends in an irregular line across the valley about a mile or a mile and half wide, and any where from two to three hundred feet high. It does not look so high from the deck of the steamers, but views from different points convince us that our estimate is not far wrong. This face is constantly varying, both in form and position, and they tell us that it has worked its way backward, since last June, from near the point of sand at the cabin in its present position; and the fact that the warm weather is nearly over and the recession for this year almost completed is given as a reason why we now so seldom see masses


SITKA HARBOR.
SCENE IN SITKA
GREEK CHURCH SITKA

SCENES IN ALASKA.

of ice breaking away from the face. Now and then we do hear heavy splashes in the water, accompained by a dull, roaring sound, and on looking in its direction can see a considerable commotion in the water; but no such disturbance as we have been led to expect, and we are told to wait till we see and hear one of the great bodies come off.

As soon as our anchor is down all the small boats are manned and the passengers invited to go ashore. Soon the boats are busy plying between the steamer and the land, carrying loads of curiosity seekers, and coming back for more. It is understood that the thing to do is to climb the sloping bank of gravel which lines the shore and make your way back until you stand on the top of the glacier field. Accordingly a long line of pedestrians is soon seen stretching itself along this slope, heading for the designated point. With one or two of our party I join the crowd, which scatters out more and more as we advance, and it soon becomes apparent that we are ascending one of the lateral moraines of this glacier which has been depositing for ages past. It is remarked that the higher up we get the worse the walking becomes, and when we reach a point where, beyond several intervening ridges and valleys, the head of the column of sight-seers can be seen half a mile off, walking evidently on the top of the glacier, the ground under our feet has became not only damp, but in places muddy and boggy. We have to step from one stone to another to keep out of the mud. At this point an exclamation from one of the lady pedestrians is heard, which reminds one of the little girl when she announces the discovery that her doll is stuffed with sawdust. Looking towards the victim of misplaced confidence we see a lady endeavoring to balance herself on one foot, planted on a stone, while the other, covered with mud, is held aloft and the disgusted wearer says " Well, *I* am going back."

Leaving her to pick her way back alone, the rest of us go on, still wondering how it is that away up here the soil should be wet and marshy as we used to find the "black-jack" uplands in Virginia, after a rain, in war times. Suddenly a light breaks in upon the subject, for we come across the edge of a block of ice, projecting from the surface of the ground, surrounded by soil made into mud by the melting of the ice. We are walking over a mass of ice blocks covered with a thin layer of soil deposited by other blocks which have in turn melted; and the heat of the sun during the day, by converting the upper blocks into water, maintains this a permanent marsh. Years hence, when the sun's power has been exerted a sufficient length of time on this mass of blocks; the mud, and rocks and rubbish of all kinds will lie here in a long ridge, showing the future explorer where the Muir glacier deposited its lateral moraine. Perhaps then, if the explorer should travel up the valley now filled with this immense ice field, he may find, after he leaves the water's edge, a similar deposit stretching across the valley, and he may recognize it as a terminal moraine left after the glacier, upon which we are now gazing, shall have drawn itself back into the colder regions of the mountains far to the eastward.

In the meantime we have reached a point on this glacial deposit nearly in the prolongation of the face, and have not only a good side view of that, but a fine view of the top surface of the glacier broken up nearest to us into great ridges, spires and gorges, across which it would be utterly impossible for any traveller to make his way. Farther back it does not appear quite so rugged, while away to the right, where the more advanced of our party is standing, it is apparently quite smooth, and in some places the solid ice is bare of snow.

Leaving the top of this lateral deposit, we pick our way toward the glacier, slipping every now and then on a half concealed bed of melting ice and stopping occasionally to gaze on the field before us, which changes as we change our position. One of the striking features of the picture is the brilliant hues presented by the ice. At different points, especially where a mass has recently broken away or the water constantly dripping, has worn a deep cavern. Here the eye ranges back through all the different tints of blue, till it rests at the far end on the darkest marine.

We get here, a more correct idea of the height of the face, for although we are fully 150 feet above the water we are not yet on a level with the top of

INDIAN AVENUE, SITKA, ALASKA.

the face, and it is not until we return to the water's edge and follow the smooth sandy beach back to nearly the foot of the wall that we realize how high it really is. We cannot reach the very foot of the wall of ice, for in the angle just where this is joined by the almost as steep wall of the lateral deposit, there rushes out a great river of light muddy water. This is the waste weir of the Muir glacier, and one naturally wonders how long it can stand such a drain ; for the torrent as it rushes out is wide and deep.

In spite of the showers of gravel which every now and then rush down upon us from the steep bank on our right we stand for a long time gazing with delight upon the beautifully tinted wall before us. Occasionally a crash is heard, accompained with a noise as of distant thunder, and it is only by seeing a shower of splintered ice break out from some gorge in the great ice precipice that we realize some vast pinnacle has fallen into one of the crevasses which intersect the glacier in various directions. None, however, of any size detach themselves from the great wall in front of us, and we begin to fear we are too late in the season to witness that of which we have heard so much. However, luck favored us in the end. Four o'clock was the hour set for our departure, and before that time all the sight-seers were aboard.

Our captain, when his uniform cap was off, had ridiculed my estimate of the distance within which we had approached the face of the glacier in the morning before anchoring ; and to prove to me how far wrong I was, proposed, when his anchor was up, to run in even closer than before and still not get within my estimate. As the wheels began to turn, the passengers all assembled on the forward deck to take a last view of the glacier and see how close the captain would go. I should not like to say how near he did run, but it was nearer than before, and still some hundreds of yards intervened. This could be determined by comparing our position with a point on shore the distance of which, from the foot of the glacier, had, as the captain said, been measured. We went quite close enough to satisfy even the bravest, and every one was relieved when the engines were reversed, and we commenced to back. Just as this movement to the rear commenced a great mass fell, or rather slid off, from the face of the cliff not far to our left. With a thunder-like roar it plunged into the sea ; sending up great columns of water around it and then, having almost disappeared beneath the surface, it shot up into the air again, rolled over as its centre of gravity demanded, and floated away to become an iceberg, down the bay. The delighted passengers, who had been looking all day for just such an exhibition, recognized this display as a sort of farewell salute and broke into a hearty cheer. Our Polar bear on the bridge actually looked pleased, in uniform, for once in his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PAPER CHASE IN THE WEST INDIES.

MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE card of invitation reads as follows:

MAJOR GENERAL H—B—.
At Home.
Friday, 2d March, 1894.
PAPER-CHASE.
Meet at Up Park Camp at 5 P. M.
Finish At Trafalgar Park.
P.T.O.

and when you turn over accordingly, you read on the reverse:

A Rosette will be presented to the Lady and Gentleman first Up at the Finish.

Up Park Camp is the station of the West India regiments, about three miles from Kingston. It is at present occupied by the 2nd W. I., the 1st being at Sierra Leone. The two regiments exchange stations every three years, thus having three years of fighting and fever in Africa, alternating with three of peace and health here. The camp is beautifully situated on a plain of some thousand acres, lying at the foot of Long mountain, which rises over two thousand feet on the east. The plain is high enough to command a view of the blue Caribbean sea, and a strong breeze blows continually across it.

Some of the younger members of our family decide to ride; others of us go on bicycles, or in carriages (there are ten of us, so that excluding the very youngest, we need a good deal of accommodation). It is our first experience of a tropic hunt, and we look forward to it with interest.

At half-past four, we start for the camp, our house being several miles from it. After a short drive along the hard, white limestone road, we join a throng of carriages and equestrians all tending in the same direction. Greetings are exchanged on all sides; and as our pace is necessarily slackened by the increasing crowd, we all become more and more impatient to reach the camp. Finally, we enter the grounds, and the carriages scatter, some taking one road, some another. On a broad lawn near the villa of the colonel in command, a hundred or more riders are grouped; a few ladies are among them. None wear the pink; Norfolk jackets or light tweed coats surmount the cords and tops; the women wear the usual cloth habits as a rule—one or two only being habited in brown linen.

The carriages draw up in close ranks along the drives, prepared to follow the hunt as closely as possible.

At five, the tall general winds the horn, and off dash the two "hares," the best pair of riders in camp, carrying their bags of fine-cut paper to leave as a trail for the hounds to follow. Over the water-jump, neck and neck, they go, on over the hurdles and five-barred gates which are placed at intervals along the course. One of them funks a hurdle three or four times, but is finally taken over in good shape, and is spurred on to catch up with his brother hare, now far in the distance. At length, both are hidden by a low, dense wood at rear of camp quarters.

And now, the five minutes grace allowed them have expired; and a second winding of the horn starts off the hounds, represented by all the rest of the horsemen and women. Our carriage has been placed as near the water jump as possible; it is a nasty bit, that usually brings a good many to grief. We await their approach.

Here they come, a lady in the lead; then, close behind, two or three men in a bunch; then the whole mass jumbled together, tailing out, at the end, with a few belated ones. The lady who leads is finely mounted on a tall American horse (most of the horses here are the tough little Jamaican ponies, thirteen to fifteen hands), and takes the water jump well, her horse's hind legs slipping just a little in the mud of the bank on landing, but he recovers well, not losing his stride or lead, and on she gallops. Others follow her close, but now one man comes to grief and is thrown; another lands on top of him, and meets the same fate; and still another, until there seems an inextricable tangle all about that narrow crossing, and meanwhile the great mass of riders is bearing headlong down on them.

Some dismount quickly and lead their horses round (thereby losing all chance ot the rosette); some stick on, but scramble down and up, instead of jumping; while others go over in good style, having a clearer path now that the dismounted riders and their steeds are out of the way. One rider, however, is so badly hurt by his fall that he has to be carried away, and is seen no more. His horse continues to follow the chase for some distance, taking the fences side by side with the others; but at last a colored groom manages to catch him, and leads him away.

The hunt is now widely scattered over the plain, some streaming along, taking their jumps in their stride, in the most workmanlike manner; others refusing them, and being turned and brought up at them again and again, until they end by going either over or through in some form—good or bad. The lady who led has now lost her place in this manner; but after repeated efforts she has forced her mount to take a stiff hurdle, and sweeps on, passes every one, and is in the lead once more!

Now they are passing into the wood, where we lose sight of them, and, as our people are well up in the front, we wait no longer; the coachman whips up the horses, and after much nip-and-tuck passing of other carriages (the native Jamaican driving is fearful to risk and wonderful to see), we leave the grounds and get into the main road.

Here, as we race along, we are brought up suddenly to allow the hounds to cross the road. They emerge from a wild, weird path in the tropic jungle on the right, where branches hang so low that several men have lost their hats, and one lady's hair streams behind her; as she did not turn up at the finish, she doubtless made for her own home as quickly as she might. The hunt dashes past the opening and down a side road, too narrow for carriages; so, after waiting a moment or two to be sure that no more are coming, we hurry along and speed forward to the general's pen, or country seat, where the finish is to be.

As we turn into the gate, the sight is a pretty one. Broad lawns dotted with huge mango trees, casting dense black shadows on the turf beneath them, extend in front of an old Jamaican house, with green-jalousied verandas; the general's flag is flying from the gable of the roof; and the whole scene is backed up by the sweeping circle of green hills beyond, rising steeply until they merge in the distant blue mountains, crowding their filmy peaks against the sky. A large marquee covers the refreshment tables, and groups of people stand or sit or saunter about the green lawns. The bright dresses of the ladies make pretty bits of color, and the booted and spurred men look properly manly and sportsmanlike, as they doff their caps to wipe their heated brows, and talk over the "pace." Ladies, in habits, are seen here and there in animated talk; one, the governor's daughter, who was in the lead all along, wears the rosette; the governor himself modestly sports the other, and deprecates any compliments. Being an Irishman, this sort of work must seem rather tame to him.

On the other side of the grounds, carriages are drawn up under the trees, rank after rank; and numbers of panting and sweating horses are being scraped and rubbed down by the colored grooms (boys of all ages and sizes), the masters standing by to see the work properly done, and expediting it occasionally by a judiciously forcible word or two.

Just opposite the entrance gate is placed the last hurdle; and as we stand chatting, a few belated horsemen dash up, and over it. One, however, has to turn and try again ; and this time he crashes through, nearly landing his horse on his knees ; but recovers in time and dismounts in a heated and dusty condition, but with all the air of a winner and a broad smile. This persistent hero is a middie from the English war-ship now anchored in the harbor.

Tea and ices pass around, the run is discussed, and adventures of tearing through stable yards, scattering picaninnies and poultry ; explanations of late arrivings are proffered and urbanely accepted ; and we are all very pleasant and sociable. The English people appear, under these circumstances, to better advantage than usual. It takes a good hard run, seemingly, to awaken them from their customary languor and cultured indifference. They look, almost, as if they were enjoying themselves !

After half an hour of this, under the constantly lengthening shadows of the trees, the sun drops, and the company rapidly disperses. The tall general conducts us to our carriages ; our riders mount, and get home before us by the bridle path.

We drive rapidly through the quickly falling twilight, inhaling the fragrance of coffee, orange and stephanotis blossoms ; and facing the glorious Blue mountain range, deep azure, and capped with clouds, as usual ; and a new moon casts our shadow before us as we mount the slope to our own home in the foot hills.

MUSINGS AT A LAKE SIDE.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

Morn with its ruddy bloom hath flecked,
The eastern skies with spangled gold ;
And the resplendent sun displays
O'er wooded hills and placid bays
And forests where the red deer strays
His cloudy banner's fold.
The gauzy mists that erewhile threw
Their veil athwart the pure lake's breast,
In wreaths ascend the dome of blue
Or twine around the mountain crest
Their silvery crowns of dew.

Fair Lake ! so beauteous, so serene,
A sapphire gem of purest tint,
Set in a frame of emerald green,
A framework of the woods that lean
Above thee, and their forms imprint !
How sweet a spell upon the mind,
Enchantress, doth thy presence throw !
Making man's rugged nature kind,
Each hard heart with affection glow.

As on thy tranquil face I gaze,
In fancy, as I pace thy shore,
Each winding reach of golden sand,
Each pebbled border of thy strand,
And flowery nooks explore ;
Back through the vanished centuries strays
My thought to years of yore.

Here, where the pale-face hunter's skiff
Chafes at the shore beneath the cliff,
Or spreads the snowy sail to take
The fleeting stag that swims the lake ;
Here, where his deadly rifle sends
The curling smoke and whistling ball ;
Or where the angler o'er thee bends,
His finny victim to enthrall ;
In those past years e're Pilgrim bark
Furled the white sail along the coast,
The lurking savage, grim and tall,
Led out his warlike host.

Those Indian tribes are here no more ;
Here their dominion rule is o'er.
No wigwams by these shores arise,
No birch canoe the paddle plies.
A new, a civilized race
Rules o'er the land and watery space.

A WINTER WITH THE CHEYENNES.

CAPT. H. H. BELLAS, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 15.)

I FOUND the Cheyennes had followed up Beaver creek, which, rising in the mountains of New Mexico, unites with Wolf creek many hundreds of miles to the eastward, at Camp Supply, and forms the North Fork of the Canadian. There is a large portion of our unsettled western country that is not included in any of the existing states or territories. This tract,—comprising about ten thousand square miles,—is bounded by Colorado, Kansas, the Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico, and, through the enactments of our National legislators, has somehow been entirely left out of any of these states or territories, being simply know on the maps as "Public Lands."

It was toward this desolate section that I was now moving, and making each day about the same marches as the Cheyennes had made, over the same ground before me; their trail being plainly visible and their former camps indicated by broken lodge-poles, buffalo bones, and refuse generally, and occasionally also by an abandoned pony.

On our arrival at their camp, after nearly a week's march, I met and held an interview with Whirlwind, the head chief of the tribe, and informed him of my intention to remain with him and his people for the winter. His appearance and manner were decidedly different from that of the villainous old Powder Face, and he hastened to assure me of his peaceable intentions. His tribe, however—about two thousand strong—I found were, as compared with the Arapahoes, but poorly armed, many having only bows and arrows. Their ponies were in poor condition and they themselves greatly in want of robes, as well as of clothing and provisions, depending now almost entirely on the herds of buffalo for their subsistence and covering.

I accordingly settled my troop in camp, about a quarter of a mile from the Indian camp, pitching the tents under a high bluff along the bank of the creek, and by banking them with earth and hanging robes and blankets around the inside, made them as warm as possible for the winter. Apprehending very little trouble from our neighbors, I knew our duties would soon become monotonous, unless the weather moderated sufficiently to allow men and horses to exercise, and to join in a hunt. As it still continued bitter cold, and being the only officer with my troop, the time soon began to hang heavily on my hands. I was completely cut off from communication with the outside world, and, save the necessary orders given my men from time to time, never had an opportunity to speak my own language. The question occurred to me, "Why not learn the Cheyenne tongue?" I felt it would be a great advantage to me in future in my dealings with these Indians. I had already found the general sign-language useful in my dealings

CHEYENNE CAMP ON BEAVER CREEK.

with several other tribes. Besides, this proposed study would enable me to pass the time much more rapidly and profitably than I had been doing.

My tent was almost constantly occupied by Indians, of all ages and of both sexes, and I quickly gained their aid in my endeavors. The old men and young warriors I bribed with dinners and tobacco, and the squaws with coffee, sugar and canned goods, to translate for me first words, and, later on sentences; all of which I entered in my note-book and systematized as well as possible. In a month, by diligent application, I had made such progress in their language that, with the help of signs, I was able to make any inquiry and to understand the greater portion of any conversation which the Indians might carry on in my hearing. Meantime I became known by the familiar title of "Its-kee-ah-Cheet-sis-tast" (the little Cheyenne).

I frequently visited the Indian lodges and occasionally took part in their games as well as their repasts, to which latter they always invited me or any visiting Indian who happened to come into their camp. I often accepted, however, much against my own inclination, to avoid giving offense, save when the menu consisted of some extra delicacy, such as stewed dog or skunk, when I felt compelled to decline the proffered hospitality at whatever risk.

On Christmas day I determined to return the compliment by inviting old Whirlwind, Little Robe (the next in command) and some half a dozen other of the principal men of the tribe, to a banquet, at which I served them with everything procurable in the way of game and commissary stores, and concluded with a little present to each, of tobacco, calico, beads, etc., for themselves and families. This termination of the feast pleased them greatly.

About this time a small band of Cheyennes from the north made their way quietly, one morning, into the camp, bringing further news of the threatened uprising in the coming spring, by the Sioux against the settlers then flocking into the Black Hills, information of which I immediately forwarded to the commanding officer at Camp Supply.

I was soon after invited to witness a grand dance to be given the visitors, similar to the Omaha, or peace dance, wherein they were to be the recipients of donations from their southern friends and of which they were sadly in need.

During this dance all the donators, at a given signal, rush into the ring, bearing robes, blankets, provisions and whatever else can be spared and depositing them in aheapinthe centre as a contribution to their friends. Then more dancing, singing, or chanting rather, accompanied by a vigorous beating of the "tom-tom,"—a rudely made drum—follows, and the same scene is repeated several times in succession, until all those who are in need are supplied.

I found on my arrival all the warriors dressed in gorgeous war bonnets of fur, scarlet cloth and eagle feathers and other barbaric attire, as well as lavishly smeared with brilliant colored paints; some being covered with bright pea green. They were the most hideous looking mortals one could well conceive of. The ceremonies lasted not only through the whole afternoon, but the dancing and feasting continued far into the night in the different lodges. Here, closely packed in the heated atmosphere, the antics of these howling demons resembled Pandemonium itself. I was given a seat of honor on one of the couches beside Whirlwind, Little Robe and others and directly opposite the musicians, (?) comprising a half-dozen muscular fellows stripped to the waist. The space in the centre for dancing was so contracted, that it was with difficulty the dancers therein managed to keep from scorching themselves in the fire, as they hopped up and down, first on one foot and then on the other, accompanying their gyrations with a wierd "hi-yah! hi-yah!" and terminating frequently with a yelping "ow! ow! ow!" in imitation of the barking of the cayote.

WIK-SEE, A CHEYENNE BEAUTY.

Occasionally a young brave from the Sioux country would spring into the cleared space and deliver himself of a speech, one of which—as nearly as I can recall—ran as follows: "My friends, look at me and listen. I have come from the far off north country. The *E-hó a-mó-hoes* (Sioux) living there are going out, when the grass grows, to fight the long-knives. (*Note-hé-ahs.*) But we are their friends, (?) besides, we are poor in horses." (Pause.) "But we have a few; for as we came down to meet you, we met some Sac-Foxes and killed them and took their horses to help us." (A yell of delight) "Then, a little further on, we came across some Shoshones and we did the same to them." (Another yell.) "Then next we saw a couple of Arapahoes, and we killed them also." (Still another and louder yell.) "And then we ran across a party of black Pawnees, (*Tsay-moch-tow-Ho-né-ah-tans*) and we shot them like dogs, as they are!"

A succession of yells, howls and screams of delight, as if from the infernal regions, here greeted the orator, followed by all the dancers leaping into the ring again and resuming the dance, to the frantic pounding of the "tom-tom," as an evidence of their intense satisfaction at the death of the hated Pawnees. These are universally detested as the champion horse-stealers of the plains. It was long after midnight when I rode back to my camp, yet all night long did I hear that dull thumping of the drum and the occasional yells of the dancers, as if exhaustion were out of the question with them.

Shortly after this the weather moderated greatly and the snow commenced to disappear, much to the satisfaction of the Cheyennes, since they had been loosing sometimes as high as twenty to twenty-five head of ponies in a night, from cold and exhaustion; the main subsistence for their herds being the twigs and bark of the young cottonwood.

"Medicine" was now made for a successful buffalo hunt. The game was finally discovered near the camp, having been driven northward by the prairie fires. Their appearance was hailed with delight and immediately announced by the old camp criers to all the hunters of the tribe, who were directed to assemble and start early the next morning in the direction from which the herds were approaching. In many of the hunts that followed I gladly joined the Indians; the result of such a day's work being that the herd of two, three or five hundred head would generally be completely surrounded and every animal killed. Towards nightfall many a small pony would be seen staggering into camp, covered with a mountain of meat, with the fresh buffalo hide thrown over it and a Cheyenne hunter sitting on top of all! For the next week the squaws of the entire camp would be busy as beavers, stretching, dressing and tanning the hides; while the "bucks" would feast, smoke and sleep in their *tepees* in dignified laziness, or in preparation for the next hunt.

MO-HEE, CHEYENNE WARRIOR AND MEDICINE MAN.

In one of these "surrounds" I had a narrow escape, by following too far a remnant of the herd that had eluded us. I was accompanied by my trumpeter and a couple of Cheyennes, all equally interested in the chase. As we started to return at the close of the day, we found the prairie between us and our camp in flames—evidently fired by prowling Arapahoes—and the line of fire advancing rapidly in our direction. We could do nothing but ride straight for it and dash through. The fire was so close to the narrow buffalo trail, in which we were riding, as to burn the legs of our horses and scorch our garments, besides blackening and choking us with the smoke.

In the beginning of April the Indians decided that as a full supply of robes and dried meat had been laid in the would start toward the agency. They expected to meet on the way their six months supply of annuity goods issued by the government, and which they had been informed was enroute from Camp Supply to their encampment. Orders were given for breaking camp, and woe to the unlucky Cheyennes who failed to comply. Their lodges were quickly torn down over their heads and destroyed, while stock and squaws were soundly whipped by the other Indians. Each morning, en route, the warriors would saddle up and leaving their camp, ride ahead until they reached their next halting place, when they would dismount and sit down in the grass to enjoy a quiet smoke; waiting for the lodges, herds, papooses, dogs, and all the paraphernalia to arrive under charge of the squaws, who had taken down and packed the tepees in the morning and driven the entire caravan the whole day.

On reaching the designated camp in the evening the squaws pitched the tepees again, picketed the herds, and then started off to carry water, cut and carry wood and cook the supper for their lords. Then would these vagabonds condescend to enter their lodges and eat.

Finally the long looked-for supplies were met with and the whole tribe was assembled in its respective bands, with each band separated into its different families; forming a huge circle on the prairie, and with all the goods to be issued deposited in the centre. These issues were made and order was preserved by the "Dog Soldiers," a species of native Indian police, and composed only of young warriors of known prowess, their badge being a row of red beads worn in a peculiar manner. The widows and orphans were especially protected; the families of Black Kettle, Medicine Water, and others, who had either lost their lives or their liberty by the government, being looked after among the very first. Shades of justice! Who would imagine these supplies to be sufficient for this horde of gluttons for six months? In six days the whole of the rations were consumed!

Allowing for the natural wastefulness of the Indians, it would have been impossible for any one to make them last this band more than two weeks. Where was the balance? The Indian bureau agents could probably have answered; I could not—when questioned by Whirlwind and the other chiefs—and cannot now. Dissatisfaction was marked in the whole tribe, and no wonder. I advised Whirlwind to make his complaints (for he had several personal ones against the local agent) to the Indian department, on his arrival at the agency. I was powerless in the matter.

On arriving at Camp Supply, I made him and a few of the others some additional presents in return for the many specimens of their handiwork and trophies of the chase, which they had given me during the winter.

From thence we continued on our journey eastward, a couple of hundred miles farther to their reservation on the North Fork of the Canadian; where we found the Arapahoes, who had already been brought in for their mutinous conduct. Here accordingly, with many a "*nut-tah*" and "*pow-wah*," I bade farewell to my Cheyenne friends; for so I had come to regard them. How and when I was next to meet them, I, of course, did not know at the time; but with the warnings of the coming storm still in my ears, I could not but feel some doubt. That there was good reason for this doubt, I will show in another paper.

The march through the Indian Territory, with my troop, back to my post, was a trying one; as the spring rains had flooded the entire country along the Canadian and Washita rivers, and compelled me to corduroy a great deal of the road and to bridge most of the streams, they being now unfordable. Several times we were forced to hastily break camp in the middle of the night, to avoid being swept away by the rapidly rising waters, and to seek higher ground back on the hills.

STUMBLING BEAR'S DAUGHTERS.

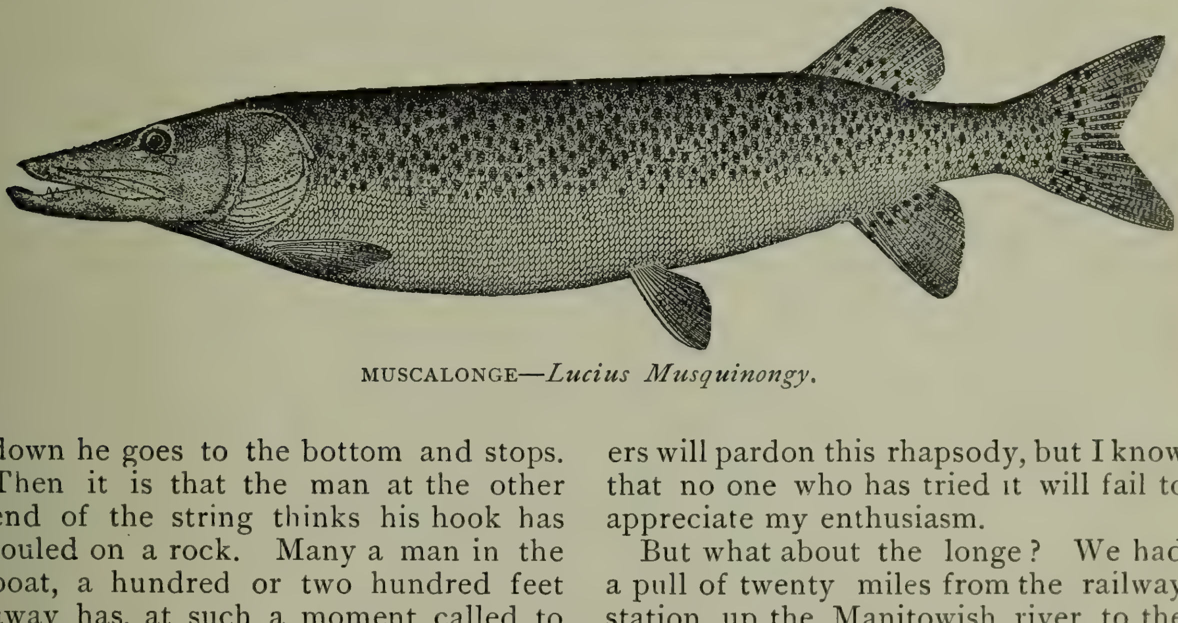
One of these sudden movements happened on the battlefield where Custer, in the winter of '68, had almost annihilated Black Kettle's band of these very same Cheyennes, and the bones of hundreds of their ponies, killed in the fight, still whitened the ground, in silent evidence of the complete overthfrow o the tribe at that time.

I have often regretted the termination of my free and independent life with the Cheyennes, half-savage though it was. How true the remark I once heard,. from one who had passed nearly his whole life with them: "It is easy for a white man to become an Indian, but almost impossible for an Indian ever to become civilized like a white man."

THE STRIKE OF THE MUSKALONGE.

H. Haupt, Jr.

The strike of the Muskalonge is different from that of any other fish living or dead. In fact it feels more like a simple hitching onto a snag than like the strike of any fish; yet the "longe" does make some fearful rushes on the glittering lure. I have seen him emerge from his napping place in the rushes and go for a bait or a minnow as a terrier goes for a rat. When he gets it and undertakes to stop or to change direction there is trouble in the water. Sometimes he turns a somersault, throwing half his great trunk into the air. In other cases he bends himself into a great, silvery crescent and doubles on his track, setting the crystal water into a mighty tumroil. Then down he goes to the bottom and stops. Then it is that the man at the other end of the string thinks his hook has fouled on a rock. Many a man in the boat, a hundred or two hundred feet away has, at such a moment called to his oarsman to "stop and back water—I've struck a snag." The sport begins when the procession moves again after the first halt.


MUSCALONGE—*Lucius Musquinongy.*

In recording the exploits of the "Nimrod" it is essential to the authenticity of the narrative that the recorder should be an eye witness, or at least one who knows, and such I claim to be.

Not many suns ago, and it was when more than half the moons had passed, a party of five, two ladies and three gentlemen, started for lake Manitowish, in northern Wisconsin, over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, to test the strike of the Muskalonge. The longe, as he is sometimes called, like some of the rest of us, is not fond of civilization and retires as that wave advances; so that he must now be sought in the remote fastnessses of the wilderness to the north. Who is there, who having once spread his blanket on a bed of balsam boughs, with his feet to the blazing logs, drawn his hat over his eyes, and looked into the glowing pile; picturing in his mind, grotesque shapes and forms in the flames, till lulled into unconsciousness, does not love this great northern lake land? All such men are glad of a motive for visiting the great forests year after year. My readers will pardon this rhapsody, but I know that no one who has tried it will fail to appreciate my enthusiasm.

But what about the longe? We had a pull of twenty miles from the railway station, up the Manitowish river, to the lake; and it was no easy job to pull a boat against the stream, with a lot of camp stuff stowed away in her. It was not all rowing. Now and then a halt and a plunge into the rapid stream to stem the fall, waist deep, and pull the disinclined boat up over the rapid. Such is the sportsman's experience—he must take the bitter with the sweet. It is all play. It is rough and hard, but it is what we call fun. The sun went down and the mosquitoes came up. In the woods there seems to be a balance of power, poised on the instant of sunset; the one arm carrying the hot sun, the other the hordes of mosquitoes, and as one goes down the other must come up. The ladies had, fortunately, brought along some paste to keep off these little fiends and so did not suffer greatly from them. We could not say wherein the charm of the paste lies. Whether its application to the fair skin so changes the countenance that the mosquito is frightened away I do not know; but I am convinced that it does not improve the appearance of the wearer. It did seem that after the sun had set the insects were just as attentive and ardent—but the ladies said they did not actually bite. Of course the mosquitos, with their little eyes, could not see the faces of their victims, but we did.

Another day brought us to Manitowish lake and our camping ground. True, it rained some, but a little rain does not hurt the fishing. About noon the wind shifted and came in strong from the nor'west, a good brisk breeze. That was just what we wanted. We had loafed about the camp all morning napping and yawning, because we knew the fish would not bite. Billy was there and while we sat looking over the lake Charley Crane pulled himself together and said,

"Well, Jim, old boy, what do you say to trying the longe this afternoon?"

"I'm with you," was the reply. Jim took the oars, Charley seated himself aft and we pulled out. The wind rippled the lake and the water was just right. We pulled over the bar and back again, but no strike. The sun was dipping low and we were about ready to take in the tackle. Several times the fine silk line had been reeled in and the kinks gotten out of it, in order that it might be ready for business when it came our way.

"Before we go in, Jim, let's try it right out from the island."

We had taken some bass there the day before and thought we might at least hook a few more of these. We were off the point and heading for the main land when Charley shouted, "Hold on, Jim; I have hooked the bottom of of the lake." We backed water but not for long. There was a swish and whiz. Out flew the line, making the reel fairly sing as the longe lit out, for longe it proved to be. Two, three, four hundred feet of line were out in a flash.

"Back her, Jim; I have only a little more line left and he is a 'dandy'."

Back went the boat and the line was taken in. Yard by yard came, and away out there was the big fish, the line taut, the rod almost double. Still we were backing on him. There was a great, boiling, bubbling eddy in the water, and a humming of the reel as it payed out the line or took it in. Now he sounded; then he came up and started again on the race, we after him. Then there came a lull and we reeled in, getting nearer and nearer to the game.

"Steady, steady, Charley. Don't let your hand shake so much, or you'll lose him. Bring him alongside till I get a shot at him. Give me your revolver. We can never land that fellow alive."

He was now within a few yards of the boat and looked a whale.

"Hold on, Jim; don't shoot till I turn him. My line is over his gills and you may cut it if you shoot now."

So saying Charley tried to roll the fish over, but no; the fish was not used to that kind of rolling. He took the bit in his teeth and started off. He went through the lily pads and reeds like a deer through dry brush, the line following in the wake. He had got his second wind and it seemed, now, as if he would never tire. However, by and by, he stopped and we reeled him in again, gradually drawing him well up to the boat. Jim stowed away the oar and got the revolver ready. It was only a little .22, but that was large enough. The longe came up alongside and this time the line was free. Charley was trembling with excitement, but he held taut. There was a modest report and a little puff of smoke. The longe rolled over and dyed the water with a crimson stream, flowing from a small hole in the gill cover. We edged over toward him and, taking him by the eyes, hauled into the boat a veritable prize. He was nearly five feet long and weighed 43¾ pounds. He was the biggest take of the season. This affair was all due to an error in judgment on the part of the longe. He thought the bit of revolving metal was a fish. He wanted it, and got it. He struck at it and the strike was fatal to the muskalonge. Something over a hundred perished that summer, in this lake, from a similar delusion.

WINTER IN THE KETTLE RIVER COUNTRY.

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

In the early autumn of 1890 I found myself at the little town of Colville, Washington, after two months spent among the mountains and canyons of Montana and Idaho. My intention had been to cut loose from work and spend the fall in hunting, but no very alluring prospect had so far offered itself. True, game was plentiful enough, but other matters had to be considered; so I resolved to cross the international boundary line and see something of British Columbia. Accordingly, I crossed the Columbia river at Marcus ferry, and entered the Colville Indian Reservation.

For twenty miles I went due north, traveling up the wooded valley of a good sized river, called on the maps "Toiyepe," but locally known as Kettle river. At this point a large monument built of rock announced that to the northward the Stars and Stripes did not wave and the Union Jack held sway.

A noble stream is Kettle river, and for seventy miles I traversed its beautiful valley. At times the trail passed through shady forests that covered the low bottom land, while, at intervals, there lay spread out wide level tracts of fertile prairie, then fast being occupied by settlers. The river is generally rapid, clear and sparkling; but here and there, where it abruptly strikes the high rocky wall of some jutting mountain spur, a still, black pool of great depth is formed. These suggest mighty fish. Nor is the angler often disappointed, for the great bull trout lives there.

In five days I reached Rock creek, which was the last inhabited point on the river. The town consisted of a small saloon which did a big business, and a smaller store which did little or none at all. A few placer miners lived here, also some Chinese, but a good deal of traffic passed by, as the main trail left the river here and crossed a low divide to the Okanogan. Away up the river was a virgin country, seldom visited, except by a stray hunter or prospector, and game was said to be abundant, so I resolved to go ahead. The valley narrowed rapidly and the hills grew steeper and more heavily wooded; but on the afternoon of the second day I entered a level grassy opening, perhaps half a mile long. Some horses were grazing there and at the farther end stood a little cabin. As ceremony seemed to be out of place in these parts, I rode up to where the owner was sitting, with his Indian wife and little half-breed son. He rose as I approached and greeting me courteously, bade me unsaddle my horses and make myself at home, which I straightway proceeded to do.

In a day or two I became well acquainted with Len, as my new friend was called. Born in the Evergreen state, almost his entire life had been passed in the wilds and among the Indians, whose language he spoke fluently. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with fair wavy hair and bright blue eyes, and one of his most entertaining characteristics was the admirable way in which he related his curious and interesting stories, of which he had an inexhaustible supply. He fully corroborated the reports I had heard concerning the hunting hereabouts, and although there was no great variety of game, deer were really plentiful. There were some bears, and a good many wolves; also grouse, and some fur bearing animals. This sounded pretty well, and when the suggestion was made that I should winter here I considered the matter seriously. I was tired of wandering, my horses could pull through on the bunch grass, and the fall was advancing rapidly. Why not stay? I had lived in worse places; so I decided to put up a cabin, pass the winter here, and start south in the spring.

Six weeks later I was settled, with provisions enough to last five months, for Len and I went out with several pack horses and brought in supplies. Another wanderer also arrived with his "klootchman" (Indian wife), built a cabin on the river bank, close to mine, and prepared to spend the winter there. His name was Schomberg, and he proved to be a good fellow, possessing a wide knowledge of business, besides being an expert miner, hunter, trapper and mountain man in general. His Indian squaw was far above the average Siwash. As a rule the "squaw man" is regarded unfavorably in the far west, but hereabouts it seemed to be looked upon as quite the proper thing for a white man to have a red wife.

Truly, it was a strange little group that had drifted together in this out-of-the-way spot! The two frontiersmen, each with a checkered and romantic history; the Indian women with their quiet and curious ways; the little half-breed boy, with curling Saxon hair, and the dark eyes of his mother's race—and the roaming Briton from his far-away English home, whose life, for years past, had been hardly less varied than that led by his older companions.

That fall I had the finest deer hunting I ever enjoyed. They were mostly mule deer of large size, and so rich was the feed that a doe with two well grown fawns by her side would be rolling fat. Bears were scarce, but Len killed a dark silver tip grizzly, with a magnificent skin, and when he sauntered over to my cabin that evening, making a cigarette, and coolly related the particulars, I resolved to go with him next day and help bring in the hide and some of the meat. The bear had chased Len's dog out of a little gulch, whither it had gone in pursuit of a wounded deer, and on reaching the higher ground it reared up, apparently looking for its disturber. Len stood just sixteen yards away, and a bullet from his .44 Winchester shattered the great neck bone to atoms. Cool, good shot as I knew Len to be, he admitted he would have hesitated about firing, but he mistook the animal for a black bear.

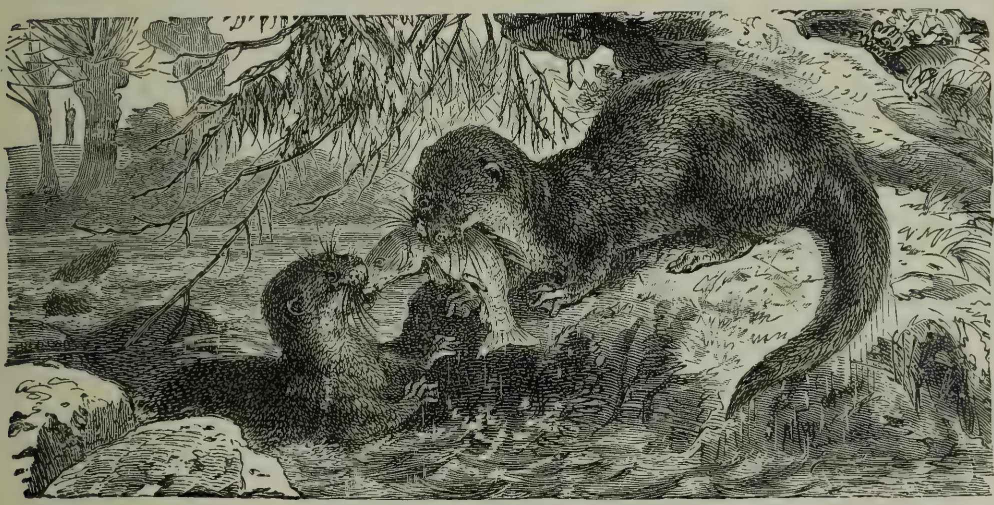
Len and Schomberg each had a number of steel traps. The latter was running his in two long lines, and was catching some fur-bearing animals, but they were not plentiful. However, I became interested in his work, and borrowing some of Len's traps, I essayed catching a few furs for myself. By the end of November I had a few of my own to show; but although we frequently saw the tracks of monster wolves, they were far too cunning to be taken in steel traps. Sometimes they would approach our cabins at night, being attracted by the fresh venison; and their howling could be heard for miles. At first I thought the deep, long drawn yell of the timber wolf the most weird and blood-curdling sound I had ever heard, but when softened by distance into a kind of wailing music, it seemed to have a soothing effect, far from unpleasant, and often served as a lullaby.

The snow fell heavily early in December, but the weather remained mild. I passed my time in hunting and attending to my traps, which were strung through the low forest-covered hills that bordered the broad open river bottom, some two miles up the valley, and this afforded me plenty of amusement, but no great variety of game, although a new experience was in store for me, that at least had the charm of novelty.

A mile or so from my cabin there was a long, half-moon-shaped pond. At the head of this stood a dense body of heavy timber that extended back from the river's bank, and out of it issued a little rivulet that took a wide semicircular sweep and ran around to the main stream. Just at the junction of the two the beavers had built a dam and this had formed the pond. Another dam had been built a hundred yards above the first or lower one, which extended clear across the pool, but both were covered with a dense, rank growth of willows. There were no beavers there now, for they had all been caught long ago. The water was frozen over to a thickness of nearly six inches and the snow laid on the ice as smooth and level as a carpeted floor. Two air holes still remained, however, near the upper dam. A dark stretch of open water yet flowed slowly to the lower one, and then trickled gently into the river.

The trail up the valley led along a high, terrace-like bench that followed the curve of the pond, and several times of late I had noticed some tracks on the clean white surface below, but thinking they were made by cayotes, paid little attention to them. One evening, when returning from an unsuccessful hunt, I noticed an unusual number of foot-prints and walked out on the ice to examine them. The first glance told me they were not made by cayotes. The tracks were those of some short-legged animal, that traveled in short jumps, and every few yards there was a long furrow in the snow. Feeling somewhat puzzled, I followed them along to near the upper beaver dam, nearing which I stopped, and rested the butt of my Marlin on the ice.

The animal, whatever it was, evidently visited this place often, for the ice bordering the nearer of the two open places was paddled and dirty looking. Some dim suspicions were arising, and I started to investigate more closely, but at my first movement there was a sudden commotion among the willows that overhung the water; something dark and heavy shot with a sudden plunge into the pool and disappeared beneath the ice.



OTTERS AT HOME.

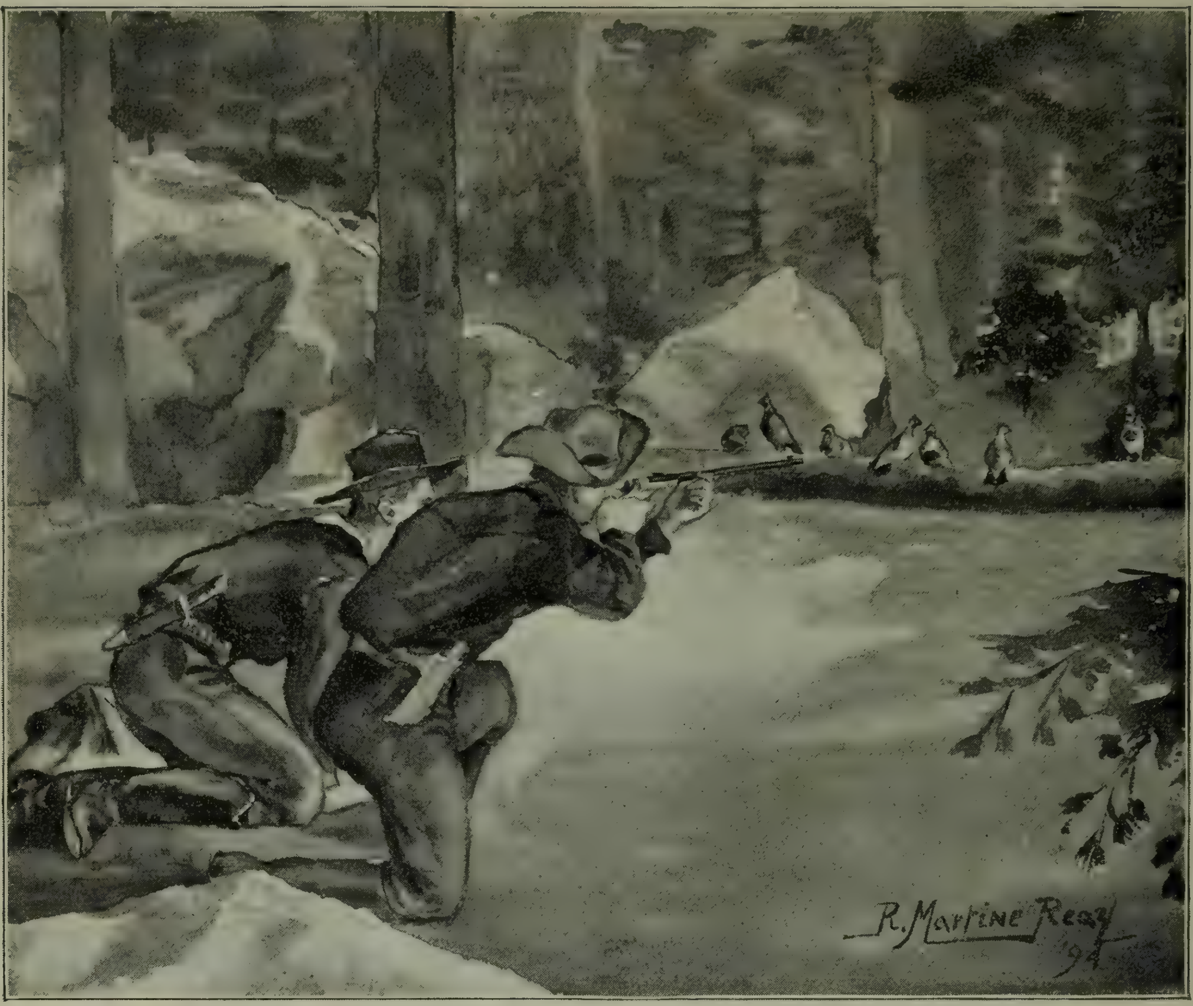
Like a flash of lightning turning night into day, the whole matter was made clear to me. My vague surmise was now fully confirmed, and I had lost the only chance I ever had of a shot at an otter. Not for the finest buck that roamed these hills would I have missed such an opportunity, so feeling greatly disgusted I shouldered my rifle and started for home. Deer hunting now faded into insignificance, and mink and fisher trapping seemed tame work in comparison with other hunting; for, like most men fond of the wilds, anything rare in nature always had a great attraction for me. The more I thought the matter over the more anxious I became, and I resolved to have that otter's skin if it took me all winter to get it.

I knew this was regarded by old trappers as one of the most difficult of animals to catch, and that an intimate knowledge of its habits was essential to success. I thought of lying in wait and shooting this fellow, but I might miss or only wound him. so I made up my mind to try for him with a steel trap; and borrowing one of Len's largest—a No. 4 with double spring—I repaired to the spot next morning. In two hours I had explored the tangled willow thickets, examined the bank of the river, looked over the old beaver dams and followed up the little stream that entered the upper end of the pond and ran back into the forest. In that time I had gained more real knowledge of an otter's ways than a month's reading could give me.

One favorite habit of the animal seemed to be that of sliding down a steep, slippery bank, and there was a much used slide at the lower beaver dam. I thought of putting my trap here, but it seemed a doubtful scheme even if set at the foot of it, for the chances were about even whether one of its feet would strike the pan or not. after shooting down the glassy surface. Finally I resolved to try one of the open holes and crawled out through the brush on the upper dam to investigate. The nearer pool was only about three feet wide and eight or ten inches deep, and was caused by the running water that trickled through the matted sticks, of which the dam was formed. One particular spot on the ice seemed to be the otter's regular landing place.

This suited me exactly, so I set the trap and placed it on the muddy bottom under water, just where I calculated my visitor's hind feet would be planted as he crawled out on to the ice. I fastened the chain securely to a thick root that grew in the mud. Then I reached down, got a handful of soft ooze and allowed it to settle in a light coating on both trap and chain to conceal them. Finally after splashing water over all traces of my presence, I returned home to await developments.

TO BE CONTINUED.



BLUE GROUSE SHOOTING IN IDAHO.

M. W. Miner.

Blue Grouse! Well, I should say so. Never saw so many before in my life, and had any one told me of them I should have thought he had been lost and had seen the same flock several times. Sam and I were camped on the Craig mountains, at the head of China creek, in Idaho. That is a tributary of the Salmon river and is only a deep canyon, with a suspicion of dampness, except in the spring, then it is, as the Indian says, "plenty wet." It was simply too warm to exist down in the canyon, by the river where we were mining, and all day the 4th, while panning out the clean-up, the gold and pan would get so hot that the water would evaporate and the gold anneal to the iron. We had to wear gloves, so as not to burn our hands, and we decided to call the job completed, move up on top of the moutain and camp, sending out mail reports and samples by some herder; wait there for a reply and at the same time prospect for opals. Every day in our tramps we would flush grouse after grouse and often it would be necessary to chase them with a stick or throw stones at them, to make them take wing. We had our ponies picketed on a sunny hill side, or in little grassy parks, where the wild strawberries grew in abundance, and we would often find the grouse picking around among the horses, quite unconcerned and as much at home as fowls in a barnyard. I would sometimes see a grouse near camp and shoot it, in aid of the commissary department; and Sam never felt quite happy nor able to rest at night unless he had each day knocked one over with a stone and thus supplied his share of the meat. Not to monkey with the truth at all, Sam was about as deadly a shot with a chunk of basalt rock as with either a rifle or a six-shooter.

One cool, bright morning, after having watered and picketted our cayuses, we started back to camp. About the first thing we saw a dozen or so grouse leisurely picking berries and now and then chasing a grasshopper, by way of amusement, perhaps. On our approach they ran slowly ahead of us, with an occasional "chue, chue," when we pressed them too closely. Sam said, "Let's herd them into camp;" and with a little caution we succeeded in driving them at least a quarter of a mile to our tent by the spring, when the smoke from the camp-fire caused them to flush and they settled in the branches of the big fir tree that sheltered our home. Taking my little .25-calibre Stevens pocket rifle, I shot one in the head, and we soon had it skinned and broiled for our breakfast. Good! Why, say; you could raise babies on broiled blue grouse.

But I wasn't happy. I had been half frozen all night. Of course I did not rest well and felt just like killing something. I told Sam, as I picked the bones, that when birds got to be such blooming chumps they would let us run them into camp without a kick, they deserved killing, I felt it my duty to see that they were killed, and should start out after breakfast to execute the sentence. Sam said he thought it would be a good scheme to get a few and he would salt them, so they would keep.

As soon as I had finished eating I turned my plate and cup upside down on the grass, emptied a box of cartridges in my pocket and taking my pocket rifle, told Sam to get a gunny sack and his hunting knife and come on.

We proceeded to a place near the edge of the hill where the trees were scattered and the ground covered with a mat of fine grass and strawberry vines, and almost as soon as we reached the place Sam cried, "There's one," pointing to an old blue cock that crouched by the foot of a tall pine. Dropping to knee rest I quickly had the bead over his big, lustrous eye and at the crack of the gun over he went, on his back. Sam started to pick him up, as I blew the smoke out of the barrel and slid in another shell. "Hold on, there; two more." Another knee rest. Crack! and number two began a skirt dance on the lawn. Crack again! but that was a miss. Then the grouse ran on two or three rods and stopped to investigate the noise. Throwing myself at length on the ground I took a careful aim and cut loose. The grouse started to fly into a pine tree, but gave up the ghost, when half way up, and came down with a thud. The ball had gone a little low and severed its wind pipe and jugular. One more grouse flushed and went to the top of a tall pine. A body shot charmed it back to earth. Sam said, "Shoot 'em in the neck, like that last one; then they bleed better." I told him it was a proper scheme, I believed, and would bear it in mind

A short tramp brought us to a sunny glade and there, on a log, were no less than seven big, blue birds, resting or pluming their feathers. We sneaked up behind a big pine, about fifty feet away, and I asked Sam which end of the row I should begin on. "Always start at the right," was his reply. I opened up and number one went over dead. Number two, ditto; ditto number three. Number four was a miss. Number five went dead; number six a miss. Number seven had his bill reduced half an inch, and later on Sam retrieved him with a club. The other two live birds hopped off from the log and walked slowly away. I made a run for the log and was going to shoot the nearest one, but, seeing them come in line, lowered my sight to a body shot, and got both. I told Sam it was a matter of business to save ammunition and strike a higher average in my score.

From park to park we went. At short range I would shoot them in the head or neck, and when they flushed into the tall pines I would shell their hulls and make them strike colors.

At last Sam said, "Aren't you ever going to stop?" I asked him if he was tired of carrying the bag and he said he had emptied it once! And so he had. As the fifty rounds were nearly gone we started home and I finished them up on two more grouse, a hawk and two gophers.

Sam salted and dried the breasts of the big blue birds. They taste good yet. From the other portions we had stews and pot-pies innumerable.

What we did that morning could be repeated any time for a week; but we had fun and grouse enough and my thirst for gore was satisfied.

PHOTOGRAPHING BIG GAME.

A. G. WALLIHAN.

In northwestern Colorado big game is probably more abundant than in any other section of the United States. About five years ago my wife suggested the idea of my taking up photography and preserving by that means pictures of these grand animals, as it can only be a few years before barbarous man will do away with the game. Having been in their midst for seven years I was well informed as to their runways and their habits. I considered myself a good hunter and a good shot, having usually been successful in supplying the larder with meat. All old hunters will admit that great skill and care are necessary to get within thirty feet of an antelope or deer and to get within ten yards of elk, on open country, yet I knew this must be done in order to get good photographs.

From a poor outfit, to begin with, I learned by sad experience what lenses, camera, plates, etc., I needed. I soon found Carbutt's celluloid films—cut sizes, not the rolls—were far lighter than and would produce as good results as any glass plate. As much of my work would require a great deal of riding, necessitating the carrying of my camera on a shoulder strap, weight was an important item. Short focus lenses being useless, a camera of long bellows was next. Then as long a focussed lens as could be used was selected, which is so constructed as to give—used double—8½ inch focus, the back lens alone 13½ inch and the front lens alone 18 inch, which latter magnifies about 2 to 4 with the 8½ inch. Being made to use alone they give good images. A good shutter completes the outfit.

My first efforts were with a 9 inch focus lens and I smile now at the mere specks on the plates secured with it. They only spurred me on to secure better apparatus and better negatives.

About three years ago I rode my pony over to the deer trail, when the deer were on their migration to winter range, and, after a short wait, secured my first good deer negative, at about 40 yards. I was crouching behind a small rabbit bush and the bunch of six or eight passed within twenty steps of me. When they had passed by to about forty steps, I called to them and they stopped long enough to enable me to make the exposure.

My next negative was made only a few hundred yards from the scene of the first. As I approached the trail I saw a large bunch come down and go into the gulch to drink at a spring. I hurried up to the bank but just as I reached the top part of the bunch came out on the other side and I could not get a view of those drinking, so I was compelled to make the exposure on those in sight.

IN THE SAGE BRUSH.

At another time I sat up the camera on a trail, in the cedars, and lay down in front of it, with the bulb of the shutter in my hand. I did not wait long before I saw the great mule ears of first one and then another deer, until five or six were in sight. So noiseless were their footfalls that had I been lying with my face away from the trail, I should not have heard them. When the leaders were at the right place I bleated like a fawn, which instantly stopped them. Although there were several more coming I did not care to risk the chance of these first ones moving, so I pressed the bulb and had their shadows securely fixed. Of course they stood and the others came and stood with them until they were satisfied, from their scrutiny, that I was harmless, when they went on. Some in the photograph were bucks, but, it being spring, their horns had been left in the cedars, somewhere down the trail.

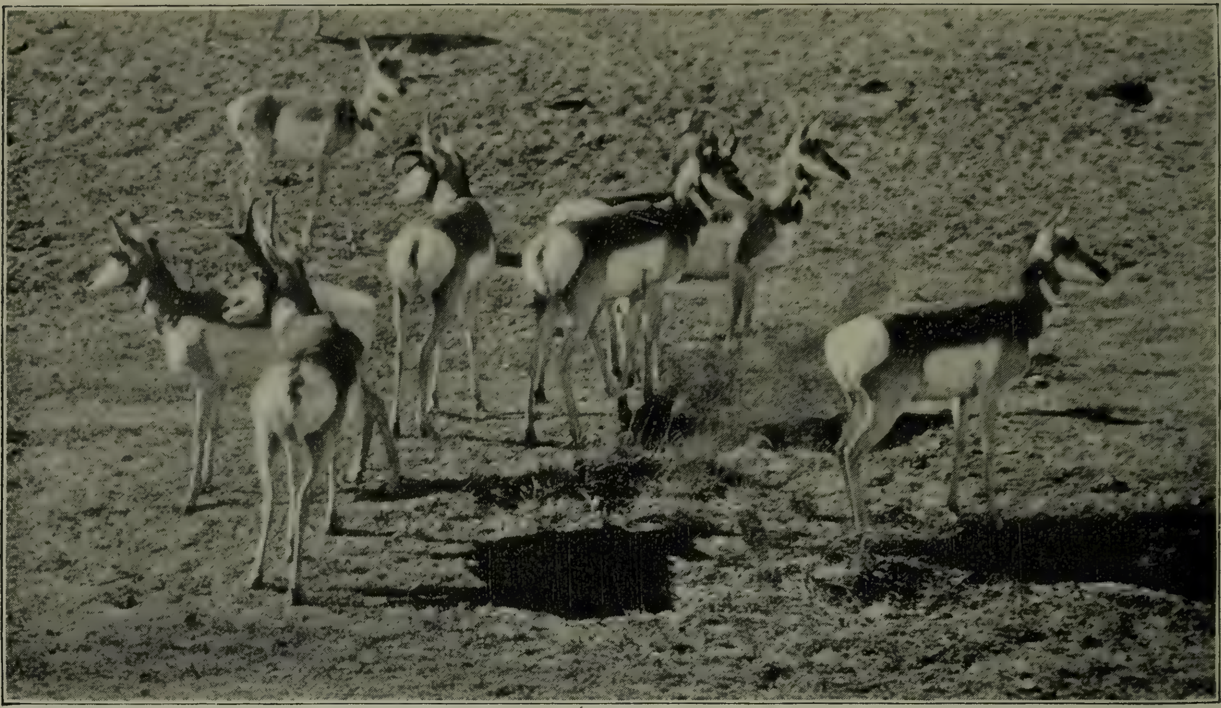
The same spring I had been watching across a valley where the trail crossed. I could see deer for a mile. Suddenly I discovered a yearling within 150 yards, right in open ground, much to my chagrin, for I am endowed with very acute vision and I could not understand how it came so close before I saw it. I ran down behind a hill, to where the trail came up the gulch, and had barely time to get the camera ready when she came along. She would have passed me without a glance had I not bleated to her. She stopped, with the timid, shy look and position which deer always assume when surprised. The shutter clicked and I felt that I had added another portrait to my list. She looked until satisfied and passed on. A deer cannot discern what an object is by looking at it. This I am positive of, as I have had them pass within 15 feet of me, looking intently at me, without taking alarm. I also know that when they do discover danger by seeing a motion, hearing a noise or smelling the object, they bolt instantly.

After watching nearly all day and having an adverse wind to bother me I was changing locations, when, as I stepped out into a sage brush park in the cedars, I discovered two bucks, looking at me, about 100 yards way. Setting down my camera and pointing it toward them, I was astonished to see them come directly at me, followed by two small fawns. Slowly they crossed the park, one in particular looking constantly at me and holding the other one back as much as he could. They approached to within twenty steps, where I should have taken their picture, as the fawns stood smelling noses with the rear buck, but as the leader had his head down I waited until I could get him to look up. The fawns passed ahead of him before I got his attention, so I did not get a perfect pose of the group. They looked at me for awhile and passed on, without becoming frightened.

Later in the fall I was watching on the trail when a doe and fawn came along. I was well hidden, so until I bleated to stop them, at 30 feet, they were unaware of my presence. They did not flinch at the click of my shutter, and their images are good. After looking until satisfied they passed on around me.

Later, I took a trip to the antelope country and camped at a spring, which proved to be the most horrible water it has been my lot to find in twenty-four years of frontier life. Even our horses refused to drink it. We staid there twenty-four hours and watched all the forenoon in vain. About noon I took a trip down the gulch, to look for more water and a better place. I found these and ran across a friend who lived down the gulch about ten miles and who urged me to come down. On my return I saw five head of antelope near Mrs. Wallihan and the camera. I kept out of sight, only peeping through the sage brush enough to watch the performance. They came down to the right place, and I felt sure their photos were taken, which proved to be the case. They ran off and I went to the camera. The wind was blowing harder and harder, and we concluded to drive down to our friend's, which we did as fast as we could, passing right through a band of antelope. Just as we were safely housed with our friend the worst snow storm I ever saw, for the season—the latter part of September—broke over us, and it snowed for thirty-six hours. We went on home as soon as it was over. We were glad we had gone to our friend's house, as we had no tent.

About a month afterward I took another trip to the range and secured several photographs, one of which shows only a part of a large bunch. I had my



AT THE SPRINGS.

camera pointed rather too low for the others, but could not move it while they were so close—40 feet. I had built a blind in the mouth of a small gulch which came in diagonally to the large one. The water ran down over the bed of the gulch about ten feet wide, and probably 300 yards long. Some bunches would come in above me and some below, but finally this band came down right in front of me. I thought I had the camera pointed right, but the dark room and developer showed that my aim was too low. They did not scare, but went on up the gulch, drank their fill and left.

I have not mentioned the many failures and hardships I have encountered, but you may rest assured it requires the patience of Job and the endurance of an Esquimau to get photographs of big game on its native ranges.

MEN WHO WILL MAKE THE EXPOSITION.

NEW YORK will have, next spring, a great exposition of guns, fishing tackle and other goods used by sportsmen. I say "great" advisedly. It will be great because the right kind of men have been chosen to get it up and run it. The portraits of a few of these men are shown herewith and the following facts regarding them are given in support of the above statements.

MR. CHARLES DALY.

Mr. Charles Daly, Vice-President of the Exposition Association, is a member of the firm of Shoverling, Daly & Gales, gun and fishing tackle dealers, at 302 Broadway, New York. This is one of the largest houses of its class in the country, having been in business for more than twenty-five years. Its growth, from a very small beginning to its present magnitude, has been accomplished largely through the industry, energy and business ability of Mr. Daly. He is now in Europe, but is expected home soon, with a large, new stock of health and strength for the winter's work. A man who can get rich enough, in the gun business, to afford a trip abroad must be a great financier, and it is eminently proper that he should be one of the managers of the big show.

MR. F. S. WEBSTER.

Mr. Frederic S. Webster, the Secretary, is a naturalist, furrier and taxidermist, with studio at 106 East 23d street. He is a man of unlimited nerve and energy, and is one of the most enthusiastic of all the promoters of the exposition. He is already working day and night for it and will continue to do so until its lights are extinguished on the night of the 18th of May, next.

MR. J. VON LENGERKE.

I don't know who originated this scheme, but I do know that Justus Von Lengerke, of the big gun house of Von Lengerke & Detmold, number 8 Murray street, was one of the first men to take off his coat and go to work at it in earnest. To him is largely due the credit of having gotten all the leading manufacturers of the country to pledge their support to the enterprise.

CAPTAIN J. A. J. DRESSEL.

Captain J. A. J. Dressel, Treasurer, and a member of the Executive Committee, is and has been for 14 years the manager of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's New York office. During that time he has served long terms in two of New York's crack militia regiments—the 23d and 79th—rising to the grade of captain in each. This shows that people who know him like him and, better still, that he has marked executive and business ability.

MR. P. G. SANFORD.

Mr. P. G. Sanford, also of the Executive Committee, though last in this group is by no means least. He is the manager of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's New York house, and a look through that great store will satisfy any man as to his business capacity.

There are several other good men on the board of managers, whose portraits will be shown in future numbers of Recreation

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

III.

The author of the interesting paper published in this number of Recreation, "The Strike of a Muskalonge," when asked for some facts as to his career and his professional work, replied so modestly and in such quaint humor, that I can not do better than quote his words. He says:

PROFESSOR H. HAUPT, JR.

"Your request for facts in regard to my life has put me up a stump. I do not know how to blow my own trumpet, but will give you something to con over. My pedigree dates back to Adam. I have not yet found all the connecting links, nor indeed have I tried. All I can say is that I am the son of General Herman Haupt, whose reputation, after a long and useful life, stands unchallenged. I was born in Philadelphia and after leaving school applied myself to the study of chemistry, intending to become an "Ironmaster." While so occupied a panic struck the country. I was left without funds. The furnaces in the east were all shut down. An opening was secured in a drug house, at the munificent salary of $3 a week, for the first year, and $4 for the second. I did not at any time during that period feel like a bond holder, but completed the two years of service and graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. The Bureau of Experiment, of the Pennsylvania railroad, was in need of a chemist and metallurgist, and Dr. Charles M. Cresson appointed me his assistant. At his suggestion I studied medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and, under the kind sponsorship of Dr. Harrison Allen, was graduated. Later I took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, from my alma mater.

"In 1882 I went into the great West and spent many years in exploration and study of the ethnology of the North American Indians, especially the Dakotas and Ojibways. Believing that these tribes would soon be extinct, I set about writing a monograph of their present condition and peculiar traits. This MS. was illustrated by about 300 pen drawings. These and the MS. were burned on the Pennsylvania railroad, in transit, and there was nothing for me to do but rewrite the book. That has been done. For the past two years I have been engaged in trying to develop the Department of Mining Engineering and Metallurgy in the Armour Institute, of Chicago. I have just returned from an investigation ofthe mines of Nova Scotia, and hope in the near future to look into the remains of the Aztecs of the southwest.

"That's all I know about myself, but you can depend upon it I am a friend of RECREATION, first, last and all the time."

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

II.

MASTER ALFRED BISSON.

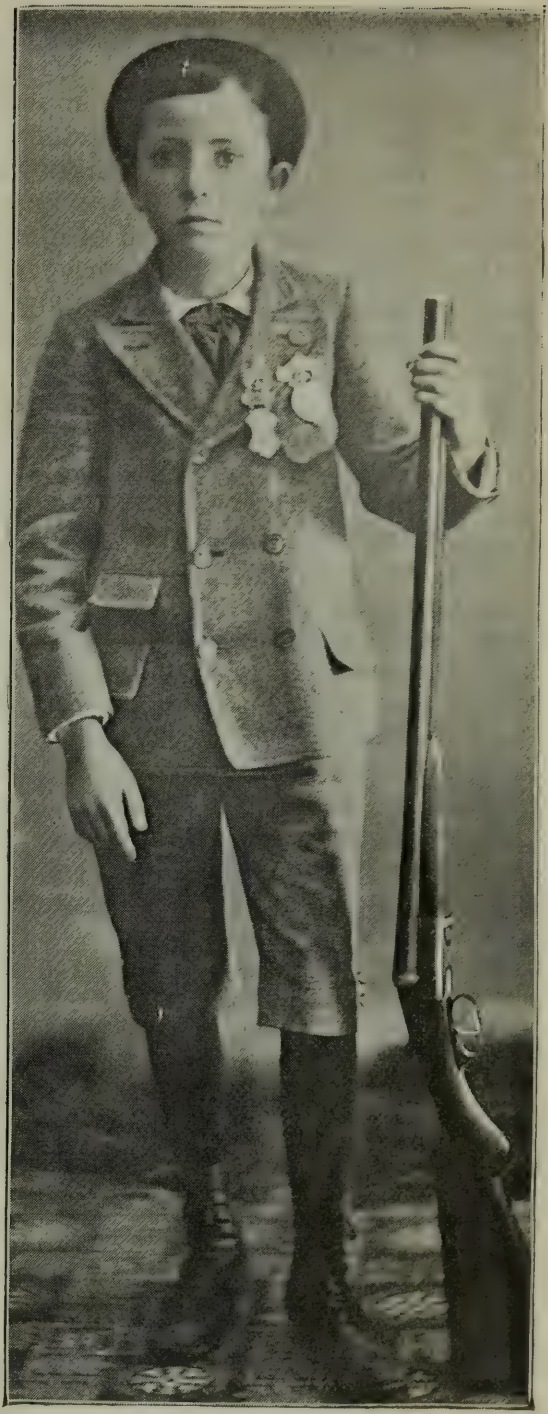
MASTER Alfred Bisson, whose portrait is shown herewith, attained his twelfth year last September. With only a little more than a year's practice in shooting he holds the boys' rapid rifle shooting championship of the United States, winning it last winter in a match with Master Clarence E. Long.

The match was for a diamond medal, the conditions 100 shots in series of ten shots each. Alfred won with 374 points to spare, firing 100 shots in 94 seconds.

Last spring he took a fancy to trap shooting and won the boys' gold medal at the Manufacturers and Dealers Association Tournament in Chicago.

He shot his first live bird match last month, killing eight out of ten, the highest score made that day at the club, a strong wind making the shooting extremely hard.

Alfred is a light built boy, but has a great deal of endurance, the recoil o 100 shots, fired in succession, having little or no effect on him. It is greatly to the boy's credit that, having attained such wonderful skill in so short a time, he is not at all conceited about his ability, but bears his honors as modestly as a girl. His success in match shooting is largely due to his coolness. He works simply for results and is unmindful of the surroundings. He is anxious to become a good shot in the field and has no intention of exhibiting for revenue. Born a sportsman he has no inclination towards the stage.



MASTER ALFRED BISSON.

COON-TAIL'S MISHAP.

CAPT. H. ROMEYN.

To the majority of his compeers, plainsmen, and "Knights of the Rope," his patronymic was unknown; but he was a prominent figure in the cowboy landscapes of eastern Montana, and derived his soubriquet from wearing in his hatband the caudal appendage of the animal accepted at the time as the favorite of his political friends.

The cattle for marketing had been gathered from the range near the Forks of the Powder, driven to Miles City, and shipped for the Chicago market. "Coon-tail" and such others of the boys as were not needed to care for them en route, after the usual fun had been indulged in, in town, had started for the ranch. Two days' riding had served to drain the bottles, and the close of the second day saw the party, tired and thirsty, near Stone's Crossing, sixty or more miles from the railroad and in the immediate vicinity of a wayside store, where, it was reasonable to suppose, they could procure something with which to "cool their coppers."

The proprietor, anticipating the orgy which would probably follow any indulgence, denied having any liquor on hand, and directed them to the dwelling of a neighbor on the other bank of the river, to which, with the cowboy rush and yell, they at once proceeded. Here they were told, by the wife of the owner, that no whiskey could be had; adding that the person sending them was aware of that fact and had only sent them as a practical joke.

This, of course, called for a settlement with the joker, but, on returning to his place of business, they found that he had closed and locked his door and had "taken to the prairie," to avoid a meeting.

Half a dozen shots, fired at the staple which held the hasp to the door, shattered the wood to such an extent that a vigorous kick released it, and they entered the "store." Under the rude counter they found a keg, which might contain the object of their search, and it was at once "tapped" by a bullet. At the report of the revolver the dirt roof of the cabin leaped skyward, the log walls went hurtling over the prairie, propelled by the force of twenty pounds of powder. Dry goods, canned fruits and groceries filled the air, and "Coon-tail," apparently lifeless, his clothing torn to tatters, his hair, beard and eyebrows singed off, was picked up, about thirty yards away, by those who, roused by the explosion, had hurried to the scene.

Finding, after a few minutes, that he still breathed, he was borne to the river's brink and efforts were made to resuscitate him. Half an hour later he could sit up, and when one of the party remarked upon his narrow escape and dilapidated appearance, asked for a mirror that he might see how he looked. As he turned his denuded head from side to side and surveyed the ruin and the scanty fringe of hair saved from total eradication by the sweat-band of his hat, he remarked: "Well, I'm dogoned purty, ain't I? That's the ——est barber shop I ever seen; shave, shampoo and hair-cut, all done to onct, and in less'n a minit."

THE RECEPTION accorded RECREATION, on its first appearance, has been generous and cordial in the extreme. Here are extracts from a few letters:

"I have just received and read, with much pleasure, your first number of RECREATION and am so pleased with it that I enclose $1.00 for a year. I also enclose some verses. Should like to be numbered among your contributors. I had almost entirely laid aside my pen; still I feel like writing a few lines occasionally."

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

"Enclosed find subscription to RECREATION. Have just received October number and am highly pleased with it. In my case, at least, it fills a long felt want."

JOSEPH PARKER, M. D.

"Your magazine is received, read from cover to cover, and so well pleased am I with the initial number that I enclose herewith my subscription for one year."

RICHARD E. CLEMENT,
Prin. Public School, Cranford, N. J.

The first number of RECREATION has just reached me, and, barring the fact that I am in some respects a central figure in it, I find the magazine very attractive, both as to form and matter. I trust that it will receive the success it deserves.

Very truly yours,
DAVID S. JORDAN,
President Stanford University.

SUBSCRIBE for RECREATION. Show it to your friends and ask them to subscribe. $1. a year, 10 cents a copy.

THE portrait shown on page 54 is that of Chief "Whirlwind," of the Cheyennes.

ARRESTED.

JESSIE FORSYTH CLINE.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"
I softly cried,
As Mabel I espied
Fast spinning on her wheel.

"What, I! A thief!"
She asked with pride,
And stopped her flying ride;
"Then pray, what do I steal?"

"My heart! My heart!"
I tender sighed,
"To find it I have tried,
Can you its place reveal?"

"A fair exchange,"
She low replied,
"All robbery denied."
Then left me, on her wheel.

WHEELING CURED THEM.

E. M.

WITHIN the memory of our mothers it was the invariable rule that every woman should wear her hair drawn in long, ugly waves over her ears, a fashion trying to the prettiest face, becoming to none. One day, some defiant little woman ventured to lift the droop of her shining tresses a trifle and display the tips of her dainty ears. Her friends were aghast. Good men and women condemned such a bold and immodest style, and even the young women of her own circle looked upon this daring innovation with suspicion and distrust. The young woman had the courage of her beauty and convictions and was undismayed. The other young women saw that she was not smitten with a curse because of her boldness. Perhaps, on the contrary, the young men found the pink tips of those pretty ears mightily interesting. Gradually she drew followers about her and slowly the waves of hair receded from the ears of women, as the tide of popular disapproval ebbed low, until at last it was revealed to the eyes of all the world that a wise Creator had endowed every woman with a pair of ears, more or less comely, perhaps, but certainly useful and as fully entitled to appear in public as similar organs of men.

How ridiculous it all appears to us now; yet it was simply the ever-recurring battle of the radicals and the conservatives. No step of human progress is made without it, and while we laugh at the absurd prejudices of our progenitors we also smile at those of our contemporaries who are waging a similar war to-day against women who ride bicycles.

It is so preposterous to raise the question of immodesty in regard to this delightful recreation, that I will leave its discussion to those who have more time than common sense. The benefit or harm which may result to the health of women who engage in wheeling is a question which may, perhaps, merit more serious consideration.

Some people aver that wheeling is not a wholesome exercise for women. Some few reputable physicians have even asserted that the weaker sex is too weak to ride wheels; that they are constitutionally unfitted for so vigorous a method of locomotion. No doubt some women are, but that all are so, I venture to deny most emphatically.

That in some cases it may be highly beneficial, is demonstrated by the experience of Mrs. Elliott Langley, of Linden, N. J. About two years ago her lungs began to be seriously affected and she was threatened with consumption. She soon grew so weak that a walk of a few blocks exhausted her and one of a mile prostrated her. Her physician advised her to try wheeling. It seemed unreasonable to recommend such exercise to one having so little strength. The doctor was urgent, and she procured a wheel. She became interested in learning to ride, and soon began to display her skill by spinning over the smooth and beautiful roads near her home. To the surprise of herself and every one who knew her she was able to increase the length of her excursions rapidly, from day to day. In the course of a few months it was no unusual thing for her to wheel gaily over to Plainfield and back in a day, a distance of twenty-four miles. She needs to advance no argument, now, to convince her friends of the benefit which bicycling has been to her. Every one who knows her is a strong advocate of wheeling for women.

Pretty little Gertrude Luttgen, also of Linden, was, a few years ago, a frail delicate child, and her parents had serious doubts as to whether she would live long. They bought her a wheel and she at once became fond of it. She spent hours every day riding, increasing the time out of doors and the distance covered as she became stronger. Within a year she was as healthy, rosy and vigorous a young girl as any in the town, and is now assured of a long life. She and her parents attribute her recovery and her present robust health to the use of the wheel.

Linden, by-the-way. is pre-eminently a bicycle town. Almost all the young people there, of both sexes, and many older people ride. Mr. Knopf, his wife and each of their children have a bicycle apiece, making nine wheels in this one family.

CYCLING NOTES.

MAURICE GREEN.

When letter carrier Smith had completed his thousand mile jaunt across the country, Oct. 15th, he wished to have it known the country over that he finished strong, but the man's appearance was not evidence of the lack of fatigue.

Otto Ziegler, the speedy Californian, who became famous during the National L. A. W. meet at Denver, in August, when he defeated the crack riders, has surpassed the world by breaking J. S. Johnson's mile record, lowering it to 1.50 flat.

Preparations are well advanced at Chicago for the cycle show to be held there in January, which is sure to surpass previous expositions.

R. P. Searle, who attempted the New York-Chicago ride, has become famous by materially lowering Linneman's hundred mile mark, reducing it to five hours and thirty-five minutes, which is only thirty-five minutes lower than the track record made in Canada.

The girl in bloomers is so familiar a figure now-a-days, that she is no longer specially noticeable, and is seldom the subject of unfavorable comment, except by unprogressive members of her own sex.

The recent century race, over the Elizabeth-Rahway course, was remarkable on account of the large number of riders that finished in excellent time.

The scorcher can anticipate much pleasure for next year. The manufacturers will produce some reliable machines of light weight, which will have new features of great value.

The Rambler team will soon go to Birmingham, Alabama, to attempt the breaking of records on the fast track there, and will probably succeed, with "Pinky" Bliss in the saddle and those old race horses, Lamsden and Githens, on one of the tandems.

Mrs. M. J. Kelly, of Chicago, is the first woman to ride two centuries within twenty-four hours.

Though Harry Wylie did not succeed in his long-distance ride he proved himself the pluckiest road-rider in this country.

A fact which discounts the common belief that long rides are hurtful to the constitution, is that R. P. Searle actually gained three pounds during his hard ride. The other riders have had similar experiences.

Colonel Pope has done two things for which every one should thank him. He has written a good essay on man and has built a good bicycle.

THE SUBSCRIPTION price of the *Century Magazine*, *Puck*, *Judge* or *Truth*, is $5 a year. You can get any one of these, and RECREATION, one year for $5.

The subscription price of *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Leslie's Weekly*, is $4 a year. You can get either of these and RECREATION, for $4 a year Thus RECREATION will virtually cost you nothing. See clubbing list in advertising department.

FISH AND FISHING.

SOME FLORIDA FISH STORIES.

BY BARNACLE.

A Sea-Devil, or great ray (*Manta birostus*), weighing over a ton, and measuring twenty-five feet across the back, was recently killed by some Spanish fishermen off Anclote Harbor, Fla. This is considered only a fair-sized "devil" in the Gulf of Mexico.

Not far from the same place a shark, weighing half a ton, was harpooned by another party of Cuban Masaniellos, from the deck of their fishing craft. The shark towed the smack up and down the Gulf for an hour or more, but finally succumbed to exhaustion and half a dozen revolver balls in the head. It was not unusual in size or strength, for a Florida shark.

Mr. John Mortimer Murphy captured a heron and a fish, with a rifle ball in the Anclote river. The heron was in the act of swallowing the fish when the shooter fired at it from a distance of 140 yards, and put the bullet through the bird's neck. The postmaster retrieved the game.

It is said that the tarpon found inshore, in Florida, are seemingly getting larger every season. A man who has recently returned from New River Inlet is ready to swear that he saw a thousand in one shoal, and that not a single member of it weighed, apparently, less than a hundred pounds, while some looked as though they would weigh 250 pounds. All of these were "blue backs," or deep water fish, and their leaping abilities were so astounding that the traveler avers they gave him the St. Vitus dance, and that he had a bad case of fish fever. The man who made this statement still lives and insists on its literal truth.

Mullet gizzards are, according to Chinese medical lore, good for dyspepsia.

The fins of the marine catfish are poisonous, owing to the slime that covers them, and this fact makes fishermen exceedingly cautious in handling them. A darkey was struck in the head by one of these maritime grimalkins, not long ago, and wounded rather severely, but as it did not prevent him from working, he was happy, and in a spirit of exultation exclaimed to one of his own color: "Zeky, dey says dat a catfish ud kill a white man wid a flip o' his back horn; but Zeke, lemme tell ye someting; its betteh noh a feddeh foh tickling a niggeh's cranium. Zeke, de Lawd knowed what was good foh niggehs when he guv 'em catfish proof heads."

The beautiful sailfish is very abundant in the Straits of Florida, at certain seasons, and a shoal presents a most interesting spectacle as it plows through the water with each sail set high above the wavelets. The average weight of this fish, found in the vicinity of Key West, is about ten pounds.

Swordfish are gradually working their way southward, and are found in considerable numbers, occasionally, in the waters of Cuba. Fish change their grounds, as man does, according to the abundance or scarcity of food.

FISH NOTES.

Several Rochester Anglers have, during the last few seasons, visited Clear lake, Sandy lake, Stony lake and others of the great chain in northeastern Ontario, north of Peterboro. Most of these have had grand sport, taking muskalonge and both varieties of black bass. Two of these gentlemen spent a few days there in the latter part of September. One of them took 56 bass, weighing from one to five pounds each, and two muskalonge, one of 15 pounds and one smaller. The other gentleman took 103 bass and 4 muskalonge.

R. G. Chandler, and F. T. Blakemore, of Chicago, spent the month of September at Trout lake, Michigan, and enjoyed good sport.

H. P. Wadhams, of Chicago, returned in the early part of October, from the north shore of Lake Superior, where he had some fine trout fishing.

GAME NOTES.

ST. PAUL AND THE NORTHWEST.

C. H. KINGSBURY.

Kennedy Bros., of St. Paul, have one of the largest buffalo heads I have ever seen. It is valued at $500. The bull who wore it must have been a veritable monarch of the Bad Lands.

A party of four, consisting of R. S. Kennedy, of St. Paul, and three friends from the east, recently spent a few days in the vicinity of Dawson, N. D., where a number of sloughs afford good breeding ground for mallards, and other local ducks, and attractive stopping places for flight ducks. The shooters found mallards in abundance, with a goodly number of canvas backs, redheads, blue bills, widgeon, teal, &c. The party was there in September, too early for geese. They went via the Gt. Northern to Hallock, Minn., and enjoyed some fine chicken shooting in the vicinity of that place.

E. O. Hurd, of Plainsville, Ohio, makes an annual trip to northern Minn. This year he left the Gt. Northern line at Crookston and went into camp about fifteen miles north and east of that place. He moves camp at intervals, making his way north. He is now at his sixth camp. His wife accompanies him on these trips and both thoroughly enjoy them. Mr. Hurd is a careful and conscientious sportsman, limiting himself, in his shooting, to the amount of game actually needed for use, and when the birds get up gives them every chance by selecting the most difficult shots. Some valuable hints here for greedy shooters.

To those wishing to know of a reliable guide in one of the best sections of the country for ducks and geese, and where good sport at sharp-tail grouse and prairie chickens can be had, let me give the name of Henry Marcoe, of Church's Ferry, N. D. He is within an easy drive of Devils lake, McGowans lake, Bass lake, Irwin lake, and other smaller lakes and sloughs. He has teams and knows the country and where and how to find the birds. This statement is made without his solicitation and, indeed, without his knowledge.

Malcolm E. Nichols, of the Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, has nearly completed a summary of information concerning the game animals, birds and fishes to be found in all the localities reached by that line. By an ingenious and simple process of classification and reference the most important details are readily found. This compilation will be of great value equally to those who know what variety of game they want, and to those who simply know that they want to go where good hunting or fishing can be found. The enclosure of a two cent stamp to Mr. Nichols will secure a copy of this valuable pamphlet.

Lewiston, Idaho.

Editor Recreation :

I have just returned from the mountains, where I have been hunting big horn sheep, mule deer and bear ; and between chases casting flies for trout.

I found a big bear, and a sheep with big horns. I saw the largest bull trout ever landed *and weighed*. He was caught with a salmon fly (not with baited hook) and weighed twenty-one pounds. I found these sportsman's treasures at the Willowa lake, in Oregon. That is the grandest resort in the northwest. It is a lake five miles by two miles, and is three hundred feet deep. The water is cold and clear. The snow is perpetual all around it, not to exceed 2,000 feet above. This is the home of the red fish, as well as of three kinds of trout, of large size. The river (Willowa) which flows through the lake, has a fall of 400 feet in a mile and a quarter. It is an ideal trout stream. Ten miles from the lake it is now bridged by frozen snow. Think of the thunder of that river and its cool spray while other sections of the country were at white heat.

Newton Hibbs.

Subscribe for Recreation. $1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

Maryvale, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION :

H. WORT, of Maryvale, Wyo., killed a mountain lion, with a .22 caliber Winchester rifle, a short time ago. His dog ran the lion up a tree and Mr. Wort shot at it several times. Finally he succeeded in hitting it in the eye, which killed it. The lion measured 8 feet.

S. N. LEEK.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION :

I have just returned from a hunting trip in the Rockies. We employed as guides Gideon and Willis Winegar, and I would like to use enough of your space to say to brother sportsmen that these men are thoroughly competent and reliable in every way. They can and will at almost any time, take sportsmen to elk, bear, antelope or mountain sheep, as desired. Their post-office address is Egin, Fremont county, Idaho. I should be glad to give any further information regarding them that may be desired.

W. B. BOGERT.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION :

I am just in receipt of a report from Trout lake, Wisconsin, which is twelve miles from Woodruff, that W. F. Collins, 7153 Webster ave., Englewood, Ill., caught two muskalonge weighing twenty-two and eighteen pounds ; S. H. Jennings, 5531 Monroe ave., Hyde Park, Chicago, two muskalonge, weight eighteen and sixteen pounds ; John W. Hansel, Oak Park, Chicago, killed one deer ; Captain Ray, Minnocqua, Wis., killed seven deer ; Lindsay Blainey, Frankfort, Ky., killed two bears in one day ; and W. H. Redington, of Sanford M'f'g Co., Chicago, caught a muskalonge weighing twenty-five pounds.

W. B. LEFFINGWELL.

Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Editor RECREATION :

I have just returned from a hunting trip in the Shoshone Mountains, with a party of tourists. We were gone from the railroad nineteen days and got six large elk, all of which had fine horns. We saw a great many antelope, a number of deer, and a good deal of bear sign. I have been in the Shoshones for the last two months. The first trip I made there this summer, I saw over a thousand elk and a number of deer, though the latter are not so plentiful as the former. We camped on Pacific creek, near where Dr. W. A. Valentine killed his elk. If any of your readers, who may think of coming out here hunting, will write me, I will gladly give them any information possible as to the game or the country.

WILLIS L. WINEGAR.

Lieutenant Alex. T. Dean, U. S. A., writing from the Sequoia National Park in Tulare county, California, says :

" This is, as far as my experience goes, the finest fishing and hunting country on the earth. I have been stationed here, with my troop, as superintendent of the Park, since last July, and have been in the field since last April. Have had some magnificent sport with big game and fish, having taken many mountain trout weighing three to five pounds each."

THE FOLLOWING is from the Gazette, of Stevens Point, Wis. :

> The tourists who left here, last week, on a trip to the west, are evidently having a good time, judging by the reports from Ada, Mont., where they stopped for a few days. Frank Lamoreux had an encounter with a skunk, Crosby Grant killed a nice tender young owl, and the honors in hunting are divided between the first named and Frank Wheelock.

CHARLES H. MCCHESNEY, S. B. Williams, City Treasurer, and one or two other gentleman of Rochester, have lately returned from a successful hunting trip in the North Woods.

A NEW ADIRONDACK CLUB.—" The Antlers Association of Spring Cove," is the name of a club lately organized in temporary camp on the St. Regis river, Franklin county, N. Y. The officers are C. H. McChesney, president ; Charles L. Hoyt, secretary and treasurer, and J. L. Willard, commissary, all of Rochester. The other members are : S. B. Williams, Frank E. Shepard, J. L. Willard, William H. Lewis, E. H. Danford, D. C. Wilson, W. W. Chapin, and James Nolan, of Rochester ; G. R. McChesney, of the Mutual Reserve Fund, New York ; E. M. Wilson, proprietor of the Sherman Square Hotel, New York ; Frank Seaman, manager of the Cassel

Publishing Company, New York; D. V. Pardee, of New York, secretary and treasurer of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad Company, and William H. Hutchins, of Johnstown, N. Y.

The club expects to buy or lease a large tract of land in the Adirondacks, for a preserve, and to build a permanent club house.

A Lively Club.—The Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club, of Rochester, though less than one year old, has 169 members, divided into six teams. Each team has two gallery contests each month. Then there are occasional contests between the different teams, that afford good sport and keep up a lively interest in gallery work. There are many other clubs that might well adopt this scheme.

Illegal Slaughter of Deer.—A press despatch dated at Escanaba, Mich., Oct. 6, says:

> The annual slaughter of deer in the Upper Peninsula has begun. Yesterday over 250 carcasses were shipped through here for Chicago, Detroit and other cities. This is in direct violation of the game laws of the state, because the game is not hunted in a sportsmanlike way, but chased with dogs and hunted at night with lanterns by pot hunters. These men come from Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. The woods are full of hunters at night, who shoot with sheer recklessness. Half a dozen settlers have been wounded by stray shots.

It is hoped that some of Michigan's clubs have, ere this, taken charge of these pot hunters.

William H. Burke, of Rochester, N. Y., lately made a trip into the far northwest of Quebec, where he killed four moose. He brought out the heads, skins and a goodly quantity of the meat. His guide and packer were Algonquin Indians. It is claimed, by men who are in a position to know, that one of the best strips of moose country remaining on the continent lies in Ontario and Quebec, north of Mattawa, and on both sides of the Mattawa river. Some caribou are found in the same range.

H. A. Shields, Johnstown, Pa., writes: "I am going for turkeys on the 15th inst. They are plentiful this fall. There is also a pack of wolves about twenty miles from here. How is that for an old country like this?"

C. A. Cooper "Sybilline," who is well known to all reading sportsmen in the United States, has turned granger and writes that he is now so busy tickling mother earth that he has no time to play with a quill. He says, however, that he intends to have his annual outing before the snow gets too deep; that there is a bear ranging in his school district which requires attention and he expects to look after him soon.

E. A. Boosinger, of Leadville, Colorado, started early in October for a month's hunt in the country near the North Fork of the Gunnison river.

A correspondent at New Whatcom, Wash., writes:

"I have just returned from a three weeks' goat hunt, up in the mountains, northeast of Mt. Baker. Got two nice specimens, two others being killed by the other members of our party. The fur, though not long, is in good condition."

C. C. Jones, Sandwich, Ill., is watching deer trails in northern Wisconsin. It is to be hoped he has had a shot ere this. When he shoots he usually gets meat.

John B. Nellegar, J. W. Brooks, E. S. Kimball and W. B. Bogert, of Chicago, and A. W. Miles, of Livingstone, Montana, had some great sport in the far West. They killed several elk and antelope. Bogy got his nose badly sunburned, and killed a dog—a small yellow dog—a prairie dog, in fact.

R. W. Patton, a Chicago man, is showing his friends the head of a mountain. sheep which he lately killed in Montana.

Mr George Herzberger, of Rochester, lately spent a day in the woods, about fifty miles north of that city, and returned with a bag of fifteen black and gray squirrels and four ruffed grouse.

A friend who has recently visited Ten Mile lake, in Grant county, Minn., reports good duck and chicken shooting, and a good hotel for those who would enjoy comfortable living and good shooting at the same time. Dalton is the nearest railway station.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

An Official Incendiary.—It is charged that W. H. Brown, a lawyer, of Stephen, Minn., while hunting in the eastern part of Kittson county, in September, last, deliberately set fire to the grass in a big swamp, hoping that it might drive a deer, moose or other game to him, and that he might get a shot without having to hunt for it. The fire swept over an area of about 30 square miles, burning several houses and other buildings, several hundred tons of hay, and destroying thousands of acres of standing timber. Many miles of fences were also burned. The stock range was destroyed, stock stampeded and driven away so far that much of it will probably never be recovered. The game was also driven out of the country and, in all, most terrible losses were inflicted on the settlers. Many of them lost nearly everything but their land, among these being Burt Harris, a model sportsman whom many readers of Recreation know, through his letters to this and other sportsmen's journals.

Mr. Brown is the prosecuting attorney of Marshall county and is a candidate for re-election. There is, of course, a stringent law against the setting out of fires in Minnesota, as in most other states, and when a law officer becomes a law breaker, the severest penalty on the statute books should be meted out to him. Brown's re-election, while this charge stands against him, would be a disgrace to his county.

Menu for December.—Among the many good things to which readers of the December number of Recreation will be treated are: The concluding chapter of Gen. Gibbons interesting and instructive paper on Alaska; "The Mink," a delightful prose-poem, by Stanley Waterloo, author of "An Odd Situation," "A Man and a Woman," etc.; "Taps," an intensely thrilling and dramatic story of army life on the frontier, by Mrs. Mary Gordon Bailey; "A Buffalo Drive," by Gen. F. W. Benteen, of the U. S. Army; "Canvasback Shooting on Puget Sound," by J. C. Nattrass; and the conclusion of Mark Samuel's popular science sketch: "Summer—an Aquarium Story." Charles Greenwood describes "Winter Life in the Kettle River Country," in a way that will delight all hunters. "A Perilous Sleigh-ride," by Captain D. Robinson, is one of the most novel Christmas stories ever put in type. Colonel W. T. Dennis, of the Indiana Fish Commission, gives an instructive and entertaining paper on "Black Bass Fishing," and there is a thrilling story of "Moose Hunting in Canada," by L. C. Ivory.

Eight of these papers will be richly illustrated, from original drawings and from photographs. Think of such a book as this for 10 cents—of twelve such for $1. Send in your subscription and get them all.

Your Friend Says So.—A number of sportsmen have sent in the names and addresses of their friends, with the request that sample copies of Recreation be sent them. If you have received a copy of the magazine, that you have not ordered, rest assured it is through the courtesy of some friend of yours who is anxious to contribute to your pleasure. Show your appreciation of his attention by sending in your subscription at once.

That well known guide and hunter, Ira Dodge, writes, under date of October 1st: "I live in a hunter's paradise (Cora, Wyo.,) and should any of your friends be looking for a place to hunt large game, I think I can give them ample satisfaction." Mr. Dodge states that he is still suffering from the effects of an encounter with a grizzly bear, two years ago. All sportsmen who read this will wish him an early recovery. He has had a terrible siege as a result of the mauling he got, and has earned some good health.

Mr. S. B. Williams, City Treasurer of Rochester, has kindly consented to act as agent for Recreation, in receiving and forwarding subscriptions. He is supplied with the necessary blanks, and I trust that Rochester sportsmen will lose no time in stepping up to the Treasurer's office and settling.

If you know of a boy who is expert in the use of either rifle or shot-gun, please send me his name and address.

Subscribe for Recreation; $1. a year, 10 cents a copy.

PUBLISHER'S DEPT.

SPRATT'S FACTORY.—The thousands of people who are using Spratt's dog foods and medicines would be surprised if they could walk through the great factory where these goods are made. The works occupy the entire four-story building at Nos. 239, 241, 243 and 245 East 56th street, New York, with a three-story building nearly as large in the rear ; comprising in all 30,000 square feet of floor space, and employ 25 to 30 men. There is a driveway through the centre of the building, and heavy trucks are moving in and out, at all hours of the day, bringing in materials and taking out the goods for shipment. Nothing can give the thoughtful visitor a better idea as to the large number of good dogs owned in this country, or as to the millions of capital invested in them, than to visit this great plant and see the food and medicines being daily turned out for them.

The new Remington hammerless shot gun is ready for market, and, as soon as a sufficient quantity can be finished, samples will be sent to the dealers everywhere. The new gun is plain, but neat and substantial. It is built for service, and will be durable. The automatic ejector mechanism works perfectly, and guns fitted with this device, will come out at the same time as the regular hammerless. Write for descriptive circular. Mention RECREATION.

A COPY OF "The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel," finest book of its character ever published, will be sent postpaid, to any address in the world, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.
Mention RECREATION.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the first page of RECREATION'S cover. It will have a new picture each month. The one shown this month will appeal strongly to all who love children or dogs, and the man who does not is not to be trusted. At least so says the poet.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Great Northern Railway on another page, relating to its attractive publications. Write for them.
Mention RECREATION.

BROOK TROUT FRY.

Nine Months old, well grown and hardy.

FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.

Now is the time to transplant.

Address:

Berkshire Trout Hatchery Club,

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

IN THE DRUG STORE.

Hobbs—I travelled for more than a year in Peru and never heard a peruvian bark.

Jobbs—That's nothing. I spent two years in Alaska, where cinnamon bears are abundant, and yet I never heard a cinnamon bark.

Cobblewink—How did Tripod happen to get all those good photographs of "Injuns" when he was out of West?

Skiddlewink—Why, you know he has lots of Injunuity about him.

Mose—What did Vedder go to Buffalo for?

Rose—To get him a buffalo overcoat.

These autumn days, o'er mount and mere,
Men hunt the quail, the duck, the deer.
Hark, guns resound apace !
But oh, the finest sport of all
Is New York's tiger hunt this fall—
Come join the merry chase! —*N. Y. Herald.*

First Angler—Hello, Walton ! What luck? Is it a good day for bass?

Second Angler—It guess it must be. Been here three hours and haven't been able to catch one.—*Truth.*

There's a wine-like flush in the air
Where falling leaves are rocked ;
And the limbs of the trees are so bare
That the modest corn is shocked.
N. Y. Herald.

SO HE SPARES THE CALVES.

Old Wheeler—But why do you walk up this steep hill and push your bike ?

Mr. Newman—Because the merciful man is merciful to his beast.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MEDICAL ITEM.

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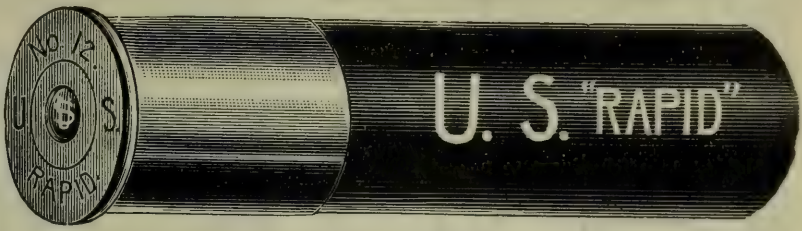

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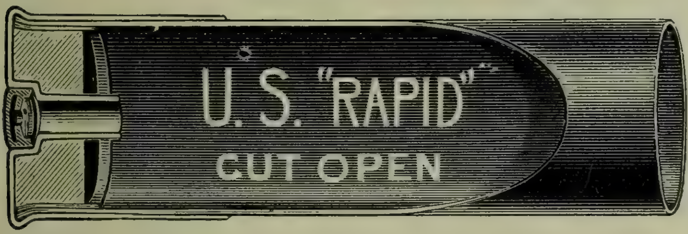

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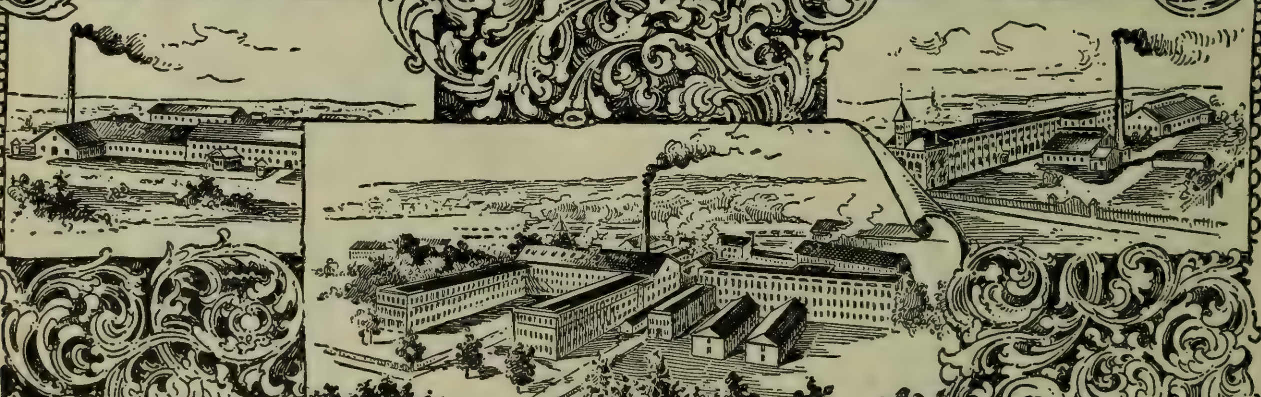

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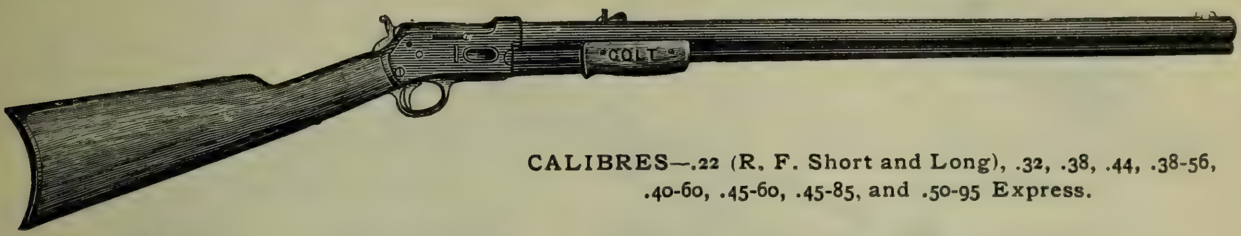

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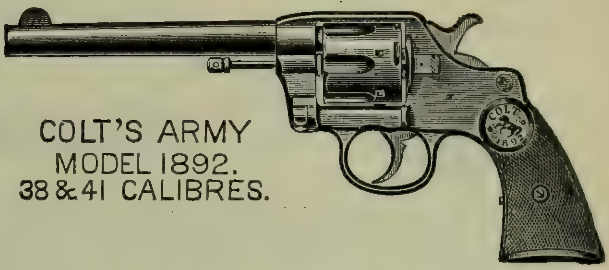

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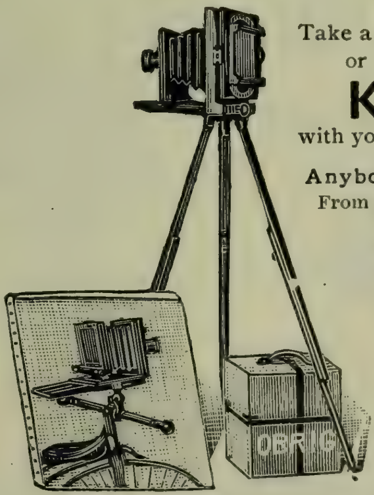

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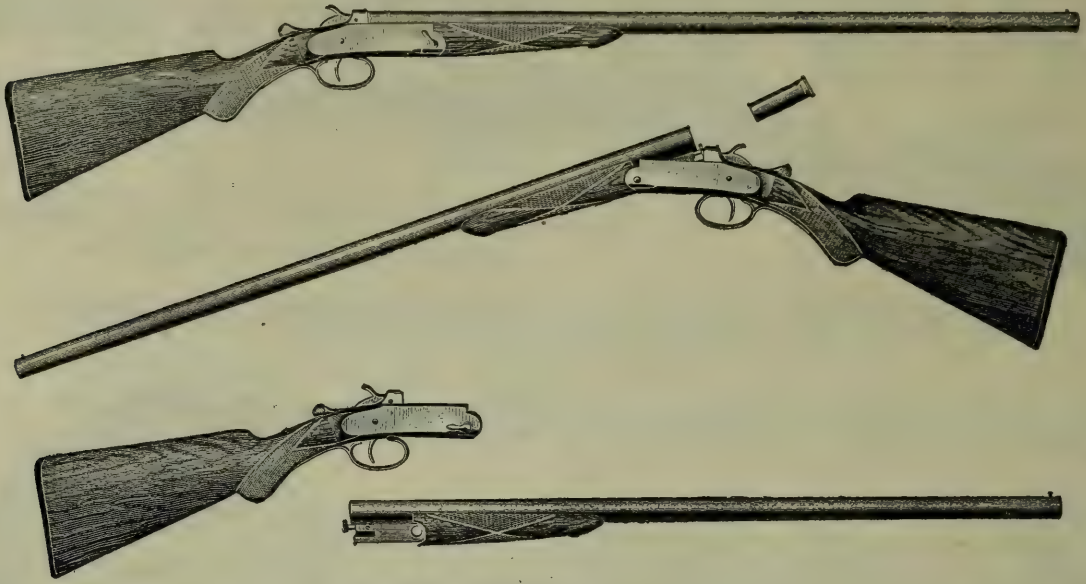

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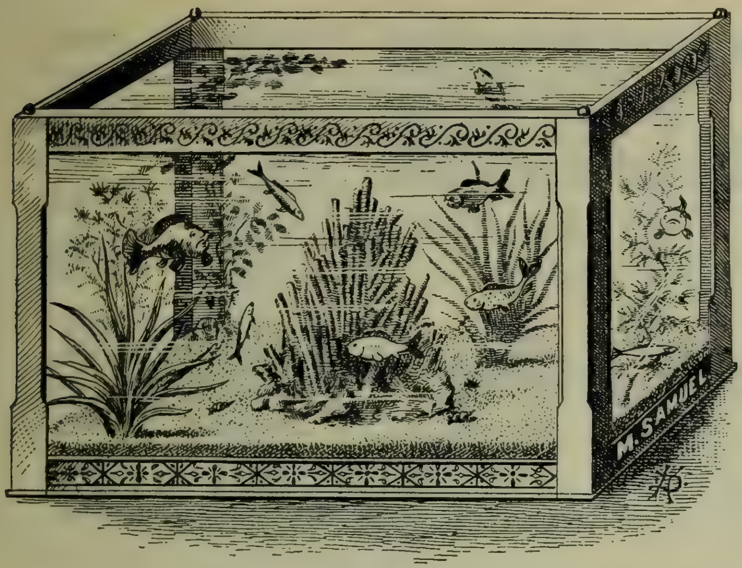

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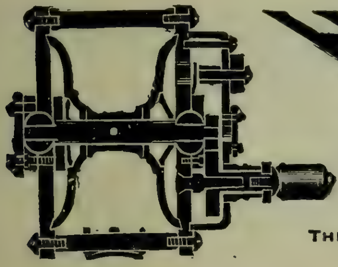

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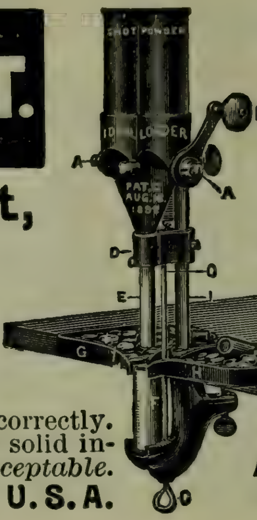

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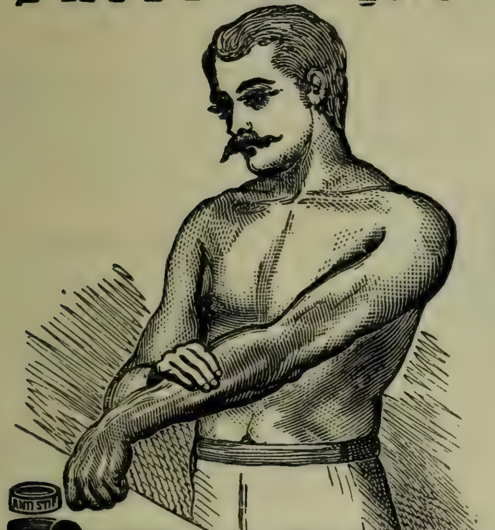

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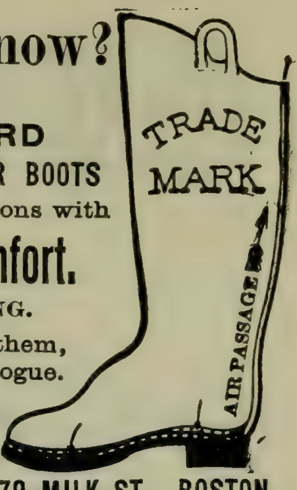

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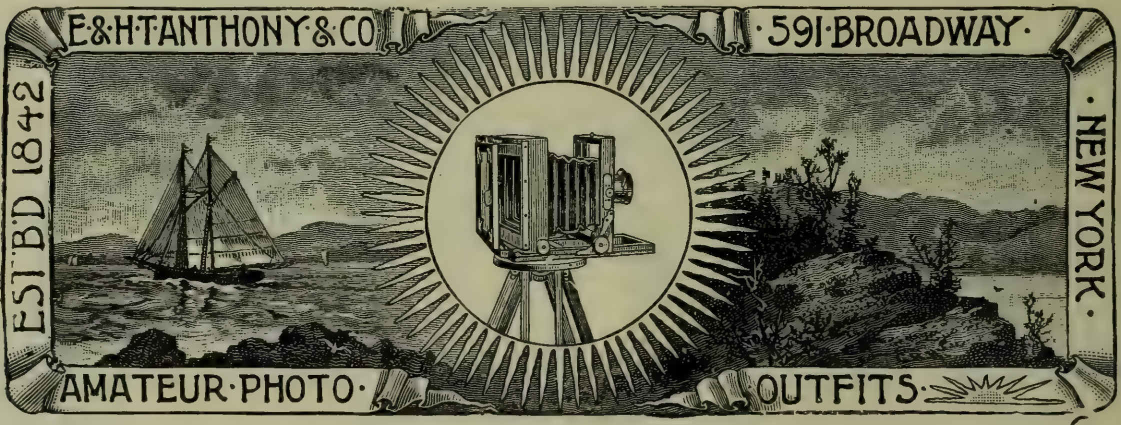
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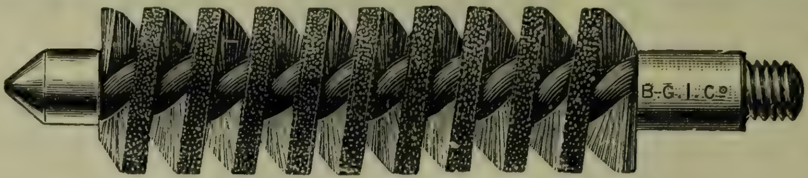

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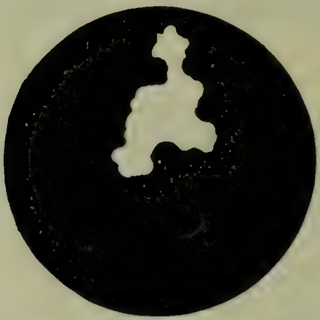

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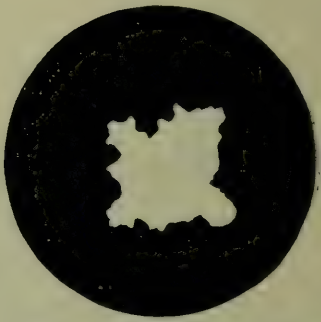

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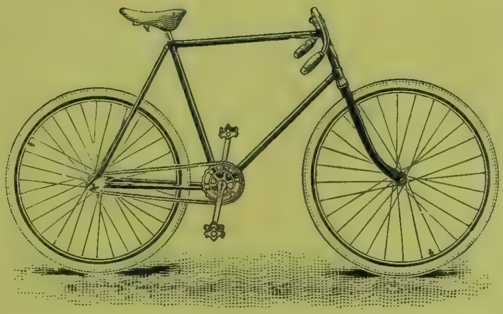

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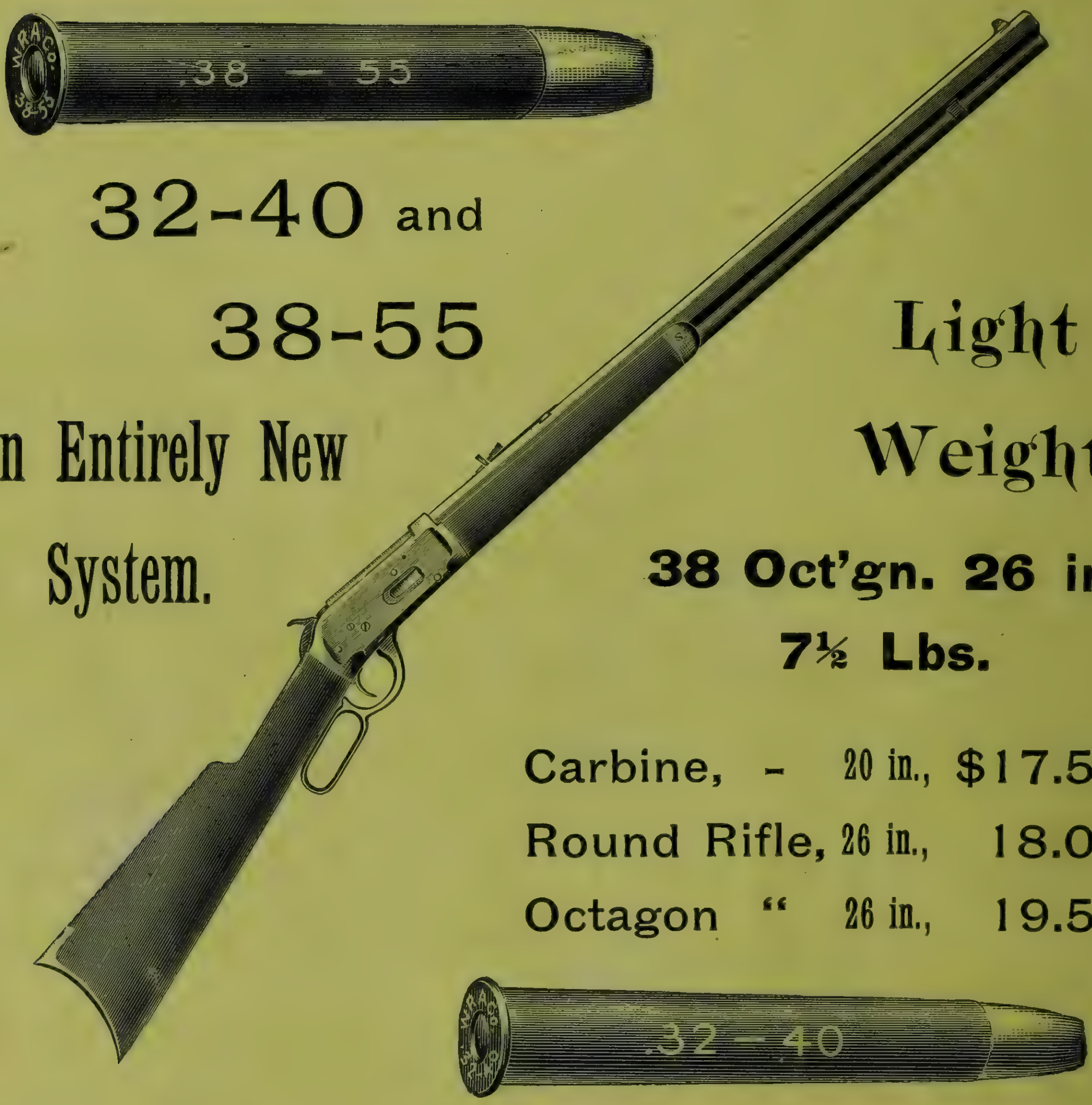

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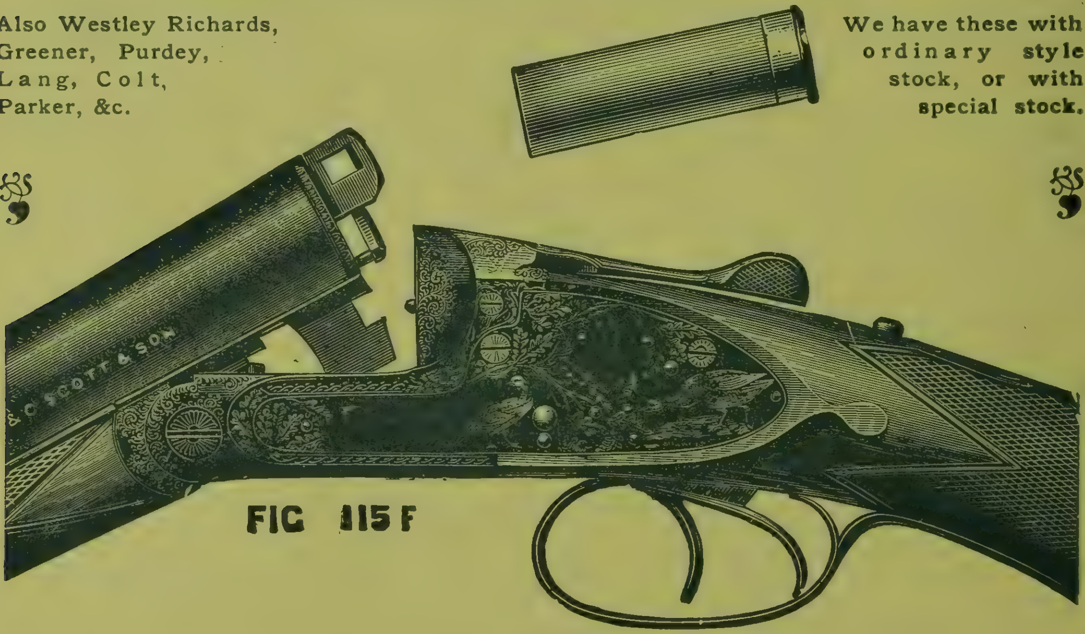

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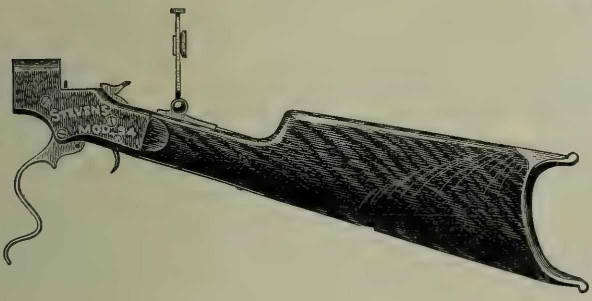

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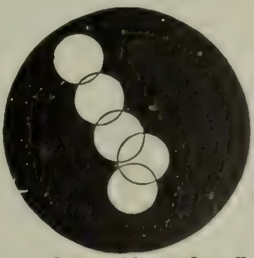

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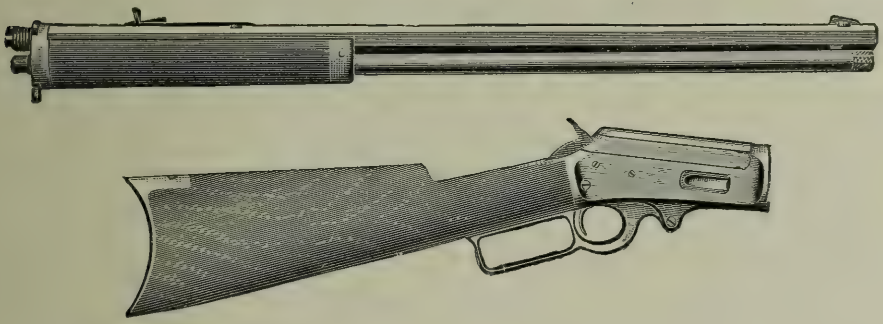

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OUT FOR A SPIN.

RECREATION.

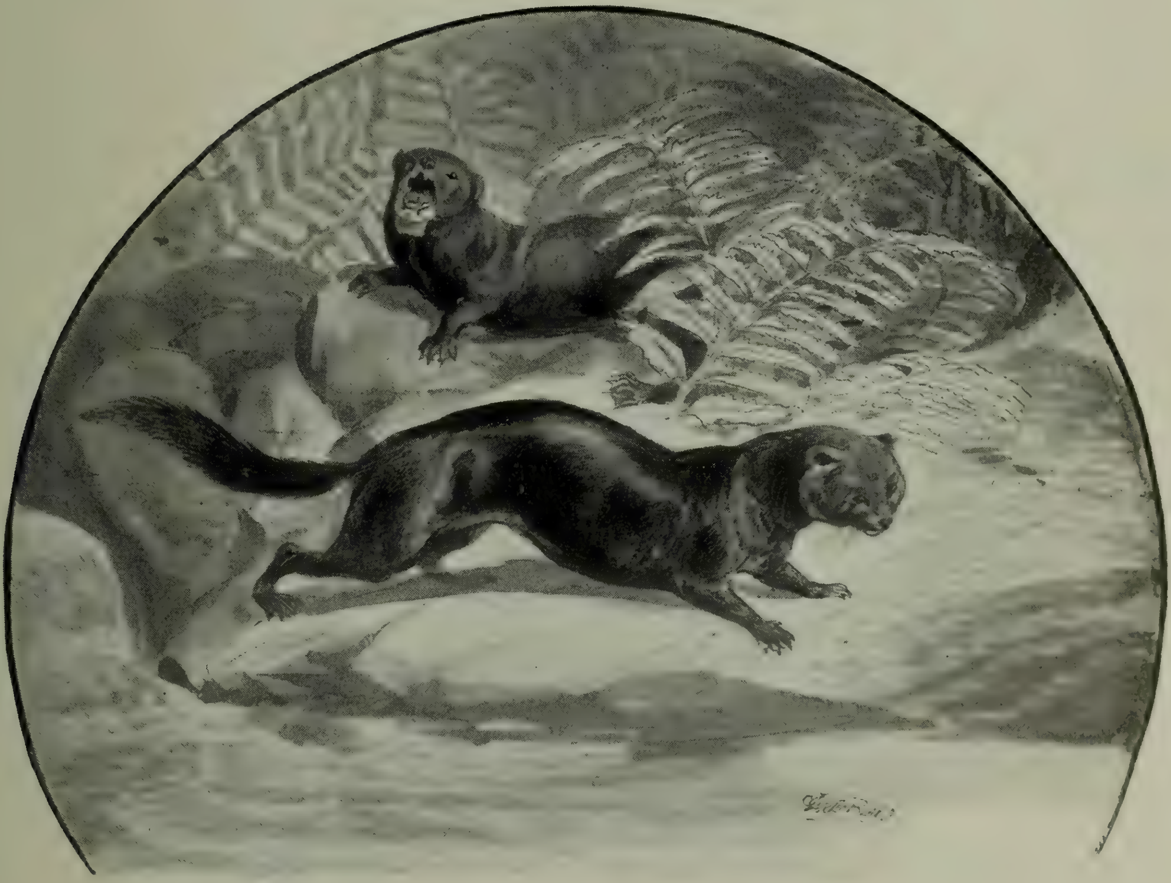
VOLUME I. DECEMBER, 1894. NUMBER 3.

APROPOS OF THE MINK.

THERE floats a hooting owl,
'Twixt leafless trees careering;
Up toward the dismal fowl
Two beady eyes are leering.
The mink is out to-night,
And gliding to and fro;
A fall of flakes a curtain makes
The first of winter's snow.

There flits the shadowy thing
Beside the creek's dark water;
Some petty death 'twill bring—
Wild life must have its slaughter—
The mink is out to-night,
And gliding to and fro;
Beside the brink now see it sink,
To seek the depths below.

Sleek, sinuous and sly,
Now reappears the creature;
A shade, it passes by,
An eerie forest creature.
The mink is out to-night,
And gliding to and fro;
The mimic coast has mimic ghost
In that which wanders so.



His coat tails have lengthened a little in this year of our Lord, eighteen hundred ninety-four, and his tanned shoes are pointed; he is natty from head to heel. He has that look upon his face which appertains to the veteran of the city. He is a thoughtful, energetic gentleman, one prominent in affairs, and there is no suggestion of field, or wood, or stream about him. He is rather worth looking at as he swings along with even, firm step among the sidewalk mob.

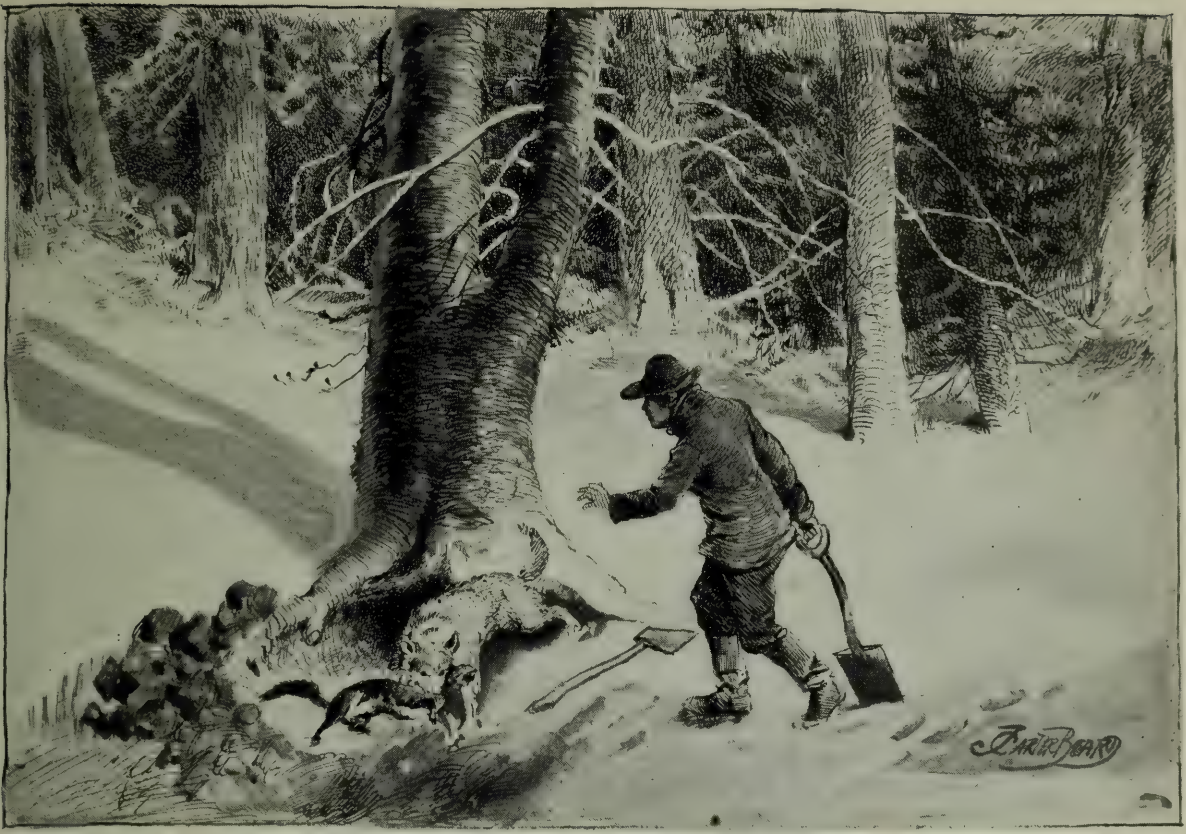
All at once, there comes a new look upon his face. Something has changed his drift of thought! In a shop window, may be, or upon a passing woman's neck, is seen something dark brown and sinuous, something with beady black eyes—and the depths of memory have been stirred. He has seen a mink—at least the outline of one—and the sight has transformed this man of the world, this man of the day and events, from what he is, a well-dressed potency of the town, into a sturdy young animal, barefooted in summer and stoga-booted in winter, one who seeks the mink!

He is away from the city just now. hundreds of miles away, and the air is crisp about him and beneath his feet is a soft carpet of newly fallen snow. There is no city world to him. He knows not what the rates of insurance are just now, what sort of case he shall next plead, nor what sort of book he shall next write, who shall be the next mayor, as far as he can influence things, nor what is really the best system of future wharfage for the city. He is there on that white carpet looking for the twin pads on the snow.

He sees, from where he is, the farm house of eighteen sixty-five, may be, of New York, or Pennsylvania, or Michigan, or Wisconsin, and he is close beside where the creek empties into the broader stream. He is imbued again with the boy's hopes and aspirations and experiences the boy's rude reasoning as to means for the attainment of an end. And herein comes the mink. It has been a factor, the mink, in the making of this nation, a factor, by no means insignificant. The mink has assisted in making doctors of law, and United States senators and congressmen galore, and great manufacturers and railroad presidents and other men of note in such fields as Americans have labored in. An animal of importance is this sleek, cruel, beautiful thing of the lowlands and the beech ridges. This slender, almost snake-like, wonderfully knowing, royally coated mink, has been the early leverage in doing things for many a boy of vigor and persistence. And that's about apostrophe enough it appears, decently rounded out into a sounding paragraph or two. But it isn't buncombe, 'tis true.

I knew a boy once—a dreaming, ambitious boy, we'll say about thirteen years old, who wanted to go to college, who wanted to do various things, but couldn't, because his father hadn't the money—not much money came to the farmer occupying a rectangle hewed out of Michigan forests in the 60's—but the boy had good old blood in him, good old fighting blood and a trifle of reasoning power, and good mink skins in the early 60's were worth two dollars apiece. So the boy in early winter, warmly clad next to the skin with knit things from his mother's blessed hands, and clad above with linsey-woolsey trousers and a home-made butternut-colored coat, tightly belted with a throat latch, smuggled from the stable, went forth to seek the mink. Very much knew this boy of the mink and his ways. He knew how the mink and the creek were wedded, so to speak, and he knew the weaknesses and frailties of even this sly, gifted creature of the woods and streams. Well, he caught the mink, half a dozen of him, and ravished him of his glorious covering. He sold those skins, those great luxurious skins for two dollars a piece—and twelve dollars was a tremendous sum in the Michigan backwoods in the early 60's! With the capturing of those half-dozen minks the winter had ended and spring begun and mink hunting was a thing of the past. But the twelve dollars remained in the proud boy's hands. With the twelve dollars he bought a calf which ranged in the woods and became a cow, which two years later, he sold for thirty dollars, which thirty dollars he invested in sheep and which sheep—in the way once popular in newly forced farming regions—he "let out" to double in three years—and from the flock so founded, from the mink, came the money which sent that boy through college and carried him into the city world, and to that life which is quite another thing. I have told about the boy simply because it is a truthful story and because it illustrates honestly the preliminary paragraphs.

The ways of the mink, I imagine, are about the same in all this great northern strip of states from New England west to the Pacific. He is the same, strange, beautiful and predatory creature of the creeks and twilight. I will talk now of him only as I have known him in lower Michigan.



A VICTIM OF THE BOY AND THE YELLOW DOG.

In the 60's mink skins, as already indicated, had a decided value; to-day they are worth about 50 cents apiece—such are the shifts and changes in woman's fancies as to what she shall wear upon her back or about her neck. So the woman for nearly a quarter of a century has saved the mink, but—God bless her!—she deserves no credit for it! She has but substituted another creature in her demand for murder. The seal has died by tens of thousands. All through Michigan when the first farming began—the trapper had preceeded the farmer everywhere—could be found in every creek's valley little circular enclosures of sticks about a foot high through which lay a rotting sapling ten or fifteen feet in length. These were the decaying remnants of the dead-falls the trappers had used. The rude deadfall, the mere wood with an enticement of flesh, was a surer trap for the crafty mink than any modern device of steel spring and cruel teeth; yet the ordinary steel trap became, in later days, the only machinery for his capture.

The mink, of course, was of the creek, and yet not altogether of the creek, for sometimes he sought the beech ridges where were chipmunks and wood mice; but this was only in the winter, because in summer there were the stranded fish and the clams and the foolish frogs loafing idly upon the water's edge or on the lily pads. Practically, the winter life is to hunting humanity the mink's life. It is only in winter that his fur is thick, it is only in winter that he is sought, and it is only of his winter life that the story is partly known.

We knew his small majesty very well in Michigan in the old days. We knew his habits and his habitat; we knew that beside the water and along the water he fished and fed and bred and had his being. We knew that he made many an inland raid and we were on the alert for him at times, and in winter we hunted him most knowingly. This was the machinery for hunting a mink in Michigan along in the early '60's, that is, the daylight hunting, aside from all traps.

There were required, first, a boy, a small dog—melancholy, yellow or dirty spotted preferred,—an ax and a spade. In addition to this there was required, of course, a certain degree of intelligent, questing, woodcraft on the part of the boy. The three, boy, dog and spade, appeared at the forest edge some morning just after a light fall of snow had come ; then all tracks must be fresh ; then the creek was frozen over and little sustenance was to be had from its denizens even by the shrewd brown creature who knew where all the air holes were. So, perforce, he left the creek and hunted on the beech ridges where, even in mid-winter, were possibly obtainable the wood mice and even the chipmunks to whose home there led an orifice accidentally large enough for this small, sinuous terror. From where he left the creek there was a track unmistakable which the boy knew well. And it is all curious about this track and about the mink's various ways in winter.

How does the mink make those twin tracks, those two impressions in the snow which are like nothing else in the world, which are like the imprint of no other animal in existence, which are as recognizable, to the boy of sense, where snow is, as may be the print of a horse's shodden hoof upon a muddy road? The boy knows all about it when he sees those coupled pads—that's a mink track, that's all there is to it. The boy, spade shouldered, and the dog follow the track into the uplands where the beech trees are, where are brush and log heaps formed by fallen trees, where are mazes which are intricate through brushwood and over and around hillocks, sandy and crowned by wintergreens in summer time. In this small world the chipmunk nests and all about and everywhere the wood mouse has its home, and upon these the mink, this beautiful, carnivorous creature, is feeding with the appetite of zero. But behind him stalks the headsman! There are the boy, the dog, the ax and the spade!

Tell me about this—tell me some of those whose eyes may rest upon these vagrant sentences—tell me how the mink makes those twin pads so curiously. I wish somebody would lurk somewhere with a kodak and catch the mink on the spring, or lope, or whatever it may be, and show us just how this queer track is made upon the snow. And, I wish somebody would tell, too, why the mink in going across country in mid-winter over a snow-clad surface suddenly dives into the snow and for fifteen or twenty, or it may be forty, feet, disappears under the white surface and then emerges, making for a season the same twin pads as before. What does he do that for? Is it some instinct of heredity, of atavism, or whatever you may choose to call it, which makes him repeat some lesson of the distant past when his ancestors dodged things with no intelligence?

Well, the mink, poor, fierce, small entity, could not hunt without leaving a track behind him on the snow freshly fallen, and the boy, dog, ax and spade coming swiftly behind were real things. The mink hunted carelessly, wasted time, ate this chipmunk or that woodmouse, dived under snow or swept along over snow, but there were the pursuers. His track could not delude them. Eventually he was "holed," then came the spade to dig, the ax to cut the twining forest roots in the way of the digging, the swift, intelligent cur, watchful all the time to seize upon the quarry as, at last, it leaped forth to take the one chance in a thousand of escape from such contingency. And that was the story, at one time, of mink hunting in Michigan, and all through the northern belt, and, it may be added, it is to a great extent, the story of to-day.

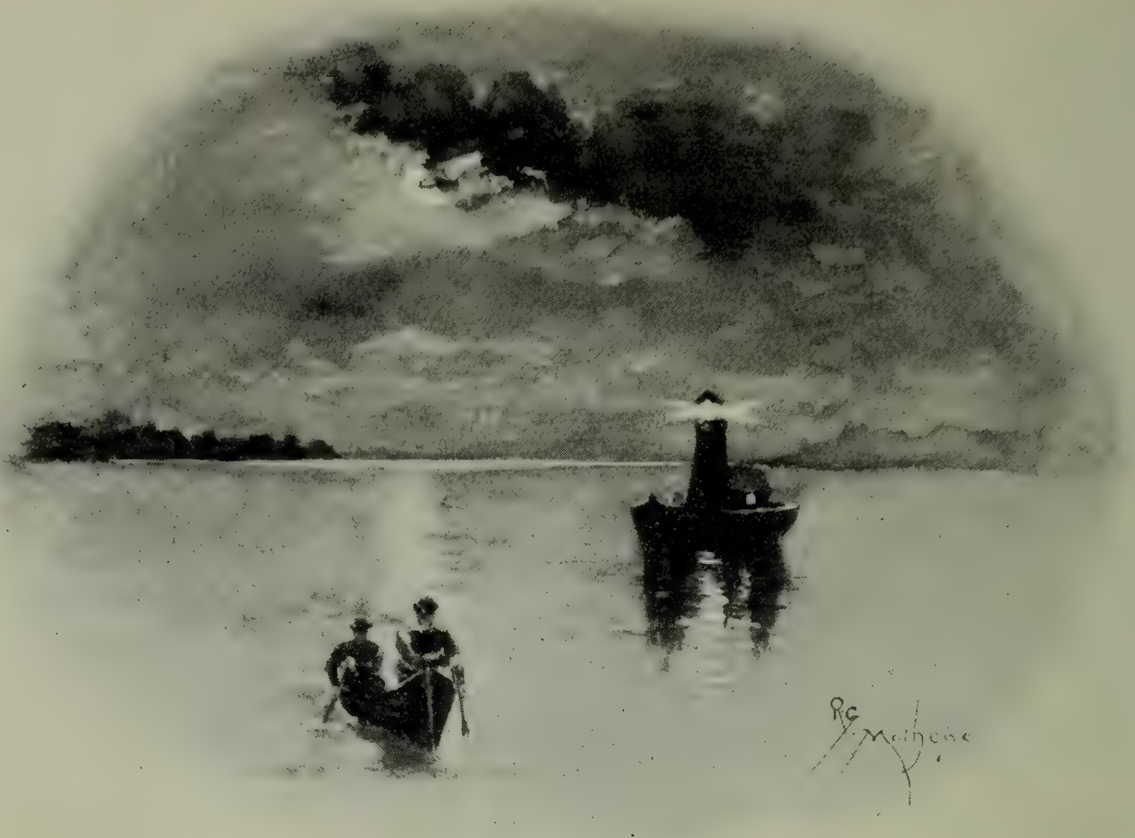
But it is along the creek that the life of the mink is chiefly led and there his story lies. It is along the creek that he is chiefly caught and there the story of the trapping lies. He is a beautiful, blood-thirsty loafer,—this same mink. Largely he drifts through life, that is, he floats upon the stream in a literal way though he has to breast it when reaching his home again. His home is deep beneath the bole of some tree whose extending roots lap the fresh water. There are cavernous ways which he has perhaps aided in making—though I do not know about that,—leading to the nest and the home where is the wonderful creature whom he has wooed and won and who is worth the wooing. As to the kittens I know nothing. I wish some one would tell us something about the kittens of the mink.

The minks' hunting along the streams—of which I have seen a little,—must be, to them, most entertaining. It is adventure after adventure, always bloodthirsty and bloody, when successful. The mink in winter follows the water courses and finds his time of riot at the openings in the ice. There the living things of the creek appear and there he feeds upon them. He is not amphibious but he is a wonderful swimmer. In the swift reaches of the creek where rapids are, and which are never frozen over, he floats, serene, but all in hand and watchful. He is not like the otter which, even in a quiet pond, writhes and curves and makes smooth aqueous summersaults in an exuberance of delight in power and gift of swimming. He but feeds himself, belonging where is, a furred thing in the ice water, possessed of all gifts for the end he seeks and very wise in his way.

When the flood tides come is the time to catch the mink, be these tides in midwinter or in the spring. He has certain acute perceptions. You may hide a steel trap under snow and hang above it tempting bait, a ruffed grouse or an owl, as the case may be, and hap has come to gun-shot, but the mink will not, in dallying beneath that tempting bait, tread on the trap below; yet he does not understand how treacherous man may make the water. Those who know the creeks know that as the drift wood comes down it ever lodges somewhere and forms triangles pointing down stream over the apex of which bubbles the confluence of ripples. Right over that point drifts always the floating, listless monarch of the tiny river and with the steel trap hidden half an inch, or may be a full inch beneath the water, with something fleshly to attract him there, the mink is a sure victim. The sultan is slain in the very midst of his possessions. So, often, have I seized him with my steel clamp, watchful and waiting while I slept and dreamed in the farm house of licking some other fellow.

This is but a rambling, wandering talk about the mink, the beautiful creature whom so many hundreds or thousands of men know so well. The wonder to me is that he is not well known to every one. I read Thoreau and wonder that the mink was not one of the animals appearing conspicuously in his story of the Winter by Walden lake. Possibly, though, at that time, the mink had been almost exterminated by the trappers of the region, and possibly Thoreau did not talk about the mink because there were no mink to talk about. It is good to me that the fierce, lovable thing of the past promises to be a part of all the future. It is not exterminated as the forest disappears and the creeks are shriveled.

I wish that within the limits of a magazine article I could say all I want to say or ought to say about this brown-black, small, murderous "varmint" of the little water sheds. A friend of mine who has been in Alaska and explored something of that vast region under governmental auspices, tells me that the mink there is greater, blacker, thicker-furred and more riotous of life ; preying upon the myriads of sea birds and on the lemings on the mountain-sides of Behrings Sea and Behrings Strait. He tells me that the mink defies all temperature and raids northward until he looks toward the pole from Barrow's Point. I have great love for our small, beautiful, blood-thirsty friend, the mink. God bless him !



AUTUMN DAYS.

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

In dreams of the night I hear the call
Of wild duck scudding across the lake;
In dreams I see the old Convent wall,
Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun
Has painted the eastern skies with gold.
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun
As ever lived in the days of old.

"Arise! tho' the moon hangs high above,
The sun will soon usher in the day,
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love
Is blowing across St. Louis Bay."

The wind is moaning among the trees,
Along the shore where the shadows lie,
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze
From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry.

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide
The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,
As out on the deep we swiftly glide
To our distant mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,
Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,
And eager we gaze with longing eyes
For faintest sign of the deadly "blind."

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows—
A league from St. Lawrence' golden sands—
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows,
We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

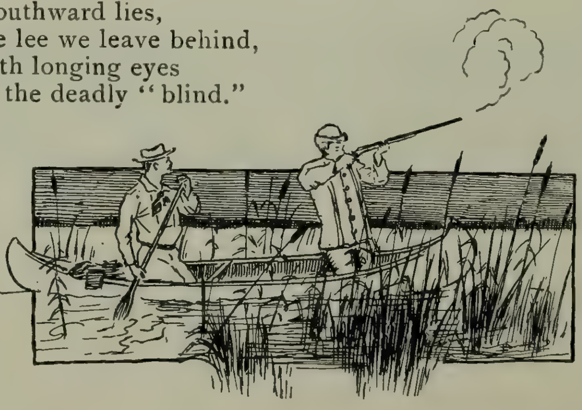
We enter it just as the crimson flush
Of morn illumines the hills with light,
And patiently wait the first mad rush
Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,
Where all night long on watery bed
The flocks have slept—and the morning air
Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away,
Many a stranger from distant seas
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,
To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

And thus till the sound of the vesper bell
Comes stealing o'er Ottawa's dusky stream,
And the ancient light-house we know so well
Lights up the tide with its friendly gleam.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,
For homeward again our course must bear.
Farewell to the "blind" by Ile Perrot's shore,
And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!



TAPS.

MARY GORDON BAILEY.

It was Sunday, calm and beautiful—Sunday in Arizona—and the sun poured a wealth of warm light over the quiet little garrison at the foot of Mt. Graham—that grand old tower which has watched the incoming and outgoing of many a century.

It was nearing the hour for band practice and the balconies along "officers' row" were enlivened by the ladies, as decked in dainty gowns. Yet, at the old stone house, near the east end of the fort, no sign of life appeared. The bright red chairs gleamed invitingly and the green vines looked cool and refreshing. Those vines were the envy of the garrison. The sun beat mercilessly on the white sand all day, sapping the life from the few green things that struggled to grow; but at Captain Raymond's every thing flourished in a magical way. None of the inmates of his quarters were enjoying them this afternoon. The long glass windows were bowed in and the hot wind that swept across the wide stretch of prairie, tossed the muslin curtains silently to and fro. Every thing elsewhere about the post was calm and tranquil; yet in that pretty army parlor a little tragedy was taking place. Two young people were enacting a scene that must ruin their chances for future happiness.

Helen Raymond, in a gown of mull and lace, sat in a low rocker carelessly waving a fan of ostrich feathers. Opposite her sat her lover, Jack Willis, the bonniest, cheeriest fellow in the Sixth. His face was grave, thoughtful, careworn.

"It is not right," said he. "For two months we have been engaged and no one seems to grasp the fact, although they can readily see I'm hard hit. Last night those fellows hung about you, begging for dances, and with your most winning smiles you favored them, never saving a number on your card for me; and now you wear that bracelet and tell me it came to-day, from a man. I will bear it no longer. You must take me and announce the fact, or I will give you your freedom, though it cost me my heart."

His face was pale now, as well as grave. He rose to his tall height and came over to the pretty girl who opened wide her brown eyes and an amused smile curled her pink lips.

"Ah! Mr. Willis"—she answered after a pause, during which she surveyed him from his crown to his toes; "you are displaying a good deal of authority. Must I reserve even my smiles for you alone? It is well this trait has developed in time!" Her eyes flashed and she rose. "I give you your freedom, sir, since you wish to use that word, and I give it gladly!"

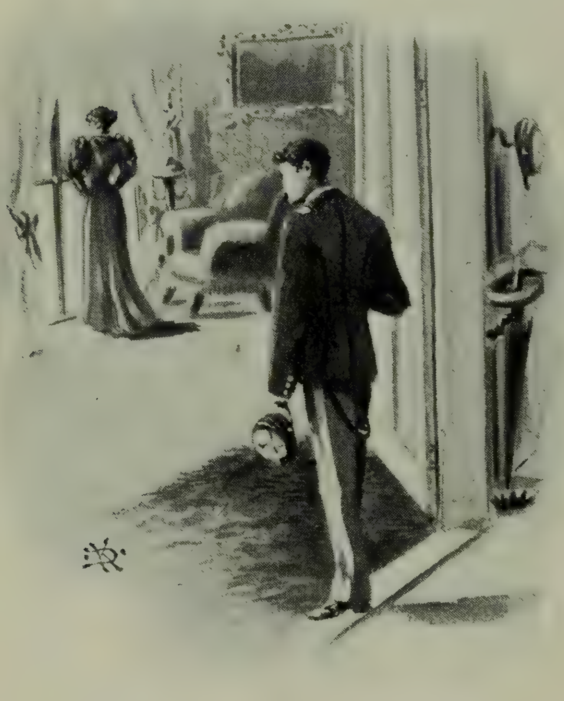
"Helen," Jack said, "I love you."

This came low and tender and sweet; yet Helen heard nothing save that he had offered her her "freedom—she, Helen Raymond, who had reigned "Queen of hearts" so long. "Freedom!" How she detested the word! Turning deliberately she walked to the long window. Jack took up his forage cap and at the door hesitated.

"When you wish to see me again, Helen, send for me. I will never come until you do."

An instant of silence, a step, the closing of the hall door and Helen Raymond watched her lover cross the porch, pass down the steps and turn up the line to his own quarters. She noted how stern and pale he was, and how soldierly too; how handsome his uniform, how splendid his easy graceful walk. Then she gazed from him down the endless road to Point of Mountain and saw the stage surrounded by a cloud of dust in the distance, as it toiled on. Across the parade the men lounged on the shady side of their quarters. She stepped out on the porch, plucked a pink geranium and laid it against her delicate dress. All these small things were vividly impressed upon her mind, as one who has a great sorrow will note so many trifling incidents and actions.

Yet Helen declared to herself she had no feeling; she cared not at all. Several days slipped by, as days will, even in Arizona—hot, glaring days, with no shade to temper the heat, and only a glimpse had Miss Raymond of lieutenant Willis. He was regimental adjutant and she watched him at guard mounting, at parade or retreat. She listened for his strong, cheery voice and began to wonder vaguely how many more dreary days must drag along before he would come and ask to be taken back into favor. That he would come, she doubted not ; for Helen had found that she did care a great deal, and every thing had turned from the mazy, delightful pink to a dull, leaden gray.



"WHEN YOU WISH TO SEE ME AGAIN, HELEN, SEND FOR ME."

She began to wish she had acted differently. It was foolish not to have told Jack that cousin Ned had sent the tiny, jeweled bangle—cousin Ned who had played marbles with her papa. And as for those "youngsters" with whom she had danced and ridden, she cared nothing. Compare them with Jack? No! No! Jack was incomparable. But pride, the most selfish and tyrannical of monarchs, reigned in this warm, little heart and held sway until it was too late, until that life's happiness was wrecked, until that heart lay bruised and torn.

The weekly hop night came at last. Surely he would come, thought Helen, as she put on a dress he admired—a pale, blue thing that was becoming. But Jack did not come, and poor, heart-sick Helen found all the joy had gone from the dance. The room was simply a blazing, unpoetic chaos. Once she had thought the flag-draped walls artistic ; but now the music jarred, the potted plants sent out a sickening perfume, and she asked her father to take her home. He felt the tenderest sympathy for her as did the other loving heart, at home ; for both Ethel and her father were fond of Jack and though Helen had said no word, they knew things were not as they should be. Still the days came and went. Life was gay at the frontier post; yet for two hearts the charm was gone

It was an evening in August. The heated day had been unusually wearisome for Helen, and she sat in a great porch chair looking pale and fragile. She declined to go with her father and Ethel to play cards at the general's. How still it all was! Gloomy, the girl thought. The night was dark. Only the stars smiled lovingly down at the lonely figure on which the night wind was lavishing caresses. The stillness was broken, however, by the first call for tattoo and the twinkling lanterns appeared across the parade, mingled with the laughing voices of the men as they tumbled out of quarters. All the world was happy—every one but Helen. So all young people argue at one time or another. Helen leaned forward and listened, all alert ; and somehow she fancied Jack's sharp clear "very well," in response to the reports, was sad. She caught her breath. What if he should wheel from the flagstaff and come to her! Ah! no! The footsteps sounded faintly from the sandy road. She heard him go slowly up the steps to "Brown's Folly."

Was his heart aching, too? She fell back in the chair with clasped hands and sat motionless until the bright lights began to go out, one by one in the quarters, and all was darkness. Suddenly a door slammed and out came the cavalry bugler. Softly and sweetly the strange, wistful notes of "taps," the soldier's good-night, echoed from fort hill to mountain top. Helen shuddered and rose. It was time to go in. What a dreadful night!

She lay wide awake through the long hours. The little French clock chimed three. Her heart at least grew lighter. She even smiled in the darkness; for she had decided to write a word to Jack that day—one little word—"Come." He would obey, she knew, and, O, for peace in his arms one more! Ah, Helen, many a girl has waited too long. You little dream as you lie there by sweet Ethel how near to your heart gaunt sorrow stands.

There is a clatter of hoofs on the roadway! She starts and listens, and her heart stops beating. She feels a premonition of trouble. There is a following of hurried footsteps. The quiet of the garrison is broken by the sound of many voices. Her father is called and Helen and Ethel spring up. They know too well, those army girls, what it all means. Their hearts are too full for words; but calmly and resolutely they get ready Captain Raymond's scouting equipments. How little the world knows of the bravery of these American women, whose fathers, husbands and lovers guard our far frontier!

Helen looked into her father's eyes as he took her in his arms just before daylight. They had orders to move at the first streak of dawn. Her trembling lips uttered no sound, but the question lay revealed in her eyes, and the father, whose heart was so closely akin to her own, answered softly, "The whole command is going, Helen." He saw the quiver pass over her, he held her firm against his heart as she whispered, "Tell him I love him, papa."

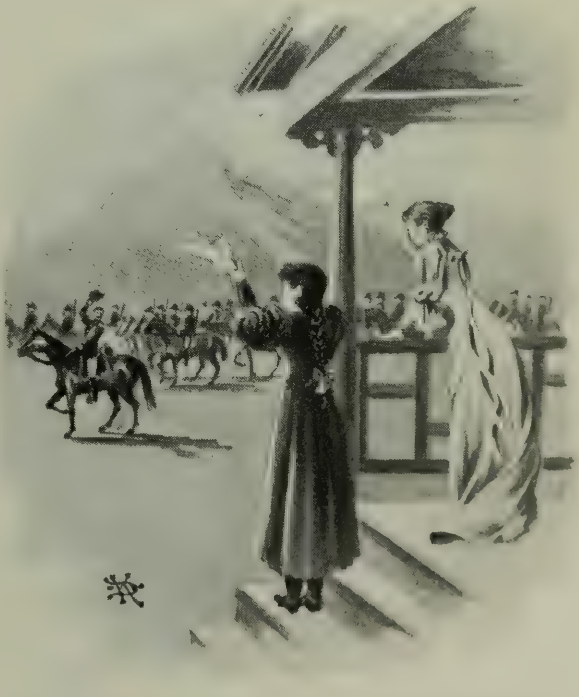
Blinded with tears, Captain Raymond bade her and little Ethel good bye as the bugle sounded clear and sharp on the still morning air. A moment more and his spurs rattled on the porch. He spoke to his horse and the striker handed him the reins. It was too dark to see, but Helen and Ethel knew he glanced up to the lighted window and saw them; and a prayer went up from two motherless hearts as the brave man rode away to duty. Helen listened on the porch for at least a sound of another voice so dear, but it came not.

At dawn the little band marched away after the Indians that were doing such bloody work down in the San Simeon valley. Many a tear-stained face gazed out in the dim light watching the loved ones off. "Will he ever come back?" many a heart asked itself, never answering the dread question, yet fearing the reply that might come when the scout was over.

Ere the command turned out of sight by the hospital, Helen saw the loved form sitting erect on "Dash" and, by a strange impulse, he turned, too, and raised his gray scouting hat. It seemed to her that her heart would burst for joy as she waved her handkerchief in return, and then he was gone.

Up the long dusty road, marked out by the line of telegraph poles, went the column, and affectionately it was watched all morning, with field glasses, by the women at post. Helen went about her duties almost gladly—they would come home safe and soon, and then? Ah, then!

Several long, dreary days passed and no word came. At last, however, almost at dusk, a dusty, travel-stained courier rode up to the infantry officer in command, who happened to be on Raymond's porch with several ladies. The rider dismounted and saluted as he handed his packet to Captain Mason. All knew it was from the command and they watched Mason's face as it paled over the dispatch in his hand. He sprang to his feet: "My God," he exclaimed, "they've caught the redskins, but they've lost one of the bravest men in the army!" To each woman there, this meant the man



"HE TURNED AND RAISED HIS GREY SCOUTING HAT."

she loved. Blindly the old Captain dealt the blow. "Willis was killed during the charge. The command has joined Taylor and they've gone for a long campaign."

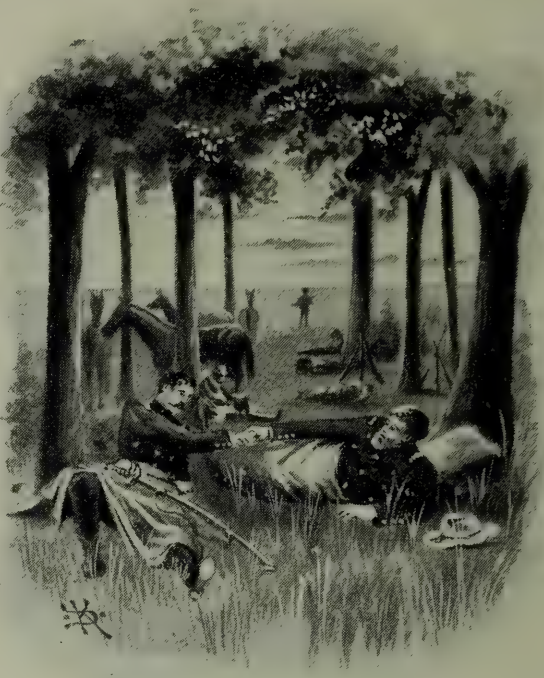
Every woman turned and looked at Helen, who sat staring at the letter in her hand. It, too, had come by the courier and was from her father who had hoped to tell her, gently, the sad news; but it lay unopened.

Ethel's soft young arms enfolded her as the child knelt by her chair. "Helen," she said, "God knew." They moved away, those men and women, and left the sisters alone with their sacred grief. Yes, God knew. He knew how bravely Jack Willis met his fate with Helen's name on his lips.

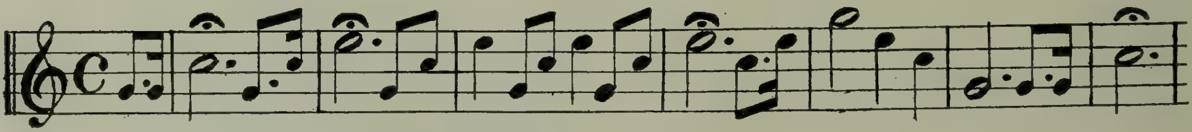
"It was a small affair," the eastern papers said. "One officer and several men." Yet those bullets, sent by fiendish Indians, pierced one, two or three hearts each time, hearts far away from the battle field. No honor or glory in Indian fighting? Is it true. Ay, God knows that, too.

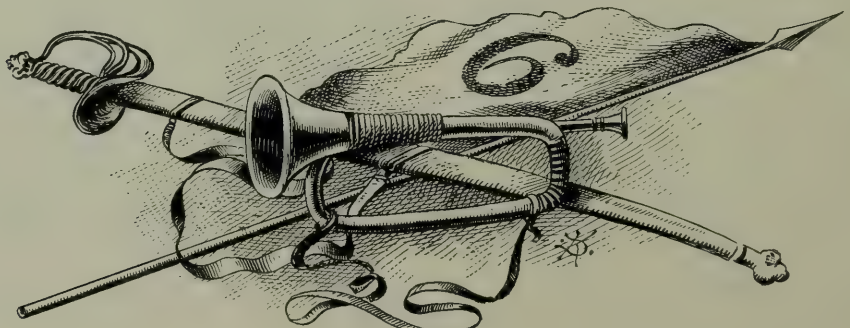
The letter to Helen was brief, as must be letters from soldiers "in the field;" but it was tender. Captain Raymond knew that her heart would break. He wrote: "I told him, Helen, the night before, as we lay on our blankets, with the starry sky above us, and talked of home and of you.

"I said, 'Jack, Helen gave me a message for you. She said, tell him I love him.' He reached across in the darkness and grasped my hand. 'Thank God, and Helen, and you, for that,' he answered, fervently; 'and Raymond,' he added, 'I am thinking so much of Helen and mother to-night. I guess I'll have to pass in my checks this trip. I seem to feel it so keenly; and if I do, ask Helen to go to mother, who has so longed to know her; and ask her to wear our little ring always.' That was all we said. Next morning we ran across the devils and Willis paid his life. Be brave, my girl, be brave."



"THANK GOD, AND HELEN AND YOU FOR THAT!"





ALASKA.

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

III.

(Continued from page 49.)

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WE had not gone far from the glacier before we again entered the field of ice down the bay, and began to pick our way through it as before. As we started on our return voyage we were treated to a wonderful exhibition, the effect of a mirage different from anything of the kind I had ever seen, although I am familiar with mirage and its deceptions on the plains. While we were in the midst of the ice-pack, slowly winding our way out of the bay, the attention of all on board was called to what was apparently a great wall extending directly across our path, some half a mile in front and so completely, to the eye, blocking our exit from the bay, that it was easy to fancy some cruel ogre had, since we passed up, built it to prevent our return. So real was the appearance that it was difficult to believe it was simply an optical delusion. Our advance, however, failed to put us any closer to the wall, and though it varied its appearance a little, it remained apparently as substantial as ever, until just before we reached the edge of the ice-pack it melted away and we sailed into open water.

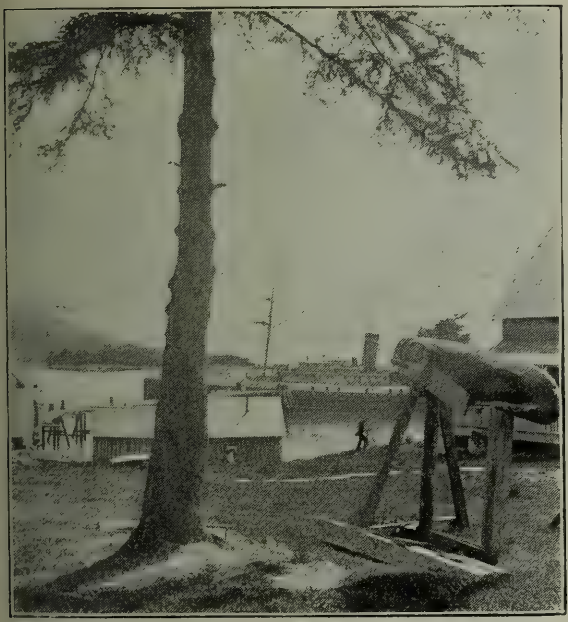
This trip down the bay was interesting as recalling so vividly descriptions given of arctic scenery,the difference being, however, that we enjoyed the view without being subjected to the intense cold of the polar regions.

We of course gazed back at the main glacier as long as it was in sight, and looked with wonder at it as it stretched far back into the mountain range behind. Other valleys could be seen, off in other directions, all filled with solid ice. In fact, the whole face of the country, with the exception of the mountain peaks, appeared to be one vast ice field, and there can be but little doubt that the Swiss traveler was right when he wrote home from here that he "was standing on the top of a glacier as large as all Switzerland !"

If I have failed to give anything like an adequate description of the impression made on my mind by the main glacier, it is useless to attempt anything further of the dozens of others we saw at a distance, as we steamed along ; or to take more than a glimpse, as we did in the twilight, of the timber-fringed foot of the great Davidson glacier. Our steamer is one that makes a quick trip by running at night as well as in the day time, and the next morning at 6 we reached Sitka. Going ashore between rows of Indians, men, women and children, we are offered all sorts of curiosities, in woodwork and metal, the purchase of which makes sad inroads on our purses ; for, of course, every one wants some memento of Alaska, and the trouble is to know when to stop. Old, battered, verdigris-eaten copper kettles are in demand, because forsooth they may have been used by the Russians for making tea, when they occupied this region, and the odor which salutes one's nostrils when placed in contact with the kettles, but serves to increase the price demanded by the owner. For a quarter a head we are permitted to view the inside of the Greek chapel and gaze upon the rich vestments of the priests and the wonderfully made pictures of the altar. We walk a mile up to the Indian river, a fine clear stream in which trout abound. We sigh for a fly rod, but have to content ourselves with admiring the beauties of the park laid out and improved by General Jefferson C. Davis, when in command here after the war. In the evening we all attend a dance given in honor of our arrival. The next morning at 4 we bid adieu to Sitka, and steam away for Killisnoo. Here we and land inspect an establishment where millions of herring, caught close by, are converted into oil, and the remnant made into a rich fertilizer, a ship load of which has just been sent around the Horn to England. Here occurs the first break in our party ; for we are called upon to bid farewell to Mrs. K.'s brother, who, after supplying us with delicious herring, enough to last for a week,

waves us adieu from the end of the dock.

Our trip back varied a little from the up one. Just after we left United States territory we landed at the British port of Simpson, when, going ashore, we encountered more Totems and more curiosities for sale. Being persuaded, of course, by the ladies, to enter a curiosity shop, close by a church, we were entertained in the most charming way by a man, who for our amusement decked himself out in all sorts of Indian finery, and as we were about to leave, produced a subscription book stating that in it were recorded the names of all those kind enough to give something to help pay off the debt of the church. I beat a hasty retreat at once, but my good friend, Mr. F., less accustomed, perhaps, to that warlike manœuvre, fell a victim to the fact that he was more financier than soldier. Being imprudent enough to take out his pocketbook he discovered, when too late, that he had nothing in it but large bills. He realized that it was then too late to retreat, and bestowed upon the indebted church a much larger sum than it would ever have received from him had I remained to act as rear guard. As we cast loose our lines from the dock we were serenaded by a band of native musicians, who did not fail to make a collection before the gang plank was drawn in. During the remainder of the trip Mr. F. was continually being assured that at Fort Simpson he paid more dearly for his music than any one else in the party.



INDIAN TOTEM—THE WHALE.

Touching at Victoria on our way back we visited Admiral H., on board the English ship, "Warspite," then, fortunately for us, in the dry-dock, for it gave us an opportunity of seeing a great war ship out of water, and a great dry-dock occupied.

Seated in the admiral's cabin, quietly smoking, while the rest of the party inspected the ship under the escort of its captain, Mr. F. and I were more than pleased to hear this English admiral pay a tribute to the energy and zeal of the newspaper press of the United States which had struck him as especially significant. It appears that three of the best young officers of the Warspite—(midshipmen) had, a short time before, gone away on a fishing trip and had never been seen since. The admiral had sent several boat parties in search of them, but until their fate was definitely determined, hesitated to alarm their friends in England by telegraphing the facts. While the search was going on he was waited upon by a man who announced himself as a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. To the admiral's amazement this correspondent showed him a cablegram from London giving not only the full name of each of the missing officers, but all the details of their disappearance, so far as known. He also informed the admiral that he had telegraphic orders from the *Herald* to charter a steamboat at once and go in search of the missing officers!

Our trip commenced in a heavy rain and ended with one. All the intermediate weather, however, was bright, clear and beautiful just when we most needed clear weather; and on August 18th we landed at Seattle, having been absent just twelve days, though it did not seem nearly so long, for every hour of it was filled with pleasure of some kind. Expressions of satisfaction were heard on every hand, at the success of the trip, and even the old Polar bear was not forgotten.

WINTER IN THE KETTLE RIVER COUNTRY.

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 63.)

It snowed a little that evening, but as I descended the steep bank to the ice, next morning, I saw a small object apparently floating in the little pool. A near approach showed it to be a head just above the water and I saw with the keenest satisfaction that I had caught the otter at the very first trial. Was this a sample of their wariness? If so, it seemed a very poor one, so I walked to the pool and looked at my captive, which now twisted and thrashed around with extraordinary violence, attempting to dive out of sight. Failing in this, he reappeared at the surface with a loud snort, and remained motionless as if exhausted by his struggles, although looking extremely vicious.

I always carried a little six inch Stevens pistol, of .22-caliber, for emergencies like the present, and it came in handy now. I sighted carefully between the otter's eyes and fired; the little bullet only pierced the skin and lodged without penetrating the skull, and the otter's struggles and desperate efforts to escape were now tremendous. When they ceased I got a side shot, and this time it sank slowly, with a thin stream of blood flowing from its ear. The trap had a death grip, high up on one hind leg, and escape was impossible.

Highly elated at my success I carried the skin home and stretched it carefully on a board. Schomberg seemed somewhat surprised at the quick catch I had made, but said I need not expect to always succeed so easily, for everything was in my favor, even to a light fall of snow to cover my tracks and destroy the scent. Knowing very little of such things, I admitted it might be so and shortly afterward found he was right.

A week or more passed without anything noteworthy occurring. The weather continued fine, but turned colder as Christmas approached; and one dull threatening morning as I passed the scene of my late capture I saw a little dark place on the snow, not down at the dam as before, but away up at the head of the pond. It was the sign of another otter, and now for some more fun. The trail of this one led directly up the little stream that fed the pond; it was but a thread of a brook, but in its course through the forest numbers of old logs lay rotting in it. The water was not frozen here, but snow lay deep on these logs, and a depression across each of them showed the track of the otter's body. It had traveled to the extreme source of the rivulet and then crossed overland to the main river. If it only came this way again, it seemed to me that a trap set in the mud, close to one of these logs, would be about the correct arrangement; so I brought one down from the hills that day and set it.

It remained cold and stormy for several days but walking up there one afternoon, I saw that another hole had been opened in the ice, near the upper end of the pond and close to the opposite bank, which was low, grassy and covered with brush. Down went a trap into that hole, but the visitor came there no more, and I found my trap up the creek snapped, empty and turned upside down in the soft mud. That evening the weather changed for the better and the heavy grey clouds disappeared. So did the otter, and for ten days I never saw a sign of it.

My meat supply was getting low now and I had seen no deer lately; but late one afternoon when passing along the open bench land near the beaver pond, I saw a fawn, some distance away, feeding slowly towards me. Some great pine trees stood near and I halted behind one, determined to await its closer approach; but there was a hollow basin close to it and down into this the fawn went. Now was my time. I walked noiselessly but rapidly forward, gained a spot within seventy yards of the hollow, and kneeling gently awaited its reappearance. But instead of leaving the basin on my side, as I had hoped, it returned to the farther edge and stood still, offering a beautiful shot. I raised my rifle slowly, sighted behind the shoulder and fired.

A surprise came now, for there were four more deer in the hollow. Out they bounded and went flying across the flat to a small grove of black pines that stood at the base of the hill. I kept my eye on the fawn which was evidently hard hit. It ran in a little circle and then dropped. I had intended letting the rest go, but a sudden idea struck me and wheeling round I fired at the nearest one—a doe—just as she entered the timber. She did not fall, but came limping back directly towards me ; her right hip was broken and the bullet had entered the body as well. So close did she come that I could almost have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle. Suddenly she saw me and with a loud snort dashed by on the run and went down into the thick forest where my otter stream was. I had been expecting to see her fall every second, but she had more vitality than I had thought. Just as I gained the edge of the slope I saw her drop behind a log, and a second shot finished her.

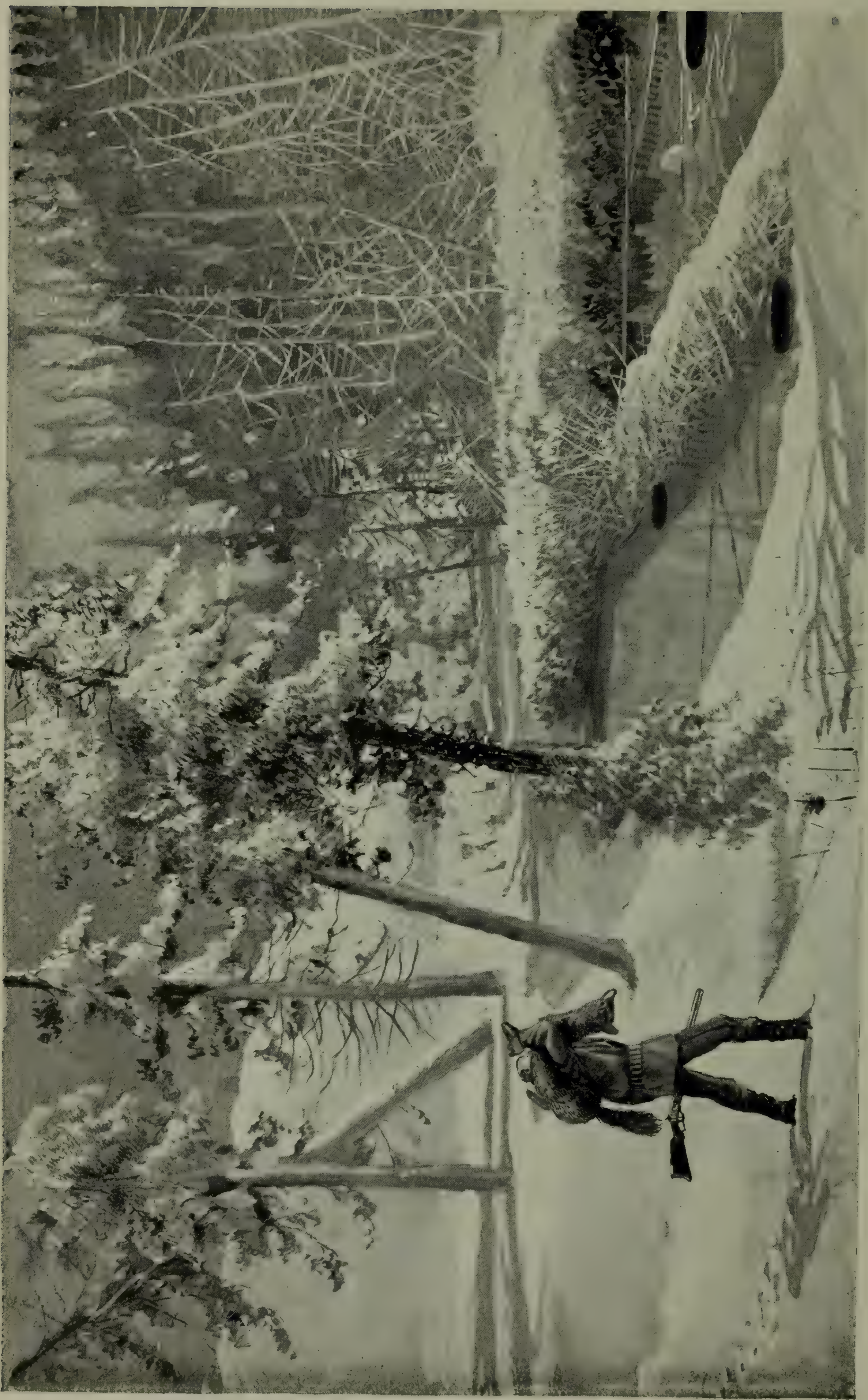
This bit of good fortune saved my packing in meat from some distance up in the hills. After dressing the two deer I dragged the offal and the doe's shattered hind quarter out to the trail, and cutting some little slits, I dosed the meat with strychnine. Wolves came along here occasionally, but not so frequently now as during the fall and early part of the winter ; and so far I had not secured one. Schomberg had only poisoned two cayotes, but no big wolves as yet. I dragged the fawn home that evening on the snow and brought in the rest of the doe a day or two later. Nothing touched the poisoned meat for a long while.

My otter traps still caught nothing, and I learned by this time that nothing could be expected during fine weather, for this animal is a wonderful traveler and will travel many miles along the river ; but just before a storm he is certain to return to headquarters. Late one evening I went down to the beaver dam to see if any traces of my friend could be found, but saw none, and was just breaking my way through some willows to ascend the slope, when a sharp sniff sounded beyond them, followed by a splash, and glancing quickly that way I saw some heavy rippling circles on the dark open piece of water between the two dams. The otter had been swimming there, and my presence caused it to dive suddenly. Thus for the second time I lost the chance of a shot ; but the fact of the otter's return was encouraging, and next morning I was on hand with a trap.

During the night a fresh hole had been made in some thin ice close to where I had descended the bank, and it was evident that the animal had played around it for several hours. I decided to try this new place. The water was a foot deep and making everything ready while on the bank, I approached carefully, set my trap under water, washed away my traces, and retired. Everything looked promising here, but it was useless, and for all the good my work did I might as well have thrown my trap in the river. I tried a baited trap, too, but what otter would look at meat or dead fish when it could get all the live trout it wanted !

Its stay this time lasted quite a while, and I did my best to catch it, at one time having three traps set, but all to no purpose. The wily tobogganist carefully avoided every place where a trap was set, although I did once find one sprung and, of course, empty. No sign of one's presence was ever shown where I had caught the other one, but the larger open place by the same dam was once visited, and a scheme occurred to me which I proceeded to put into practice. I found the water here was quite deep, all around the edge, excepting at one spot, and there I placed my largest trap, for I found only the small ones thrown. It was set with the greatest care, for this was the only convenient landing place in the hole, and I left this locality strictly alone, awaiting the advent of another storm and with it my otter. Several days later a light fall of snow came, but no otter. Then the heaviest fall of the winter occurred, and I once more saw the well known trail by a little open hole at the head of the beaver pond, and now to try my scheme. I went to every place the otter had frequented, and purposely left traces of my presence, scraping the snow with my hands and handling grass and mud there. But the spot where my No. 4 was set I left untouched.

This dodge worked to perfection.



AT THE BEAVER DAM.

The wary otter, deceived by the apparent absence of any thing suspicious, went to that hole and, as I expected, chose the shallowest place to land. His fate was sealed, for one hind foot sprung the trap which closed on it like a vice, and he met the end of the other victim, a bullet from my pistol. For the next six weeks I visited the beaver pond regularly, hoping that another otter might arrive, but none came ; nor did anything touch my poisoned bait until the beginning of March. Then, when going to look after my horses, which had wintered up the valley, I found some meat had been eaten, and less than eighty yards away found the body of a giant wolf. It had been rolling and tearing up the frozen snow in its agony, but the poison worked too surely and quickly to permit of its running far. It was a savage looking brute, but had a fine, thick coat, and when I came to lift the wolf I found it as heavy as a fair sized doe. This was the last animal I killed on Kettle river, for I shortly afterwards started out, and, after eight days of hard traveling in deep snow, reached the Okanogan valley. Not until then did I learn who Len was, or the reason why he stayed in such a retired and lonely place, for all through these regions he had a record that extended as far as Oregon. As government interpreter, frontiersman, and reckless adventurer, he ranked with Wild Goose Bill, Okanogan Smith, and other Washington celebrities. He also bore the name of a most daring horse and cattle thief, and there were warrants out for him, to avoid which he had crossed the line into British Columbia. Len Armfield was an outlaw.

READING BY RAIL.

Irma Irskoff.

There is no part of the human anatomy so aimlessly and habitually abused as the eye. Every moment is leased, as it were, far in advance, and in order to meet our requirements the eye is overworked most rashly. Though there may be times when, from necessity, the hands are folded, the eye is called upon either to cater to our pleasure, or to perform extra duty to enable us to gain an extra dollar.

The habit of reading, and oftentimes writing, in street cars, on elevated trains, and on railway trains, at midday or midnight, in the blazing sun of noon or the darkness of twilight, or with constant changes of light and shadow, is most abusive and injurious to the optic nerve. If there were a sliding glass made, for reading on the street car, with visible mechanism so subtle that the focus could be self-adjusted with every trembling of the object—say if a wheel should fly back and forth like the balance-wheel of a watch—would not the reader begin to understand the task which he imposes on the muscles and nerves of his eyes when he opens a newspaper or book in a moving car? Why abuse an organ so valuable, and yet so sensitive, so intricate and so difficult to remedy when injured? The habit of reading the daily papers in these jolting vehicles has become a national one; but like all other evils, leaving a marked impression easily accounted for, and which readily explains why so many of the youths of America seek the aid of eye-glasses. Less curiosity, less desire for the sensations of the hour, and more effort at thought and observation, while on lines of travel, would afford a more rational and valuable way of filling in the time, and would result in fewer young persons requiring the services of the oculist.

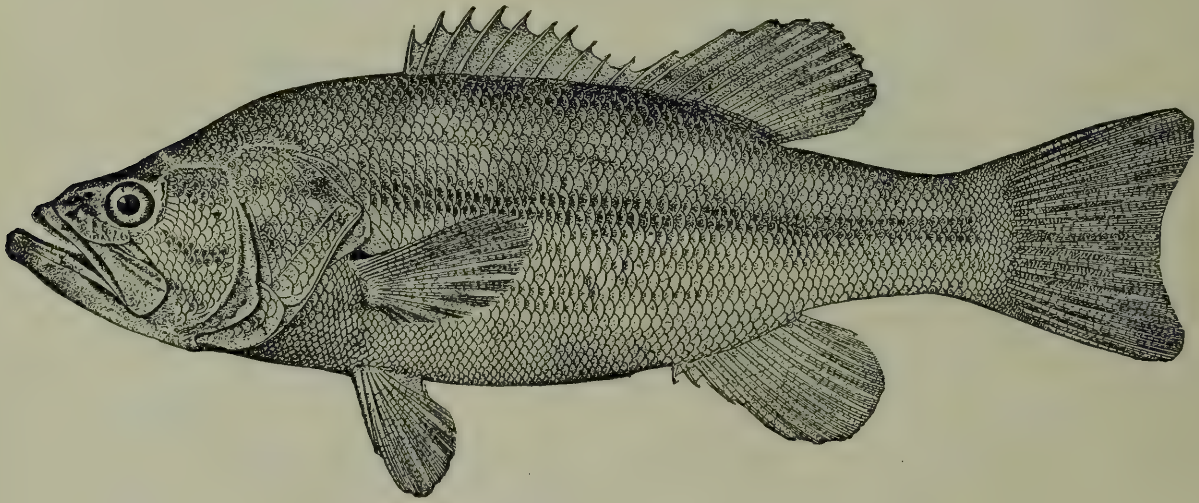
BLACK BASS FISHING IN INDIANA.

Colonel W. T. Dennis.

At the risk of being considered reckless I will say that I consider Indiana one of the best states in the Union for the satisfactory employment of the angler.

While Maine has its Penobscot for salmon and its smaller streams for brook trout; while Oregon boasts its Columbia river and its charming mountain trout streams: while Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota glisten with hundreds of beautiful lakes, yet Indiana, in its Wabash and White rivers, its Kankakee, Tippecanoe and Massasinnewa rivers, in its crystal lakes and in all its smaller streams—each and every one of which is prolific of bass can furnish the angler with the most exciting sport. It affords him as thorough and genial satisfaction and as full and fair consideration for his labors as any bit of country over which the stars and stripes float.

The black bass is the game fish of America par excellence. Any man who has ever felt the rush of a black bass, listened to the scream of the reel and the hissing of the line through the water; who has ever seen the gleam of his victim, as, darting to and fro, he strains the tackle and doubles up the rod; who has watched him spring from the water like a rocket and with extended fins shake his open jaws to dislodge the barb that threatens his life and liberty; and, failing in every effort to free himself, finally give up and follow unresistingly to the boat's side, when, as you reach out in an exulting mood to lift him in, he throws his whole energies into a last grand struggle and fairly churns the water in his last effort,—any man, I say, who has had this experience needs no proof of the truth of my assertion. I have experienced the delicate and almost electric thrill of the "snap" of the brook trout; I have felt the "yank" of the striped bass of the Potomac, and the hungry "grab" of the blue fish at Plum island; the sluggish surge of the salmon trout in Cayuga lake, and the "thud" of the muscalonge in Scugog lake, Canada. Yet these are tame sports compared with the force and vim which characterize the "strike" of the black bass. It is only within a few years that the attention of the angler has been directed to the black bass. The New York Fish Commission distributed bass from Lake Champlain into the smaller lakes and streams, and into the state of Connecticut in 1868–70.



SMALL MOUTHED BLACK BASS.—*Microplerus Dolomira.*

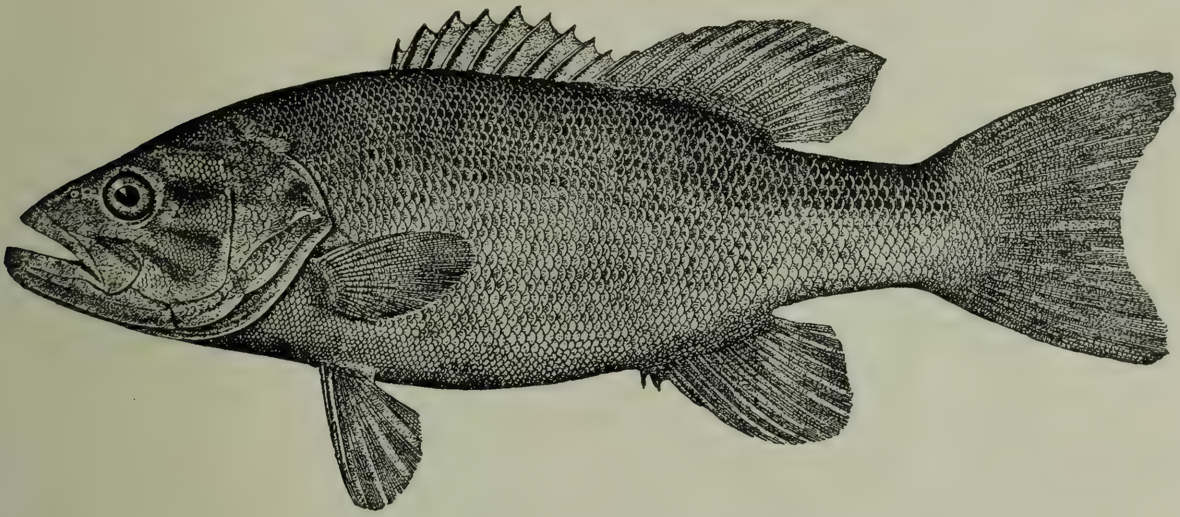
In 1860, the Quaker angler and naturalist, Edward Stabler, of Sandy Springs, Md., while on a visit to Ohio, got a taste of bass fishing in the Miami river. On his return to Maryland he procured a coffee sack and putting in a number of bass placed them in the tank of the engine and in this way carried them to the head waters of the Potomac, where they were deposited. From this small beginning the river was stocked, and now it is claimed, has no superior in the number, size and gaminess of its black bass. Seth Green said: "The natural increase of the black bass is so great and their growth so rapid that it has never been thought worth while for fish culturists to attempt their artificial propagation."

While the introduction of the bass in New York, Virginia and New England has been accomplished at a great deal of labor and expense, Indiana has them in great abundance, indigenous to her waters. Professor Jordan, in his catalogue of the fishes of Indiana, says of the small mouth black bass, "found everywhere," which would seem to be sufficiently comprehensive. They abound in every lake and running stream in the state, but in the greatest perfection in Tippecanoe and White rivers. The numerous lakes in northern Indiana (of which there are more than one thousand in seven counties) are prolific in bass, both the large and small mouth varieties, as well as the rock bass, calico bass and crappies. Pike are also found in considerable numbers and of large size. In 1884, I took one on a trolling spoon in Golden lake, Steuben county, Ind., weighing 23½ pounds.

To be a successful angler one should have an intimate knowledge of the habits of the fish he pursues. The bass leave their winter quarters, in the deep waters, some four or six weeks before the spawning season, and during this period are found in the shallow waters of the lakes and rivers, when they soon pair off and prepare for breeding. The spawning season, in Indiana, is from May 1st to June 15th; the weather having much to do with the time. A cold backward spring makes spawning later. The spots selected for spawning are sand or gravel beds, or other smooth and even surfaces, in which a partial trench is worked out by the female and male together. In this the female deposits her eggs, which are fertilized by the male.

After this is completed, the female puts herself on guard and maintains a sleepless watch over the nest, attacking any intruder or enemy that shows itself, and shoving away with her nose any substance that may fall on the bed by accident. In ten or twelve days the eggs hatch and from ten to fifteen thousand fry is the usual yield of one nest. They are nearly perfect in form when hatched. Leaving the spawning bed the young grow rapidly. A bass at a year old is 5 to 7 inches long, and at two years old will weigh two pounds. He makes a growth of about one pound a year, if food conditions are favorable. Six to eight pounds is generally conceded to be the extreme weight of a black bass in northern waters, though in Florida the large mouthed bass grows to a much greater size.

I have in my room a small mouth, nicely mounted, that weighed seven pounds two ounces when I took him from



LARGE MOUTHED BLACK BASS.—*Micropterus Salmoides.*

the water; and I have the head of one, taken in May, 1893, near Rome City, Indiana, that weighed nine pounds. That, however, was an exception. In 1870, a comrade and I brought from the Tippecanoe a string of bass, 31 in number, the average weight of which was 4¾ pounds. These were selected from a much larger number that we had caught in a two weeks campaign.

In the winter season bass unquestionably hibernate, burying themselves in the deep mud, in the crevices of a rocky bottom, under sunken logs, etc. This is proven by the fact that they are seldom, if ever, caught in the winter season, either through the ice or otherwise. As cold weather approaches they are found in the deep holes and deeper waters, and as the freezing and ice making comes on they disappear entirely.

With this amount of knowledge of the habits, growth and peculiarities of bass, the successful angler will select for still fishing some projecting point or bar in the river. The mouth of a small creek is a good place and if the water is deep and if in close proximity to boulders or shelving rocks, so much the better. In fishing from the shore, try to get a position where your person is hidden from the fish. Make your approach to the bank as quietly as possible and both before and after casting your bait into the water maintain silence.

When fishing from a boat select a place having the above characteristics. If a tree has fallen into the water. the top is a favorite hiding place for them. Where a rippling current subsides into deep still water is another good place. Let your bait float over the ripples into the deep still water and there you will nearly always get a strike.

In bass fishing, as in oratory, much depends on action. Your bait should be kept constantly in motion. I have noticed a bass watching my minnow without any demonstration, while it was still and motionless, and the instant I moved it the bass seized it and was victimized. In fishing from a boat, on the river, where there is a moderate current, you should let the boat float and cast line and bait as far ahead as possible, that your bait may be taken before the boat is in sight of the fish, using your oar only to give direction to the boat. While drifting in this way there should be as few motions in the boat as possible. Getting up, changing seats, throwing the arms about, etc., tend to alarm the fish. Bass fishermen sometimes parade along the bank of the stream, or frolic around in the boat as though bass were deaf and blind. This is all wrong. A bass must be very hungry to take your bait after being disturbed; yet he will sometimes follow the bait clear up to the boat. They do many other queer things that can only be explained by assuming that they are hungry.

As a rule those who rail at bass and decry bass fishing, are the men whose awkward and unsportsmanlike performances make it almost impossible for them to catch a game fish of any kind. The accomplished and expert bass anglers are few and far between, and when you find one you find a quiet, genial, intelligent person who is not given to catching fish "with his mouth." My experience has been that the most gamey and strongest fish are caught in running waters. My catches in Put-in-Bay, although of good size, have generally proven sluggish and tame, compared with fish of the same sizes in the Tippecanoe and Kankakee rivers. Our best season for bass fishing, in Indiana, is in June, and again from September 15th until cold weather, the fall season being much the longer and usually much the better.

Among our best baits are the shiner, chub and sucker minnows, the helgramite, the soft crayfish and the small frog. Some good catches are made with artificial and spoon bait. Fly fishing for bass is becoming more popular every year.

For good bass fishing come to Indiana.

A PERILOUS SLEIGHRIDE.

CAPT. D. ROBINSON, U. S. A.

I WAS stationed at one of the far northwest posts and had not been east of the Missouri river for more than six years. I felt that I had earned a leave of absence, and desiring to spend the holidays with friends in the east, applied for a leave calculating it would take two weeks for the result of the application to find its way back from Washington.

The mail at our post was tri-weekly in summer, and weekly in winter—sometimes longer—it all depended on the state of the weather. In December, the weather was uncertain. When the thermometer commenced falling it would often go down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero; besides, the blizzards were liable to strike at any time during that month.

Our mail, in winter, was usually carried in a light packing box secured to sled runners drawn by a pair of native ponies. In stormy weather the paper and package sacks were often left at some way station, or cached by the roadside until the storm was over, and only the letter mail brought in. Winter was also the season of rest, study, and pleasure, hops, theatricals, sleighing, and quiet card parties making up the social programme.

Sometimes in mid-winter the restless Indians, across the mountain range, would interfere with our plans and pleasures. Their rations would run short, their beef would get poor, or some other real or imaginary grievance would arise, that caused trouble between them and the agent, who generally called for protection from the nearest military post. His appeal would be responded to as promptly as if we were marching on dress parade to the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away," or some other appropriate air.

The arrival of the mail was always looked forward to with deep interest, and with anxiety when it happened to be a day behind schedule time, as was often the case. Then all eyes would instinctively turn to the hill over which the road ran. Even the sentinel, in front of the guard-house, would halt at the end of his beat and take a long, wistful look in that direction. No doubt he was expecting a letter from some loved one at home.

At about the time I should have learned something as to my leave, a heavy snow storm set in. The mail was due and, owing to the severity of the storm, no one knew when it would arrive. The wind blew harder and harder until it became a roaring blizzard—such as no human being could live in for any length of time. This continued for several days and was followed by a dead frigid calm. The sun rose and set like a red ball, flanked by mock suns. The snow was banked up over the tops of fences; ravines and gulches were filled to the level and packed as hard as a macadamized road.

About noon, on the fourth day after the storm began, the sentinel saw something moving over the hill, coming toward the fort. At first it was thought to be a stray buffalo, but it turned out otherwise. It was the mail sled. "The mail! the mail!" exclaimed many voices This attracted the attention of the whole garrison. All were out watching the sled gliding down the hill to the fort. Smiling fair faces peeped out of windows and doors, and asked passing friends "if it were really so?"

Yes, it was Sam, the mail carrier, sure enough; covered from head to foot with buffalo robes. His round weather beaten face and twinkling gray eyes beaming as bright as a full moon. Mustache and long, flowing beard covered with frost and icicles, he looked a veritable Santa Claus—and no doubt he was, to many people at the post, judging by their happy faces after the mail had been distributed. Others again, bore looks of disappointment at not receiving the expected letter and went away apparently consoled with the hope of receiving it by the next mail.

I was one of the fortunate, having received the order granting me a leave; and by the next morning I was ready for the journey. My valise and a roll of buffalo robes were all I needed, and, in fact, all that could be carried. After bidding adieu to my friends, I took a seat on the sled beside Sam, the mail carrier, and started on my long journey to the nearest railroad station.

It was surprising how fast the ponies pranced along over the hard, packed snow, 20 or 30 feet deep, in places. The stage stations were 15 to 20 miles apart. We made the first in good time, had something to eat and drink, and by this time fresh ponies were hitched to the sled, when off we went to the next station. After the sun set, the air became intensely cold, but the night was clear and starry, so that the driver could see his landmarks—the only guide by which we could travel, as the road and everything else looked alike, all being a dreary, desolate white.

In due time, we got a glimpse of a light, far ahead; then lost sight of it, owing to the undulations of the land. As we advanced it appeared again and now showed much brighter; after this we kept it in sight until we arrived at our "hotel" for the night—a dug-out on the hillside with holes cut through the roof, capped with headless barrels for chimneys. The shack was divided into two apartments, the rear one, the guests' or sleeping room, in which was a large open fire-place, with a blazing hot fire of pine and cedar, cracking and throwing out sparks like a great furnace. The front part was used as a cooking and dining room.

The only occupant, beside Sam and myself, was busily engaged preparing a savory meal of broiled venison, canned vegetables, hot biscuits and coffee. The drive in the cold, bracing air gave me such an appetite that I enjoyed the meal with as much gusto as if it had been cooked by Delmonico's *chef*.

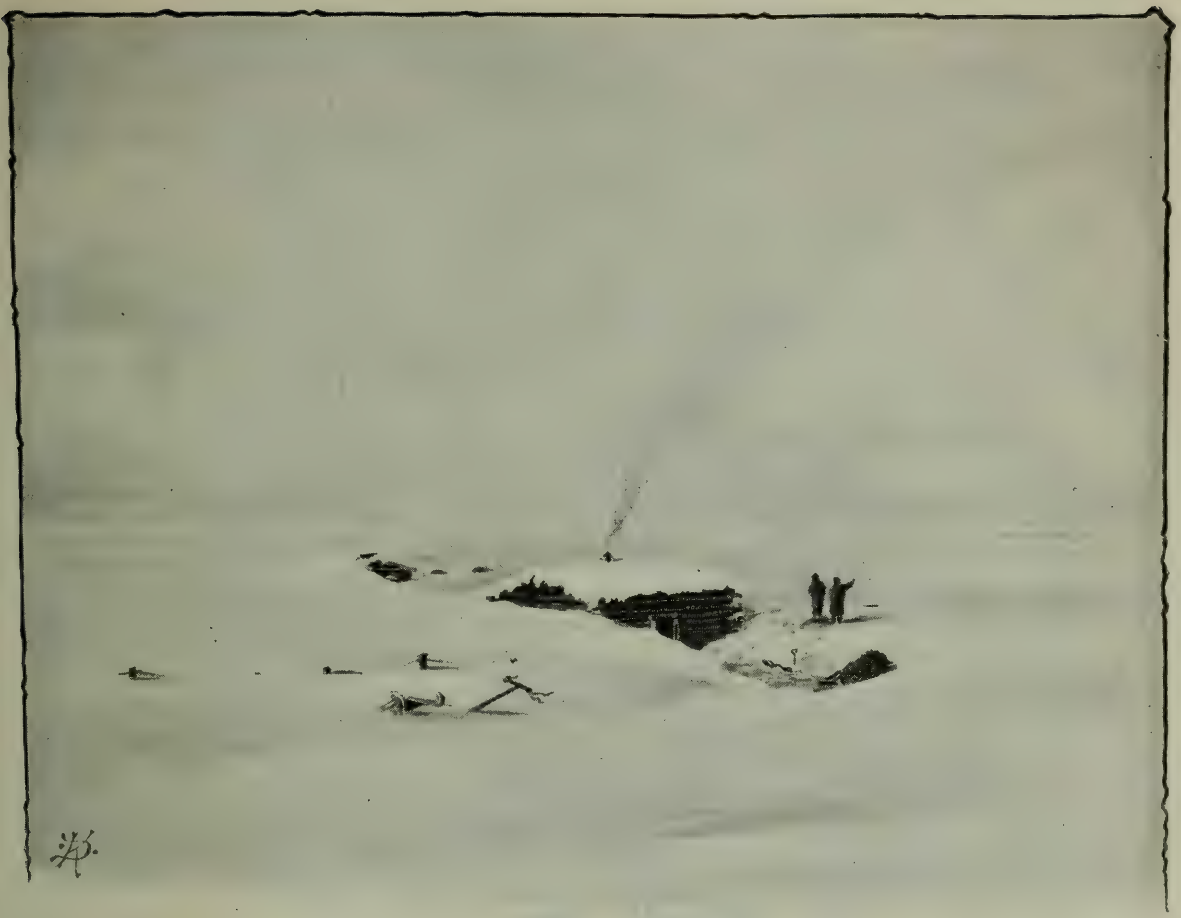
After a smoke and a chat with my new friends, I unrolled my robes, spread them on the earthen floor and lay down to rest. When morning came we partook of a hasty breakfast and started for the next station, leaving Sam in charge, as he had reached the end of his drive.

The new driver, "Jim," was, like all stage drivers, a good fellow to travel with. The next station was made in good time. After the usual change of ponies, we arrived at the lay-over early in the evening. The drive on the following day would be much longer, consequently we were up and out on the road at an early hour, and arrived at the lay-over late in the night. During the day we saw a herd of buffalo, a few elk, and many antelope. Of course we carried arms, but were not on a hunting trip, so the game was allowed to go unmolested.

The next day we expected to reach the railroad. I was told that it would be a long drive, but did not mind that, feeling thankful that the sledding part of my journey was so soon to end; and the prospect of hearing the iron horse snort and puff, for the first time in a number of years, was looked forward to with great eagerness.

The next morning we made the usual early start. The sky was overcast with heavy threatening clouds; the sun was shy and finally hid behind them. A pall of mist hung over the top of the peak near us. The driver and I had been long enough in that section of the country to know that it was a sign which boded us no good. The mist gradually fell lower and lower, until it rested on us like a sheet of ice. The driver touched the ponies with his whip. The storm was on us—the snow fell in heavy flakes and the wind began to blow, at first lazily and then harder and harder, until it became a raging blizzard. The snow began to pile up in great drifts through which the ponies struggled and plunged in terror.

Herds of maddened and bellowing range cattle were fleeing before the relentless storm; also buffalo, antelope and deer, with hungry wolves on their trails, all rushing toward a common shelter in the bad lands. At intervals there came a lull, which enabled the driver to see some familiar object; then on we went ploughing through the drifting waves until suddenly we were brought up with a shock that upset the sled and threw us headlong into the snow drifts. We had run into a barbed wire fence and one of the ponies was badly cut and torn. After rubbing the frozen snow out of his eyes, the driver recognized the location. The wire, he said, formed part of the station corral, but we could not see it through the dense, blinding snow. The velocity of the wind was so great that we were



MERRY CHRISTMAS.

obliged to hold on the fence from which we dare not moved for fear of being blown away ; yet to remain there, motionless and exposed to the storm, as we now were, meant death within a few minutes.

We shouted and yelled for help, but could not make ourselves heard. Then I thought of my pistol, which I managed to get out of my coat pocket and fired in rapid succession. This proved effective and brought to our relief the only man at the station. He assisted us to the shack which was only fifty yards away. After getting in we discovered that our fingers and faces were frozen. Liberal applications of snow, with vigorous rubbing, soon relieved the pain and our injuries proved not to be serious; but we had had a narrow escape.

The ponies broke loose from the sled and were gone—no one knew where—possibly following the herds of domestic and wild animals we had seen on the way. The mail sack, my valise and roll of robes were found buried in a snow drift near where the sled had upset.

The blizzard continued with unabated fury for several days, so that we were completely snowed in. We had to cut a passage, six feet deep, to get to the wood pile. Fortunately there was a good supply of wood on hand, and plenty of deer and antelope meat, so there was not much danger of being frozen or starved in our arctic prison.

The station—generally called a "shack" in the west—was of a different style from those already mentioned. It was built of logs, but furnished about the same accommodation as the others. However, I felt thankful for so good a shelter under the circumstances. I found plenty of reading matter, in the line of newspapers, and made good use of them. Several sacks of these had been left over, at different times when the weather had been bad, and as they were only tied with a cord it was an easy matter to borrow such as one liked and to return them to the sacks again. I can hardly think the owners would have been offended at the liberty I took had they known of my otherwise desolate situation. Illustrated papers took the fancy of the drivers. I had noticed at all of their shacks, as I passed along, that the interiors were profusely decorated with the choicest cuts from Harper's and Leslie's weeklies, and the police papers.

Christmas eve had come. On that day the storm had ceased as suddenly as it began. The next morning—Christmas-day—the sun rose over a cloudless sky with dazzling brightness on the pure, white snow; so that we could see as far as the eye could reach and look around for the relay of ponies, that had broken out of the corral during the storm. They were not to be found in any direction; so we were compelled to remain at the shack until relief came from some quarter.

What a quiet, dreary, anxious day this has been; nothing to remind me that it is Christmas except the little calendar in my valise. No doubt my friends at home are hourly expecting me, yet here I am, snowed in, nearly 2,000 miles away, without any means of communicating with them. I remember having been more unpleasantly situated on another Christmas-day. That, however, was in war times. Then, I had only the shelter of a rifle pit—now I have the shelter of a good, substantial shack. Such is army life.

Toward evening we saw, at a distance, what was thought to be a sled coming from the direction of the railroad. We watched it with the keenest interest. As it came nearer we saw the driver laying on the whip, which made the spirited ponies bound over the snow drifts like antelope. A little while longer and they were in front of the shack.

"A merry Christmas, boys!" shouted the driver, as he jumped out. covered in furs and looking more like a buffalo than a human being. We responded in true frontier style, and asked if he had brought the turkey along? "No," he said, "I forgot it, but hope you have something to take the place of it." He was highly amused at the predicament we were in, and twitted the drivers for losing their ponies.

During the night a chinook breeze set in, and by morning the snow was melting and running in brisk little rivulets. We made an early drive for the railroad—leaving the outgoing mail at the station—and got along very well until we approached the Bad Lands. The snow water was running in streams and rushing through ravines and gulches towards the Little Missouri river. We were obliged to leave the trail, and circle around over ridges where there was less danger of being swept away, or of getting stuck in the slimy soil of the Bad Lands.

Finally, late in the evening, we arrived at the station of the Northern Pacific railroad, at the crossing of the Little Missouri river. I hastened to the telegraph office—the operator was also agent—and inquired when the first train going east would leave. To my surprise, I was informed that no passenger trains would be running until the spring or summer; a construction train was expected during the night, which would probably return to Mandan the next day; if I wished, I could be accommodated with a ride on the engine, or in the caboose! "Cold comfort," I thought, but I was willing to ride on the pilot of the engine, or on top of the caboose.

I then sent the following telegram home: "Been delayed by storms—will take first train going east."

I waited here three days. Finally the construction train came and after many other tedious delays, I reached my destination.

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.

Dropping into the rooms of the New York Camera Club, one evening, not long since, I met Mr. L. C. Ivory, freight agent of the Rock Island railway, who informed me that he had just returned from a hunting trip in Canada.

"Were you successful?" I asked.

"Well, I should say yes. I killed a magnificent bull moose, and what is just as interesting and valuable, to us, we got some fine photographs of him, of our camp, etc."

"Then you carried a camera?"

"Certainly. I hope you don't think I would go into the woods without one. No, sir. I should as soon think of leaving my rifle behind."

"Tell me all about your trip. When did you leave New York, by what route and who went with you?"

"Mr. Walter L. Pierce, of New York, was my companion, We left here September 15th, went over the New York Central and Delaware and Hudson, via Rouse's Point, to Montreal; thence over the Canadian Pacific railway, three hundred miles west to Deux Rivières, Ontario. We then teamed about sixteen miles, crossing into Quebec to a lumber depot, thence by canoe and portage some twenty or thirty miles farther north to Hamilton lake, where we established our camp."

"Did you carry a tent, or depend on cabins?"

"We carried three small tents—one for ourselves, one for the guides and one for our dunnage."

"Were you lucky in getting guides?"

"Yes. We had George Crawford and Peter Le Claire, of Mattawa, Ontario; both good guides and good hunters."

"How long did you hunt before getting a shot?"

"We reached camp on the evening of the eighteenth, but did not hunt that night, and nearly all the remainder of the week it was stormy. On the twenty-fifth it cleared, and LeClaire and I started out to make a call, so to speak. We went about three miles down the lake in our canoe. Finally we reached a point on a small bar, at the farther end of the lake, at just about sundown—and I at once sent out my first call."

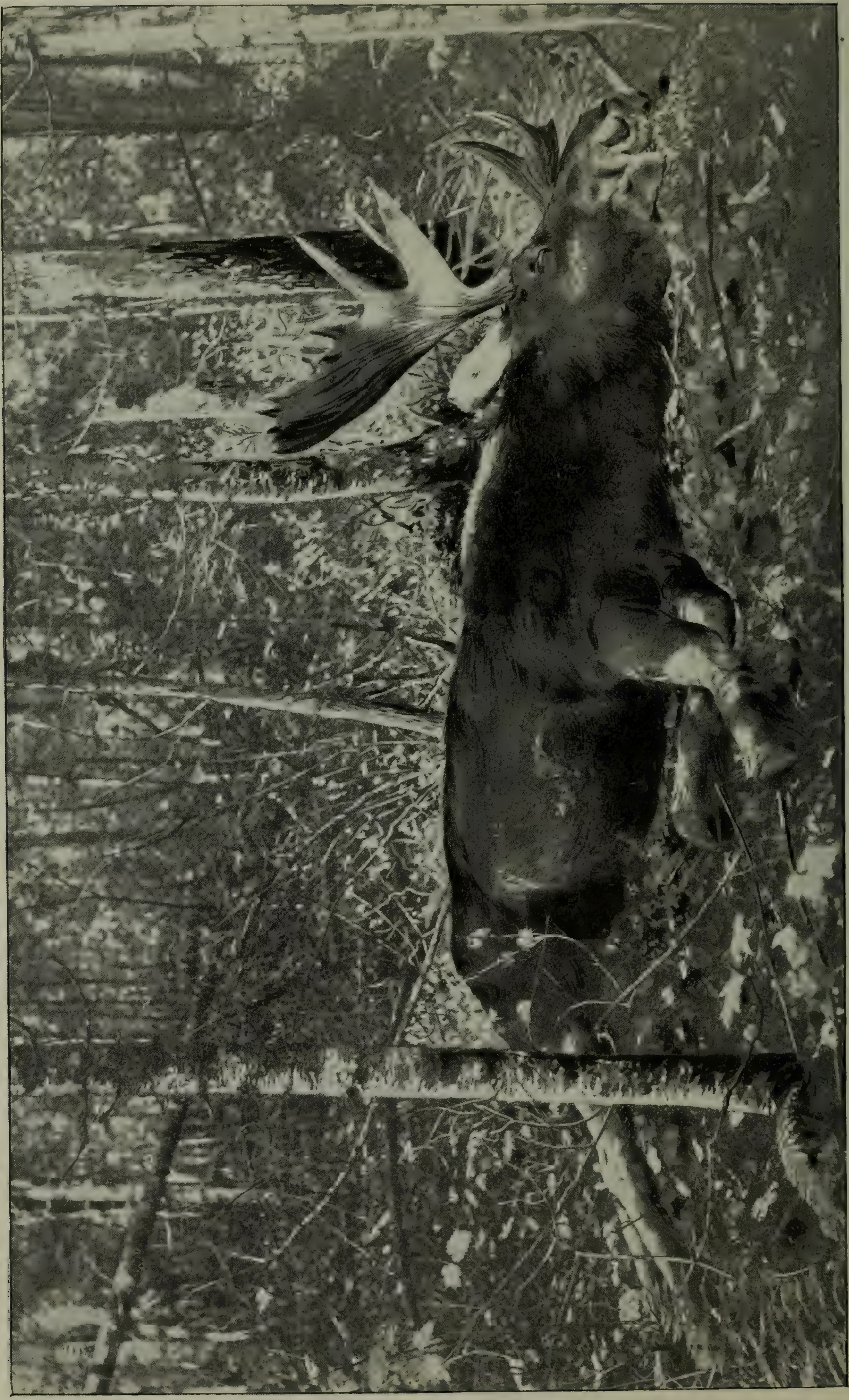
"Did you get an answer?"

"No. We waited for a quarter of an hour in silence and in almost breathless suspense, but no response came. Then I again placed the bark horn to my mouth, and swinging it about in a series of circles, first high and then low, sent out another long-drawn wail — ostensibly that of the cow moose when summoning her mate. This time we waited but an instant, when there came, wafted on the soft evening breeze, from away back in the forest, that most musical, thrilling, soul stirring of all sounds that ever greets a hunter's ear—the answering roar or grunt of a bull moose. Instantly our blood was leaping through our veins as if we stood on a great electric generator; yet we dare not move or speak. I lifted the bark once more and sent forth another message to the great *cervus*, to let him know that his ladylove had heard him, and awaited his coming.

"Then there was another long wait—another period of painful, silent suspense. Finally we heard, far back in the forest, a faint disturbance. Our ears were strained until they ached. Then a twig snapped; but the sound was so faint that had the silence about us not been like that of an Egyptian tomb we should not have heard it. Then there was a peculiar raking sound, as of a brush sweeping across your canvas coat. Yes, the great beast is coming to find his mate—he hopes; to meet his death, *we* hope.

"Old man, you may talk about your grizzly hunting and your tiger hunting, and all the other dangerous sport; but until you hear a bull moose coming through a thick woods, directly toward your hiding place, and try to keep cool enough to shoot him when he shows up, you will never know just how many tons of iron it requires to hold a man down to the earth at such a time.

"Well, the noise became louder and louder until it seemed as if there must be a regiment of cavalry charging us. We



THE FALLEN MONARCH.

could hear the big brute churning the soft ground, splashing through water and crashing over dead brush. Occasionally he would stop to listen. Then we feared he might have winded us and that he would turn and we should never see him. He would move a few steps toward us, but cautiously, warily. Again he would seem to have determined that it was all right—that there was no danger. At last he reached the edge of the cover and peered cautiously out of the thicket, over the lake, showing only his antlers ; and what a magnificent pair they were ! They appeared to my distorted imagination to spread out and reach up like the branches of a great oak tree.

"I wanted a view of his body before firing, but dared not wait. The old giant was suspicious. He would come no farther. We were well hidden, so he could not see us, and though the wind—what little there was—blew from him to us, yet we feared he might, in some way, divine our presence and then—good-bye.

"I raised my Winchester, cautiously. Then I discovered for the first, that time had been speeding while we waited and that it had grown dusk. I took the best aim possible at the great mass of straggling antlers, dropped to where I thought the head was and pressed the trigger. The bull plunged, heavily, wheeled and dashed away in the now darkened forest. I threw in another cartridge and fired a second, then a third shot, as he turned, but could hear him charging madly away. Finally all was still again.

"Then we went over to where he had stood, went into the black undergrowth of bushes, but could hear or see nothing."

"Did you follow him ?"

"No, it was too dark for that. We concluded that if he was dead he was safe enough, if alive, we could do better in the morning, so we returned to camp, ate a hearty supper and I exchanged stories of the evening's hunt with Pierce. We breakfasted before daylight the next morning, and as soon as we could see to travel were on the way to the scene of the evening's shooting. Arriving there we took up the trail, which we followed easily for about two miles, the bull having bled freely. Finally we found where he had lain down three times, all the beds being close together. Then we knew he was growing weak and that he was not far away. We moved cautiously some 300 or 400 yards farther, when we sighted the moose, walking slowly from us. He evidently had not heard, seen nor scented us. I crawled up to within about 50 yards of him and fired three shots, in quick succession. At the third he fell dead.

"Then we discovered that my first shot, of the evening before, had gone higher than I intended, entering the top of his neck, that the second had missed, and that the third had entered his ham as he fled. The first or second shot, of this morning, had struck in the rump, and the third, fired as he turned, had pierced his heart, passed through his body and lodged against the skin on the other side."

"You must have had a big day's work getting him out of the woods."

"We did not attempt to move the carcass. At this season of the year the meat of the bull moose is not good ; but we had some difficulty in getting the head and skin out. The first thing to be done was to return to camp, get the camera, go back to the game and make a series of pictures of it. This occupied the forenoon. In the afternoon we skinned the moose, took off his head, carried this and the skin to the canoe and reached camp at dark, about as tired and as hungry as men ever get in the woods. We brought out the bull's tongue and a few cuts of steak ; but while they afforded a change from our past week's diet of pork, they were tough and we did not relish either of them."

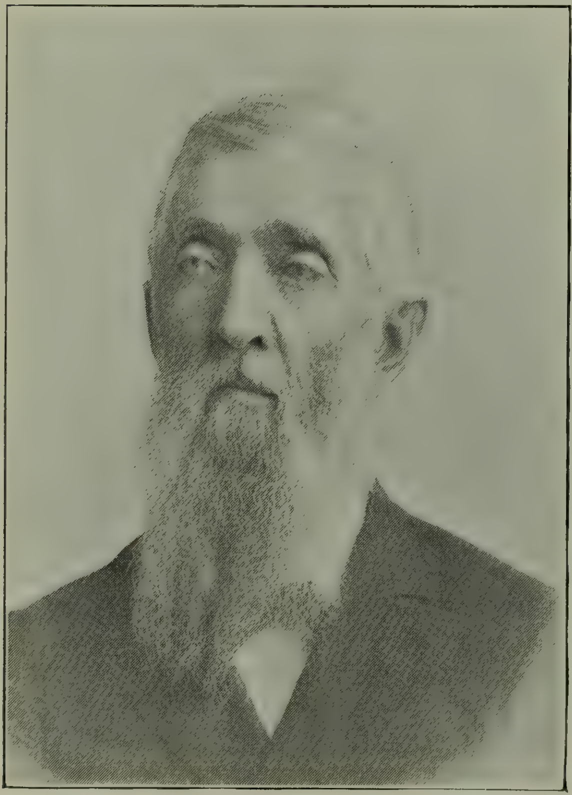
"Of course you have had the head mounted ?"

"Most assuredly. It has been handsomely done by Fred. Sauter, of No. 3 North William street, New York, one of the best taxidermists in the city, and there isn't enough money in any bank in town to buy it, or the negatives I got of the old Monarch of the Forest."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IV.

There are few men in Indiana more widely known than Colonel W.T. Dennis, of Richmond. He was born in New York in 1816, but went to Indiana with his parents when a lad. He is a successful lawyer and has held many positions of honor and trust under the state and federal governments. During the war he was State Military Agent, at Washington. For many years thereafter he was Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the State Fish Commission, and reappointed in 1891; is now Vice-President for his state, of the National Fish and Game Protective Association. Colonel Dennis is an ardent sportsman and an easy, graceful writer, as is shown by his article printed in this number of Recreation, on "Bass Fishing in Indiana."



COL. W. T. DENNIS.

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CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

III.

LAWRENCE MESSNER.

Here is one of the youngest sportsmen in the world. He was born March 28th, 1887. When five years old he did his first shooting with a .44 gauge shot gun, at targets, placed for him by his father, and did well. Mr. Messner says: "When Lawrence was 6½ years old I took him to the woods with me. On reaching the timber I saw a squirrel, sitting on a stump. I called Lawrence's attention to it; handed him his gun, loaded, and told him to walk up, and shoot it. He went only a short distance, when he pulled up and fired, killing the squirrel as neatly as I could have done it. I measured the distance and found it to be 54 feet."

Lawrence has since shot numerous birds, squirrels, etc. On May 11th, last, when only two months over seven years old, he killed his first bird on the wing, and has made some splendid wing shots since, some good long ones. He does it so mechanically, and in such a matter of

LAWRENCE MESSNER.

fact way as to greatly amuse the veteran sportsmen who have seen him shoot. He will get up at any hour of the night to go on a hunting trip. He frequently fires his father's twelve gauge gun when so heavily loaded as almost to knock him down, yet he walks up ready to repeat the act as often as the gun is loaded.

A friend and neighbor of the boy writes : "I am a shooter myself, and know a shooter when I see him. I believe Lawrence Messner is the greatest shot, for his age, in the world, being now just seven and one-half years old. He is thoroughly posted on game laws in our state, and understands how to referee a shoot."

FISH AND FISHING.

A MONSTER SALMON.

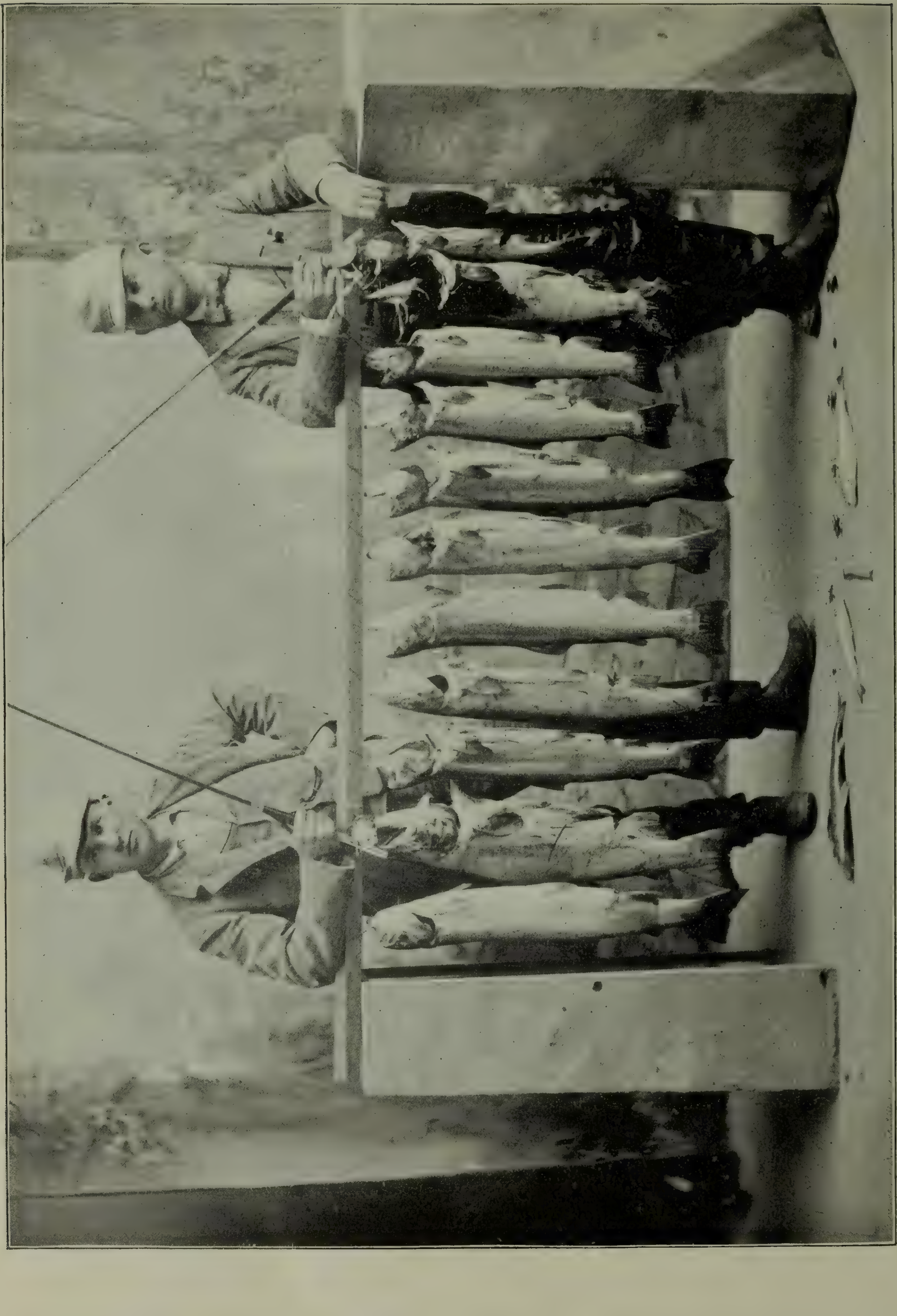
In September last, Mr. Henry Seiffert, of Spokane, Wash., caught in the Spokane river, about 18 miles below that city, a silver, or chinook, salmon, 4 feet 3 inches long and which weighed 51 pounds, some hours after being taken from the water.

The fish was photographed by a well-known artist of Spokane, and a reproduction of the portrait is given herewith. Mr. Seiffert thus describes the taking of the big salmon :

"Mr. Simon Sietenbach and I were fishing from a boat, floating down the river and zigzaging back and forth across it. I was using one of the Enterprise Company's No. 6 luminous spoons, an 8 ounce bamboo rod, a cuttyhunk reel, and 250 feet of Natchaug silk line, and was fishing in front of the boat. The water is deep and the current so strong, at that point, as to carry the bait out and keep the line taut. I had out about fifty feet of line when the big fish struck. This was at six o'clock in the evening and it took over an hour of as lively work as I ever did to bring him to gaff. He did not break water once in all this time, but did all his fighting at or near the bottom. At the first run he took out over 100 feet of line and seldom allowed me to get him within 50 feet of the boat until near the finish.

"I think these fish must take the spoon in a spirit of assault on some fancied enemy, for no food is ever found in the stomach of the salmon from the time it leaves the salt water, on its spawning trip up the river, until its return."

THE FIFTY-ONE POUNDER.



A DAY'S CATCH ON THE SPOKANE.

Mr. C. H. Kingsbury, writing of this fish says:

"The steel-head salmon, a fine variety, runs in the spring and is often speared in the little Spokane, a creek emptying into the Spokane river about 10 or 12 miles below the city. So far as I have learned the steel-head does not seem to have taken hook or bait of any description.

"The Chinook salmon begins to appear in the Spokane river in August. This year Mr. Seiffert opened the season August 20th, by taking two fine, silver salmon, weighing 13 and 14 pounds, and followed it up, about two weeks later, with the capture of the huge fellow already referred to."

In October, 1893, Messrs. Seifert and Seitenbach took, in one forenoon, fourteen fish, trout and salmon, weighing from 7½ to 16 pounds each, the aggregate weight being 145 pounds. These were taken at the same place as the big salmon and with the luminous spoon.

A picture of this string, and of the fortunate anglers, is shown on the opposite page.

FISH NOTES.

A Jewfish weighing 597 pounds is said to have been recently captured in a deep pool near Santa Maria Key, Hillsborough county, Fla, by a party of turtle hunters. The fish lived in a cavity under the bank and was said to be so large that it could not leave the hole, owing to the projection all round it of coralline rocks and the narrowness of the entrance.

The proper name of this species is June fish, because it appears near the shore about that time, preparatory to spawning; but, as usual, in our abbreviating habit, some of our people began to call it jewfish, and jewfish it remains, notwithstanding the fact that it has none of the characteristics of the Hebrew race.

A party of anglers who sought Ft. Myers, Fla., last winter in search of the bounding tarpon got into a dispute as to what was the proper name of the creature. They decided to submit the question to a writer on field sports in Florida. His decision was that the original name of the fish was *tarpum*, and that if priority of nomenclature had any claim to respectability that name should be retained. Some of the anglers agreed with him; others did not, and the result was amusing, for each side stuck to its favorite cognomen while discussing the fish.

"Grunting" is a favorite sport with Florida anglers during the summer. They anchor a boat on a deep, rocky bottom, put a fish or pork bait on a rather small hook, drop it overboard, and when it is taken by a grunt it is hauled aboard, and the grunt does the rest. The fish frequently grunt for half an hour or more after being caught.

Chas. Truax recently placed on exhibition in the Union League Club, Chicago, two brook trout weighing 7¼ and 7½ pounds respectively. They were caught in the Nepigon.

Quite a number of quail can now be found in eastern Minnesota. They were protected by law for three years and now bags of 20 to 40 are being made.

A Kingfish, weighing 31 pounds is reported to have been recently caught off Key Largo, Fla.

An Expert Opinion.—It is generally conceded that the *New York Herald* maintains as high a standard of literary merit as any newspaper in the world. Its criticisms of books, magazines and other literary productions are fearless and unbiased. Its good opinion cannot be bought. This paragraph was printed in the *Sunday Herald* of November 11th, 1894, in its department of book reviews:

> Recreation is a new monthly magazine published by G. O. Shields, New York. It is an aspirant for fame and fortune, and if we may judge by the first two numbers which have come to our table, it gives promise of success. As the name suggests, it is devoted mostly to out-of-door sports—fishing, hunting, cycling, photography and other subjects in which the people are interested. The field is a large one, and an illustrated work of this kind ought to win its way into popular favor, and gather about it a large clientele. It is edited with care and ability, and the variety of its contents appeals in a good many directions. We are glad to give it a cordial greeting, with the hope that in its maturity it will fulfill the promise of its beginning.

A BUFFALO DRIVE.

GEN. F. W. BENTEEN, U. S. A.

IN the autumn of 1870, the 7th U. S. Cavalry, in which I was then a captain, having guarded the construction forces that had built the Kansas Pacific Railway from Hays City, Kansas, to Denver, had left the railroad fully established and the battalion was *en route* to our different posts fo rthe severe winter then close at hand.

Early in the course of the march we discovered, to our left, an immense herd of buffaloes. I said to Captain Satterlee Plummer, of the regiment, "We will get permission from the commanding officer to drive that herd along with the battalion and have all the fresh meat we want, close to camp at night, thus saving the necessity of sending out for meat, in case there should be no buffaloes near camp."

Plummer was a young, bright, wiry fellow, "full of vinegar," and had but recently been transferred from the infantry to the cavalry arm of the service, yet I knew he was a rider, brave and bold, much of his skill as such having been acquired at the grand military academy of the United States. Being well mounted, I had not the slightest fear but that I could pilot him well and land the living meat where we could select and kill for our evening meal.

We two—no orderlies being taken—got to rear and leeward of the immense herd, and moved it, at first slowly, along; but after an hour or so it must have dawned on the old bulls of the outer skirmish line that they were not going in quite the right direction for them, as it was about the season for them to go south, while we wanted them with us, to the east. The stampede soon commenced. Then Captain Plummer and I had to go, by the superior speed of our horses, almost into the center of the moving mass, to keep them from starting on their southerly course too soon. Any one who has not been in the midst of such a herd of brutes can scarcely conceive of hunting in its immensity; though, bear in mind, we were not to, and did not fire a shot, yet we two were to drive the herd or some portion of it to camp. Our object in pushing into the herd was to get near enough to the leaders to direct their course. If we remained behind them only the rear guard of the moving mass would know or feel our presence and the leaders would swing off.

We kept them moving, at a gently rolling gallop, but were careful not to frighten them unnecessarily, nor to work them into a genuine stampede.

It was exciting and perilous work, this riding into and becoming part of the vast sea of robes. Sometimes the great beasts would crowd us so hard as almost to lift our horses from the ground but the brave old chargers stood the ordeal nobly, kept cool and yielded implicitly to every signal from their riders. More than once we had to flay the buffaloes nearest us with our quirts in order to keep them from embracing us too fervently. The heat and dust generated by the herd were almost unbearable, but the sport, the excitement, the experience, were worth to us all the discomfort we had to undergo.

The only real danger was that our horses might fall on the rough ground, from stepping into a wolf, badger or prairie-dog hole, and owing to the immense clouds of dust which were raised by the buffaloes in their flight it was difficult to give the horses any assistance in avoiding them. In fact, I knew that my horse needed none of my assistance, and Captain Plummer's was evidently of the same good hunting stock.

The result was that we landed some thousands of our herd sufficiently close to camp. Then Plummer and I did the slaughtering act and the wagons brought the meat in. We killed only fat young cows and calves.

GALLERY OF GOOD DOGS.

I.

CHAMPION MAJOR MC KINLEY.

Winner in 1893 of first at Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis and Washington. In 1894 he won first in Challenge Class, at New York and Chicago, and first in Special Class, at Chicago. He is owned by South Bend Kennels, South Bend, Ind., and is generally admitted to be one of the best Great Danes in America.

Omaha, Neb.

Editor Recreation :

I have just returned from a fairly successful hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains. Had intended to spend a month there but my hunting companion concluded he must return home at the end of twenty days, and not caring to hunt alone, I came out with him. I had intended to devote the latter part of my stay to bear hunting especially, but under this arrangement did not succeed in finding any. We got all the elk we wanted. The mountains were literally alive with hunting parties, from all over the country. The Shoshone and Bannock Indians had hunted all through the range during the summer, in larger numbers than usual. We could not find a game range anywhere that they had not overrun.

Is there not some way in which this slaughter by the Indians can be stopped? As a rule these "wards of the nation" do not hunt for meat but are merely after a little spending money and take only the pelts, leaving the carcases to rot.

I have called this matter to the attention of several of our Congressmen, but find it difficult to get them interested in any subject affecting the general good. I wish some definite plan could be decided upon, by which all sportsmen throughout the country could act in unison, in order that something might be accomplished before it is too late.

Formerly the Jackson's Hole country was one of the best hunting grounds in the west but it has been sadly over hunted of late and is no longer attractive.

W. B. H.

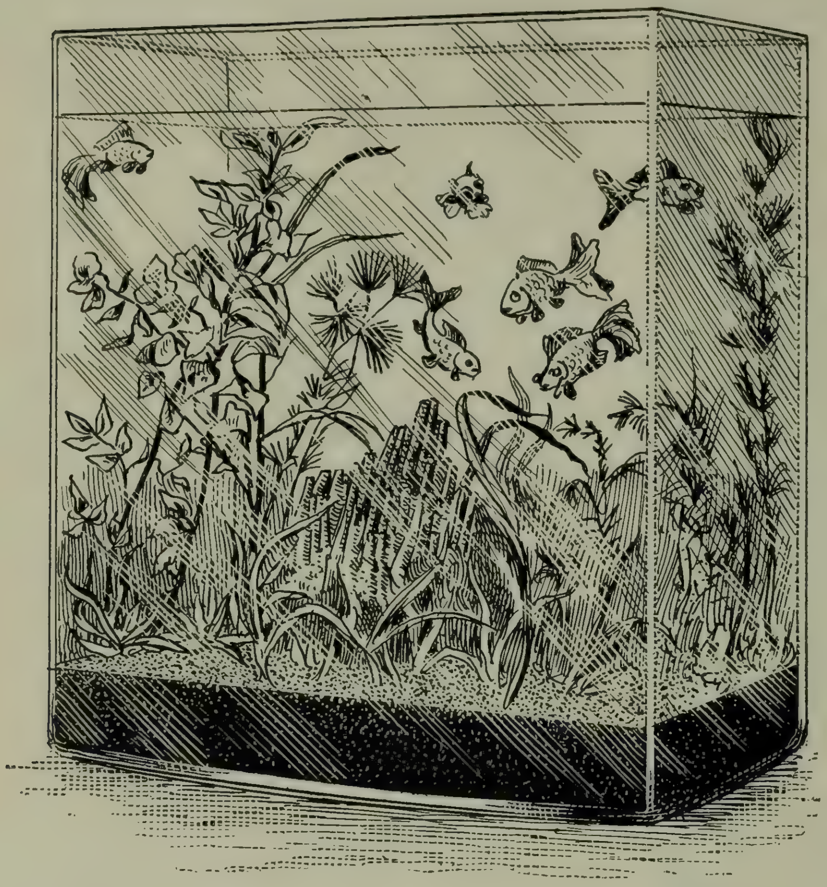
The Devils Lake region, in North Dakota, is famous among sportsmen for the fine wild fowl shooting it affords. A friend who has just returned from there reports excellent sport on ducks. Geese also in great numbers but flying high, on account of the fine weather, so that no big bags could be made at that time. While at the same place last year with a friend, they were favored one day with perfect conditions for goose shooting and bagged sixty-four in two hours. This year the party left here via the Great Northern; left it at Church's Ferry and went into camp near the west arm of the lake. As an illustration of the sport to be had it may be noted that they killed about 40 chickens, 11 geese and 27 ducks, mostly canvas backs and mallards, besides five or six jack rabbits, while on the way back to town after breaking camp.

The fishing season (May to Nov.) bl 1894 in Colorado, especially on the Gunnison river and its tributaries, has oeen very successful. The killing of farge trout with the fly, ranging from three to seven pounds, is unprecedented.

All weight records have been broken in Colorado, by H. M. Bostwick, of Denver, 8¾ lbs ; and E. B. Shore, of Gunnison, 10¼ lbs ; both Rainbows, and captured with No. 6 Coachman fly, from the Gunnison river.

SUMMER—AN AQUARIUM STORY.

MARK SAMUEL.



THE SELF-SUSTAINING AQUARIUM.

PROMPT to the minute, Harry, and I am glad to see you. Step softly, please, for we must not wake my brother yet. You know he does not care as much for an aquarium as you and I do."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll go Indian fashion. You shan't hear a rustle."

"Walk right in here. This is my little study. That is the aquarium over by the window."

"It's a daisy piece of glass, ma'am, but where's the seams?"

"Oh, that aquarium has no seams, Harry. It is all one piece of glass. A friend brought it from abroad for me."

"A lady friend? It must uv cost a heap."

"I er—er—I don't know. Harry, but come, you must not ask too many questions, or I shall forget some of the things I have to do. You know in fitting an aquarium you have to think of nearly everything under the sun. If you forget the least little thing that has to be done the 'balance' is upset."

"And down comes the cradleum taddy and all eh, ma'am?"

"Pretty nearly, Harry. Now, you had better pay close attention, or you will forget some of my instructions when you try to fit up your aquarium. If you don't understand what anything is for, just ask me."

"First, you will notice the aquarium stands in the north window where it will not get too much light. Now, just carry this pail of white river sand over to the hydrant for me and let the water run through it while you stir it, just as grandma did the plum pudding."

"Certainly. How much sand do you need?"

"Enough to spread evenly over the bottom, to a depth of two inches, for the roots of the plants to run in."

"Now, let me see, over in that rear left hand corner of the aquarium, I shall place this bushy green plant that recently came from South Carolina."

"Pickaninny plant, eh? What do you call it?"

"Fanwort, or *cabomba.* Do you know, Harry, each aquarium plant has some peculiar feature from which it gets its name. Do you notice anything special about this one?"

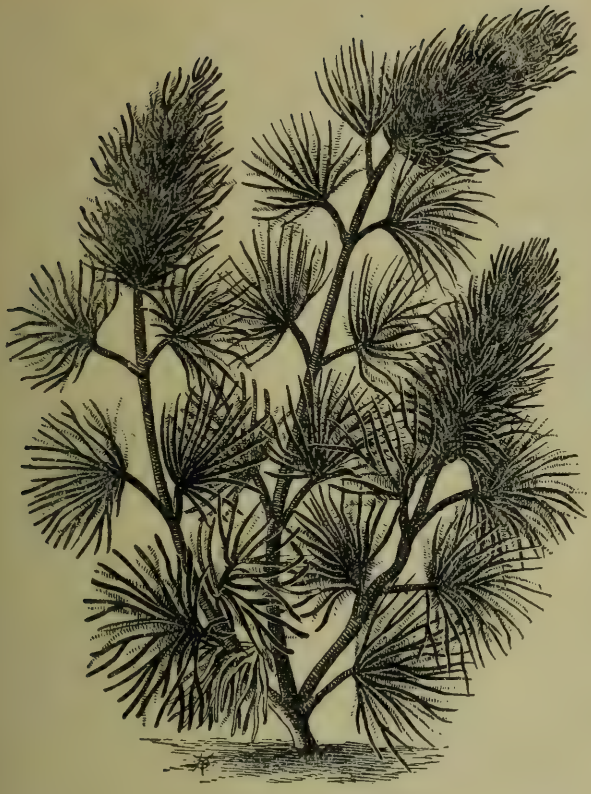
"Yes, ma'am; each leaf looks just like those Japanesey palm leaf fans."

"You are right, so it is called fanwort. Wort means weed."

"In the rear right hand corner I think this bunch of willow-moss will look particularly well where it can droop over my rockery. Oh! I didn't show you my rockery yet, did I? I am sure you cannot guess what it is made of."

"Yes, I can, ma'am. It's a large red clay castle, or a man of the sea in china"

"Indeed it is not. I cannot bear those



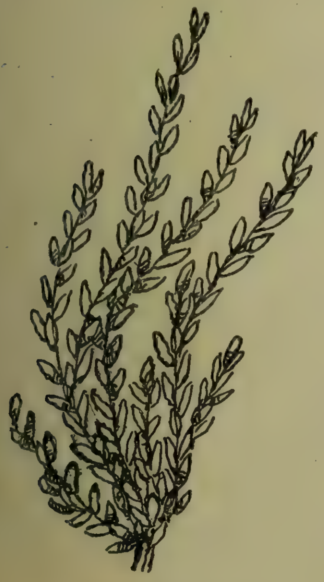
FANWORT (*Caboma.*)]

unnatural looking toys most people put in the aquarium. No; there it is. A natural water formation called tuffstone."

"On one side of it you will notice little fossil snails thousands of years old."

"Where are you going to put those Italian water plants you showed me the other day, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, my vallisneria. I shall place them just here, near the front glass, but they will not grow well in sand, so I will show you a little aquarium trick. In these small glass ointment pots the druggist let me have, I shall put some of the mud they grew in; place the roots in it so, and some sand and little stones over it like that, and then sink the pots out of sight in the bottom sand that way. Every one will wonder why my vallisneria flower so well indoors. Don't you tell, Harry."



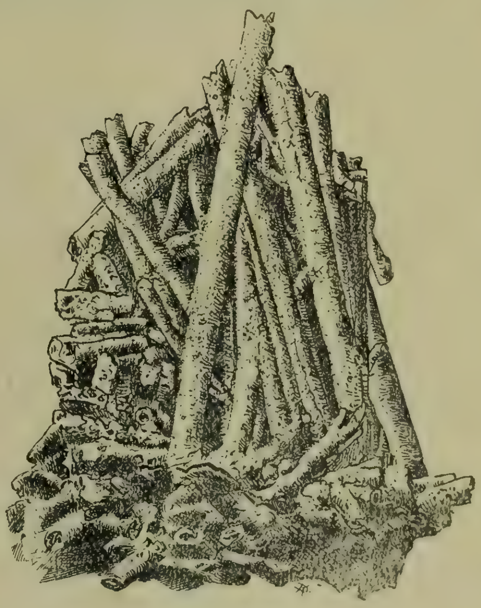
WILLOW MOSS. (*Fontinalis.*)

"Never, but why don't you just tie a stone around the plants and drop them in the water like I do?"

"That would never do, my dear boy, it stops the circulation of sap, and all the leaves drop off in a little while. I find it makes the plants grow and look better to place them separately, with little pebbles on the roots to keep them down, and then cover the pebbles with damp sand."

"I see, but what are you going to put in this corner? It looks awful bare."

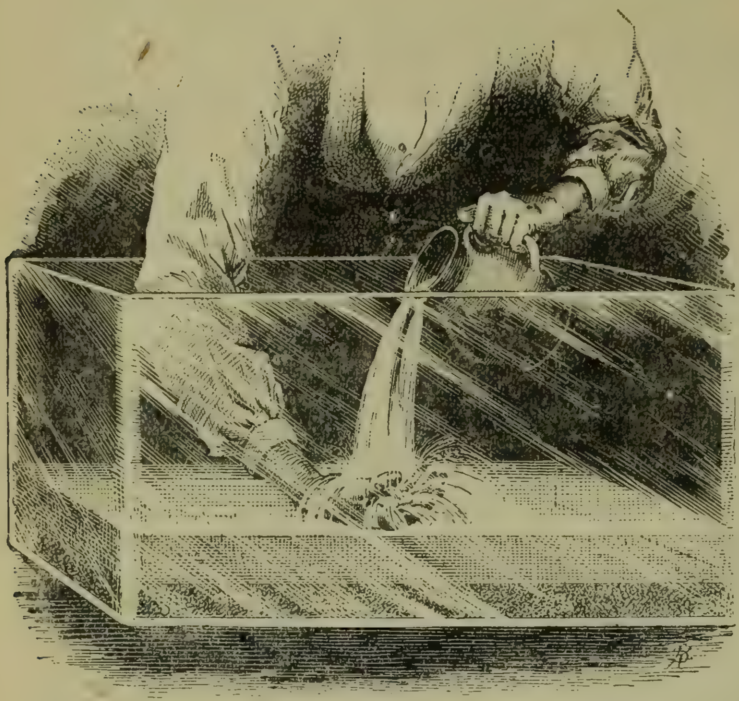
"In the right? This fine Anacharis, you remember, don't you? This is the plant that has those funny little hydra on it and all sorts of tiny water ani——"



TUFFSTONE.

"Why, what's that, ma'am? See it! It's walking right off in the water there. Gee! what a long train it has."

"That is one of the animals now. It is the caddis, and a very industrious person she is. In the spring she builds the funniest case you ever saw. Don't you remember, Harry, reading about her in "Water Babies?" How little Tom sometimes went into a still corner to watch the caddises eating dead sticks, as greedily as you would eat plum-pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were. One would begin with some pebbles, then she would stick on a piece of green wood; then she found a shell and stuck it on top and the poor shell was alive; then she stuck on a piece of



FILLING THE AQUARIUM.

rotten wood and then a very smart pink stone, and so on till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. I must hurry now and put in the water or my plants will all dry up. Pouring in the water needs a little care or it will roil the sand and get all cloudy. So I shall just put my hand in like this and pour the water gently on it, that way, as in the picture you see in my aquarium book. A few pebbles sprinkled promiscuously over the bottom, so. Now it looks more natural."

"Here's the fish ma'am. May I put them in?"

"Yes, Harry, only be careful. Take this dipnet; catch them one at a time, putting your hand over, to prevent the fish jumping, and gently place it in the water."

"Yes, that is the way. Now don't forget to lift Mr. and Mrs. Newt lightly by the tail."

"I will, ma'am. See 'em wriggle off eel fashion!"

"No! no! don't pull those snails off the can that way, you will kill them. Tap them gently, like this, and allow them time to curl up in their shells. There, now catch them in your net as they detach themselves. Lastly, place this floating duckweed on the water, and the fitting of the aquarium is completed."

"I don't yet see, ma'am, why the water's not to be changed for a year."

"No? Well, you see these plants, as long as they get light, produce oxygen or pure air for the fishes in the water to breathe, and they, like all animals, give off carbonic acid gas, which makes the plants grow and flower."

"But doesn't the water all dry up after a while? Of course it would if I did not add a little fresh water, twice a month, as it evaporates."

"Hello! little girl, you seem to be busy this morning. What are you up to now?"

"Why, Charlie, I never heard you come in. I hope we did not wake you?"

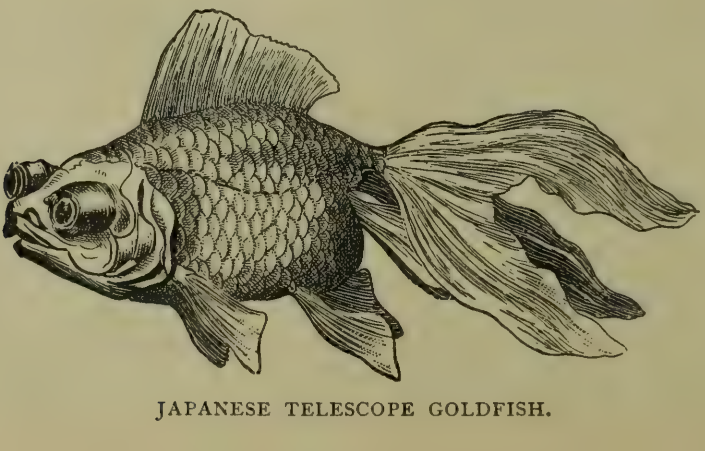
"I should say not. Look at the clock; whose's your little friend?"

"Oh! I thought you knew young Hillyer. Harry, my brother."

"A kindred spirit I suppose. Glad to see you, Harry. There, Sis. I came across these yesterday and thought you might like them."

"Oh! Charlie, how lovely of you! Why, they are exquisite. See, Harry. A pair of real Japanese fringetail and telescope goldfishes. Such beauties, too."

"My aquarium will be the handsomest in New York."



JAPANESE TELESCOPE GOLDFISH.

CANVIDASBACK SHOOTING ON PUGET SOUND.

J. C. Nattrass.

If I were asked, what form of hunting I preferred, I could not put my hand on my heart and say "this one," or "that one," without fear of changing my mind the next moment. All forms are good. It is about as Bill Osterman says, who on a certain occasion met a chance acquaintance on the road, who asked if the whiskey which he had offered him were good. Bill replied:

"Good? Why, Tom, there aint no bad whiskey! There's good whiskey? There's better whiskey! There's best whiskey! There aint no bad whiskey, Tom."

While not agreeing with this sentiment as applied to whiskey, yet when applied to hunting, I can say as Bill said, "It is all good!"

Canvasback shooting comes as near being the ideal sport as any. Given a good stand, a good blind, a congenial companion; a fair number of birds, a good gun and the rest of the world can take care of itself.

Possibly the best day's sport of my life was one spent in the marshes of British Columbia, a few years since.

A companion and myself were placed in secure blinds on the margin of a small celery grown lake. The combination was just right. Birds fairly plentiful and the surroundings all that could be desired. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was sinking behind the crest of a mountain in the west. The cold night-wind was moaning through the long prairie grass and cat-tails. The mountains on all sides loomed up black and funereal, and the jagged, snow capped crests took on a green tinge from the tinted clouds. A gentle ripple ruffled the bosom of the water. The canvas decoys bobbed their heads and tried to look as natural as possible. Wild fowl were astir and scurried over the marsh inland for their evening feed. It was growing late for decoy shooting, but the evening flight was about due.

"Now for a brief hour's sport."

My companion (one of nature's noblemen) raised his head above his blind cautiously and looked back over the prairie where a number of mallards were already chuckling over their repast in the marsh. Then he glanced northward, out towards the Fraser river, and disappeared. The wind brought down to our ears the boom of a heavy gun in the distance. There is a whistle overhead, we glance up hastily. It is only a pintail. A black speck comes down with the breeze; grows larger; takes shape and like a bullet passes over head out of range. A second object approaches, but lower down; it is a canvasback: it grows into shape; rushes straight for our blind, passes over; a steel tube emerges from my friend's blind; a stream of fire leaps up; a puff of smoke; a sharp crack and the lovely bird's head falls to its glossy breast; the wings close and to the ground it comes, dead.

"Good shot, old man!"

But, hush! here comes another. Like a black streak it flashes by within range of my gun. A fleeting glance is taken of the gamey head over the rib; the front sight is pushed a dozen feet ahead; the wood powder flashes; the powerful wings droop and with unchecked speed the dead body plunges downward into the grass with a thump that would tear a chicken asunder.

"Even up, old chap!"

"Yep, dang good shot!"

"Down you go!"

A rush of wings heralds the approach of another bird. It swerves out of range, swings upward and plunges in a sharp incline downward with a splash into the water.

The prairie grows black. The wind whistles more shrill. The flight grows fast and incessant of mallard, teal, widgeon, butterballs and a stray canvas, with here and there a pintail. A band of geese show up, black against the darkening clouds. The frequent squawks of mallard on the prairie prove that the tender shoots and grasses are toothsome. A noble mallard drake skims over on set wings. A snapshot from my gun knocks a few feathers out of his tail and serves to hasten his gait, amid a great squawking of fright. With wildly beating wings he climbs up, but a puff of smoke from the other blind drives a cloud of feathers from his side, which float off on the wind like a shower of snow. His green head drops; he whirls over and comes down in the grass.

"One on you, young feller!" he chuckles.

"Don't crow yet. I'll get even with you!" was the reply in excellent good humor.

"Whiz!" "Bang!" "Splash!"

"Whiz!" "Bang!" "Bang!"

That one got away. And so it went, some shots cutting the birds down others failing. Guns boom in the distance at intervals. Close at hand a sullen, disjointed report proclaims the presence of a siwash with his antiquated, two-story musket. The fire of several guns is visible across the marsh. At the base of a mountain a light twinkles and the lonely bark of a dog discloses a solitary habitation. The shooting must cease. Night is near at hand. "But, wait! here come some geese. Five of them. Big fellows and low down. They beat their wings heavily overhead and four reports echo against the mountain sides. Two dark forms come to earth with thumps and we rush out and gather up eight canvas, one mallard, one pintail, two geese.

Our pipes are drawn, filled and lit. We shake hands. Our pleasure is sincere. A more exquisite hour's sport never fell to our lot.

"Not much of a bag!"

"Why, bless your dear heart, the bag cuts no figure." I've had more sport, lots of times, out of a brace of well killed birds than if hundreds had been slaughtered. The "hot comers" have always disappeared on my approach. What do we care about a well filled bag? I've hunted nearly all kinds of game, from Illinois to Puget sound, and never yet made a big bag.

Given proper surroundings, a congenial companion, a moderate number of birds and—"I love my worst enemy. I can forgive the man who poisoned my dog."

"All hail, proud canvasback! May you never go where the buffalo went! May your bronzed plumage and the whiz of your pinions gladden the hearts of our children's children! May posterity's claim upon such thrilling moments of sport be observed and the ruthless hand of reckless slaughter be stayed ere it is too late and such grand birds be only a memory. May the hunter's hand and eye lose their cunning before extermination is complete!"

"Shall we not be warned? Shall this king of birds, and his first cousin—the mallard—be allowed to perpetuate his species!"

"Make it your business brother sportsmen, to hammer away at the legislators, sportsmen, hunters, laymen and the youth, until proper protection is assured!"

"From this most extreme northwest corner of the Union—where wild fowl are almost as scarce as in the eastern states, and where there are hundreds of birds now as compared with thousands a few years since— the voice of warning is raised to plead for temperance and moderation, for protection and the rights of our successors, that they, too, may know such moments of pleasure.

BICYCLING.

A REVIEW OF '94.

MAURICE GREEN.

A retrospect of the cycling season of 1894, brings to mind much that is gratifying. Looking back to the opening of the season in March, there can be distinguished a new life in the sport that was never before so generally apparent. Early in the season many predicted a small advance in the sport, owing to the business depression, but that they largely erred is evident on every side.

For years our unequalled diversion has gradually spread over this broad land, but never before has there been so favorable a gain in one short season. It can be truthfully said that more interest is apparent in cycling throughout the country to-day than in any other sport. A few years ago the general public gave small recognition to the numerous sports that sought favor among the common classes. Of course the success of the wheel is due largely to its utility. It is strange such a long time was necessary for it to obtain a footing, but its place is now secure.

In the amount of business done by the large wheel makers we have, perhaps, the best evidence that 1894 has been the most propitious year of all. There is no longer a lack of confidence among the manufacturers. They have abundant assurance that the demand for wheels will continue to increase, though to some extent they have known this for several years. Millions of dollars will be invested in new plants in the near future. The bicycle seems to be about perfect, but there is promise of further improvement for the approaching year. The gentlemen of the city has found that a 25 to 26 pound wheel affords him the most healthful and pleasurable means of traversing the smooth streets, and on this he obtains enjoyable recreation in a simple way.

It is pleasing to know that women are equally progressive and that thousands of them now delight in the wheel as much as men do. The question of the modesty, or immodesty, of wheeling has nearly ceased to be a question among sensible women.

The season has been considered, thus far, with regard to the practical usage of the wheel, which embodies a small degree of sport. Now we grow enthusiastic. The real sport comes next in order. The racing of this year has been far superior to that of other seasons, and we have had a great deal more of it than heretofore. Almost every city has had a "meet" or at least a road-race, and great local interest in the sport has been the result. The crack racing men became popular everywhere. That class B. aggregation has been decidedly attractive. They traveled to the principal cities and gained much popularity. The names of the fast riders are familiar among lovers of outdoor sports and there is no pleasanter rivalry in athletics than that which exists among the big men of the American path.

There is no rider whom the people are yet ready to crown champion. The many races have brought out no one rider who is really superior to the rest. At one meet one man has won a sweeping victory, but he was almost sure to lose his glory a few days later. Last year A. A. Zimmerman was the undisputed premier and was more popular than any other rider. There is no one here now to occupy his place, and by many it is thought he would not have held it had he remained at home. Those familiar with his work abroad hold different opinions. The champion did not lose his spurt, and the manner in which he conquered his competitors is enough to warrant the belief that there is still no flyer who is wholly his equal.

This year has developed a number of fast men—record breakers—some of whom hold high rank, but who have at times temporarily lost their lead.

There has been great rivalry among the manufacturers' racing teams, and early in the season, the competitive spirit unfortunately brought dishonesty into racing, which was curbed by the L. A. W. racing board. Cycle racing is one of the most popular and exciting sports of the day and in future will be still more so.

An interesting portion of the time devoted to cycling is that which follows the racing season, when record trials are in order. The records made this year, so far, are marvelous. Reports of the performances of Johnson, Bliss, Tyler, Sanger and Titus, sound almost incredible. They are the fastest riders in the world. While Titus has made some creditable short-distance records, he is conspicuous chiefly on account of his long-distance work. His performance of 26 miles 1,489 yards in the hour was the greatest surprise of the year. When L. S. Meintjes made the record for the hour last year, on the Springfield track, the thousands present little dreamed that from among the impetuous American riders would develop one capable of even approaching the record of the South African ; yet Titus has not only lowered the hour record, but has reduced that for every distance above seven miles.

The accomplishments of the short distance riders are also remarkable. Johnson, Tyler, Bliss, Ziegler and Brown are prominent on the record list. Their speed is astonishing, as is shown by the following table :

Distance.	Time.	Rider.	
¼ miles.	23 sec.	J. S. Johnson.	Flying Start.
⅓ “	32⅖ “	“	“ “
½ “	51⅖ “	“	“ “
⅔ “	1 min. 11⅘ “	“	“ “
1 “	1 “ 48⅗ “	H. C. Tyler,	“ “
2 “	4 “ 3 “	“	“ “
3 “	6 “ 26⅗ “	J. S. Johnson,	Standing Start.
4 “	8 “ 38⅗ “	“	“ “
5 “	10 “ 48⅘ “	“	“ “

The above list is not complete, as there is a confusing array of records made under various conditions, but it will give a fair idea of what has been accomplished on the wheel this year. The principal records are given in the table, and they were all made on standard tracks.

Track work is the most popular feature of our sport, for the public, but of late it has shown great interest in the long distance road events. Enough encouragement has been given to the hardy road riders to make it certain that in the future there will be much prominence attached to their performances.

The close approach that some of the American long distance riders have made to the performances of famous foreign riders, is a subject for national pride. The accomplishments of Smith, Searle, Stanwood, Wylie and Wolfe, have come in the order of surprises and henceforth much attention will be paid to their efforts. Indeed, every view of the past season's progress in wheeling is favorable and we shall look forward to the opening of the season of 1895 with great confidence.

CYCLING NOTES.

The remarkable records made this year have caused many to doubt the honesty of some of them, and the probable result will be the appointment of official timers by the L. A. W. at its next general assembly in February.

The approach of winter has practically ended the use of the wheel in the northern states, and no one more reluctantly gave up riding than the hardy long distance road rider.

Louisville, Ky., now has what is probably the best cycle track in the world, it being a three lap structure, the surface of which is cement. It is expected that many records will be made and broken on it in '95.

There have been several creditable 24-hour performances in the United States this year, but none have equaled Louis Gimm's record of 383¾ miles. This record, however, is far below the world's record, which stands at 437 miles, or thereabouts.

Miss Annis Porter, of Chicago, rode last month 15 miles at a 3-minute clip, which was too fast for some male riders who attempted to go with her.

J. F. Gunther, of Chicago, has 85 century bars, and gained 35 of them in a remarkable fashion. He rode the 3,500 miles in thirty consecutive days, during which he made 1,000 miles in five days.

Judging from the amount of attention given to the building of wheels for women, the makers anticipate an increased demand next year for that style of machine.

Johnson's straight-away mile started the fever for that style of riding and it is said several such rides will be made in the south during the winter.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

To Advertisers: The rates for advertising in Recreation will be doubled on January 1st. They were made before there was any such magazine and when there was nothing to show for it but a dummy of blank paper. I had then no subscription list and no trade with news companies. I have now over 1,200 actual paid subscribers, and the American News Company is buying 2,300 to 2,500 copies a month. New subscribers are coming in at the rate of 25 to 35 a day. The editions for October, November and December were 5,000 copies each. Of the January number at least 10,000 copies will be printed. Advertising space is therefore easily worth twice as much now, as when the first number was issued. Space may be contracted any time prior to January 1st, at present rates.

Thoughtful business men readily see the importance of making their announcements through so clean, bright, breezy, handsome and artistic a publication as this. It appeals to and is read by the best people everywhere. This is self evident. Its subscription list already includes 234 physicians, 212 merchants, 168 lawyers, 179 bankers, 157 railway officers, 5 judges of supreme courts, 3 members of congress, etc. Such men are able to buy what they want. If you wish to reach the best classes of sportsmen, as well as laymen, advertise in Recreation.

Recreation for January will be a treat to all who are fortunate enough to read it. Among the leading features are: "A Story of the Modoc War," by Lieutenant C. B. Hardin, U. S. A., a thrilling recital of one of the strangest and most novel adventures that ever befell a soldier; "Wing Shooters at Sea," by C. F. Holder, author of "Marvels of Animal Life," "The Ivory King," etc.; "Saurian Hunters," by the well-known southern writer, J. Mortimer Murphy. President Bates writes, in his always racy and delightful style, of "The Giant Wolf of Bonaplace." This narrative deals with an episode of the civil war and depicts rural life in Iowa 30 years ago. John Bowman tells an interesting story of "Trouting on the Nepigon." "A Woman's First Mallard," is a charming story of duck shooting on the famous St. Clair flats, by Mrs. C. S. Baxter. In "The Blue Heron and the Muskalonge," Mary Reid Mann tells of life in the great Wisconsin forests; and Hon. Herschel Whitaker, president of the Michigan Fish Commission, tells an amusing story of "How he was Left." "Goose Shooting on Lake Champlain," is lucidly and tersely described by Frank S. Ballard, and "A Cycling Romance," by Miss C. H. Thayer, is an amusing telegraphic account of a wheelman's summer outing.

Seven of these stories will be richly illustrated, from photographs, and from drawings by J. Carter Beard, D. B. Keeler and others. Besides, there will be the usual fund of interesting information in the departments of Bicycling, Fish and Fishing, Game Notes, etc.

Don't fail to see the January number of Recreation.

Any Lady who is pondering over the problem as to what to give her husband, her father, her son, her brother, or some other girl's brother, for a Christmas present, can relieve her mind to a great extent, by sending his name and $1. to Recreation. Whether he be a sportsman or not he will enjoy reading this magazine and looking at its pictures.

The Portraits shown on the first page of this number of Rrcreation are those of Mr. L. C. Ivory, of the New York Camera Club, and his friend, Mr. Walter L. Pierce. The moose was killed by Mr. Ivory near Line Lake, Province of Quebec, in the autumn of 1893. To Mr. Ivory is due the credit of making the photograph, although he is one of the figures therein; he having posed, focussed the group, and instructed a friend as to pressing the bulb. Mr. Ivory is one of the most skillful amateur photographers in the country. I have in hand several other of his pictures which are beauties, and which will be reproduced in future issues of Recreation.

If you know of any way in which Recreation can be improved say so. Suggestions in this line are especially desired and will be carefully considered.

Mr. Harvey M. Harper, one of the model sportsmen of Chicago, has opened law offices at 112 Dearborn street. He is a brilliant young man, a scholar, a gentleman and a hustler. He is sure to succeed in the legal profession.

Commander McCalla, of the Navy, licked a contractor for charging the government a higher price for hay than he was charging other people. The officer is under arrest and is likely to be court martialed. Instead of being punished for this action, he should be promoted to the grade of admiral.

Game Constables John Lisk, Jr., and Robert Brown, Jr., arrested six alleged sportsmen, on Staten Island, for shooting robins ; 103 birds being found in their possession. They were fined $5 for each bird. Only one of the six could pay his fine ; the others were sent to jail. They pleaded ignorance of the law, but hereafter will know as much about game laws as any body.

The New York daily papers have been stirring up some of the wild cat irrigation schemes of the west. There are others that need it and they will no doubt be looked after in time. There are at least two of these companies who are known to have defrauded their own employes of hard earned wages ; yet they are trying to induce eastern people to buy and settle on their lands. The sooner such companies are exposed the better.

Recreation is planning an exhibit of its own, at the sportsmen's exposition, next spring. It intends to build a typical hunter's cabin, and to furnish it completely for occupancy. On the walls will hang 19 game heads, ranging from that of a cayote to that of a bull moose —all killed by the editor of Recreation. There will also be shown his collection of ancient and modern arms, numbering about 60 pieces. There will be several robes and rugs, pictures of hunting scenes, some mounted birds and fishes, etc., some chairs, benches, ice water and possibly cig—but of this later on.

It is a long time, yet, till Christmas, but Recreation takes old Father Time by the soap lock, so to speak, and wishes its 20,000 readers the usual ancient, patent inside, stereotyped Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, &c. I mean this just as earnestly as if it were spread out over a whole page.

A Fishing Tackle Dealer on Broadway, advertises in only one paper, and gets mad and growls, like a bear with a sore head, when asked to place an advertisement in any other paper. He keeps two or three clerks and these are sometimes interrupted by some one who wants to look at something. Hartley & Graham, just across the street, advertise in nearly all the sportsmen's papers. They keep about 75 clerks, and these are busy from morning till night, selling goods to their thousands of customers. The Lord loveth a cheerful advertiser.

Blair, Neb.

Editor Recreation :

What is land worth now, in the Pecos valley of New Mexico ? E. B. W.

Ans.—I have lately sold a section of as good land as there is there for $1.60 an acre. This tract adjoins the town of Hagerman, on the railway; is under the irrigating canal, is ditched and ready for cultivation. It cost me $4.25 an acre, but I am mighty glad to get rid of it, even at this heavy loss.

The first prospectus of the Sportsmen's Exposition, to be held at Madison Square Garden, in May next, has just been issued. It sets forth the plan for organizing and conducting the great show and gives valuable information for intending exhibitors.

A diagram of the Garden is given, showing the allotment of spaces at the disposal of those desiring them. Several assignments have already been made, and the sooner you apply the better location you will get.

Copies of these documents, and any other information desired, can be had by addressing Frederic S. Webster, Seretary, 106 East 23d street, New York.

Your Friend Says So.—A number of sportsmen have sent in the names and addresses of their friends, with the request that sample copies of Recreation be sent them. If you have received a copy of the magazine, that you have not ordered, rest assured it is through the courtesy of some friend of yours who is anxious to contribute to your pleasure. Show your appreciation of his attention by sending in your subscription at once.

FROM THE GAME RANGES.

THE DIXIE CLUB.

Town Creek, Ala.

Editor Recreation :

The abundance of red foxes, and the pleasant conditions existing in North Alabama, has induced representative hunters, of several Southern states, to participate there in an annual camp hunt. North Alabama abounds in large plantations, has numerous small creeks, and enough timber and cover to insure an abundance of foxes. The game is easily started, and is frequently killed. Sometimes the foxes go into hollow logs, when closely pursued, but can be easily dislodged if desired. The last camp hunt, terminating September 16th, was an exceptional success. Hounds of nearly every strain were there, and some chases were had which tested their speed and endurance to the utmost. The hunters present were so thoroughly convinced that North Alabama was the best possible place to test the speed and stamina of the American fox hound, that a club was determined upon for that purpose. The Dixie Red Fox Club was organized September 16th, 1894, with 20 members. The officers are: Dr. I. F. DeLong, president, Rowland, Ala.; W. J. Spears, vice-president, Ingram Mills, Miss.; J. Iverton Ewin, 2d vice-president, Florence, Ala.; Captain Jno. A. Turner-Athens, Ala., master of hunt, and Jno' H. Wallace, Jr., Town Creek, Ala., secretary and treasurer. The membership fee is only $1. The expenses of the club will be light. Members are desired from all the States, and from Canada' and all interested in the development of the fox-hound are invited to correspond with the secretary. The members of this club propose to chase the red fox on his native heath, and by a careful system of judging, to arrive at definite conclusions as to what qualities constitute the best type of the American fox-hound. Rowland, Limestone county, Ala., the place selected for the first annual meeting, in October, 1895, is believed to be the most favorable place that could be found in the United States for this purpose. Rowland is near the junction of the L. & N. and E. T. V. & G. railroads, seven miles north of Decatur, and five miles south of Athens, Ala. Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of all members and guests, at the low rate of $1 a day, and good horses can be hired at $1 a day.

Two stake races are offered; an all age pack stake, and a puppy race for hounds under twenty months old. Entrance in each $1.00 and purse amount of entrance fees. A copy of the constitution and by-laws of The Dixie Red Fox Club will be sent to persons desirous of becoming members, address

Jno. H. Wallace, Jr., Secretary,

CHICAGO AND ELSEWHERE.

B. W. G.

W. J. Littlejohn, western manager of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, and Mr. Whittemore, of the Evanston Outing Club, with several friends from the east, recently made a raid on the geese and ducks of the Dakota prairies. It was either too wet inside of their private car, or the weather was too fine outside, for good shooting. Their total score numbered only about 200 birds.

Ex-Mayor Henry R. Baker, Colonel Raymond G. Mowrey and Thos. A. Jenckes, of Providence, R. I.; Clinton J. Mills, of New York, and others, have gone to the Black Hills, in a private car, over the C., B. & Q. railway. I have not heard from them since they left here, but presume there will be little game in the Hills by the time they return.

I met Dr. J. J. Noll and wife, of New York, in the Rockies, in September, and later on saw them in St. Paul. They have usually been successful in their western hunting, but in this case their guide proved a failure. However, the Doctor got a mountain lion.

Mr. P. R. Woodford, of the Evanston Outing Club, returned from the upper peninsula of Michigan lately, and reports more deer and more hunters than have been seen there for many years. His party of eight got sixteen deer.

D. A. Mudge, W. A. Hollabird and C. A. Matthews, also of the Evanston Outing Club, visit the Gaylord Club house in Wisconsin, every spring and fall. They have just returned, but owing to the non-export game law, had to leave behind them six deer which they had killed.

W. H. Bartlett and J. M. Allen, of Chicago, have just returned from Wisconsin, where they went in quest of ducks, but the fine weather which prevailed kept all but a few of the birds out of reach.

W. L. Vance and Thomas A. Creighton (Evanston Outing Club) had good shooting at Gull lake, Michigan, bagging 173 ducks in two days.

Jos. Cochran, of the Chicago Board of Trade, reports ducks and geese plentiful at Bismark, Dakota.

"Skip" Frazier of Evanston, killed a large juicy black bear in northern Wisconsin, and has been eating bear steak for breakfast ever since. He says there's nothing like it for building up muscular tissue.

"Uncle Bill" Hubbard, an old and enthusiastic sportsman—likewise an Evanstonian—shot a small buck, early in the season—also in the shoulder—but failed to bag the buck as he was after birds at the time and was not loaded for big game. Number seven shot is all right for ruffed grouse, but is not effective for large, dark, colored animals, at any great distance.

A Wyoming guide writes me that Messrs. Sommerley, Barrett, Jenckes and Eaton "got a head apiece," but does not say whether they got them by good shooting or whether from using too much bottled fish bait.

A party of six Chicago sportsmen killed several deer in the upper peninsula of Michigan, placed them in their trunks, or in boxes, and had them checked to Chicago, when a game warden, a constable and a justice of the peace interfered and objected to the venison's leaving that state. The hunters were assessed fifty dollars each, and costs, the aggregate amounting to $348.

A friend in Bismark writes me that the chicken shooting near Dawson, North Dakota, was excellent at the opening of the season, but as nine out of ten shooters who have gone from Chicago during the season have headed for that point, a report from there now would no doubt be of an entirely different nature.

I simply write these items to give the Chicago correspondent of *Forest and Stream* an opportunity to say they were all cribbed from that paper.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.

F. A. CLARK.

Professor F. C. Fowler, one of the leading sportsmen of this section, while shooting on his duck preserve, bagged a pair of mallards. These are a rarity in Middlesex county. The wild rice and celery sown in the marsh and pond by the Professor is, no doubt, the bait which drew them.

Partridges and woodcocks are reported plentiful in this state, 17 having been bagged in a day by two guns. Quails are not so numerous, or else manage to elude the guns by seeking shelter on forbidden ground, which is to be found everywhere in Connecticut.

Messrs. Roselle, Banning, Mosier, and twenty other sportsmen, of Hadlyme, gave an old fashioned hunting party and supper last year; the modus operandi is to choose sides and shoot two days, each kind of game scoring a certain number of points per head. At the end of the two days the game of each side is counted and the party scoring the lowest number of points pays the expense of the supper, the ladies, of course, preparing the game for the table. The affair met with so much success that it was repeated this year. The shooting was done on October 23d and 24th, and the supper given at Comstock's hall, on the 25th, with such pronounced success that it has been decided to make it an annual event.*

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*A decidedly unsportsmanlike practice, long since abandoned by all progressive clubs, and it is hoped these Connecticut gentlemen will never again indulge in it.—ED.

J. P. Sueyd, with his brother Sam., of Philadelphia, and brother-in-law Spencer, shot three coons from one tree, one day last month. The men were on Mt. Parnassus, near Bashan pond, and, coming to a chestnut tree which was well supplied with nuts, decided to gather some. Spencer climbed the tree for the purpose of shaking it, and when part way up, saw the tail of an animal hanging from a limb above. Sam unhitched at the bunch above the tail with fine shot, and it is an open question as to which was the most surprised, the two sleeping coons which composed the bunch, or the hunters. However, the coons recovered their wits first, and took a sneak up aloft, but were soon tumbled by well directed charges of heavy shot. Elated at their success the hunters proceeded to pick up chestnuts. After awhile Spencer said he wondered if there weren't more coons up there. Sure enough, on investigation, a third one was discovered in the top of the tree. Some more target practice was then indulged in and a lucky shot brought him down.

SPOKANE AND THE FAR WEST.

C. H. KINGSBURY.

Messrs. Cockrell and Gordon had an enjoyable day's shooting at Pleasant Valley, Montana, on the Great Northern line. They bagged 63 ducks and a number of grouse. They report blue grouse and ruffed grouse in large numbers, and plenty of deer, bear and other big game in the hills and mountains thereabouts.

In the establishment of Withers Bros., taxidermists, are to be seen two recently dressed robes of musk oxen. The fortunate owner is Mr. S. Malterner, who recently penetrated the wilds of the northwest territory in search of the musk ox. His point of departure from the railway was Edmonton, reached by a branch of the C. P. R., north from Calgary.

F. K. McBrown, Geo. Dodson and Dr. Russell have just returned from their trip to Crab creek, on the line of the Great Northern. They bagged 285 ducks.

Mr. John W. Withers, of the firm of Withers Bros., taxidermists, Riverside avenue, Spokane, Wash., is a practical sportsman and will be glad to furnish any information or assistance in his power to sportsmen visiting that place. I can recommend them as entirely trustworthy and honorable in their business dealings, and any information they may give will, I feel sure, be reliable and accurate.

Reliable parties from Daisy. on the Columbia river, west of Springdale, report game plentiful. The woods are said to full of grouse, deer and bear.

PITTSBURG AND THEREABOUTS.

K.

Gray squirrels are plentiful in western Pennsylvania this year. The mast crop is good, especially chestnuts, on the mountain ridges, and this has brought the game in from other portions of the country.

The visitors to the Cheat Mountain game preserves have been unusually successful this fall in deer hunting. Bear and turkeys are also reported plentiful on the beech ridges. Game fishes are increasing rapidly in the Ohio river, thanks to the good work of the game wardens. If the work is kept up we shall have fine fishing in a few years, in all our rivers.

The McKean Club members are having fine sport at their reservation 12 miles below Pittsburg. Quails are abundant and this shows what can be accomplished by stocking farms with these birds and keeping the pot hunters away. Ruffed grouse also afford good sport on this preserve.

Black bass are increasing rapidly in our streams and some fine catches have been made this summer and fall.

The elk and deer in our parks are doing well, and are a source of great pleasure to those who have not had a chance to see them in their native wilds.

GAME NOTES.

BAKER CITY, ORE.

Editor RECREATION:

I saw enough sage hens yesterday, near Auburn, to load a freight wagon.

A rancher at Durkee, twenty-five miles south of here, told me he saw three big-horns, near there, Sunday.

Trout fishing at Florence lakes near here, is now the chief occupation of sportsmen.

I had a good laugh Sunday. We had dinner at a ranch, and there was some good venison on the table. I supposed the other chaps knew what it was and made no remarks until one said, "That is the best mutton I ever ate;" and the others said it was so much better flavored and more tender than mutton usually was. The rancher's wife nearly fainted and I didn't hesitate to smile, audibly.

About three weeks ago, an Indian, near Wetherby, forty miles south of here got a stand on a bunch of black tails and killed nineteen. Deer are reported plenty this season in the hills north of here.

M. W. MINER.

Dr. Clayton Parkhill, of Denver, recently made a hunting trip in the Rockies, mainly in search of bear, and writes that he was not so successful as he had hoped to be. He says: "The great mistake we made, I think, was in not taking our dress clothes with us." By this I presume he means that the mountains were so full of sportsmen that there was little game to be found, and that the principal occupation of the sportsmen was visiting with one another. However, it is not all of hunting to kill game and it is to be hoped that all sportsmen who are disappointed in finding it will, in time, learn to value this fact.

Hon. L. A. Huffman, of Miles City, Mont., writes, hurriedly, as follows:

"Took in a rainy day lately. Lonely bar on river; dozen mallard decoys; me; Colt gun you bought for me, years ago; oilskin and hip boots outside; just a drop inside; 'hit a rainin' and spittin' snow; didn't care a cuss; smoked a little and waited.

"Pretty soon, from the other side and a mile below, came 'clap-bang, clap-bang.' I knew then that the Wiley boys were operating at the old stand, on the slough. That stirred up half a dozen bunches. From my rye grass blind I got my dozen, all mallards but two. Sometime I may give you the story of it; also of the big, broad gauge buck we had the scrap with, right in the trail."

Mr. W. P. LETT, of Ottawa, Canada, writes: I arrived home safe from my hunting trip. Our party consisted of J. D. Roberts, Toronto; Charles Maltby, Montreal, and W. J. Johnstone, Dr. W. R. Bell, E. A. Black, S. A. K. Whiten, N. H. Lett, F. P. A. Lett, R. C. W. Lett and myself, all of Ottawa.

We hunted in the Opeongo country, in the Province of Ontario, and had a very pleasant time. Result, five deer, and about ninety partridges.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

I have used and tested nearly all the powders in the market—black and nitro—and notwithstanding all the talk about the cleanliness of the latter they do not equal, in this important point, my old favorite, the Dupont, No. 2 Eagle Duck powder. I have shot away many kegs of this within the past ten years, frequently firing 100 to 200 shots in a day, and have never found it necessary to clean my gun during a day's shooting.

At night I simply wipe out my gun with a dry brush and a rag, oil it with gunoleum, and it is ready for the next day's work. I have given this Dupont powder the most rigid tests in all kinds of work—at the trap, on salt water, on prairie chickens, snipe, quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, etc. Have never failed to stop the toughest old gander or the swiftest woodcock or grouse, if within a decent range and if the gun was held right. Neither have I ever had a miss fire that I could trace to any fault of the powder. Smoke? Well, the smoke has never troubled me. It makes but a little more than the nitro powders and I have never lost a bird from it that I can remember. I have several friends who profer Dupont's Crystal Grain powder, or Choke Bore, for different classes of shooting, but I stay by my old favorite the year round, and to this I attribute a great deal of my success.

H. G. W.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Hoofs, Claws and Antlers," is the title of a book published by Frank. S. Thayer, 1633 Blake street, Denver, Colorado. It is a collection of beautiful half-tone engravings, from photographs of big game and other wild animals of the Rocky Mountain region. The photographs were, in the main, made by Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Lay, Routt county, Colorado, who has been remarkably successful in photographing elk, deer, and antelope alive, on their native range. In this work he has been greatly aided by his wife, and the book is prefaced by the story, told jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, of how they made these pictures.

There are thirty-five full page plates, including buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain lion, or cougar, cayote, prairie dog, etc.

This is truly a magnificent work. Every sportsmen in the world should have a copy of it, and few indeed would be without it could they but have a glimpse of it. It will also be of interest and value to naturalists and to all lovers of God's most beautiful creatures, the deer and the antelope.

An "Author's Edition" of "The Oregon Trail" is among the valuable books of the year. Time can only enhance the worth of such a book. The graphic pictures of life on the western plains, among the Indians, of buffalo hunting, of the great, untamed prairies, of scenes that can never return, will increase in interest to the younger generations, who have no longer a frontier. A nation which has attained the highest type of civilization, living side by side with the savage aborigines of a country, presents a unique spectacle to the world. This has been perpetuated in the classic English of Francis Parkman, and every lover of history should be grateful to him. The new edition is illustrated by that incomparable artist of western scenes, Frederic Remington. The binding and press work are artistic, and the book would make a valuable holiday gift, especially for boys. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A dainty volume of wood life is "In Bird Land," by Leander S. Keyser, who writes of the birds because he loves them. In a graceful, charming style he tells us of the ways of these "feathered folk,'' whose homes he visited daily, whose habits he watched with deepest interest and whose tricks he observed often with surprise and amusement. The book is a collection of papers, without attempt at methodical arrangement, yet the acuracy of the author's observations makes it valuable to the scientific student, as well as delightful to the general reader. It is a book to be in every library. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $1.25.

"The Mountains of California," by John Muir, issued by the Century Co., New York, is elaborately illustrated and handsomely bound, as it deserves to be. To John Muir, the well known California naturalist, the mountains of his native state are as an open book. In the present volume he gives to the public the result of his long experiences in the Sierra Nevada range, describing the glaciers, glacial lakes and morains, the forests, floods and thunder storms, and the foot hills and bee forests of that wild region. It was John Muir who guided Ralph Waldo Emerson through the Yosemite Valley, and of whom Emerson said, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau."

"Rovings on Land and Sea," by Captain Henry E. Davenport, is one of the Dearborn Series, published by Donohue, Henneberry & Co., 425 Dearborn street, Chicago. It is a collection of tales, fact, fiction and fancy, written in polished style, and deeply interesting. It is refreshing to read, in contrast with much of the worthless literature of the day.

The same house publishes "Startling Scenes and Perilous Adventures in the Far West," by Rufus B. Sage; an illustrated account of life in the west as it was before the rush to California. Naturally it deals to a great extent with the habits, characteristics and customs of the Indians of different tribes. It describes the country in detail.

In "Camp Fires of a Naturalist." Professor L. L. Dyche, has through Clarence Edwords given to the public some delightful stories of hunting, of travels in the wilderness and of collecting skins for mounting. Professor Dyche is the curator of the Museum, State University, Lawrence, Kansas; is a practical taxidermist and a naturalist of careful methods. The book is beautifully illustrated with full page plates of moose, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, hunting scenes, &c. Professor Dyche writes a very pleasing personal letter, and I have no doubt is thoroughly competent to do his own literary work. Why he should have employed a man to write this book for him, who don't know how to spell his own name, is something I have never been able to find out.

A new edition of General Greeley's "Three Years of Arctic Service" has lately been issued. It is gratifying to know that so substantial a work as this should have met with so large a sale. Accounts of arctic explorations are always read with deep interest by Americans, and the Greeley party did one of the most persistent and heroic pieces of work in this line ever accomplished. The story is ably and accurately told by the commander of the expedition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,

A young man, fond of hunting and fishing, intending to spend entire summer and fall of 1895 in the Adirondacks would like the acquaintance of young gentleman of leisure who would care to accompany him. Must be under 25 years, reside in city, and of good standing in the Catholic faith. References exchanged. A chance to many who would hunt big game in distant lands; if they could find a friend to go with. Address particulars, H. J. J., Box 5, 703 Sixth avenue, city.

Subscribe for Recreation. $1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Mr. J. C. Nattrass, a well known writer on field sports, and formerly editor of the *Puget Sound Sportsman*, writes:

The initial number of RECREATION is at hand. I must say that I was agreeably surprised with its pleasant, attractive appearance; with the beauty of its illustrations; the neat typographical work; the excellent articles and the superior ability of its contributors.

RECREATION is not hide-bound. It is exactly such a magazine as we should expect from "Coquina," whose individuality and originality are apparent, and whose personality crops out, from cover to cover. If the name of the editor were not known, we could make a shrewd guess at it from the style and character of the work.

If the fame of the editor, the excellence of the illustrations, the high class of articles, the good things promised for the future, the extremely low price and all around excellence go for anything, RECREATION must certainly succeed.

I am in receipt of a copy of RECREATION and wish to congratulate you on its neatness and beauty in general. I trust you will make a success of this and that it will pay you handsomely.

W. B. LEFFINGWELL.

The new magazine cannot fail to please all who see it, especially those who love out-of-door life and the beauties of Mother Nature, even though not sportsmen. It seems to me that it should also meet with encouragement from parents, for its articles cannot help making boys more manly. I shall be impatient to see each following number.

M. L. WEAVER, [President Visalia, Cal., Sportsmen's Club.]

The initial number of RECREATION pleased me very much. I have read all your books. Enclosed please find draft for one dollar, subscription to RECREATION. I wish you success.

L. L. DYCHE.
[Author of Camp Fires of a Naturalist.]

I am much pleased with the first number of RECREATION. Please add my name to your list of subscribers, which I trust will be a large one. I enclose my check for $11 to cover subscription for one year, and the price of "Big Game of North America," "Cruisings in the Cascades," "American Game Fishes," "Hunting in the Great West," and "Camping and Camp Outfits." ROB'T MEADE SMITH, M. D.

Your magazine came all right. It is the best thing I have ever seen in the field it occupies.

NEWTON HIBBS.

You certainly start off in fine form, for paper, print, cuts and appearance and your writing corps is most gratifying. Success to you. I hope the star of RECREATION will shine for many years to come.

JOSHUA COOKE. (Boone.)

My good opinion of RECREATION is partially expressed in the enclosed year's subscription. Wishing you success, I am, Yours cordially,

GEO. S. MARTIN. (Surgeon, U. S. A.)

I have no doubt you are running your magazine at a loss. It doesn't take long to see that. Now, I am going to help you some, because I like your way of doing business and I like your magazine. It's great for a starter. I simply explained your case to a few friends yesterday, got you ten subscribers, and hand you herewith my check for $10, with a list of their names and addresses.

I can pick you up a lot more subscribers, and will do so. You will hear from me often. *Everybody needs Recreation.*

J. G. MESSNER.

I wish to say I am greatly pleased with the magazine, and believe it will find a place in the affections of the sportsmen in the country, as it deserves to do.

A. N. CHENEY.

I have been one of the most interested readers of your articles in the other sportsmen's journals and, like all those who are lovers of field and forest life and literature, feel as if you were an old acquaintance. Your new departure is a "happy thought," and under your supervision should prove a great success from the inception. The fact that the editor of RECREATION is none other than our old friend, "Coquina," cannot fail to have weight with "the boys."

F. A. CLARK.

Haines Falls, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

I have hunted all over the United States, and have finally settled down on these old mountains (Catskills)—my birthplace—running my photographic business four months of the year, devoting four months to hunting and the other four to raising poultry, Mongolian pheasants, beagles, etc. I am not a professional guide, but during November and December I accommodate a few sportsmen at my cottage (only two at a time) and hunt with them, furnishing beagles and my services, with board, at $2.00 a day for each person. Plenty of northern hare (*lepus Americaus*) ruffed grouse and foxes, with some bear and lynx.

I have raised a number of Mongolian pheasants. I turned out 24 in the mountains and they seem to be doing nicely, although we have ten inches of snow now.

JOHN W. RUSK.

AT THE CIRCUS.

"Oh, I say!" said the elephant to the kangaroo, "what's that thing you've hitched on to yourself?"

The kangaroo looked at his tail and then at the elephant's trunk.

"That's all right," he chattered, "that's my trunk; I wear it there so I won't tread on it."

—*Hamilton* (*Ont.*) *Times.*

POSSIBLE SMILES.

HORRID DREAMS.

A good friend of Recreation, who prefers to be called Bryan O'Brien (probably because that is not his name) read these lines in a former number of this magazine:

Last night an awful dream I had,
'Twas a dream that made me shiver;
I saw a cat fish for a shad,
And the shad roe up the river.

Then he went to bed and dreamed—or rather, I should say, had a nightmare—and recorded it the next morning in this wise:

One night I dreamed, I vow,
Of things that set me crazy;
I saw a bull rush past a cow
And the cow slip 'neath a daisy.

It put me in an awful dread,
And gave my nerves a shock,
To see a horse fly on my bed
And the bed spring at the clock.

The final act, I truly hope
Never again to see—
I saw my neck tie up a rope
And the rope walk off with me.

HINTS TO HUNTERS.

Always carry your gun with the muzzle pointed toward you. Then if it accidentally goes off no one but yourself will get hurt.

In firing at a bird always aim at its tail. Then you will be sure not to injure it.

Aim high. You'll accomplish more than if you had a low aim in life.

Never load your gun until the bird rises. This will give it a chance to escape.

Never kill two birds with one stone. Use a gun.

In hunting bears it is advisable to carry a tree with you.

When fox-hunting always carry a piece of limburger cheese in your pocket. There will then be no danger of your losing the scent.

Jersey is a poor place to hunt snipe. They cannot be distinguished from mosquitoes.

The main object of hunting is to make as much noise as possible. Therefore bang away constantly if for no other purpose than to let the game know you are coming.

L. B. C., in *Truth.*

Sportsman—Is there any game around here?

Native—There was, but the police broke it up last week.

The bill collector frequently goes hunting but doesn't often bag his game.

ON THE CLUB VERANDA.

"I believe Huntley's been shooting on the St. Lawrence."

"What did he shoot?"

"Only the rapids."

THEY WERE TAME.

Winks—I understand you have been shooting, old fellow. What did you shoot?

Blinks—Only a couple of brace of ducks.

Winks—Were they wild?

Blinks—Well, n-n-no, but the farmer was.

Johnny Mann went out to catch
Fishes from the sea,
Singing: "Prithee, little fish,
Nearer come to me!
Darling little fishie, stay,
Prithee, do not swim away!"

"Dearest Mr. Johnny Mann!"
Thus the fish replied:
"Business calls, and I must go
Out upon the tide!
That's because I chance to be
A fish, and not a goose, you see!"
—H. C. B., in *Albany Times-Union.*

DISCRIMINATION.

Brown—Oh, no! I 'm not opposed to women riding bicycles. There are some I would like to see give all their spare time to it.

Mrs. Brown—Who are they?

Brown—Well, for instance, the young ladies in this neighborhood who are learning to play the piano.—*Truth.*

A silver hook is a great advantage in fishing for complments.

There is a Harlem girl so modest that she won't listen to a bear story.—*Texas Siftings.*

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

Oh, we're feelin' mighty happy,
As along the road we jog;
For the fat is on the 'possum,
An' the bark is on the dog.

An' life is not a riddle,
But is happiness complete;
For the bow is on the fiddle,
An' the move is on the feet!

Then sing the joy of livin',
An' just go it with a whoop!
For the cash is on the counter,
An' the oyster's in the soup!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AVENGED.

Trivvet—I went fishing yesterday.

Dicer—Get any bites?

Trivvet—Only one; but I shot the dog.

CHEER UP.

[With apologies to *Truth.*]

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
That's because you eat cucumbers,
And at night devour ice-cream.
You're dyspeptic, that's the trouble,
I'll prescribe for your glum capers:
Buy Recreation—for its worth
More than all the weekly papers.

PUBLISHERS' DEPT.

A Light Reel. The new aluminium reel, ately put on the market by the A. B. Hendrixl Company, of New Haven, Conn., is a poem in white metal. It is so light that you would never know, from the "heft" of your rod, whether there was a reel on it or not; but it is when you get a strike that this reel makes itself felt. Its action is as smooth and silent as a summer breeze, and it is fitted as carefully and as perfectly as your best girl's watch case. Get an aluminium reel, and if you haven't time to go fishing, put it under your pillow, and dream of playing five pound trout in sparkling brooks, all night.

The improvements at Smith & Wesson's factory are completed, and the works are running on full time. All the departments, with the exception of the machine shop, were closed a part of the summer, and extensive improvements, involving an outlay of about $9,000, were made. The foundations for eight new iron drops were laid, consisting of immense oak blocks set about seven feet in the ground, on a bed of two feet of cement and several feet of hard clay. The drops vary in size, the smallest weighing about 4,000 pounds, and the largest over 12,000 pounds. An entire new system of sewerage, water service and air pipes has also been put in, making the shop complete in every detail. New boilers, and other minor repairs, make the factory an ideal one. Smith & Wesson run the largest revolver factory in the world.

Persons who think of buying a wheel will do well to look at the Remington Racer. It is a scorcher, and no mistake. Write the Remington Arms Co., 315 Broadway, New York, for a catalogue.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Company, Akron, Ohio, is receiving a great many such letters as this:

Cohoes, August 17, 1894.

Dear Sir:—I have sent back your spoon for repainting. I also enclose 30 cents in stamps for another just like it. Your spoon gives good satisfaction. In one hour I caught 10 black bass, 3 weighing 4½ lbs. each; 4 weighing 4 lbs. each, and 3 of about 3½ lbs. each.

Yours truly,

Alexander L. Cummings,

The Steamer City of Lowell, plying between New York and New London, is the finest boat on Long Island Sound, If you are going to Boston, or to any other New England point you can make the trip a source of great pleasure by taking the Steamer Lowell, to New London, and thence to New York and New England railway. Ticket offices 49 and 353 Broadway.

It is a pleasure to travel when your route takes you over as good a road as the West Shore. On the trains of that road you can eat, sleep, read or write just as comfortably as at home. The manager handles the matter of heating and ventilation in such a way that the cars are warm in winter and cool in summer.

The Columbia bicycle is so well known tha it is difficult to say anything new of it. The 1895 model, however, will have several new features. The Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, will tell you all about them.

Shoverling, Daly & Gales are old timers in the gun and fishing tackle trade. They have built up an immense business in these lines and, of late, have added base ball, foot ball, tennis and other out-door goods. No matter what your favorite sport may be you can get the implements of it from Shoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, and can rest assured that the goods will prove as represented. Send for catalogue.

The Du Pont Powder Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, is one of the oldest in the country, yet the managers have wisely concluded that they need Recreation, and have taken a half page in it for a year. Whenever you see goods advertised in this magazine you can rest assured they are good, and the Du Pont powder is no exception to the rule. I have used it myself for many years and know it is good. The company has branches in all the principal cities.

The latest repeating rifle is the 25-20 Marlin, taking the 25-20 Marlin cartridge. This is loaded with F. F. F. G. powder, and has an 86 grain bullet. The cartridge is made without the usual heavy crimp, and in consequence, shoots more accurately and strongly. This rifle will be found to excel, in accuracy and penetration, many of the larger calibres. The cartridge is one of the cleanest and most pleasant on the market to use. It can be reloaded with various weights of bullets, as the rifle will handle any cartridge varying in length and weight from the empty, shell up to the regular cartridge, as a maximum. This rifle can be furnished with any length and style of barrel or magazine, straight grip Pistol grip rifles can also be furnished in any length or style.

For prices, weights and description, write the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

H. C. Squires & Son, 20 Cortlandt street, New York, have issued their new '95 catalogue. It is almost a complete compendium of all sportsmen's goods made or used in the United States. You can scarcely think of any article that you can use in hunting, fishing, yachting, canoeing, gallery or trap shooting that is not described and illustrated in this catalogue. A copy will be sent you, postpaid, on receipt of request mentioning the fact that you saw it announced in Recreation.

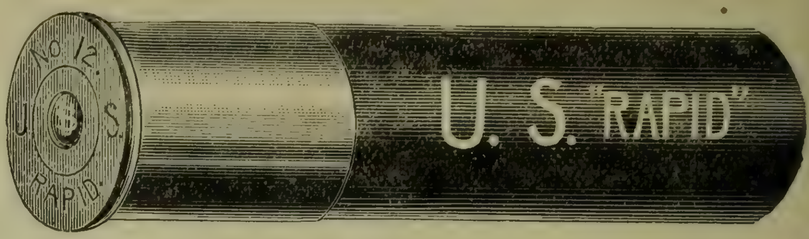
Be sure to read the advertisement of the Buffalo Wheel Co. The correspondence published there is good enough to go in the Bicycling department as pure reading matter, and would have been printed there had it reached this office here a few days earlier.

The reed bird, delicate and delicious, lay supine on a bit of toast, when Uncle Caleb, from New Jersey, sat down.

"Are you fond of the little fowl?" asked the hostess.

"Well," he replied, "ez fur taste, they're fine. But ez fur 'pearance, I must say they 'mind me of a mosquiter growed up."—*Washington Star.*

U. S.



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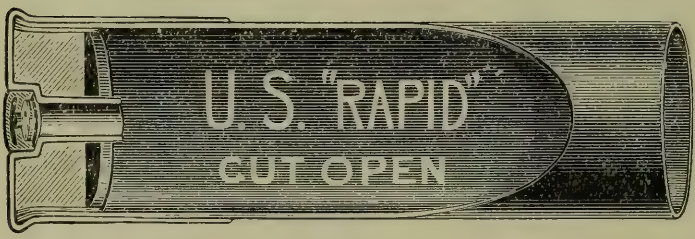

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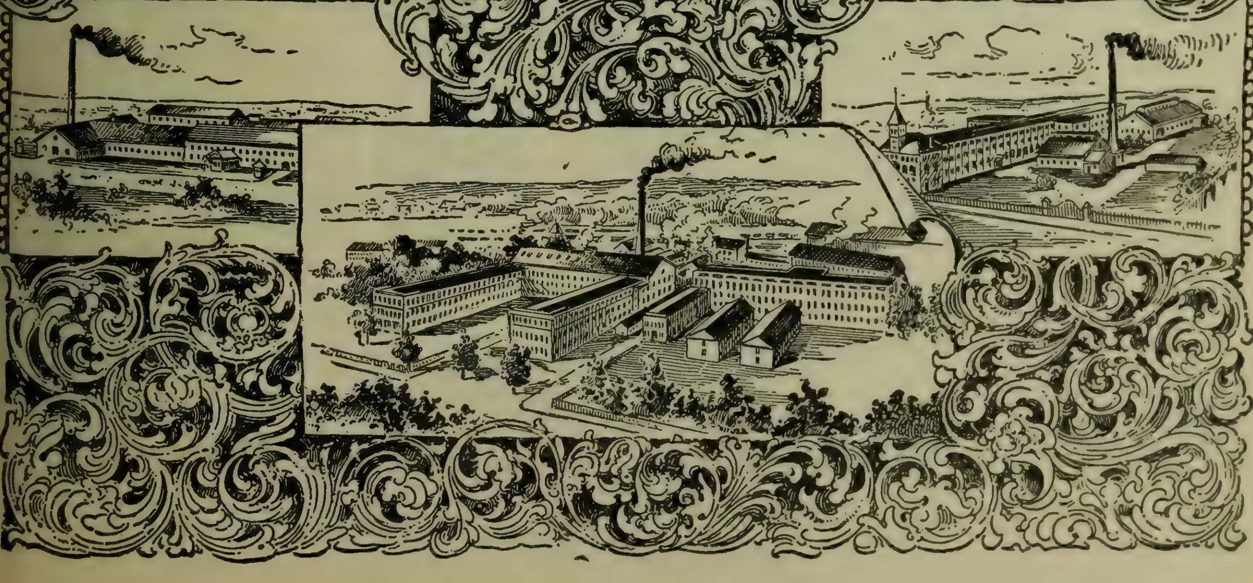

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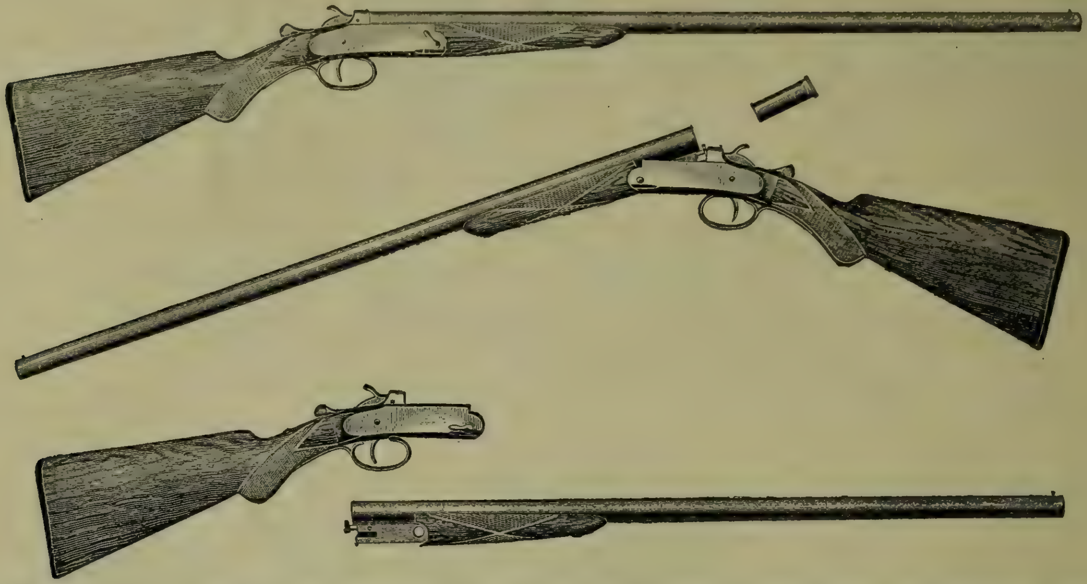

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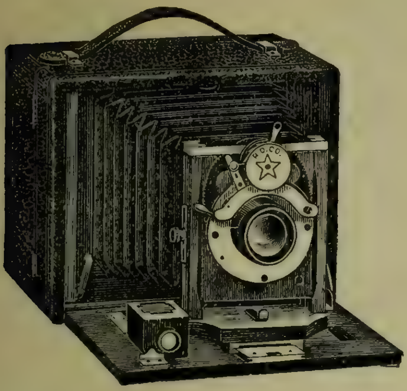

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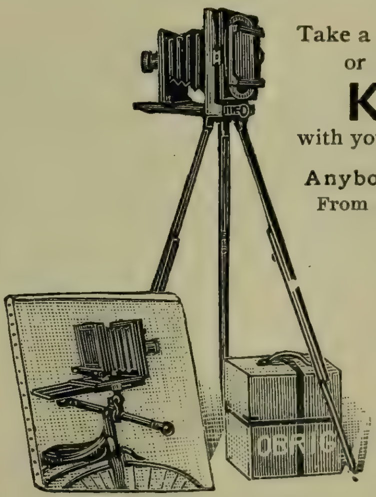

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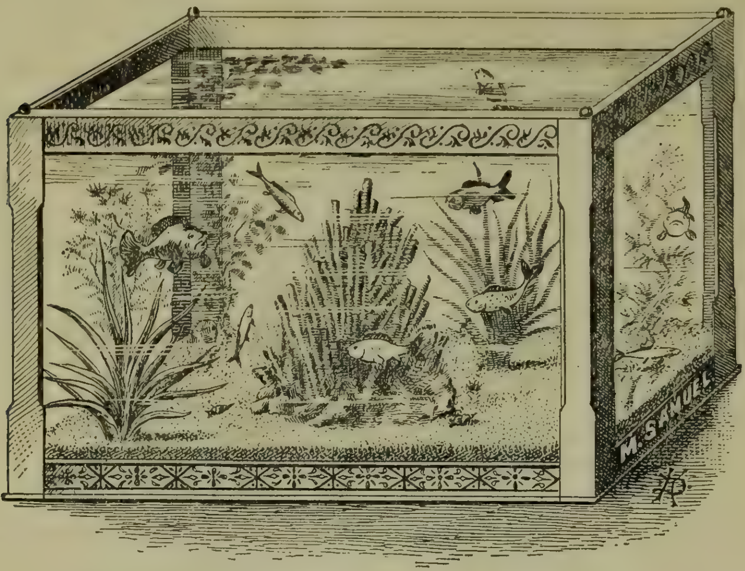

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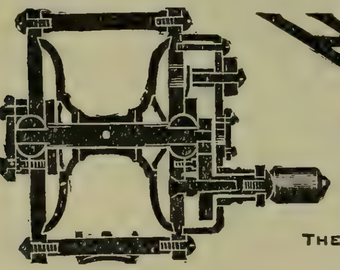

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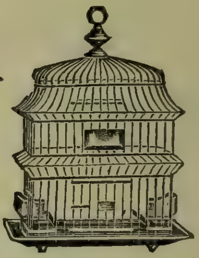

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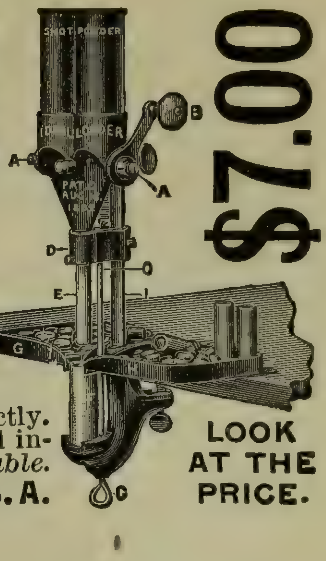

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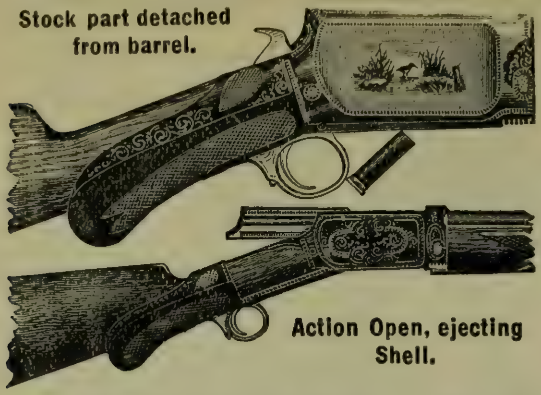
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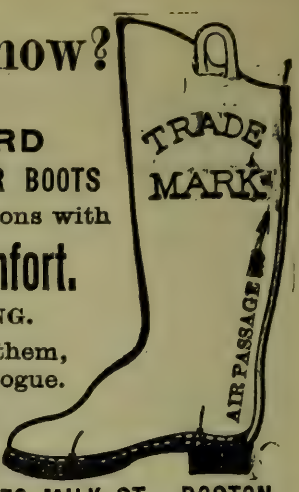

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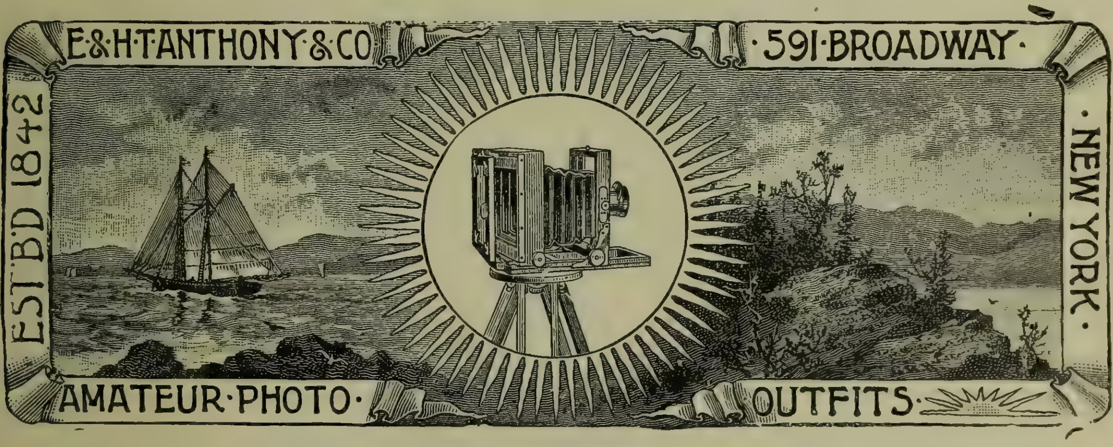

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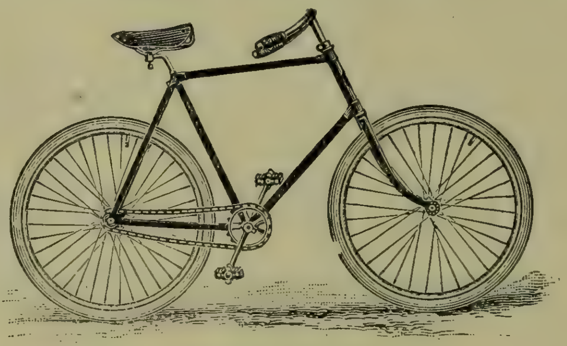

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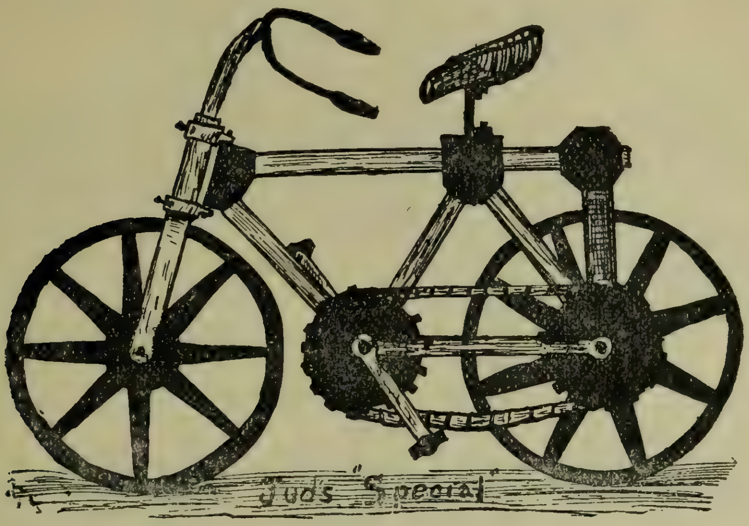

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DEAR SIRS ;

I am visiting my brotherinlaw hear in Syracuse n y my home is in Piseco n y I have a boy Peter 17 yrs old, wais 117 lbs. quite a chunk of a boy and he is all over fer a bickel. I cant aford to pay a big price fer one. now, we have a handy black smith to our place an he said if it want fer the whels he culd git up as good a bickel as ever was made his name is jud spencer, he is owin me fer apples I sold him last fall and is a leetle tuff to collect from.

I spoke to my brotherinlaw bout it an he said you made whels so I rite to find the cost. do you charge the same for painted or not painted whels, and are the hubs board the rite size fer the axletree. I thot if the holler works, the iern part, was better than the solid, Id have jud boar out some bars, but his boarer is short an im frade wont do. my brotherinlaw says the frame work shuld be holler by all meens What do you think I culd git some ½ in. gas pipe hear cheep an think it wuld do. Do you put on rubber rims to your whels and be they wide so as to balenc esy. I herd suthin bout ball barins but I gess they dont mount to mutch only for ornment.

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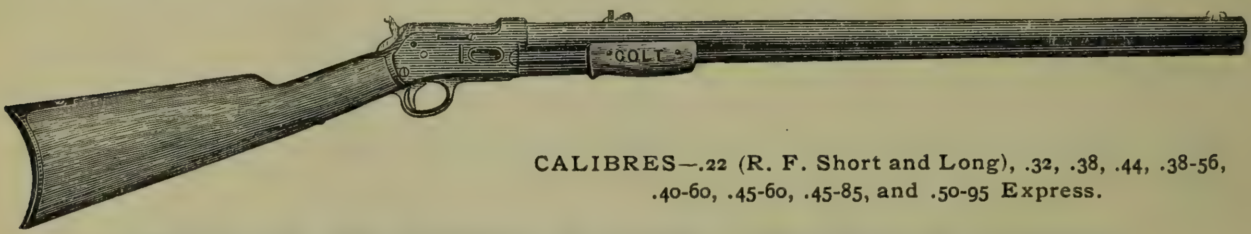

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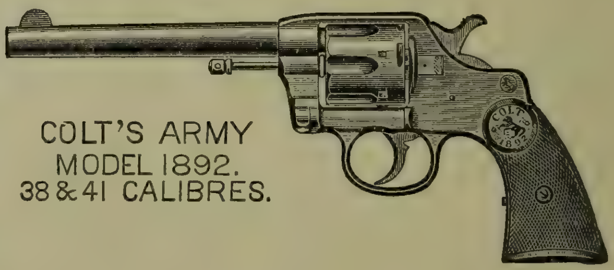

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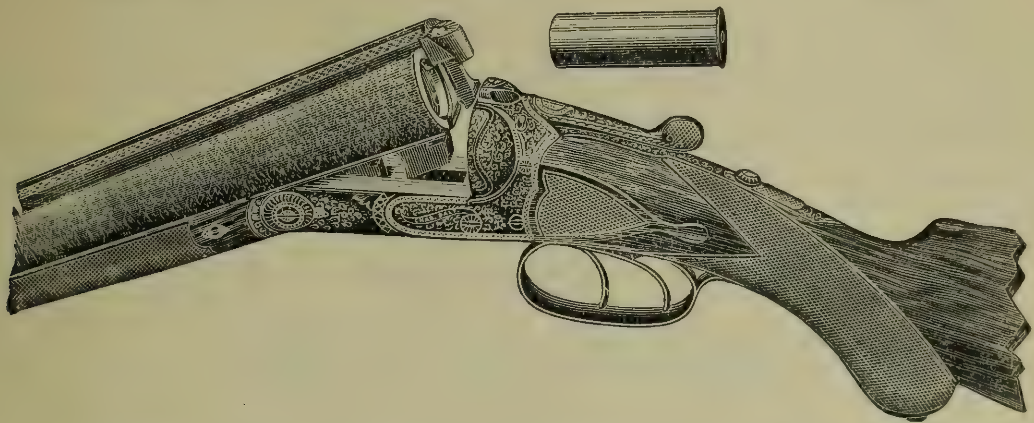

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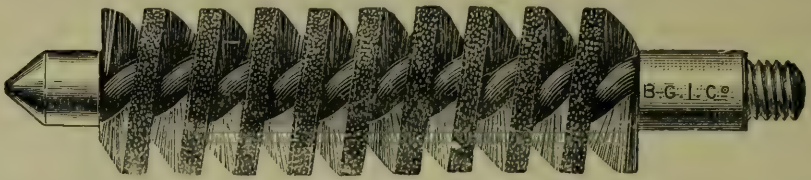

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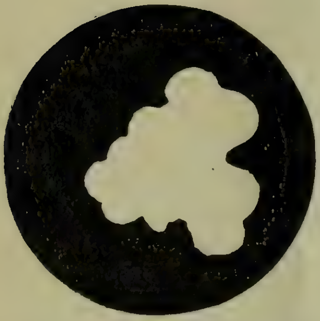

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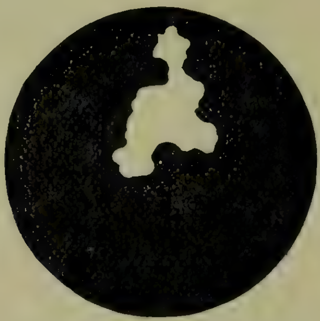

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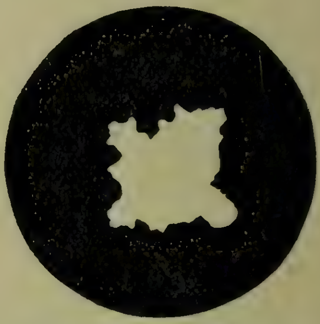

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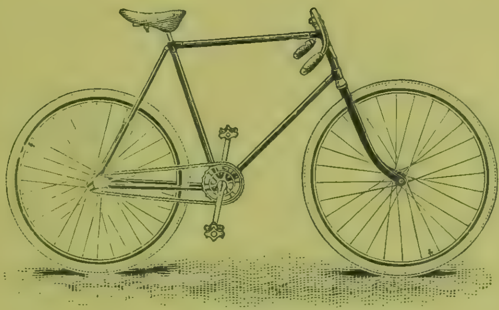

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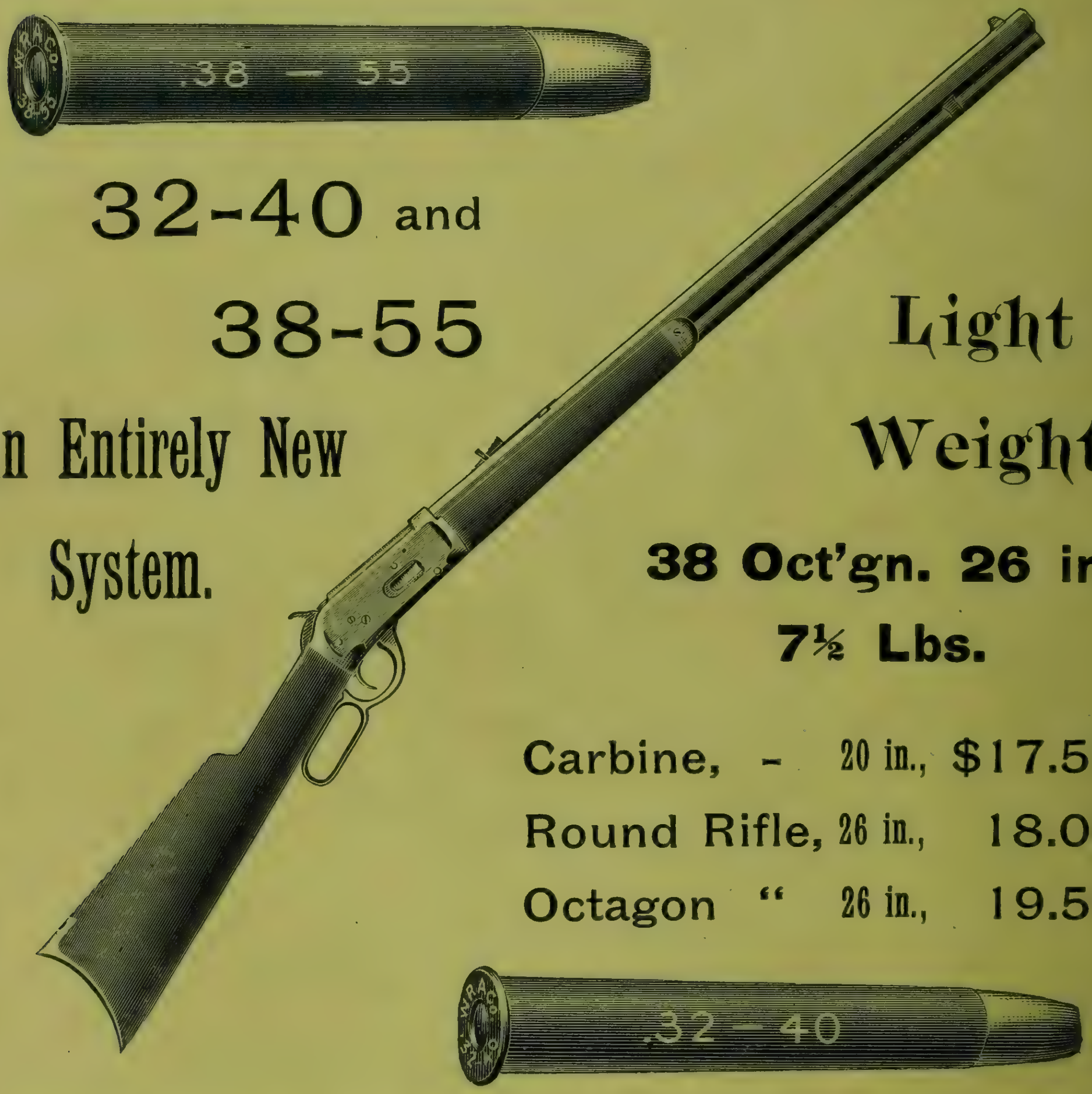

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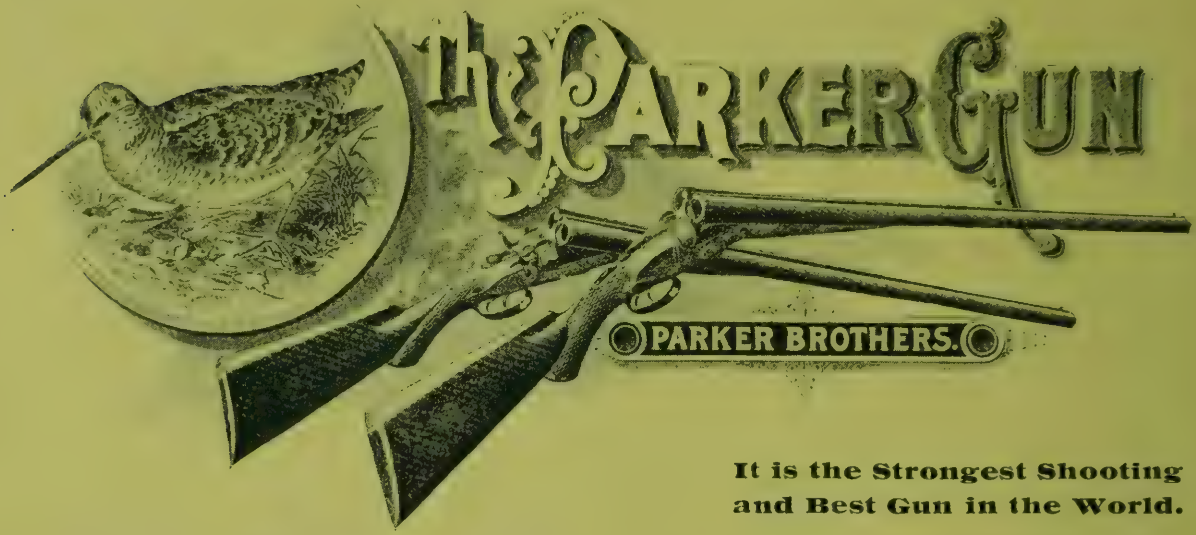

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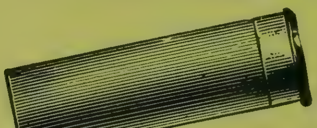

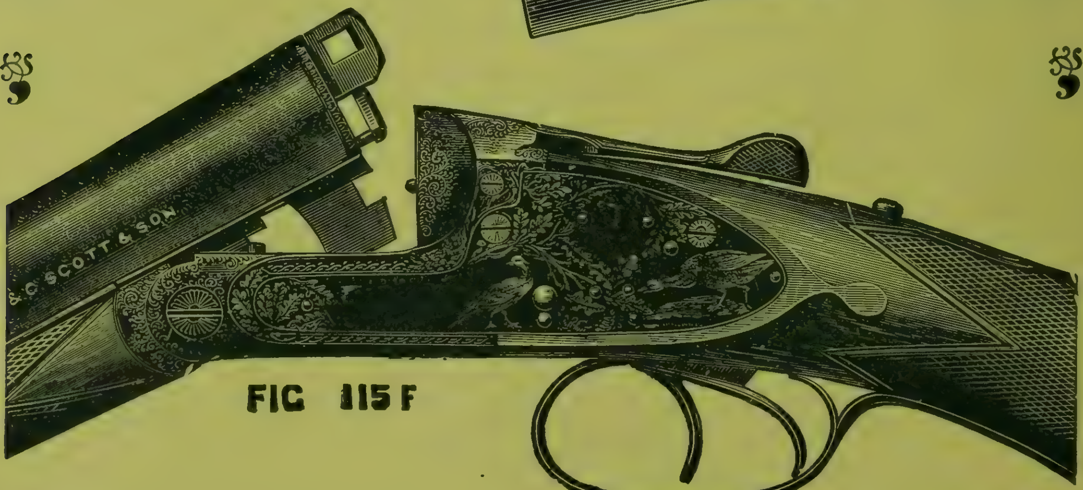

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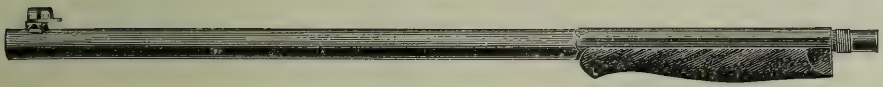

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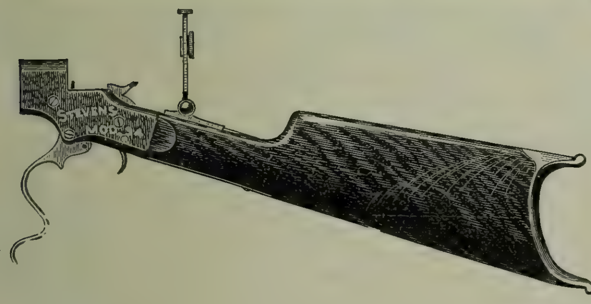

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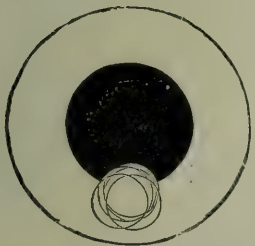

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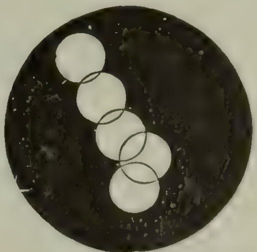

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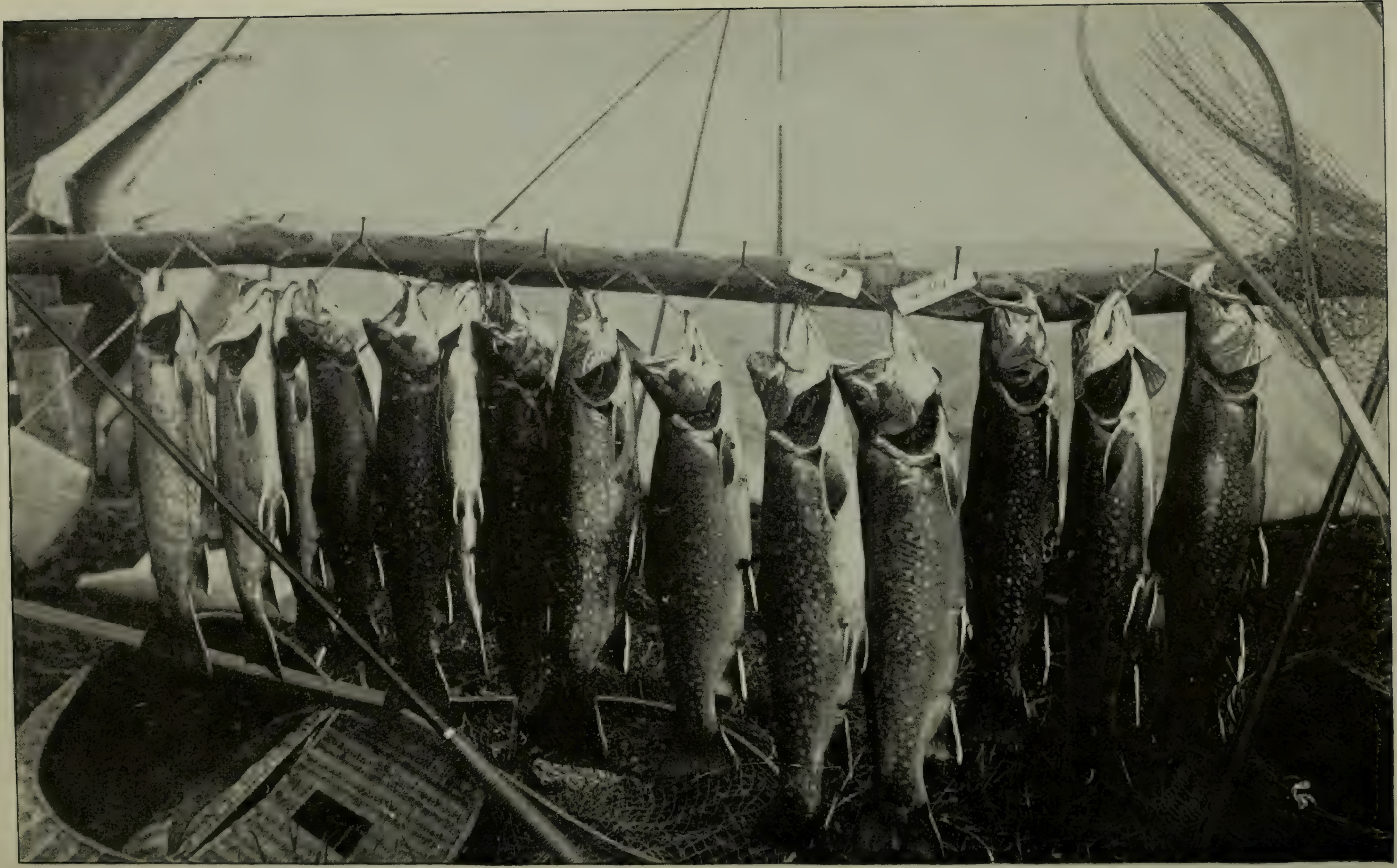


A DAY'S CATCH ON THE NEPIGON.

RECREATION.

Volume II. JANUARY, 1895. Number 1.

TROUTING ON THE NEPIGON.

JOHN BOWMAN.

The sportsman or tourist, who has not explored the northshore of lake Superior, can form but little conception of the unsurpassed majesty and loveliness of its bold and rocky coast. Its great frowning headlands, projecting into the deep blue waters, with its precipitous shores, seem to present an impassable barrier to those who would desire to penetrate the vast uninhabited region lying to the north. Range after range of rocky heights, partially clothed with birch and cedar forests, extend far back into the yet almost unexplored wilderness.

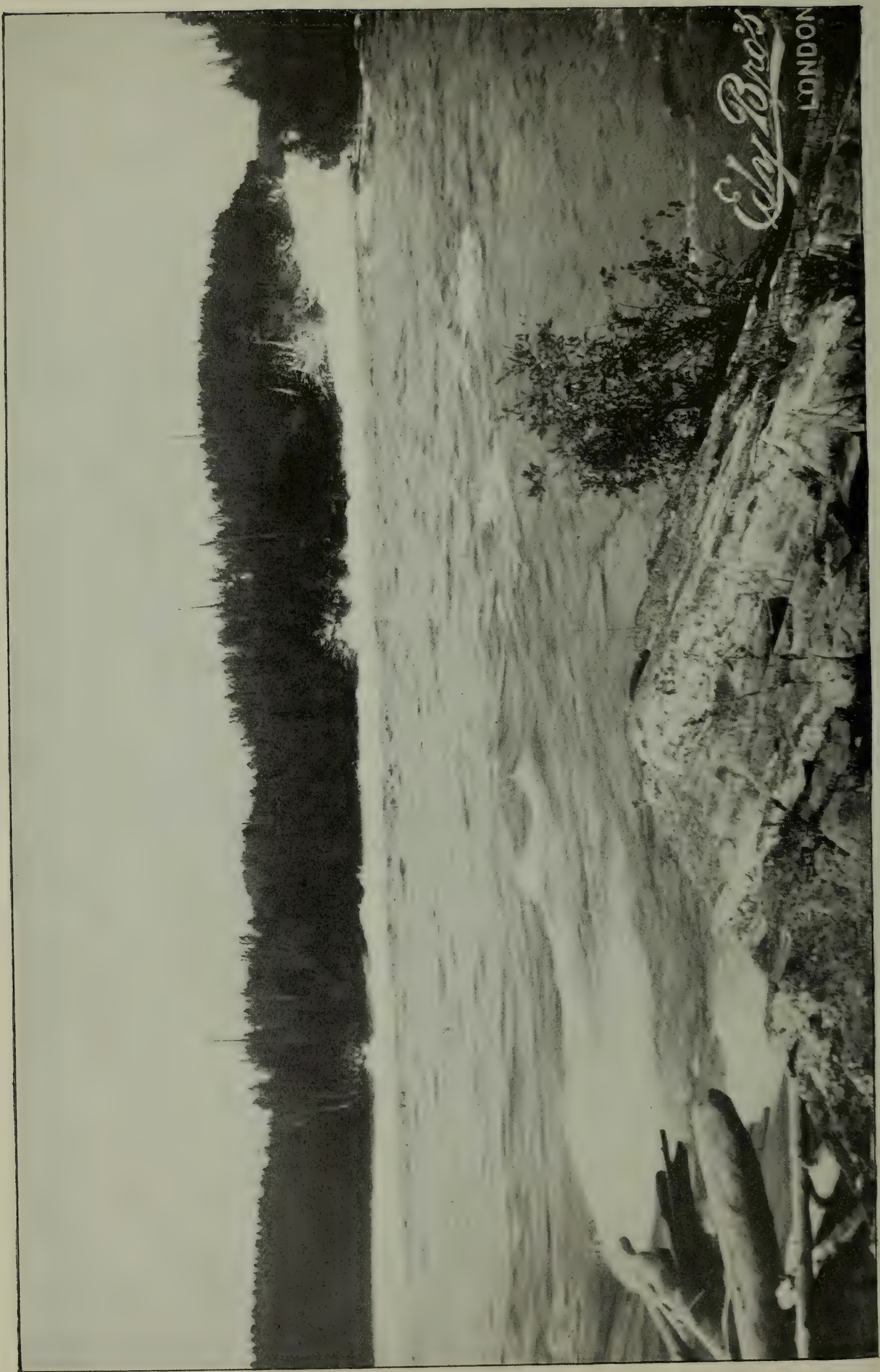
But from rocky fountains far inland, majestic rivers flow, pouring their crystal flood through tortuous canyons, spreading into shining lakes that lie like gleaming mirrors in the sun; then leaping again through rocky gateways, they plunge madly in exultant freedom, to pour their tribute to the mighty Superior.

"The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn,
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine."

In many of these rivers, the angler may capture the trout, the genuine "salvelinius fontinalis." In the rapids and deep pools they lurk, ready to rush upon the gaudy fly. Amid the most inspiring surroundings, nature in her primeval majesty and beauty, and the ceaseless roaring of the leaping waters, the true sportsman and lover of nature may realize the ideal of his dreams of the happy hunting grounds, or of the angler's paradise.

A few among the many rivers that it would repay the angler to explore, are the Steel, the Magpie, the White, the Pic, the Mink, the Black, the Gravel, the Cyprus, the Prairie; but lord over them all is the mighty Nepigon. It is the finest of all trout streams. The gateway to this great river compares favorably with its course from the mighty fountain of rock in the interior. A massive sea wall, some fifteen miles in length, lofty and abrupt, in places rises over a thousand feet in height. The bay, some thirty miles long and twelve wide, is surrounded by the same bold rockbound shores, which, like vast battlements, cast their dark shadows into the emerald flood. On one of these rivers of the north, our party of four ardent anglers determined to take our annual outing. Leaving Owen Sound by the Canadian Pacific railway's iron steamer we were rapidly transported to Port Arthur on lake Superior. It was our intention to visit Gravel river, but the water being low there, we were advised to try the Nepigon. We had not come prepared to ascend the river in the ordinary way, viz, with Indian guides and canoes. A limited supply of provisions, one tent, a Peterboro canoe, a gun and some light camp equipage completed our outfit. Taking the evening train from Port Arthur for Nepigon station, we determined to stop for at least a day, and see if there was any way of getting up the river without guides, and the accessories incident to a large camping party.

Through the kindness of Mr. McKirdy, a merchant in the place, we were able to secure a small steam yacht, lying at anchor some two miles above the village on the shores of lake Helen, an expansion of the Nepigon. With the assistance of some Indians, we trans-


Ely Bros.
LONDON

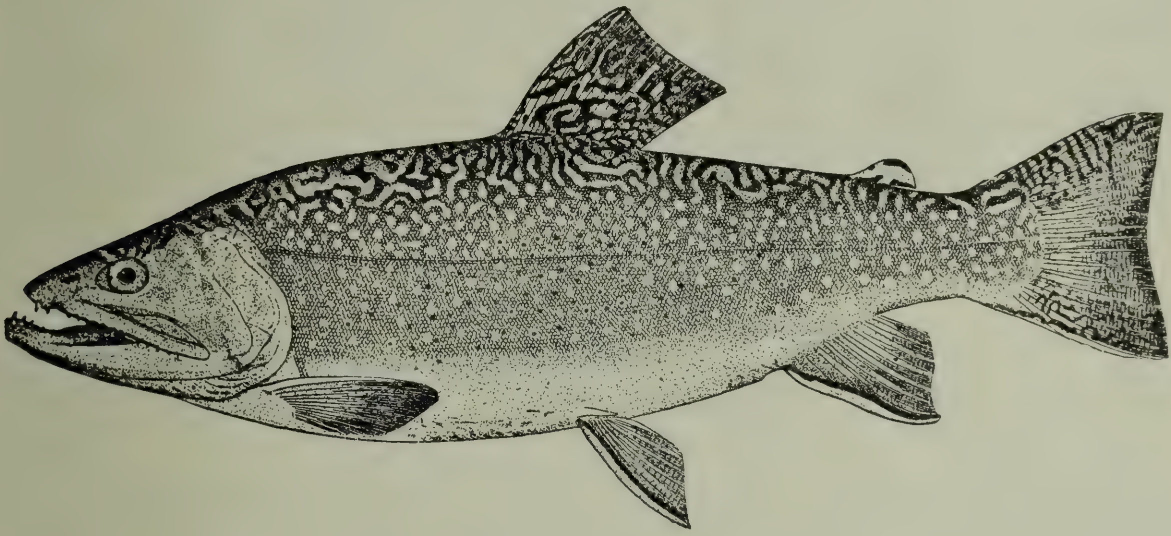
CAMERON'S POOL ON THE NEPIGON.

ported our tent, provisions, etc., to the yacht, and were advised we could steam through lake Helen and up the smooth, though rapid waters of the river to Camp Alexander, some fifteen miles above. Near the camp, which is on a point of rock, around the point of which the river sweeps in foaming rapids, the water is broken and rapid, and of course unnavigable. The captain of our party, Richard Northam, an all-round genius and a man of unbounded resources, undertook to act as engineer and pilot. He held all offices of dignity on ship, and on shore ruled with an iron hand, and as chief cook, wielded the porridge pot as his scepter. Finally, we are all aboard, and our stately little vessel is gliding through the clear deep waters. How glorious and inspiring the prospect! Lake Helen, clear as a mirror, stretched out before us; on either shore the great headlands of rock tower into the blue heavens; the white clouds sailing over us are reflected with marvellous clearness in the shining flood.

We pass out of lake Helen and enter the river, broad, deep and powerful in its flow. The shores are densely wooded; beyond are the mountain ranges. The little steamer puffs and struggles to make its way upward. At times we can scarcely see that she is gaining against the current, but all hands take hold of the poles, we steer for shallow water near the shore. Muscle and steam combined prove effective, and we move up to the landing at Camp Alexander, just as the sun is dipping below the great forest crowned heights. By the time our tent is spread and our effects portaged from the yacht to the camp, the darkness is on us.

After a light supper, we close our tent for the night and resting on our blankets, listen to the monotonous roar of the river, are lulled to sleep. We hardly seemed to have closed our eyes, before the morning light came, so deep and unbroken had been our rest. It fell to the lot of the writer to catch fish for breakfast. The rod, light and pliable was quickly jointed, an eighty yard quadruple reel with a silk line attached, and a nine foot single gut leader, a Jock Scot and a Professor fly.

Just below the camp, some 30 feet, a narrow pathway led to the brink of the river from which the vapor was still rising. The water ran swift, deep and glassy, boiling in curling eddies. Some 60 feet from the shore a narrow rock broke the surface. Casting above it the fly falls lightly on the water, as the current bears it near the rock, there is a gleam as of a jewel; a swift rush, and, leaping clear above the water, a noble trout in over eagerness missed the fly. Once more the brilliant lure strikes the water, falling a few feet short of the rock. Shooting up from under the rock the eager fish takes the fly, a quick strike, the line fairly smokes and the reel spins with electric speed. What a strain is on the rod! But I work him back into the deep pool below the rock. Down, down into its dark depths he goes. The rod bends like a whip, and the wary



BROOK TROUT.—*Salvelinus Fontinalis.*

trout, full of cunning, strives to break away; but skill conquers, and after a long struggle he comes to the surface, his velvet side glistening in the sun. But where is the landing net? Left at the tent. In vain I call for assistance. The voice is drowned in the roar of water. Stepping up the path a few feet I draw the captive into a shallow pool, and as he opens his mouth to gasp, I insert a finger under the gill and rush shouting to the camp. Hurrah! A noble three-pounder!

Once more the fly is cast into the stream, another fish is hooked, and after a vigorous struggle he too is landed. These are quickly prepared for breakfast, and handed over to the cook, who places them in the pan with a few slices of bacon. Soon we are feasting on the delicate, pink flesh.

After breakfast the light canoe was carried over the point a few hundred feet. Two of us were to go up the river, and two to remain in camp. Crossing the deep pool, some hundreds of yards in width.

After an hour of toil, following a well defined path through the woods, we neared Cameron's pool. Making our way through the dense underbrush at last the pool is before us. The whole river seems a mass of foam, plunging into the pool, with such terrific force that the white water, like a solid mass of snow rushes high above the centre of the pool and dashes against a wall of rock on the farther side. Our rods are quickly put together and casting into the deep eddies, on the edge of the broken water, we succeed in taking many fine fish.

After leaving Cameron's pool and following down the shore about half a mile the river presented another scene of wild grandeur. Nearly half a mile in width the immense volume of water, almost as great as that of Niagara above the falls, descends with terrific force, one mass of flying foam. Some hundreds of feet below us great fragments of rock have been hurled into the river bed, blocking the channel. The flood plunges with terrific force against these barriers. With the roar of a hundred locomotives the water thunders down, then reels back,

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NEPIGON RIVER BELOW THE POOL.

PHOTO. BY L. C. IVORY.

A TRIBUTARY.

as if seeking freedom. Turning to the west once more the great current sweeps on. The sun emerging from a cloud turns the water into pearls and crystals, and through rainbow arches from shore to shore the jewelled flood rushes on.

In the eddies and dark pools we captured many a noble fish. Often making our way out on some mass of projecting rock, we gazed, awe stricken, at the turbulent flood as it dashed down the deep reaches with the speed of an arrow.

Lower down the river widens and turns abruptly into a deep circular basin, from which the shores rise hundreds of feet above the water. On the farther side of the great pool, just where the current sweeps out into the rapids, a giant cedar has fallen into the stream, breaking the force of the current. It was here our companion, Leslie Edy, caught a magnificent trout, fully four pounds in weight. The water near the pool was shallow. Wading near the shore he cast the fly above the fallen tree. With a mighty rush, that made the heart leap, the fish seized the fly, and making down the stream, plunged under the mass of débris entangled in the cedar. The trout carried the line beneath the tree and rose to the surface of the water some 30 feet beyond, It was impossible to work the fish up the current, so taking the landing net, and crawling out over a mass of fallen timber, I succeeded in netting him. Four splendid fish were taken here, and they all had to be netted down the stream below the fallen tree.

Drenched to the skin with the struggle in the swift water, we made our way down the stream along the rough, winding pathway, climbing over masses of rock and broken timber. Further down we met our companions from the camp who were working their way up. They had been equally successful, and burdened with our spoils, we at last reached the deep pool above the camp. We fired a revolver as a signal, and the boy was soon paddling the canoe across the pool to meet and convey us over to the camp.

We laid our fish out, side by side, on the grass. What monsters? What a glory of color on their iridescent sides? Silver and emerald spotted with deep red. Twenty-one noble fish. We suspended as many as possible on the tent poles, and photographed them. We stayed ten days at the camp, catching in all 107 trout, all in the rapids below Cameron's pool and Camp Alexander.

The day to turn our faces homeward came all too soon. The tent is taken down. We take our last look at the rapids above the camp, and turning the yacht into the current speed down to and over lake Helen, and bid farewell to the glorious Nepigon.

Above Cameron's pool the river expands into lake Jessie, which is three miles long and is dotted with numerous islands. The narrows separates the latter from lake Maria. Near here is the celebrated split rock, a solid mass in the river bed, around which the current sweeps. Then after several miles more of rapid water is lake Emma, and for six miles still upward the river thunders and boils, descending from lake Nepigon, which is 70 miles in length by 50 in width. Its coast line, indented with many coves and bays, measures nearly 600 miles. Nearly 1,000 islands dot its surface, and many streams enter the great reservoir. This is the ideal region for the angler and explorer, and the trip can be easily made with Indian guides who are familiar with every rapid and portage.

Farewell, noble river! The memory of our glorious outing, on your shores, will live as long as life shall last.

A COON HUNT IN YE OLDEN TIME.

JUDGE HINMAN.

MEMORY still retains my first coon hunt. Joe, a hired boy on a mountain farm, reported to the village boys he knew where coons were thick. Accepting our proposition to supply him with ammunition and let him be one of the hunting party, he agreed to take us right to the spot. Five of us, including Jim, who owned a valuable coon dog, for which he had refused many offers of purchase, reached Joe's place in the evening. Joe was a six-footer, slim as a bean pole, and when standing besides his equally long gun, appeared to be a twin of it. As we entered the woods Joe was all excitement, and at the snapping of every twig, down would come the long barrel from his shoulder, and several of us received bruises when he swung it around to a firing position. Arriving at the edge of a corn field all sat down to rest except Joe, who on tip toe brought his gun to shoulder every time a corn husk rattled. Promising to let him have the first shot when a coon was treed, he marched in our rear and kept ordinarily quiet for the balance of the night. Not having discovered the first sign of a coon, we retraced our steps for home at the first streak of dawn, and passing a field of buckwheat, Joe, unnoticed by any of the party, suddenly took two strides to the fence, poked his gun between the pane's and fired. Instantly several yelps of pain were heard, and over the fence into the road, bounded Jim's dog minus two thirds of his tail. To say the atmosphere was highly sulphurous would faintly express it. Jim was angry, Joe scared and speechless, and the rest of the party convulsed with laughter. The rediculousness of the thing at last caused Jim to laugh, although insisting Joe should pay damages. The matter was compromised by Joe agreeing to find the dog's tail and wear it in his hat band for three successive Saturday evenings, when he visited the village store, as a memento of his skillful marksmanship. Joe showed up at the store once, but never after.

WING SHOTS AT SEA.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

"If you want to see something original in the way of sport," said a dweller on Santa Catalina, the famous summer resort of southern California, "bring your shot gun down to-morrow morning." Thinking it was to be a hunt for quail, in which the island abounded, or possibly pheasant, I went so equipped, when to my surprise the Catalinian led the way to his boat in which we were soon moving through the water, propelled by the lusty strokes of one of the island boatmen.

"I suppose you thought we were going for birds," said my friend, "and I venture you cannot guess what we are after now."

I began on gulls, and went through the list to pelicans and eagles, which were common enough, but to all these my companion gave a decided negative. On we went, along the south side of the island, where the hills rise abruptly from the sea in lofty cliffs and reach back range after range. Here the rains of centuries have cut deep canyons down through the mountains, and at one place during violent winter storms, the water poured down a fall of nearly one hundred feet into the sea.

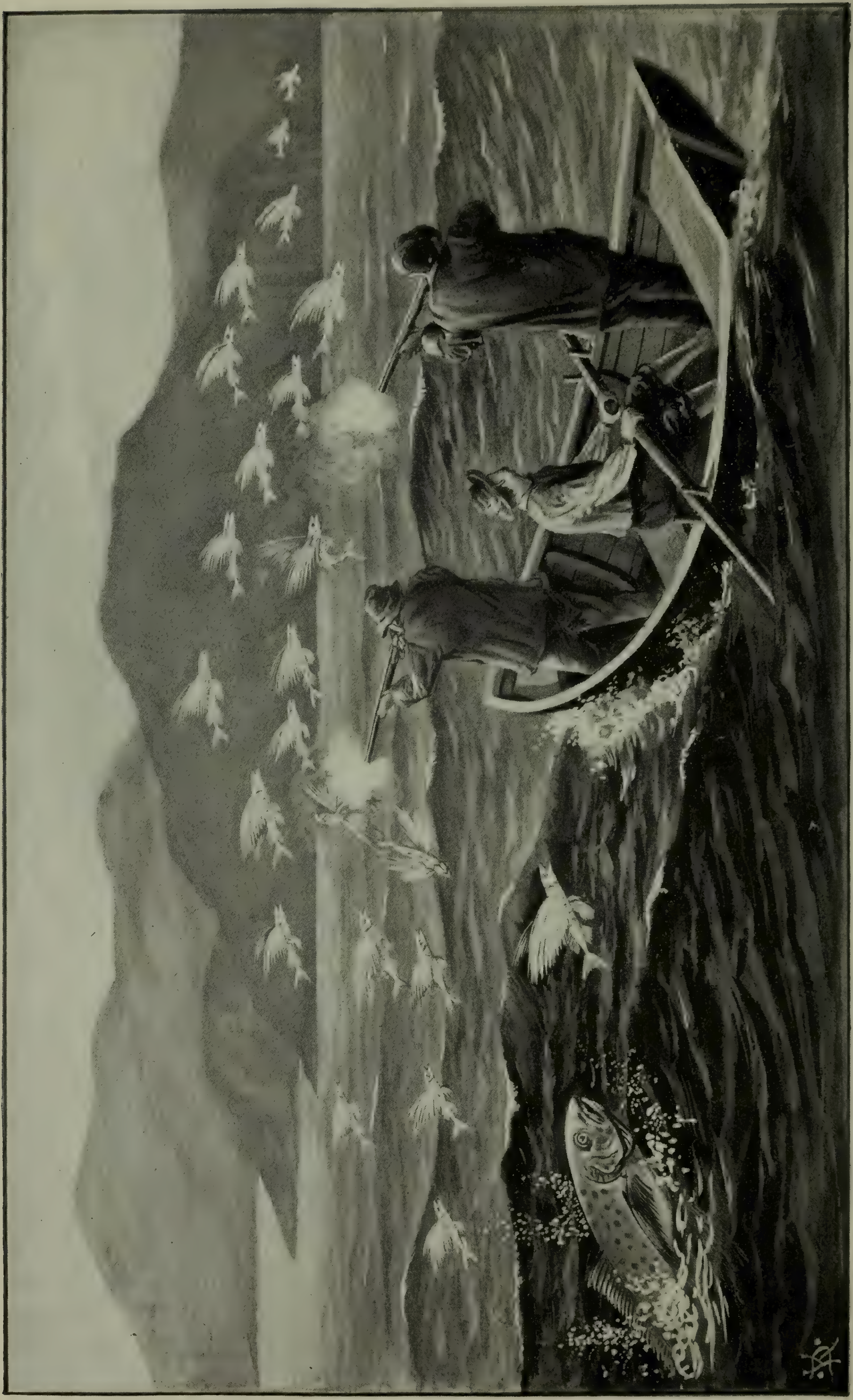
As we rounded a rocky point I suddenly saw a splash ; then a light object came skimming over the sea like a huge dragon fly. My companion seized his shot gun, and as the gauzy, silvery object flashed by he fired, dropping a flying fish, which the boatman deftly retrieved before it sank. Before I could recover from my astonishment at this novel shooting, a huge fish, apparently four feet in length, leaped from the water, rising gracefully five feet or more, and turning, to come down like an arrow, just missing a flying fish that was shooting ahead. Confused by the exciting episode, I tried to fire at half-cock, but by the time I was ready the fish was out of range and far away.

We now turned a point where the wind was blowing freshly, and, as we passed a big rock, a large fish flushed a covey of flying fishes, as skillfully as a dog flushes woodcock. Then other big fish joined in the chase, and in a few moments a shower of flying fishes dashed into the air, that seemed filled with their glittering bodies and gleaming wings. The wind was strong and seemed to have a lifting power as the fishes soared upward ten or fifteen feet, then darted away in circles like a flock of birds. They seemed to cover a distance of an eighth of a mile in some cases, disappearing before they fell into the water. As they went in every direction several came directly toward the boat. Once while quail shooting in the San Gabriel valley a quail came at and would have struck me in the face had I not dodged, and this seemed a similar instance, as we were literally bombarded by the finny game. One which I had selected turned gracefully and came directly for the boat. Astonished, I failed to fire, as did my companion, and the fish came on like an arrow, and probably would have struck me had I not turned aside. As it was, another fish struck the oarsman, and another came in contact with the boat.

Another dash of the big fish, and another covey of the fliers burst into the air like a flock of brilliant dragon flies, their gauze-like wings flashing in the sunlight. As they shot by over our heads we took them with right and left barrels. A most remarkable experience—shooting flying fish with horse mackerel to flush the game ; and that they faithfully retrieved them in their own interests was evident by the rushes when a fish fell, and its complete disappearance.

These "flushers" were from three to six feet in length, and weighed from forty to two hundred pounds ; presenting a magnificent appearance as they dashed away ; now on the top of the water, churning it into foam or leaving it entirely, to leap into the air after a flying fish, often striking the terrified creatures and sending them whirling upward like pin wheels.

For some moments there would not



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE FLYERS.

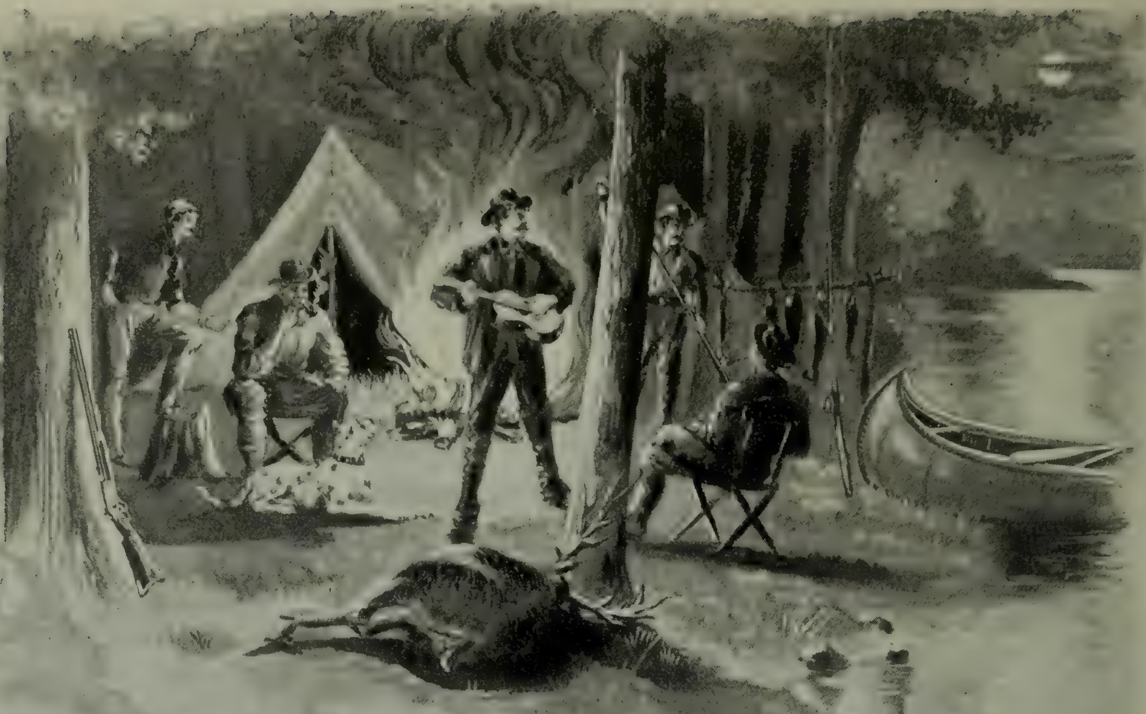
be a fish in sight, then the tunas would rush in again, converting the surface into a mass of foam, and numbers of the fliers would dart into the air and rush away in every direction. When caught by the stiff breeze, they were lifted to astonishing heights above the surface. It was evident that the flight of the flying fish was not sufficient to save it. In one instance a flying fish started from the water a long distance away. It came directly toward the boat, and soon dropped to the water; but as it did so a tuna made a ferocious rush for it, when the flying fish dashed from the water in a new flight. Again it fell, and again the tuna darted at it, and it was now seen that the flier was being followed by the keen sighted fish. Four times it dropped its tail into the water, each time evading the attack of the tuna; but finally as it passed not five feet from the boat, having gone probably nearly an eighth of a mile in the air, it fell and was seized by the gigantic fish that had kept directly beneath it during the entire flight.

"I have done better than this," my companion said when I expressed my surprise.

"I have been out with my rifle and shot at albicoves and tunas as they were jumping out of the water; but I never got but one tuna. I took a snap shot at that, and severed its back bone, when it fell back, beating the water with powerful blows and swimming on the surface until we gaffed it and hauled it astern to tow ashore; but for all-round excitement give me the flying fish as game."

In returning from this novel and peculiar hunt, the oarsman said that tunas were feeding off shore on small fish, and proposed that we try a shot, and my friend assenting, we pulled directly off shore, where to my unpractised eye the sea was apparently lashed into foam by a strong breeze. Reaching the spot we found hardly a breath of wind, but the ocean surface, as far as the eye could reach, covered with huge fish which were rushing this way and that, mowing down the small fry at the surface, covering it with white caps, so that the impression was created that half a gale was blowing.

The fish had corralled a small school of fishes, possible their own fry, that gave to the water a peculiar yellowish hue. The school had been broken up. Into the different parts the big fish were dashing, and in every direction the waves of foam, and the flashes of light, caused by the small fry leaping from the water, made weird by beautiful pictures.



A Camp Song.

Heap high the fire, the glass send round,
Merry we all would be.
Avaunt red phantoms, we own the ground;
Vast stretches from sea to sea.
Though ruler once of wood and stream,
You're but a memory, just a dream.

CHORUS.

With the twang of the supple bow,
And the tomahawk's swift throw,
He was Lord of the chase,
Regardless of space
And wandered where'er he would go.

2

Heap high the fire, yet one more log,
Light on the subject throw.
To dissipate the ancient fog:
Surrounding our brother "Poor Lo."
Though ruler once of wood and stream,
He's but a memory, just a dream.

3

Stir up the fire, live coals we want,
The pipe of peace to light.
Else, might we have his spirit haunt,
Our rest and sleep to-night.
Though ruler once of wood and streams
Bid him good night and pleasant dreams.

David B. Keelen

GOOSE SHOOTING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

FRANK S. BALLARD.

THE Canada goose, commonly known as the "wild goose," is found throughout North America and, occasionally, in Europe.

It is gregarious and migratory. It is about three feet long, with an extent of wings of about five feet five inches, and weighs usually from seven to ten pounds. The head, neck, bill, feet and tail are black. The upper parts are grayish brown, below grayish white.

Influenced by the changing season, they commence their migrations southward, usually about the latter part of September, and linger, for a time, about the coasts and the shores of inland waters in the northern states and Canada, until the shallow waters commence to freeze over; generally about the middle of November. When migrating, they fly in large triangular flocks high in the air. Each flock is led by an old and experienced gander, who, as he flies, frequently utters a loud noise, resembling the word "houk," which doubtless has a meaning equivalent to the cry of the watchman of the ship or city, "All's well!"

The awkward gait, outstretched neck, gaping mouth, and disagreeable voice, have obtained for the goose a reputation of stupidity, while in reality he is remarkably intelligent.

From the height at which they fly, their habit of resting on the water, and their vigilance in avoiding the presence of mankind, they are difficult to kill. This fact has found expression in the saying, "A wild goose chase," indicating the hopeless pursuit of any object.

The fact of their being so difficult to obtain, and its requiring so much skill and nerve on the part of the person who pursues them, makes goose shooting an extremely fascinating and exciting sport, and during the season in which they migrate, all other sports are abandoned for this.

Lake Champlain, a beautiful body of water lying between New York and Vermont, in the great basin between the Green mountains and the Adirondacks, has always been a favorite resort for these noble birds; and the season of goose shooting is looked forward to with the liveliest anticipation by every sportsman living on or near the shores of this lake.

They are generally shot from a "blind," in which the hunters are ambushed. The geese are lured within range of this by means of decoys, and are then shot—at. Large numbers are killed in this manner every year, yet there are tons of shot in the bottom of lake Champlain, none of which ever went through a goose.

The blind itself is nothing more than a flat bottomed scow, about sixteen feet long, and five or six feet wide. Ten feet of this space is used as a cabin, which is about seven feet from floor to roof. It is provided in the interior with bunks, chairs, table, cupboards for the various utensils, and a good sized oil stove, which serves both as a heater and cook stove.

The other six feet is boarded up on all sides about breast high. There is no roof on this, but instead a light awning is spread over the top, leaving just room enough between it and the tops of the boards to allow the hunters to thrust their guns through. This is called the "box," and is where the hunters take their position when geese are in sight. At the forward end of this box, a small apartment is boarded off, where extra decoy geese are kept. The entire structure is painted green, and is thickly covered with cedar boughs, which so completely disguise its appearance that the geese will sometimes approach to within arm's length of the sides; but they are seldom allowed to do this by the hunters within, as the moment they come in range, if well together, there is poured forth from the innocent looking cedar boughs a murderous blast of shot, which sends many a fat goose to the "happy hunting grounds."

About 20 yards in front of the blind the decoy gander is fastened to a stake

THE BLIND.

by a cord twenty-five to thirty feet long. He is generally one who has been shot at and has been unfortunate enough to receive wounds; just sufficient to prevent his escape. He is eagerly siezed upon by the hunters, carefully nursed until his wounds have healed, and then taught to perform the treacherous task of luring his companions to their destruction, which he does with apparent relish. He seems to enjoy seeing the same wounds inflicted on others, from which he once suffered himself. Food is placed on the bottom, near where the decoy is stationed and as the water is shallow, the geese can reach it by thrusting their long necks into the water.

The sportsmen sit silently and patiently in the blind, guns in hand. Occasionally one of them rises up and looks cautiously over the tops of the cedar boughs at the decoy, which, during a greater part of his time, sits motionless on the water beyond.

Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness, that brings every man to his feet in an instant. It is the call of the decoy. "Houk, houk, houk," he says. Every ear is strained to catch the answer to the call, but none is heard save the echo to that strange cry, reverberating back and forth between the adjacent hills.

There is a silence of a few minutes, and again the call breaks forth, "houk, houk, houk."

Again the shooters listen to catch the answer, and this time, from far in the distance, comes an answering call.

The geese are coming! Every shooter runs his eye over his gun, and again resumes his watch.

The decoy begins to get excited; louder and more frequent become his calls; he moves about in an excited manner, now and then stopping to lift his black head high above the water, as if to get a better view of his surroundings. The calls of the approaching flock are distinctly heard, becoming gradually louder and louder, until suddenly, from beyond a distant point of land, the flock bursts into view, coming like the wind.

Straight overhead they fly; there is a flash of white, a moment's glimpse of their shining black heads, enormous wings, working with lightning-like rapidity, and—they are gone, far in the distance! When almost disappearing on the horizon they turn, make a deep semicircle, and back they come again.

Now the decoy works in earnest. His former efforts were mere play compared to his present ones. He calls loudly and rapidly, at the top of his voice; runs his long neck into the water, picks up bits of food, and appears to eat them with the greatest relish.

The geese cannot resist his efforts to draw them down. Round and round him in dizzying circles they fly, gradually coming lower and lower, until finally they drop on the water some yards beyond him. Here they move cautiously back and forth in nearly the same spot, all the decoy's efforts to draw them up being unavailing. They are quite out of range in their present position.

Another decoy must be tried. Softly the sportsmen pull back the slide to the decoy box and take one out. A cord is attached to his leg, and he is set softly in the water.

Immediately he starts for the other captive bird. The cord is paid out until he reaches the other one. It is then fastened, and once more all resume their weapons and await developments.

When the two geese meet they indulge in a series of greetings and congratulations, which being over with, they proceed to business. They talk to each other as loud as geese can talk. Together they run their necks into the water and pick up bits of food, holding it up before the eyes of their now thoroughly astonished comrades beyond. This joint attraction generally proves too much for the wary old gander at the head of the flock; and with a few shakes of his head and a few wiggles of his short tail, as if not exactly liking the step he is taking, commences to paddle slowly forward, the entire flock following him.

They are coming now sure. Each man silently takes his position, resting his gun on the tops of the boards.

Slowly the game approaches, little dreaming of the ambuscade the wily traitors in front are luring them into. To the sportsman, who is trying to steady his excited nerves for the final aim, it seems as though the geese will never reach the decoys, and his heart almost stops beating, as now and then the birds pause in their forward movement to turn their heads to one side, and eye the strange structure in front with suspicious glances; but their desire to become acquainted with the mysterious pair in front overcomes their fear, and they move forward until they reach the decoys.

ON THE VERMONT SHORE.

JUST IN FROM THE BLIND.

These, stopping only long enough to greet the newcomers in the usual goose fashion, and show them where the food lies on the bottom, commence slowly to move off to one side, all the time keeping an eye fixed on the blind, as if fearing a volley might be fired before they are out of range. Finally, they have drawn off as far as their cords will allow. In front are their betrayed comrades, gazing in astonishment at this new move on the part of the decoys.

The time has come. "Are you ready?" whispers the captain. No reply, which is equivalent to "yes." He gives the words, "one, two, three, fire."

There is a deafening report, then a few straggling shots, followed by a tremendous fluttering and squawking outside.

The sportsmen throw open the door, spring into the water, and as the smoke clears away, if their aim has been true, there is revealed to them the entire flock, or at least a good portion of it, struggling, mortally wounded, on the surface of the water.

Geese are reasonably plentiful in this region, during the fall flight, though not so abundant as formerly. This is not strange when we recall the fact that they are hunted, in season and out of season, by Indians and white hunters, on their breeding ground in the far north, and that even their nests are plundered, year after year, by the hungry red man. If the Canadian government would prohibit this robbery and if Americans would abolish spring shooting entirely, the birds would hold their own against legitimate shooters, for the wild goose is a wonderfully prolific breeder, and the loss, from natural causes, is slow. The wild goose, as well as the domestic boarding house variety, lives to a great age, if let alone.

SAURIAN SHOOTERS.

J. MORTIMER MURPHY.

THE low price now being paid for alligator hides has caused many an old alligator hunter in Florida to seek some better means of livelihood, and to mourn the day that saurian goods lost their ultra-fashionable character.

Pelts which formerly sold for sums ranging from fifty cents to two dollars, are now worth only twenty-five cents, and teeth which brought from two to ten dollars a pound are, at present, rarely called for, owing to the taste for "alligator jewelry" having almost died out. The result in Florida is the disappearance of a class of nomads who had no prototypes elsewhere on this planet, and who led as lonely, dismal and arduous an existence as any people on the continent. Their occupation developed none the qualities peculiar to the hunters and trappers of the western frontier, except patience and perseverance, for an accurate eye, steady nerves, ability to walk and climb, and to study savage man and beast were not much called for. Even woodcraft was not necessary, as they only traversed forests in boats or primitive carts.

Most of the 'gator hunters were natives of Florida, and therefore well acquainted with the haunts and habits of their prey, for one rarely lived far from the other. The hunting season lasted from March to November or December, in South Florida, because the alligators in this region seldom begin hibernating before the end of the year, unless the weather turns unusually cold. They reappear at intervals during the winter, some coming out of their dens every ten days.

Their periodical appearance gives the hunters acquainted with their haunts excellent opportunities for slaying them, as they rarely go far from their retreats, and retire as soon as the day begins to cool. Most of the saurians cease their winter's sleep as soon as spring is fairly open, but they do not get very active until warm days are assured. In former years the hunters commenced operations about April, and continued the slaughter while the animal could be found above ground.

The men who hunted in districts not far from their farms usually planted a patch of corn and sweet potatoes to supply the house with food, but depended on "'gators" as their money crop, one that was always sure. Two men generally hunted together, yet it was not rare to see a tall, thin, sallow-skinned individual, dressed in the most primative kind of costume, working alone and doing fairly well under trying circumstances.

I have seen this type patiently watching near an alligator's nest and robbing it hurriedly when the female went off on a foraging expedition for a short time. This sort of robbery demands haste, for if the despoiled parent discovered him engaged in it she would charge him as fearlessly as an angry hornet and would fight more furiously than the fiercest amazon of Dahomey, until she was disabled or killed. I never knew one to retreat from such a contest, all her attention being so devoted to revenge that her own safety never entered her head.

Should the hunter be successful in robbing the nest—and he usually is—he earns more money in a few moments than he could in a week or more at farming, for each egg is worth from five to ten cents in town, and it is a poor nest that does not contain from 60 to 100 eggs. These are as large as the eggs of a goose, white, coarse grained, slightly musky in odor, and so hard that they can be rolled along the ground without breaking.

Several nests are sometimes found together, and they, at a distance, look like the domiciles of dwarfs, on account of their regularity of outline and height, some being over two feet high.

They are jealously guarded by the females, which usually lie in wait close by, for they are well aware that the males, birds of prey, and some snakes would despoil them if they did not fear the consequences. I have known an alligator hunter to earn $50 in a day by robbing nests and killing the females, yet he considered it only "ornary work" The hunting outfit of this man consisted of a light row boat, sixteen feet long, and two feet wide, a pushing pole, a pair of oars, a jack lamp, a large strong hook attached to a long pole, an axe, a hatchet, a pocket knife and a hunting knife, a stock of provisions and cooking utensils, a small tent, fire-arms and ammunition, and some knick-knacks for general purposes.

The lamp used by all alligator hunters I have met had a bull's eye globe three inches in diameter, and was fastened to the hat while the men were at work. The paddle was five feet long and had a broad blade so as to secure a firm hold of the water.

The implement employed for hauling alligators out of the depths, and known technically as the 'gator pole, was ten feet long, made of yellow pine, and had a stout hook, made of quarter-inch iron, on one end. The hood had a shank two feet long and was strong enough to pull the heaviest reptiles into the boat.

The tent was used as a dwelling house, storeroom, or abattoir, as circumstances required. The pelts were often put in it during the day, to keep them from getting sun-cracked, if a tree with heavy foliage was not convenient, and the saurians were sometimes flayed there. Under such conditions the air inside the tent at night reminded one of Cologne.

The gun usually employed in the work of destruction was a twelve or ten-bore breechloader, charged with three and a half drachms of powder and twelve buckshot. This load will kill any saurian if planted in the eyes or between the ear and the eyes, the latter being the best position, as the shot then readily enter the brain without any hindrance from the thick skull bones.

When two experienced men hunt together they can shoot all night without speaking, everything being done by signs. They rarely hunt during the day, as they need its light for flaying and curing the pelts secured, cleaning their weapons, and scouting for good hunting grounds. As soon as night appears they enter their boat, and while one poles the other stands like a statue in the bow, gun in hand and lamp tied on hat, and slowly and carefully turns his head in every direction, scanning the water for his prey. The gun bearer is generally the best shot, but if both are equally expert they exchange positions at intervals.

On descrying an alligator the lookout motions to the steersman which way to move, and whether to go fast or slow, or to stop suddenly. On coming within a few feet of the animal the bowman gives the signal to check headway, and the steersman stops the craft by a single stroke of his blade or push of the pole. The hunter then takes deliberate aim at the glowing orbs of the saurian, which look like balls of fire on the dark water, and plants his twelve buckshot in them. The result is, as a rule, a dead alligator, which sinks out of sight like a shadow, and must be pulled from its muddy retreat with the long pole and hook, and deposited in the boat.

The death of the reptile may not immediately follow the discharge of the gun, and in that case it thrashes and churns the black water into foam before disappearing, or it may become so furious as to charge the boat and its occupants and try to rend them into atoms. An infuriated saurian has been known to tear pieces out of the bow or the gunwale of a dinkey and attempt to get into it, but expert hunters care little for these hostile demonstrations, as they can promptly repel boarders with the axe or a second dose of buckshot delivered in the eyes.

The best time for hunting alligators is during the early part of dark nights, that being their favorite feeding time in lakes and rivers. An experienced hunter can tell the size of a saurian by the gleam of its eyes, because the larger it is the more light they emit. The eye of an adult is an inch or more in diameter, and being an excellent reflector, it throws lines of light all round it at night, when illumined by the jack lamp.

Alligators stare at a slow moving light with the most fatuous curiosity, and permit it to come within a few feet of them before attempting to leave. The result is, that the greater number of them killed by professional hunters are shot within distances varying from 10 to 50 or more feet, as the men do not want to miss the animals, for fear they might escape and alarm all their kindred in the neighborhood.

REPELLING BOARDERS.

When fatally hit, some of the saurians sink suddenly and hasten away, whilst others heave spasmodically and turn complete somersaults.

Alligators have their individuality of character as well as other animals, and display it in their death struggles. When a dead one sinks to the bottom, the steersman forces the pushing pole into the mud and holds the boat in place with it while the bowman searches for the carcass with the 'gator pole. On finding it he fastens the hook into it by a dexterous movement and hauls it aboard, alone, if he can, but with the aid of his companion, if need be.

One of the men then slashes it across the back, just in front of the hind legs, with an axe or a hatchet, and almost chops the head from the body with a second blow, in order to prevent it from floundering about in the boat and upsetting it.

The vitality of an alligator is really extraordinary, and almost beyond the belief of persons unacquainted with the animal. The nerves live for several hours after the head is cut off, and an alligator seemingly dead often arises and departs for healthier quarters without leaving its card for a P. P. C. I have known one supposed to be defunct for five hours and left blistering in the sun, awake suddenly, gulp down some herons lying near its supposed harmless mouth, and then charge two of us in the most impudent manner. An axe deftly used finally finished its career, but we made sure of it by feeding its heart and tail to our dogs.

When the saurians are comparatively abundant two good men may shoot from ten to thirty in a night, but fifteen is considered a good haul, except under unusually favorable conditions. If two hunters work on shares they divide the profits and expenses between them, but if not, the owner of the outfit gives the other a third of the proceeds or $1.25 a day. If employed by the day the man must be ready to begin work at any hour, supply the camp with fresh meat, if necessary, and, when not saurian shooting, flay the animals, salt the pelts, trap otters or bag plumed birds.

He must, if required, go in search of new hunting grounds, wade through marshes up to his waist, traverse swamps at all hours of the day and night, face furious alligators with only an axe or a hatchet, and live on alligator steaks, if food be scarce. He fares no worse however, than his employer, for their mode of life establishes a comradeship between them that places both on a level. Dead alligators are generally skinned under the shade of a spreading oak, hickory, magnolia or other large tree, to keep the sun from blistering the hides, and when the trees are not convenient, the tent is used. Only the sides and stomach of the hide is cut off, the heavy hard and broken scales of the back rendering that part useless.

When the teeth are wanted, the heads are buried until they rot, then taken up and despoiled of their contents. The teeth were formerly worth from two to ten dollars a pound, being largely used for making watch guards, scarf pins, and other ornaments. but there is no demand worth mentioning for them now. The carcasses were sometimes tried for their oil, that being an excellent lubricator, good for cuts and bruises, and possessing fair illuminating power. Some hunters claim that the tongue and tail of a young 'gator make excellent eating, but that is evidently a matter of taste, as the tongue seems to be composed of musk-perfumed fat, which is as oily as the liver of a shark, and the tail looks like a slice of fat veal.

The hides are prepared for market by merely stretching and salting them ; they are then rolled into bundles and sold as "green salted skins." They sell by sizes, but none under three feet in length is taken.

Hides of extraordinary size bring good prices, but these are now rare, owing to the warfare waged on saurians from Pensacola to Miami Falls for the last twenty years or more.

Even crocodile pelts have now comparatively little value, and the animal itself is seldom sought for either museums or "shows," owing to its small value.

I have seen $40 paid for a live ten-foot crocodile. yet I was offered one not long ago for $3.50. This is a sure indication that such reptiles are out of fashion in the Northern States, and that the drummer or lady with the 'gator skin bag is no longer considered ultra fashionable. It is estimated that 100,000 'gator skins were shipped North from Florida during 1889-90, but it would, perhaps, be safe to say that not one-twentieth of that number is now exported, and most of them belong to the Seminoles of the Everglades. A genuine old Cracker hunter is met occasionally now, but he does not seem the same individual he was four or five years ago, when ordinary luck gave him five or six hundred dollars for his summer's work, and made him feel like a nabob when he reached town.

The saurian hunter will soon be extinct in Florida, and with him will disappear a picturesque class of nomads which seemed to have acquired some of the traits peculiar to their haunts and prey, being silent, cautious, patient, unimpressible, and utterly matter of fact. It would be difficult to find a more picturesque class of men than these 'gator hunting crackers.

THE BLUE HERON AND THE MUSCALONGE.

MARY REID MANN.

Sometimes, when people are wise and quiet they may hear little conversations between inanimate things, that will make them open their eyes, and conclude they have much yet to learn.

I found this out the other evening, after dinner, when I slipped into the deserted office, leaving a party of sportsmen telling fish stories over their dessert.

The fire looked brisk and cheerful, and I sank into an easy chair to toast my toes; but I soon noticed a discontented look in the brazen faces of the Andirons; and was not surprised when I heard one of them say to the poker, "Won't you kindly stir these logs up a bit, and make it look as bright and cheerful as possible; and may be these city folks will stay longer than they had intended. If it looks real pleasant here, they will hate to leave; and you know from past experience, that it is for our interest to keep them as long as possible. And the Poker, thus addressed, and doubtless remembering how black and cold he usually is from November to spring, was about to obey, cheerfully, when I heard a flapping behind me as of fins; and turning, saw what the poker had already seen, a ferocious gleam in the eyes of an old Muscalonge. He was glowering down on us from his glass box on the wall, and I heard him say.

"Don't you do a single thing to keep those sportsmen here. I have endured all I can for one season, in seeing my relatives brought in, night after night, and weighed, and gloated over, and talked about, and broiled, and fried, and baked, and packed in cold, hard ice, and expressed, here and there—many of them to be treated as I have been—stuffed and boxed up to look always out on the world through glass eyes, unable to move a fin, or a tail, without hearing the varnish crack; and worse than all this, to hear new comers say to each other; when they look up at me.

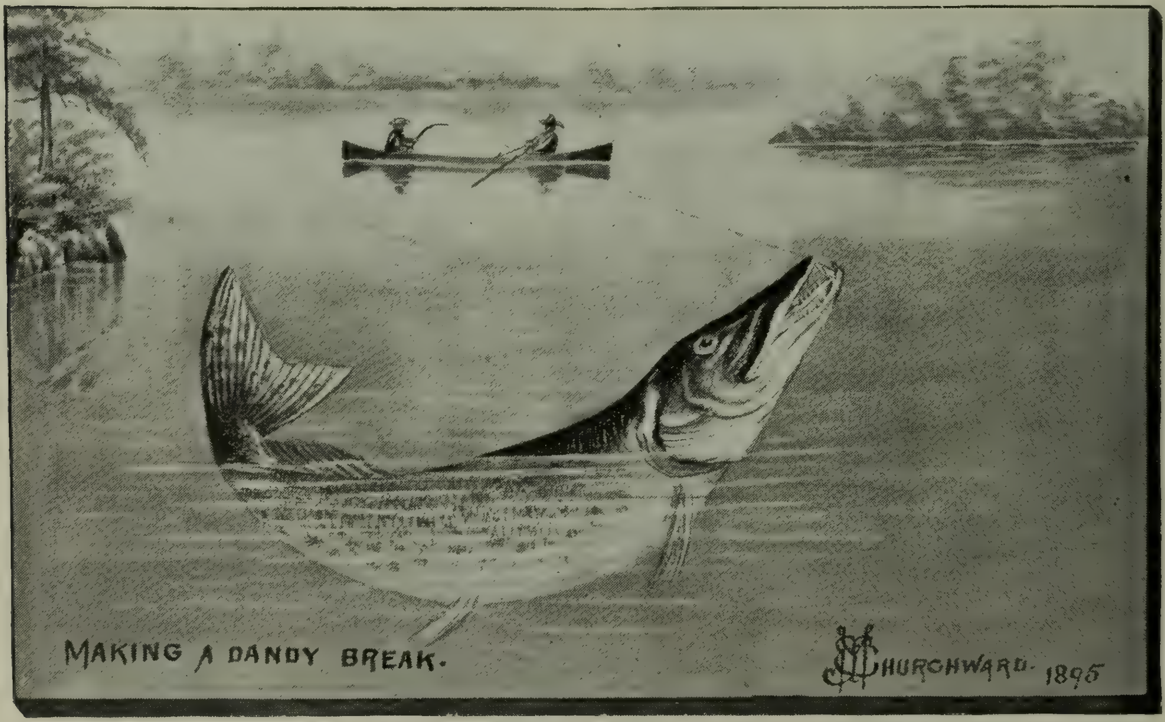
"Well, Harry, old boy! how would you like to catch a fish like that?" And Harry, never having seen me in my

A CORNER IN THE OFFICE.

glory, in the shining waters, thinks I'm a beauty—glass eyes and all—and he makes a rush for his tackle box. Then he dons corderoys and outing flannels, and hurrah for an early start. That's the way it goes on here, from May to November, and although I don't look it, I have some fine feelings, and they have been outraged and trampled on, till I can stand it no longer."

There was an ominous silence for some time. Presently, a pretty blue heron, who is a new-comer here, and who spends her time looking sadly down at the little green, sanded board at her feet, rustled the soft feathers on her breast and looked timidly about, before venturing to say, that she was in entire sympathy with Mr. Muscalonge, owing to her glass eyes and varnished legs, to say nothing of her excelsior interior; and that although she had never spent a winter at a summer resort, and would prefer to be wading along the margin of some pond, this minute, she had sense enough left to know that those days were over, and although she had not been in the habit of associating with andirons and pokers, and had only a passing acquaintance with Mr. Muscalonge, she foresaw that from this time on, they were going to be very near neighbors indeed, and when the fire died out on the hearth, and the last good-byes were said; there would be long cold days, and lonely nights, with the pallid moon peering in through the pines, with no gleam of pity on his cold face, for their still colder ones. This, she said, should make them more kind and indulgent of one another. Living thus in peace and harmony, the long winter would wear away, and they would hail with joy the opening of another season.

Then I got up quietly and stole away for what the heron had said is true; the fires are dying out; the lights will soon be quenched, and the season of '94, at this "Woodland Inn," will be only a memory. Now and then, in the gray days that are coming, I will go in and look at the cold andirons, and the blackened embers on the hearth, and speak a low word of cheer to them, for I don't want the Muscalonge to hear me, and tell them the fires will glow again to warm the disappointed sportsmen who are coming back next year, "after the big fish that got away."



A STORY OF THE MODOC WAR.

Lieutenant C. B. Hardin, U. S. A.

It was toward the close of the bloody Modoc war, now almost forgotten, save by those who endured its hardships and its sufferings. I, a mere lad of seventeen, then a private in Troop "G," 1st U. S. cavalry, had gone through nearly the whole war and had met with some thrilling adventures. The strangest and most startling of all, however, was yet to come; and that shall be the subject of my narrative.

The winter campaign against the Modocs had been a failure, owing to the small number of troops engaged. Reinforcements had been sent to assist in the prosecution of a vigorous spring campaign; but just then some one conceived the idea that these Indians might have grown weary of successfully resisting the troops, and might desire peace; so a peace commission had been appointed, with the result anticipated by nearly all of us in the field, viz.: it had met with treachery. General Canby of the army, and Rev. Dr. Thomas, a civilian, both members of the peace commission, had been murdered. This was on April 11, 1873. Then we were permitted to open the campaign properly, and the celebrated stronghold of Captain Jack was taken, April 17, 1873, after three days' of hard fighting. A portion of the troops engaged in the capture of the stronghold were sent back to the Headquarter camp, while the remainder, including the troop to which I belonged, were on duty in the captured stronghold—occupying it, I presume because it had been hard to get, and we wanted to gloat over it for awhile. Our horses had been left at a safe place outside the lava beds; and we were enjoying life as best we could, having, to some extent, purified the atmosphere of our camp by dragging out a few dead Indians and covering them with loose stones, and the little earth we could scratch up. Picket duty was light, and we had nothing else to do; so we had plenty of spare time for fishing and swimming in the lake.

All the forenoon of April 26th, I had been hard at work fishing, swimming and trying to learn how to manage a "dugout,"—which, by the way, was what necessitated the swimming. Tired, wet and hungry, I returned to camp a little after noon, changed my wet and worn-out boots for a new pair of shoes; received my dinner allowance of hard tack and bacon, with enough bean soup to almost fill my old tomato can,—the only article left of my dinner set—and settled myself on the "soft side of a rock" to enjoy a hearty meal. This was progressing finely, and I was beginning to think of the good, long nap I would have before time to go on picket duty, when I heard our troop commander ordering the trumpeter, "sound assembly!" followed by the command of our first sergeant: "G Troop, fall in!" From past experience, I knew that something had broken loose; but what it was no one seemed to know. In less than two minutes we were marching at "double time" along the trail, leading to Headquarter camp; and, a few minutes later, we met troops from that camp hurriedly marching to meet us. Then I heard some one say: "Thomas is gone up;" but it did not then occur to me who this Thomas might be. I hoped no one had suffered with him, and with the united commands we hurried away toward the south side of the lava beds.

Sometime during that dreadful afternoon of clambering and falling over the rough rocks, I learned that Captain Thomas, 4th artillery, with Battery "A," 4th artillery, and Company "E," 12th infantry, had marched from Headquarter camp that morning, to locate the Modocs, had found them, and had met with disaster.

All the afternoon we struggled over the rocks, a greater part of the time deployed as skirmishers, keeping a sharp lookout for Indians, with not a word coming to our ears as to where we were to find Thomas, and when our tiresome march was to end. Finally, about sunset, we were rewarded in our search by receiving a volley, accompanied by the usual hideous yells of Indians, all specially designed to hurry us back over that rough trail to our camp. We were too tired and angry to be accommodating, so we charged instead, and soon ended the firing and yelling, but found nothing but more rocks.

Having occupied a commanding position, our line was halted and we were ordered to throw up breastworks of stones (where natural cover could not be found) on the line. Here, in awful stillness, we waited—I never knew why—until about midnight. I was worn out with fatigue, yet could not sleep, for the night was cold, and I had neither overcoat nor blanket. Then we were advanced, perhaps half a mile, and again halted and ordered to strengthen our position, divide ourselves into groups of five men each, and to keep one man of each group posted as sentinel. I was fortunate in drawing last relief, and more fortunate in getting myself squeezed in between two soldiers from whom I received enough warmth to enable me to sleep, in a restless fashion, until called to go on post, just as the first streak of daylight appeared in the east.

On being awakened I felt slightly refreshed. My strong curiosity again came to the surface. I began to wonder what we were there for, and why we were not finding Thomas. I questioned my predecessor on post—a grizzled Irish veteran—and received this explanation:

"Oi don't know ; but Oi think there's thim her'n as knows their business, and can manage this expedition widout yer help, and they won't moind telling ye what they want ye to do. So ye can jist shut yer trap and lave me sleep."

This explanation was not entirely satisfactory, so I set my mind at work trying to frame a better one. While thus engaged, and peering over the rocks in our front, I noticed a white object about ten paces distant. Anything white in that broad expanse of brown lava rock was well worthy of notice. Here was another mystery. My curiosity could not stand this additional strain. I must investigate. Pistol in hand, I carefully crept out to the object and found it to be the body of a white man, stripped and mutilated. I placed my hand upon his breast It was icy cold. A piece of paper lying near him attracted my attention. I picked it up and found it to be an old envelope, on which I afterward read : "Private William Eads, Co. 'E,' 12th infantry." Probably this envelope had brought the last words that ever reached him from dear ones at home, who were then in ignorance of the terrible fate that had overtaken this son or brother. This all came to my mind as I crouched beside that lifeless body, and it set me thinking of my own home ; of those who were interested in me, and of my chances for meeting the same fate that had overtaken this poor wretch.

Such thoughts, however, were idle. They were bad for my nerves ; so I pulled myself together and hastened back to my post. Soon afterward all hands were aroused, and the search for the dead and wounded began.

What a horrible day's work we had ! We found that we had spent the latter part of the night just on the edge of the battleground ; almost within a stone's throw of some who were still living, badly wounded, and had suffered through that long night, not daring to make a sound for fear of betraying themselves into the hands of the enemy. They had heard the noise of our victorious charge ; but then came that long silence, during which they were left to conjecture as to whether we had been repulsed or would yet come to their rescue.

Pickets were posted in a chain enclosing a large area, within which the searchers worked. We found the men in little groups, in well sheltered positions where, after being wounded, they had fought off the enemy, and so well had the wounded fought, that the Indians had stripped but eight or nine of the dead, although they had all the afternoon of the 26th in which to attend to this, to them, important work.

I was one of the party engaged in

the search, and one of the first men I found was a private of artillery, who was quite dead, with one shoe off, and lying near his feet. The sight of this shoe made me pause, sorely tempted; for on the march from camp I had entirely worn off the sole of one of my new shoes, and had so cut my foot on the sharp rocks that I could only use my heel in walking. I wanted that shoe; but the thought of stepping into a dead man's footgear was not pleasant; so I paused to consider what I should do. I was aroused by our second lieutenant, who promptly grasped the situation, and as promptly ordered me to take both shoes, saying: "You will be wanted to carry a hand litter, and not to ride on one."

I will not go into all the horrible details of that day's work. All the forenoon we were finding men, dead and alive, the latter with from one to six wounds, all in a terrible condition from having gone so long without surgical aid. All the men found were carried to a central point, where the dead were placed in one row and the wounded in another. Several were transferred from the row of the living to that of the dead during the day.

Most wonderful nerve was shown by all who were alive. One man, who was shot through both arms, both legs, in the back and in the heel, first asked for water, and, having received it, at once began to complain because his arms had become so stiff that he could not handle his rifle when our charge drove some of the Indians back past the place where he was hidden, and where, as he said, he "had such beautiful chances at them." Another, the first sergeant of Company "E," 12th infantry, had been shot through both legs, and had started to crawl to camp; but after going one-fourth of a mile was obliged to give it up. When found, he had made a pillow of his blouse and was patiently awaiting death. He asked for water; but made no complaint, though his legs were so swollen as to almosr burst his trousers, and he must have suffered terribly. He died soon after we reached him.

In a depression in the rocks, the brave Lieutenant Thomas F. Wright, 12th infantry, was found dead, still grasping in his hand a revolver. Empty cartridge shells near him told how bravely he had fought, to the last. Near him sat a soldier, leaning against a boulder about ten feet in height, his head drooping to the front. In his left hand was his rifle, in a vertical position, the butt resting on the ground. His right hand, palm upward, rested on his knee and held four or five cartridges, which he had just taken from his box, when a ball, fired from the top of the boulder, had entered his brain through the top of his head. No living men were found in this hole; but so well had it been defended, that the enemy had not dared to enter to secure the arms of the slain.

All we could find were found before noon. The afternoon was spent in a vain search for Lieutenant Arthur Cranston, 4th artillery, and four or five enlisted men who were still missing. The bodies of these men were not found until several days afterward.

A pack train arrived from Headquarter's camp during the afternoon, bringing hand litters and a small supply of water; and by night preparations for the return to camp were completed. Those of the wounded who could ride were mounted on mules, and the others were placed on the hand litters. As many of the dead as could be carried were packed on mules, and soon after dark the return march began.

The night was cloudy and very dark. We were all worn out with work and loss of sleep, and, burdened as we were, in such a rough country and in such inky darkness, we could make but slow progress. Stumbling litter-bearers frequently brought their precious burdens in rough contact with the rocks.

There was a slight snowfall during the night, and most welcome it was to those of us who had given the last drop from our canteens to the wounded. Besides quenching my thirst it probably saved my life, as will now appear.

By midnight I was about exhausted. During one of our halts I had fallen asleep and narrowly missed being left behind, having been found by a member of the rear guard. I then trudged along with the rear of the column until we again halted to rest. I had been thinking seriously of my narrow escape, and had duly resolved to keep awake during the remainder of the night; but, in some way, while thinking it over, at the very next halt, I again fell asleep, sitting upright on a stone. In the darkness I was again overlooked, when the column moved on, and was left all alone to finish my nap, with most excellent prospects for awakening in another world, as the Indians were supposed to be following us. How long I slept thus I never will know. I was finally awakened by a curious cayote that had approached to almost within reach of my arm. Instantly I thought of the great danger I had exposed myself to, and sprang to my feet. The cayote scampered off, and I found myself alone. Of course, I thought that the Indians were just ready to pounce upon me, and I could almost feel that rifles were leveled at me. My feelings at that moment can never be imagined, save by such as have been in a similar situation. I dropped on "all fours" to avoid being too conspicuous, listened awhile, and, hearing no sound, began creeping about in a large circle, to find which way the trail led. There were plenty of tracks, but those made during the halt pointed in all directions, and in my excited state of mind it took me some time to find the trail made by the men marching off, after the halt, and to determine which way the toes had pointed. The snowfall had been light, and where the men had walked the snow had entirely vanished, leaving a black trail. Having satisfied myself as to the direction taken by the column, I crouched beside a large rock for awhile to consider what I should do.

I still thought that the enemy must be watching the retreat of the troops, and wondered how they had failed to discover me. Perhaps they were now between me and my friends. If so it would be dangerous to follow the trail. I thought of leaving it and starting off on my own account; but there was that little bit of snow in which I must leave a trail. I was not sure of the right direction to take to reach camp, and might even get turned back toward the camp of the Modocs. At any rate I could have but little hope of reaching our camp before daybreak, after which it would be rather risky to be out in the rocks, at the end of a plain trail of my own making. No, I must not leave the trail of the column; but must follow it rapidly and endeavor to overtake my friends before daylight —which, for all I knew, having no timepiece, might be upon me at any time. Having reached this decision, I took my pistol from its holster and slipped the barrel of it under my belt, in front of my body, where it could be easily reached; saw that my carbine was ready for action; arose and started on a run along the trail—that is, I ran where the roughness of the trail did not prevent it, being frequently reminded of the necessity for reducing my speed by receiving hard falls.

I was not keeping a record of time, so will never know how long I pursued that precious column. The chase did end, however, very abruptly, and in a way that raised my hair. Just in front of me, and not more than ten yards distant, I saw several dark forms springing to the right and left of the trail. There was no mistaking those noiseless movements; they were Indians. I needed no command to halt. Then I saw a head and a pair of shoulders appear above a rock, bringing a rifle to bear upon me. "I must not be taken alive," I thought; "I must make him shoot me." It was a dismal choice, but was quickly made, as I threw my carbine to my shoulder, intending to "pot" the gentleman who was covering me. Just then I heard the words, "Soger man," and several Indians sprang up in my immediate front. Through rare good luck I managed to grasp the situation before I fired. I was in contact with our rear guard, which was composed of Warm Spring Indians, in the service of the United States! I lowered my carbine, and, at the same instant, felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning quickly about I saw that four or five of the Indians were within reach of me, while others were approaching from all sides. My scheme to make them shoot me would not have succeeded in any case. They had heard the approach of what they supposed to be a Modoc, and had planned to catch him alive. So the greater part of the band had ambushed themselves at once, leaving a few to move on and spring to cover only when sure of being seen. This to cause the enemy to halt in surprise, to be taken from the rear before he could either retreat or fire.

Well, after I succeeded in getting my heart down my throat and into its proper place, I was heartily glad that I had been taken alive; and my friends, too, appeared to be equally glad about something, as I had to shake hands about three or four times with each of them.

The sun was high in the heavens, on April 28th, when we reached Headquarter camp. The soldiers of the camp had prepared food for us, and we ate as best we could, many falling asleep, while eating. After breakfast we all fell asleep and were left undisturbed until evening, when we were assembled to attend to the burial of our dead. The bodies of the enlisted men were laid to rest in our temporary cemetery that evening. The bodies of Captain Thomas and Lieutenant Howe, 4th artillery, and Lieutenant Wright, 12th infantry, were embalmed, and on the following morning we bore them to the top of the high bluff above the camp, placed them on wagons and started them to their homes.

Lieutenant George M. Harris, 4th artillery, another of the victims of the massacre, had been fatally wounded, but he, through the exercise of the most extraordinary will power, managed to live until his mother could come to him, all the way from Philadelphia, and then, on April 12th, he died.

Not a commissioned officer of Thomas' command escaped death. The ill-fated command numbered about sixty-five men, nearly all of whom were killed or wounded. The relief party did not lose a man ; but one man of this party had a very close call, and all because he could not keep awake.

RECREATION.

W. P. Chadwick.

In your melancholy moments,
When your mind's o'erwhelmed with blues ;
When you want to take an outing,
And don't know what to choose,
Just turn to Recreation
And look its pages o'er,
It will give you information
That you ne'er had before.

It will tell you of the Rockies
And the places where you'll find
Any kind of game you want,
And camp sites to your mind.
It will tell of fin and feather
And the beaver's glossy coat,
And where to go to find them
In their favorite heath or moat.

It will tell you of the pleasure,
Of canoe or coasting trip;
It will tell you how to treasure
Schooner, dug-out, yacht or skiff.
It will introduce the grayling,
Tell you where black-bass are found,
And lead you by the brooklet
Where the gamy trout abound.

Then remember Recreation
In your reminiscent moods,—
When you're home from your vacation
In the mountains, or the woods;
Send the editor a story
Of the sport that you have had,
Whether hunting for the grizzly
Or fishing for the shad.

THE GIANT WOLF OF BONAPLACE.

L. C. Bates.

The name—Bonaplace—a little Iowa hamlet is a puzzler to antiquarians. "Bona" is Spanish for "good;" but "place" is French; and French for "good-place" would be "Bon-place." If the first settlers had been Scotch, it might be a corruption of Bonnieplace. But the first settlers were three families of uneducated Illinois squatters. Besides, the place never was bonnie. There are pleasanter sites almost anywhere along the river. Another and better theory: There is a precipitous bluff on one side of the river valley, at whose base buffalo bones are often plowed up; and it is said that buffalo skulls were thickly scattered over the surface when the first settlers came. Hence the conjecture that the name, by which the place had been known for years before the first settlers appeared, was Bonyplace, given by wandering hunters. But the early settlers wrote it Bonaplace; and so it remains.

When the war for the Union broke out, in 1861, the northwest immediately began "hewing its way to the sea." For this work Iowa furnished more than her quota of stalwart volunteers. Among those from Bonaplace the first to enlist was Robert Glisson, only son of one of the richest residents. Strong, active, quick-witted, he soon became perfect in military exercises, proving himself a greyhound to march, a terrier to fight and a bull-dog to stay. Healthy, handsome, always ready for hard or dangerous service, with a fine, soldierly figure and movement, recklessly brave, he was the model of a private soldier, and might have risen to honorable rank, but for a single fault. He was an irreclaimable scamp; not a scoundrel, not dishonest, nor dishonorable; but as full of pranks and with as little sense of dignity as a monkey. Not even a corporalship could be trusted to him without making authority ridiculous. His enlistment was the joy of Bonaplace. It rid the village of an incessant bother, while it gave to the army a bold spirit and a strong arm.

One of his pranks was inexcusable. The afternoon before leaving the village he took Nelly Cole, whom he had long courted, out for a drive, and the pair did not return until the next day, just as the company was forming to march away, so that he did not have time even to go to his parents and explain. They parted with tears and publicly given kisses, on her part, and she walked, with the parents, wives, sweethearts and friends of the departing heroes, a mile or more along the road; so that the last object he looked back upon was her tear-wet face and waving kerchief.

Nelly Cole was a modest, industrious, good girl, an orphan, supporting herself as the village dressmaker and milliner. When the tattle that presently broke out over her escapade came to her ears she was silent; and when, finally, some good —and curious—women questioned her directly, she declined to explain, simply saying saying that he would speak when he saw fit. No doubt this was foolish; still there was something admirable in her firm adherence, under such a pressure, to what were evidently her lover's instructions. So the months passed in doubt, until the day came when she must speak, or forfeit public respect entirely. Still she was stubborn, until her boy was born. Then, prostrate with weakness, friendless and alone, save two good women who would not leave her to die, she declared they had driven to Eastville, and were there married by the Reverend James Larkin, with Cyrus Jones, a fellow soldier of Robert's, for witness. That night they stopped at a country hotel which she named.

Unfortunately, the only point in this statement capable of proof was the night at the hotel. The Reverend James Larkin had died a month after the alleged marriage, leaving no record; Cyrus Jones was killed in the first skirmish of the regiment; and the girl said that Robert had taken her certificate with him. She showed Robert's letters; but he only wrote at long intervals, and then only addressed her as "Dear Nelly," directing the envelopes to "Miss Nelly

Cole." The letters contained very few phrases of affection, but were mostly brief summaries of marches, battles and military experiences. But in each was some such injunctions as these: "Keep father in the dark as long as you can." "Remember that the less you talk the better off I shall be." "Tell nobody unless you have to."

Something must now be done, however. These women went to Robert's parents. They knew nothing about it. They refused to write to him about it. They had always opposed his intimacy with the girl. They did not wish to know anything about her.

So one of the women wrote to Rob, as the village called him, putting the question direct—if Nelly Cole was his wife. This letter was in a mail captured by the confederates. After waiting nearly three months for an answer, the woman wrote again. But now came news that Rob had been captured. It was eight months before he was released; and then, a great battle being imminent, he went to his regiment, instead of going home.

Time passed, and Nelly, becoming accustomed to whatever obloquy the people had for her, made no further sign. She would not worry Robert with her troubles when writing to him, but dilated on the perfections of their baby. She was the only milliner and dressmaker to be had, and her quiet, blameless deportment commanded enough public respect for her needs. Rob wrote more and more seldom, and always briefer. He seemed to her to be fading out of her life. But, in the army, he was a noted man, for a private. He saved the regimental colors at Stone River, and rescued them at Shiloh. At Chickamauga, when his company went to pieces, he made his way to where Thomas held that glorious mountain ridge, and was one of the immovable brave. At Missionary Ridge, Kenesaw, Atlanta and on the immortal march to the sea, he was known for desperate courage and madcap pranks. He did not go home till the army disbanded. Through all he kept his health and left the service a young veteran, tough as a mule and supple as a race horse.

He called first at the little front room in Widow Jones' cottage, where two bonnets and sundry varieties in the window indicated Nelly's shop. The frowzy little girl who came to the door said, "Ma has just gone to the grocery. Miss Cole, she's gone to Gurley's farm, to make dresses. They'll fetch her back to meeting, Sunday."

So he went home to his father's, musing by the way. "Miss Cole," the child said. What did that mean?

He was warmly welcomed. Yet there was an embarrassment in the manner of his parents. After some hours had been spent in relating his army life, his mother asked:

"Rob, did you stop at Mrs. Jones'?"

"Yes, mother; but there was nobody at home except a little girl."

His mother looked relieved. His father now spoke, very gravely and sternly.

"I might as well say what has to be said now as any time, Robert. Mother and I have talked it all over, many times, and settled our course. That was a bad scrape you got into with Nelly Cole—a foolish and wicked freak, my boy. However, young men will be young men, and people will forgive and forget in the case of a good soldier and patriot. Still, you may have some trouble. She claimed, three years ago, when her baby was born, that she was your wife; but nobody believed her, and she has dropped it ever since. She said that you were married at the Reverend Mr. Larkin's parsonage; but Mr. Larkin died shortly after you left, and no record of any such marriage was found among his papers. She said that Cyrus Jones was the witness; but he was killed in battle. You lost all your papers when you were taken prisoner by the Confederates. Neither she nor you can prove any marriage."

"What if I should acknowledge it?"

"So! And you think any body will believe such a story, when the girl herself has not claimed to be your wife these three years, not even to save her good name or yours; and didn't claim it after you left until the night her baby was born, when she was desperate! I tell you, boy, you can't make people call Nelly Cole 'Mrs. Glisson,' unless you marry her, and that you shan't do. Marry a woman who has lost her reputation! Who hasn't cared enough for you to call herself your wife."

The old man struck the table violently, to emphasize his words.

"Oh, Rob," said his mother. "I'd almost sooner you had never come back, if you're going to bring disgrace into the family with that hussy."

"But I can't undo what's done, mother, if I wanted to."

"It isn't done, boy," cried the old man, striking the table again. "Now, look you; this is our last word. Mother and I have made up our minds—and more, we've made our wills, and will never change them. If you are minded to marry Nelly Cole, why go; but bid us good-bye. You won't starve. May be she can support you as dressmaker's porter and milliner's errand boy. But look for nothing from my estate—not a cent! Every atom will go to your cousin, James, both by will and deed of gift; and all the lawyers in Iowa can't upset both. But, if you stay with us, and marry some respectable woman that we can accept as our daughter-in-law, you will be our sole heir, beside having an easy living while I live. I need you to help manage my business. There! Not a word now! Think it over a few days before you answer."

Rob had learned obedience in the army. He had also become familiar with deception, all forms of outrage and violence, small regard for women, contempt for civil rights and civil law—in brief, many things that are crimes in peace but allowed in war. So he lay and thought, uneasily, most of the night. Four years of absence, with few letters, had certainly weakened his love. Her image, looked at across leagues of battle, march and camp, seemed a dim and unsubstantial memory. He was now old enough and wise enough to know the value of heirship to such a property as his father's; and the idea of marrying another woman, pretty, of course, who would be accepted by the village as a lady, attracted him. But he could not turn villain in a moment. He asked for more time to consider, and his father told him to take all the time he wished, so long as he did not go to Nelly Cole.

The village hailed him as a patriot hero, returned from victory. As they grew familiar, the young men joked him about his "scrape" with Nelly Cole, and the older men spoke of it as his "wild oats," awfully wrong, but all past now. Some of the leaders in the community expressed their expectations that now he would "steady down to business," marry well, and make himself as good a man as his father. Every body seemed to consider his connection with Nelly Cole only a by-gone folly.

On Sunday he attended church with his parents. Gazing about the congregation and studying the changes time had made in old acquaintances, he felt his mother suddenly start, as a family group entered. He recognized farmer Gurley and his wife and children. With them was a young woman, leading a little boy, barely old enough to accompany her. Surely that was not Nelly Cole. But why was his mother trembling? Slowly he recognized her. He had been remembering a slender and pretty girl, whose chief charm was her timid eyes, her happy laugh, her bashful blushes, her dimpled smiles and merry, incessant prattle. Here was a pale, modest, but calmly unabashed woman, tastefully dressed, as became her occupation. She was undeniably fine looking, but he wondered why he had ever considered her superlatively pretty, so missing were the girlish charms which had once caught his fancy.

Presently she cast a sedate, accustomed glance around the congregation. Her eyes met his and dilated with a quickly subdued surprise. A faint color tinged her face and then faded; and she continued her calm survey of the assembly with all the quiet propriety befitting the place and day. Several times he caught her calm regard, dwelling upon him with gentle dignity.

Perhaps if she had expressed love and invitation in her looks—but her countenance indicated nothing of her emotions. She wore that baffling mask of serene propriety behind which disciplined women conceal their souls. So he allowed his parents, the moment the benediction was pronounced, to hurry him home, talking by the way of everything except the one thing of which all three were thinking.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

VI.

The young officer whose portrait is shown herewith has had a remarkable career. He was born at Berlin, Ill., August 10, 1855, and entered the army as a private in Troop A, 1st cavalry, August 17, 1872. He served through the Modoc war, 1872–73, and was made a corporal December 20, 1876. Discharged June 5, 1877. Again enlisted October 15, 1878. Joined Troop G, 1st cavalry, February 3, 1879. Served in the campaign against the "Sheepeater" Indians, Idaho, in the summer of 1879. Was recommended for promotion to grade of second lieutenant, February, 1881, and commissioned second lieutenant, 18th infantry, March 27, 1882. He entered the school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 1, 1883; graduated, July 1, 1885; took a course in electricity and submarine mining at the U. S. Engineers' school, Willets Point, N. Y. H., in 1888 and 1889. Was promoted 1st lieutenant, 18th infantry, December 26, 1888; won a place on the rifle team, Department of the Missouri, 1887 (two medals) and 1888, and on Division of the Missouri rifle team, 1888. Was gazetted distinguished marksman, 1888. Detailed as professor of military science and tactics at Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, March 22, 1894. He was raised on a farm, and had only a common school education, but by close and diligent study has become one of the best scholars in the army. He is an ardent sportsman and has killed specimens of all the species of game inhabiting the country between the Mississippi river and Pacific ocean.

LIEUTENANT C. B. HARDIN, U. S. A.

A LIVELY POWDER.

Pueblo, Col.

Editor RECREATION:

I tried a can of Dupont's smokeless powder about a week ago, and want to tell your readers how it works. I like it better than any other smokeless I have used, and I have tried most of them. The greatest error with most shooters is to get behind their game, and this powder will help cure that on account of its quickness. It patterns as close and more even than Wood or S. S. powder and penetrates as well as Walsrode. It is quicker than anything I ever tried, with scarcely any recoil.

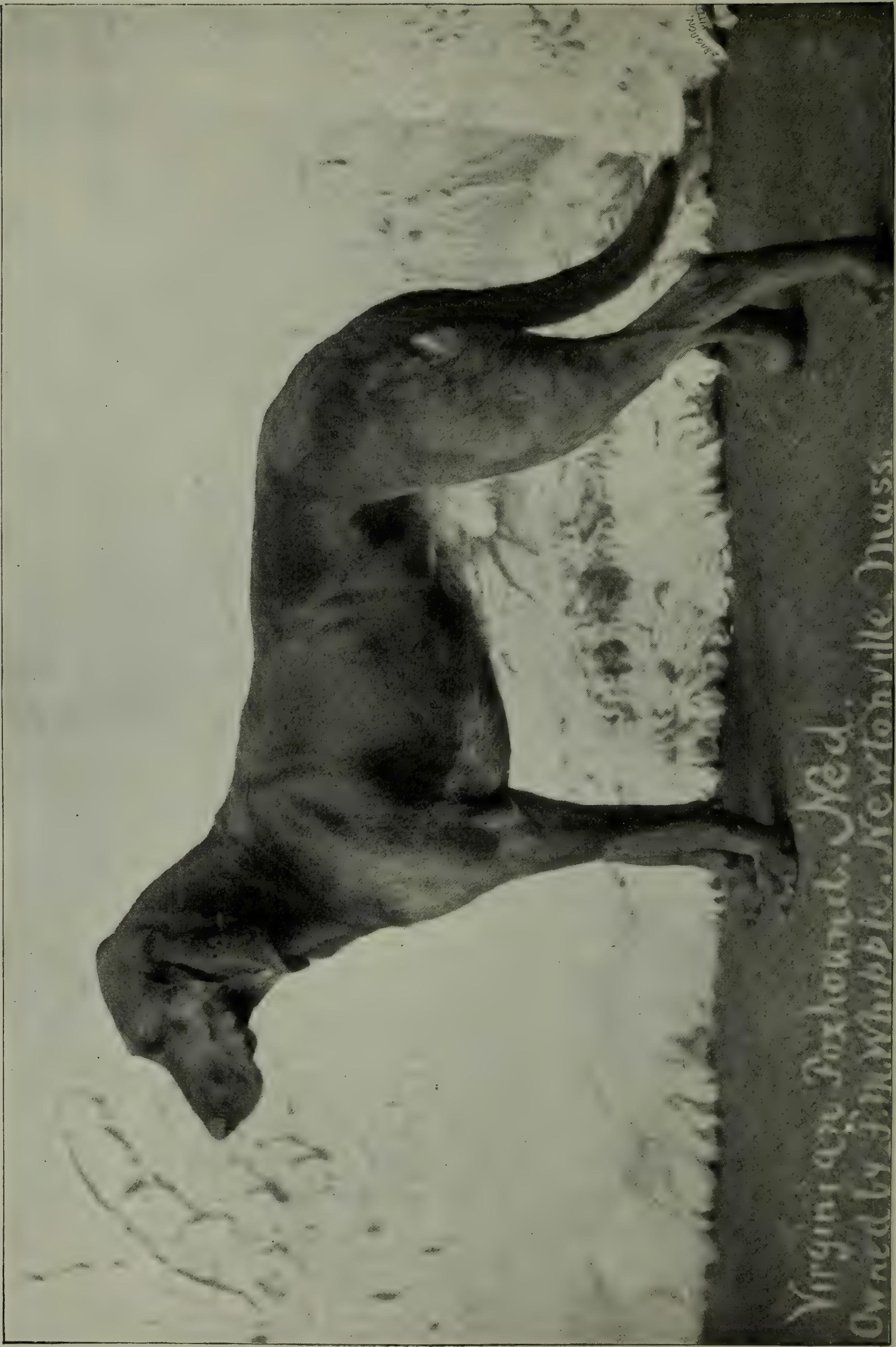
A single duck swung by me at about forty-five yards range. With S. S., E. C., Wood, Walsrode, or any other smokeless powder, I am used to shooting, it is necessary for me to lead a bird at that distance, angle and speed, about three feet. I did so with the first barrel, and as he kept on going I increased the lead about six inches with the second, and for all I know he is going yet. While I was sitting there wondering how that duck got through both those charges, three spoon bills came along, and as near as I could tell, in the same line as the one I had just missed. They were in a straight line, one behind the other, just about 18 inches apart. I made up my mind that I did not shoot behind the duck. I held as if I were using my heretofore favorite smokeless, and drew about eighteen inches in front of the leader, thinking, "Well, if I don't get the middle one perhaps I may get the hind one, or some one of them, and see how the powder shoots." To my surprise the leader dropped as if I had hit him with my 45-90 Winchester. I got the second one with the same lead, and then I was properly on to the fact that Dupont's powder is *quick*. J. M. KILLIN.

Moss Point, Miss.

Editor RECREATION:

Seven of us were out on a hunt in October. We camped 40 miles from the coast. Were gone nine days; hunted six; two days consumed going and coming and on Sunday we rested. Killed 5 deer, 34 turkeys, 2 ducks, 48 squirrels and some quails.

Do you know any sportsmen who would like to spend the winter on the Mississippi coast; who would go in with me, lease some 8,000 to 10,000 acres of pine and swamp lands; fence it with wire, for deer, turkeys, squirrels, ducks and smaller game? I know of two good locations that we can get. One is 18 miles from Mobile and the other 45 miles. The latter is the best. By fencing we can protect the game and have as many turkeys and deer as we want, with lots of smaller game. We would have to hire some one to look after it and keep trespassers off. I would also look after it myself and see that everything went all right. Would like to get about six good men, who enjoy such recreation; build good, comfortable quarters, and have everything nice. Hunting to be from 1st October to 1st April. I should like to correspond with any one wishing to go into such a scheme, giving cost and expense of maintaining it. C. H. WOOD.


Virginian Foxhound. Ned.
Owned by J. H. Whipple. Newtonville, Mass.

GALLERY OF GOOD DOGS.

A GOOD FOXHOUND.

WM. WADE.

The American foxhound, Ned, illustrated on the opposite page, was owned, two years since, by Mr. F. M. Whipple of Newtonville, Mass. Seeing the dog at a Boston show and being struck with the admirable way in which he exhibited the best type of our native foxhound, I obtained Mr. Whipple's consent to have him photographed. That I was not wrong in my estimate of the hound, was shown by his being placed first by that rare judge of dogs, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, at the Saratoga show in 1893. Ned has competed with credit at some foxhound trials, but will never be a distinguised feature at such, being of an independent disposition, not at all "chummy," and if his companions are not to his liking, he will invariably leave them and go off to hunt on his own account. This is not at all an uncommon trait in our foxhounds, due, I suppose, to their not being kept and hunted regularly in packs.

The distorted appearance of the left hind leg is due to the fact of its being too near the camera. It is thus slightly magnified.

What is particularly admirable in this hound is his beautiful head, so thoroughly typical of the real American hound. It has the high occiput; the long, folding ears; the droop of muzzle; the clean, bony character of head, and the clean cut muzzle without the rounding, gimlet-like look of many hounds. The general character of head is strongly suggestive of the older type of bloodhound, from which there would seem to be little doubt that our foxhound is descended. Just now there is a fad for a composite hound; one with short ears, almost terrier-like, and naturally thick and heavy, and a heavier bone with greater substance. This may be a better hound for all I know; at least I won't argue the question just now; but I do maintain that it is *not the true American foxhound.* It has been developed in response to the craze for something "English." If the English hound is a better one than our's, by all means have him; but don't get up a mongrel so much English, so much American, and a share of "just dog," and call it an "American foxhound." For my part I have always contended that the great bone and substance of the English foxhound was a delusion and a snare; that even be the English hound faster than our's (admitted *only* for argument's sake), he is faster by education, breeding, and habit, despite his "bone," and not by reason of it. However, I recently met an English hunting man whose ideas rise above the cant and superstition of the kennels and who doesn't believe anything about hounds unless some good reason is given him for it. I anticipate some practical reform in this direction in the near future.

I suspect this is the "Ned" who recently refused to take any interest in the field trials of The National Foxhunters Association. At any rate a "Ned" was there, a black and tan hound, who did'nt at all approve of the style of hunting, it being all new to him; and being as independent as American hounds usually are, he declined to have anything to do with innovations and quit in disgust. He always counted himself the best hound in the business. He was never in a hurry when a chase was started, knowing that it would last long enough for him to get a chance. By the time the hounds had run an hour, Ned was leading and would stay there all day if the fox desired it; and Ned didn't care whether a dozen hounds or none were with him. If some strange hounds got up a chase, Ned didn't propose to take any of their fun away from them, but would go off by himself and get up a hunt, on his own hook.

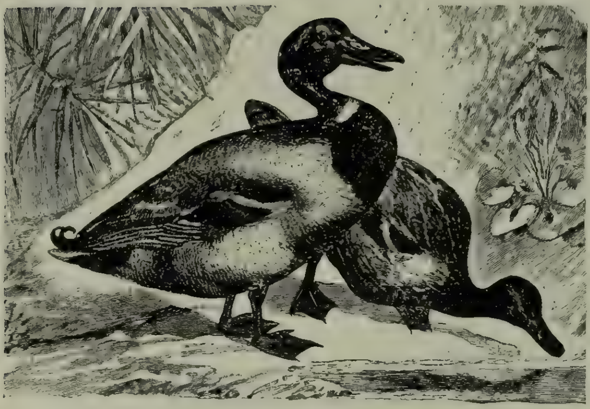
I remember that old "Bulger," who never found a chase, even "after a deer" too long or too hard for him, would quit in disgust if a strange dog cut in ahead of him. Such a disposition does not make a hound a favorite where pack-hunting is really practicable and where the hounds can be managed by the huntsman; but in our mountain country, where every huntsman would have to ride a Maxim flying machine to see or direct the hounds, if a dog has not a good deal of this sort of independence, he will hardly be of much account.

Mention of "Bulger's" getting after deer must not be understood as an approval of hounding deer. On the contrary we detested a deer chase of all things our hounds could indulge in. Even tackling a cat, or an otter, was not quite so distressing as a deer chase. The wildcat would cut some hounds up frightfully. We had no hounds equal to that 18 pound California fox terrier that killed a 36 pound wild cat. An otter would half-drown some of them, but we seldom, if ever, had any fatalities. Yet starting a deer meant the loss of more or less hounds. Some might really become lost many miles from home, but usually some scoundrel would shoot the leading hound. Deer got to be such a pest in Wharton Township, Fayette county, Pa., some 20 years ago, that we could not get a comfortable fox chase on account of the deer so infesting the country that whenever we took the hounds out we were sure to have them run out of the country after a deer; so we gathered up all the half-hounds and running curs we could find and went out at nights, in the neighborhood, until we ran the deer away, when we could have some of our choice sport for a while.

Apart from losing hounds, deer chases are hard on the hounds. A fox gives the hounds bits of rest now and then, making out his trail; but a deer leaves hot scent and the hounds can run it breast high. I always thought that deer take the worst bit of country they can find, when started by dogs. So a deer chase of a day or two, means a lot of hounds worn out for a week after.

A WOMAN'S FIRST MALLARD.

KATHARINE M. BAXTER.



The marvellous St. Clair flats! To visit and enjoy them once, means generally to return. This locality was recently the objective point of a few days' outing, after an absence of four years; and a sight of the old North channel recalled many memories, one of which I feel inclined to recount for the readers of RECREATION. My husband, proud of the little skill I had attained in shooting, and acting on suggestions from my medical adviser, had indulged and humored my inclination for out of door exercise and sport, to the extent of a beautiful double shot-gun, of fine quality, sixteen gauge, and light weight —six and one half pounds. It suited me exactly.

Immodest? No; the world is better educated than formerly and women are now allowed to indulge in such rational outdoor sports as are suited to them. Modern women are not prudes.

One night, my punter, Hank, informed me there was promise of a strong west wind for the following day, which would be favorable for ducks—or rather for us—and I realized the importance of the occasion, as I arranged matters with "mine host," whereby I should be called at four o'clock A. M. which was like midnight at that season. Excitement and insomnia are synonymous terms with me, and sleeping lightly I was easily aroused.

After dressing by starlight, and then lighting a lamp, a long look in the glass satisfied me that my dearest friend would have denied me in that grotesque garb. I felt ready for any emergency. clad in my husband's rubber boots, reaching to my waist, and concealed by my cheviot boating dress, over all of which I wore a Mackintosh, and woollen Tam O'Shanter. The cook had prepared for me, the night before, a cold, though toothsome breakfast, the side partner of which was a well filled lunch basket. Eating heartily, I extinguished the lamp; then with game-pouch and cartridge bag slung over my shoulders, lunch basket and gun in hand, I started out with Hank, who was armed with gun and lantern, for the boat house where he had everything prepared. A simple task, indeed, for all he could provide for my seat was an empty starch-box which was softened by doubling his jacket thereon. I was surprised and delighted with the spirit of chivalry that prompted this little attention.

The duck boat, in use on the flats, is a small, light skiff. Two hunters usually sit on the gunwale, their feet in the cockpit, as the oval hollow is called. The edge of the cockpit is connected with the gunwale by means of a six or eight inch strip of canvas. Thus if the points or decks are under water, as is often the case when there is a "sea on," the gunwale, rising, floats above, preventing the water from entering the cockpit. Hank taught me how to step into this cranky little craft, and I settled myself, I can scarcely say comfortably, on my starch-box, under which the luncheon was placed. I took the short paddle, Hank the long one, a double-ender, and we were off, Hank humming "Me big Injun—my old squaw," or something of the kind.

Now I know the proper caper was to be frightened almost to death at that shaky little boat, but I didn't have a single quakey sensation. I ought to have done a certain amount of worrying over the possible results—as to getting back alive, as to accidents with the guns (I had mine balanced across my lap), as to the danger of drowning, etc.; but all I could see ahead was ducks, ducks. Would I get any? How many?

What kind? What would I do with them?

The atmosphere, however, had a cooling influence. The planets burned brilliantly in a setting of deep morning twilight. The absolute silence with which night was lifting herself, made it far more impressive to me than darkness, dawn or daylight. It seemed to bring me in converse with the stars, the only observers; and as we exchanged glances, I fancied they seemed aware that I understood their appeals to the night to "wait! wait!"

The river certainly was dreaming, for as my birchen wand swept gently through it, I found myself interpreting the soft sound as a sigh, and hesitated, lest I should disturb its tranquillity.

Hank, unconscious of my adoration of the sublime, would often break the spell by a direction as to my use of the paddle, thus bringing me back to the realities and, blowing a kiss to Jupiter, I settled down to real work. Our direction being the North Channel and down stream, we progressed rapidly. But where was our strong west wind? It had veered around to the south; and, moreover, by five o'clock the stars had closed their eyes and had begun to weep, a fine misty rain sifting down. The dawn, instead of being the beautiful one I had anticipated was a desolate, gray one.

By six o'clock we had passed Dinkinson's, Roby's and Deadman's islands. It was at an ancient homestead on the bank of the mainland where lives Brabant, the old French punter, that we saw the first signs of life, a light moving about the barn. Hank gave his "ahoy!" which was answered by the dogs. The old man also came down and predicted "no sport for to-day."

"Mais, je crois que vous vous trompez," I answered. He then spied me, and jabbered something I could not understand. His patois was as unintelligible as his curiosity was amusing. He discouraged our going, but I refused to turn back, and we paddled on past the Miller farm and Walton's salt block; coming, soon after, in view of the broad, open lake and marshes. These are positively unnavigable without the guidance of an experienced punter. They include miles and miles of reeds and rushes, traversed by tortuous little channels. Hank, standing, poled us through dense thickets of them to a little opening he called "Goose bay."

On the margin of this, quietly concealed, we waited. I had been cautioned that absolute silence was essential to success in duck shooting. Rather hard on a woman! Hank motioned me to get my gun ready. This was unnecessary, for I had carried it at half-cock for the last hour. He imitated a duck's cry, when from almost beside me rose a fowl which so startled me that I was almost paralyzed, but for a second only. I raised my gun excitedly, and, merely pointing in the direction of the bird, without waiting to aim, fired first one barrel then the other, in the most dazed manner, shouting to Hank:

"See! there it goes, quick, there it goes."

Stage fright is nothing like so bad. Hank gasped, and, looking as though he doubted my sanity, asked why on earth I wasted two loads on a "durned old mud-hen."

"Was I disgusted?" Yes, I was almost ready to use woman's most effective weapon—tears. I fancied my punter thinking to himself, "bad enough to shoot without aim, but only a woman would be stupid enough to mistake a mud-hen for a duck." With fingers still aquake, and feeling very foolish, I reloaded. Then followed a long spell of waiting, listening and imitating, before we pulled away. I began to fear old Brabant knew his business and that this was no day for ducks.

After sneaking through various narrow, winding channels, we came to a little, crooked stream, called by the natives "Sny Bo-ro (Chenal-à-Bout-Rond), and suddenly, without a sign of warning, Hank exchanged paddle for gun and fired, grabbed up his paddle, and, with eyes glued on one spot, hurried the boat along the outside. While I, holding my tongue and straining my eyes, could say nothing, see nothing. Now he turned the boat sharply in again among the reeds where, struggling with one leg and a maimed wing, was a duck, a little blue-bill, trying to work its way to a clump of reeds and arrow-head plants.

Sensations of commiseration and pity for the poor little struggler nearly overcame me, but Hank, turning his back, quite unconcernedly twisted its neck—very generously putting it in my bag.

"How did you happen to see it so quickly?" I asked.

"By keeping my eyes peeled; and now, Mrs. B., you must listen and watch turrible clost, n'be ready to shoot when we git to the lake yender. They're purty wild out here. I never knowed a bird so spry 'bout hearing as they be."

On the edge of lake St. Clair the first glance startled me and electrified us both. In the distance and going ahead of us were millions (it seemed to my unaccustomed eyes) of bona-fide ducks. They were swimming peacefully on. The whole surface of the lake, in that direction, was covered with fantastic designs in ducks. Crescents, lines, hollow squares, platoons; then three or four companies joining formed a complete batallion—an immense, ragged procession, the younger members of which, to keep from straggling too far behind, kept up at intervals a half-flying, half-paddling gait, leaving long silvery streaks in the water behind. That was a sight indeed to shake one's nerves; but this time I was perfectly cool, until Hank deliberately turned the boat away and through the reeds, when I lost my head again and nearly lost my balance.

"Aren't we going to shoot?" I whispered, in dismay. "Sh-h," was the only answer, as cautiously and swiftly he pushed along a considerable distance, before explaining that the flock was out of range; but knowing the bend they would be likely to follow, he hoped by taking this short cut to head them off. They were fast swimmers, and ours was slow work, though we pushed with all our might through the thick clumps of sedge. And to hamper me, my blouse sailor collar was working up outside of my mackintosh; the latter was becoming exceedingly warm; my heavy cartridge bag was resting on top of my feet, and these I dared not move for fear of jarring my half-cocked gun, which rested beside them.

I said to myself, "Mrs. B., should you get a dozen brace of ducks you shall have well earned them, even though you don't shoot them." Of course, though, I expected to accomplish wonders. Before getting quite out of the reeds, Hank motioned me to hurry, as they were leaving our range again. Now, thought I, is my time to show Hank what a woman can do, for, with a whole flock to shoot into, I surely couldn't help getting some. There was even a chance of the scattering shot hitting a few for luck, should I miss my aim. So, when he said "ready," we let go. Bang! bang! said Hank's gun, then bang! again. I pulled on my left trigger. No sound. I pulled again, most frantically, now, and still continued to pull, while I felt myself growing very warm all over. Then I found my wits, and the right trigger. Bang! at last, but nothing dropped; and I saw the last of the procession rising higher and going farther away, executing right and left obliques in fine style, but never a halt, in their mid-air parade.

As I stood trying to convince myself that they were really out of range, Hank drawled, "Too late, too far," and prepared to go out for his find.

"Why didn't you let fly when I did, Mrs. B——"?

"Why, I tried to and my gun wouldn't go."

We examined the break, and found that the empty shell, from the mud-hen episode had not been replaced by a new cartridge in the left barrel, whose trigger I always pulled first. How idiotic I was; and still hoping to become a duck-shooter! To have failed with such a chance! I could shoot and I knew it, but luck was against me to-day surely; and feeling great pity for myself, I may as well confess that I made a voluntary contribution to the lake, in the form of several, large wet tears.

Hank tried in his rough, good-natured way to console me, saying many a man he had taken out, had, in fear, actually held on to the boat with both hands, and they never turned out to be good shots, usually buying their game on the way home. He evidently intended to convince me that because I hadn't clung to the boat, there was still hope of my success.

I accepted his rough sympathy, but positively refused his ducks—four fine fellows.

I felt now that the chances of getting anything were very slim. Hank gave me a few instructions.

"If they are flying ahead of you,

with the wind, aim at them, if against the wind, aim a lee-e-tle bit ahead to allow for the wind on the charge. If the wind is from their right aim a trifle to the right, and so on."

The next opening we came to I looked out "clos't" in accordance with his orders and thought I saw something. I glanced at him and he ceased pushing. I aimed and fired right at the bird.

"I have it, Hank, hurry! it's dead under the water." Hank laughed, but never moved a paddle.

"What's the joke"? I impatiently demanded. He, for answer, pointed about a dozen rods from where I had fired, and there was my duck swimming serenely on. I aimed again but he stopped me, still uneasy with laughter.

"Only a hell-diver, Mrs. B——" "Yes, but I certainly wounded it."

"All right, hit him again." I did so —was certain of it. Out of sight under water, and in less than a minute sailing off in another direction, gracefully as before.

"Well!" I gasped, "can you hit that?" But it was again out of sight.

"Now," said he, "you take men 'at calls 'emselves first-class hunters, 'n they couldn't hit a hell-diver 'ny more'n they could lightning; cause they both belong to the same place, I suppose. There's nothing can dive so quick, at the first ping of a gun. They're no earthly use, anyhow, wherever they go or come from. Still, I thought you could try for yourself."

"Well, I'm ready to go home, Hank."

"Pshaw, mam, all hunters has days like this. Sure it's better'n waitin by the hour for a fish to bite."

We crossed a section of open lake to an island-like clump of weeds and rank growth. On the way several sea-gulls screamed above us. I brought down one. It lay with its pretty white breast upturned, floating so gently. Soon its mate forsook the flock and returned, circling round above the dead one, occasionally dipping down into the water beside it, and always with the most plaintive cry, as though trying to arouse its companion. I couldn't endure that, and murdered the mate also, picking up the poor things most regretfully.

That must have changed my luck, for a little distance beyond, I did shoot my first duck, as it sat in cover of reeds; a fine mallard with beautifully marked wings. It rose after the shot, but being disabled, its flight became slower and heavier. We followed up quickly, and my next shot was effectual. What a prize! Finer than any of Hank's. If he was delighted, I was ecstatic. Oh! could C—— have been there at that moment! Ah! my beautiful prize! How I was to be envied.

Now, we could lunch with satisfaction, and did, in the shade of the tall reeds; for it had long ago ceased drizzling and the sun came out, at intervals.

What appetites! the cold chicken was quickly dispatched, Hank declaring that it would take a whole hen-roost to satisfy his hunger.

It was thought best now to turn homeward, taking our time and chances of getting what we could by the way, going this time the other side of the marsh and the islands.

One forgets discomfort during excitement—but after satisfying my hunger, I realized the fatigue of eight hours in a cramped position, and landed on Roby's island to rest.

"Hank, did you ever punt for a woman before?"

"No, ma'm."

"Will you ever do so again?"

"Not for any woman but you, Mrs. B., and just whenever you want for to go, I'm ready."

"Thank you, Hank," said I.

"Why, you've got as much pluck as any man I ever punted, but they all gets rattled the first trip, no matter how well they can shoot.'"

I clearly remember then with how much pride I turned and admired my first duck. Did he think it pretty fair sized? I had mental pictures, too, and saw it mounted on an oaken panel in my dining-room. It was hard to decide which I preferred—to eat it—or to hang it. It certainly would possess a flavor superior to any duck ever shot. My musings were interrupted by a musical "Tchee-dee, tyee-dee, te-dee dee-dee-dee-e," and there, running along on a low stretch of wet clay shore, was a flock of snipe.

This was luck. I was more at home with this bird, and settled three on the first rise, while Hank was re-loading. I waded out for my own birds. He decided to try the other side of the island for plover, intimating that I needed no points in this game. Taking my birds to boat, I sat there imitating their calls, hoping to induce the flock to return, which they presently did, alighting a little above.

I was out of the boat in an instant, creeping cautiously toward them. I sighted one and fired. It wheeled away. I turned, gave it the other barrel and got it. They settled just beyond. I loaded as I ran, but before I could get my gun in position they were many rods farther. They never fly straight, and are the most aggravating things; dodging and flying seemingly right at one. But oh such sport! They led me a merry chase, and I foolishly followed these Will-o-the wisps, securing five more.

At last I bethought myself of the distance I had tramped through the sticky mud, which weighted my boots down sadly. Hank was coming toward me, but without a bird. He was trying to locate me, and the boat.

"Did you beach her, Mrs. B., when you went for your birds?"

Horrors! On the water, away in the distance, was a speck. The boat had been floating down stream, while I had been shooting up. Hank flew like the wind down the island shore, calling back:

"Go ahead, I'll have to swim for it."

I faced about, conjuring up all manner of improbable happenings. What if the boat, striking an obstruction, should upset, losing my cartridges, and my duck, now more precious than ever. Turning quickly, I shouted:

"Save it, Hank! Save my duck," but he too was out of sight and hearing. It seemed a long, long time before I heard his familiar whistle. He said he had gone to the lowest point of the island, swam after and overtook the boat, and then recovering his clothing returned with the valuable freight. Had ever a punter such a tax upon his patience?

"I am so ashamed," said I, "but it all helps to make up the lesson in experience." Yet neither of us could help laughing heartily—and he good naturedly declared he hadn't had such a picnic since election day. Whatever that meant he didn't explain.

All along the route home, every small object assumed, to my strained vision, the form of a duck. Knots of wood on the edge of the marsh; curled and dried-up brown lily leaves, moving in the distance, all set my nerves agog.

We made the home landing at five o'clock, in time to get my bag—the mallard, eight snipe and the blue-bill—on the steamer, addressed to my husband. A little tired? Yes, and a lame right shoulder, the effect of my gun's kicking (the loads being heavy), but eager to try it again. I have been on several such expeditions since, and with more success, but never with the same degree of excitement, anticipation and pleasure, which even my many mishaps failed to destroy.

HE WAS LEFT.

HON. HERSHEL WHITAKER.

In the summer of 1878, a business engagement called me to the small town of Bayville, in the northern part of Michigan, where I was to attend a meeting called for ten o'clock in the morning of the day following. The distance by rail, from my starting place to Bayville, was something like three hundred miles, and I set out on Sunday evening intending to stop at Monckton, a small hamlet about midway between my home and the place of destination, for a day's sport on a favorite trout stream, and on the following Monday evening to take the train for the north.

On my return in the evening, from my trouting expedition to the house where I was stopping, I found that the trains going north were so arranged, that the one I had intended to take to Bayville, would pass the station, where I was spending the day, at 2:15 in the morning, reaching Bayville between four and and five. There was no hotel at Monckton, and I found that if I took the train at the hour named the family would be kept up the better part of the night; as they would undoubtedly insist on remaining up if I stayed. If they retired, I must spend the greater part of the night alone, waiting for the train, which would be a dull and tedious task. I found that a local train would pass through Monckton early in the evening, and that by a two or three hours ride I could reach Carrolton, at about nine o'clock. This would give me an opportunity to sleep there, from nine o'clock in the evening until near two o'clock in the morning. Carrolton is on the east side of Flat lake, which is about five or six miles long. The railroad follows the shore of the lake for more than half its length through alternating stretches of improved farms and woodland.

I reached Carrolton about nine o'clock in the evening, and at once went to the hotel, which was within about a square of the station, registered and asked to be shown to a room. From the bustle and stir in the town it was evident that something unusual had attracted a large number of people during the day. On inquiry I found that a circus had held forth there, to the great pleasure of the town and surrounding country. The hotel clerk was a dapper youth, and was the unquestioned oracle and autocrat of the place. He was talking of the day, and it was with extreme reluctance that he left them for a moment. In response to my request for a room, he said "yes," and turned his attention again to his companions.

Persisting, I said "If you can give me a room I will retire at once, as I desire to take the train going north which passes through here I believe, about three o'clock in the morning, does it not?"

"Yes," said he, "the train passes through here at 3:27."

I then asked if there was a night clerk to call guests desiring to leave on night trains.

"Oh, yes," said he, "we always see that people are called for all trains, as there is almost always some one leaving."

"Now," said I, "I want no mistake made about being called in time, for it is absolutely necessary that I should be in Bayville at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and there is no other way for me to reach there except by taking the train north at 3:27. Will you be sure to call me?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "you will be called," and his manner, which was preoccupied and patronizing to a degree, indicated that he considered himself bored by my importunity, and felt that I was unnecessarily interfering with his conversazione with his friends in the back room. I finally retired and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

Some hours must have passed when I awakened with a sudden start.

My ears, so long accustomed to the multitude of night sounds of the city, were charmed with the absolute stillness of a night in a country village.

For some moments I lay there endeavoring, by a mental effort to recall my surroundings. Gradually, the events of the day and night came back to me. It occurred to me that I must have slept a long time, and that it must be near the hour when I should be called for the train I was to take. It also occurred to me that the night clerk might have forgotten me, and yet I felt, after the strict injunction I had given him, that it was almost impossible ; and I argued to myself that I might as well enjoy such sleep and rest as I could, and depend upon his promise to see that I was called in time.

Just at this moment I heard what seemed to be the distant sound of a locomotive whistle far away over the lake. Half rising in bed I listened intently and became convinced I was not mistaken. I could hear the hoo—t, hoo—t, hoo—t, hoot, hoot as the train approached some highway crossing. I jumped from my bed, struck a match and looked at my watch : 3:24 ! Great Scott ! I cried ; is it possible the clerk has forgotten my call and that this is the train ? It can't be more than three or four miles away at this moment. The match went out, I groped about for another, struck it, attempted to light the lamp and it also went out. I lighted another and another, and finally succeeded in lighting the lamp. The noise of the fast approaching train could now be distinctly heard. I could hear its crash as it rushed over a cattle guard or rattled across some culvert, then its noise would be deadened for an instant as it passed through some cut, and then in a moment more I could hear the thunder of its wheels ring out with growing distinctness, as it dashed on to the lake-side. Good heavens, thought I, I am left ; I never can make it ; the clerk has forgotten all about me ; and instead of being at Bayville at ten in the morning I shall be at least 100 miles away, shall miss my engagement and keep a hundred people waiting. Hoo—t, hoo—t, hoot, hoot, was the merciless answer of the locomotive as it came thundering on, on, on—apparently not more than half a mile now, from the station. I jumped into my clothes, as best I could, and with the ever nearing sound of the locomotive thundering in my ears, laced my shoes sufficiently to keep them on my feet, and threw on the remainder of my clothing. There was no time for ablutions, and the train at this moment gave the long whistle signifying its approach to the station. I knew it was an express, that it was carrying a large load of tourists to the northern resorts, and that its halt at a small station like Carrolton, at that hour in the morning, was likely to be short ; that the most I could hope for would be to reach the rear platform of the last car, throw on my grip, fall on myself, if I could, and then be in great luck.

Hastily throwing my night shirt and other things into my grip I dashed down the stairs, two steps at a time and ran into the office. No one was there, although the office was brilliantly lighted. I ran through at full speed. Neither the clerk nor his friends were visible about the place, but as I made a break for the train and had nearly reached the door, he, who had apparently been with his companions in the room back of the office, rushed out to learn the cause of the disturbance. I asked him to inform me how much he thought I owed him for getting me left ? He made a *running* estimate of the amount due for lodging, and I told him if he wanted it he would probably have to go to Bayville, as I didn't propose to be left by his negligence in that one horse town.

I reached the station, the clerk a good second, and just as I landed on the platform the incoming train came to a sudden stop with a swi—sh, and a grinding of the brakes.

I attempted to leap on the platform, but the brakeman headed me off with a rude grasp at my arm, and a " where you goin' ?"

" To Bayville," I gasped.

" Well, this ain't your train. This is number four, going South. Your train 'll be here in five minutes."

A CYCLING ROMANCE.

Miss C. H. Thayer.

Charles Raynor, an enthusiastic cyclist, planned a trip, on his wheel, from Chicago to Niagara, through Canada. He accordingly bade his fiancée a tender, but cheerful, farewell before departing. She was not so cheerful, especially as she knew from experience that Charles was not a model correspondent. In fact, he begged so eloquently that he might confine his communications to telegraphic messages, that she finally consented with as good a grace as was possible under the circumstances. He then started on his trip, in a happy and expectant state of mind.

This was his first telegram to Miss Nelly Sprague:

St. Johns, Ind. Arrived in good condition, all but right thumb, having tried to outrun a horse. C. R.

Another message soon followed.

South Bend, Ind. Reached here safely. Thumb well, ankle slightly damaged by collision with an apple-stand. C. R.

At Elkhart he received an answering telegram:

Chicago. Hope to see you return a unit, which is doubtful, if your "episodes" are repeated. N. S.

Adrian, Mich. Still a "unit," and flourishing royally. C. R.

Ann Arbor. Feel like stopping here. Female students threw flowers at us as we meandered by. Never saw so many pretty girls; but no "episodes." C. R.

At Detroit another message awaited him.

Chicago. Will you come home via Ann Arbor? Yet the question is superfluous, considering the unparalleled attractions. N. S.

Detroit. You should use shorter words when telegraphing, Nelly. Will not go back through Ann Arbor, if you disapprove. C. R.

This was answered immediately.

Chicago, Take whatever route is most attractive. I will try to make my syntax conform to telegraphic rules. N. S.

London, Canada. Not yet pluralized, and like this town. Thurston is here. Pink tea was improvised for us. Lots of fun and beauty. May stay another day. C. R.

At Brantford he received this telegram.

Chicago. Are you looking up beauties for the Clark street museum? If so, I congratulate you on your success. N. S.

Cairnsville. Do not be sarcastic. You know I hate sarcasm. I send by express 4-lb. box candy. C. R.

Ancaster. Took a vicious header that marred the pleasing harmony of my profile. Met some agreeable cyclists here. Hope you received the candy. C. R.

Hamilton. Have taken a beastly cold, and will have to stop awhile. Like the people very much. C. R.

Chicago. Hope your "beastly cold" will not prove dangerous, and—but I leave criticism to you. N. S.

Hamilton. You need not be so severe, Nelly. Did you not get the candy? C. R.

Chicago. Of course I got the candy—and ate it. N. S.

Hamilton. What is the matter, Nell? Are you sick, or have you not received all my telegrams? C. R.

Chicago. Received all telegrams, hope you are not exhausted intellectually, or physically. N. S.

Hamilton. I am afraid you are ill. Dispatches so meagre. Cold not much better, but friends make it endurable. C. R.

Chicago. Are you still in Hamilton? N. S.

Hamilton. You see am still here. Not able to leave yet, but young people very kind, and keep me amused. Am worried about you. Your messages so short and curt. C. R.

Chicago. First you complain of length of my words, then of their brevity. Can you invent some for my use? N. S.

Then Charles used a postal card, writing as follows:

"Dear Nell—If you are not ill, you are offended, I am sure. What is it all about? I send telegrams regularly, and you say you have received them. Please let me know what the trouble is, for it pains me exceedingly. C. R."

He received a note (on a very small sheet of paper), as follows:

"Dear Charles—If you cannot write letters, like rational people, please limit yourself to telegrams. The idea of sending all that nonsense on a postal card! The carrier gave it into my own hands, and I knew from the immensely entertained look in his eyes, that he had read every word of it. But I would not "pain" you for the world, and therefore tremble into silence.

"Yours forbearingly,
"N. S."

Hamilton. I will not send any more "nonsense," but do please, remember, Nell, that when a fellow is flying through the country on a wheel, he cannot write long letters from every place where he stops for a few minutes; whatever his inclinations may be. It is out of the question, my dear girl. Do please be reasonable. C. R.

Chicago. Do you call it "flying through the country," when you remain a week wherever the fascinating sylphs and houris can find nothing more profitable to do than amuse vagrant cyclists? However, I will be reasonable, if such a thing be possible for woman, whose "name is frailty." N. S.

Hamilton. What have I to do with "fascinating sylphs and houris?" Please do not call me names. The term vagrant is not complimentary, nor is it strikingly polite. I send 6-lb. box of candy. C. R.

Chicago. Your hints in regard to etiquette received, with chastened thanks, and I will endeavor to profit by them. If not reasonable, I surely am docile. Do you intend remaining in Hamilton all summer? N. S.

Hamilton. You seem to feel aggrieved because I stayed here long enough to recover from my cold. But I will leave to-morrow, sick or well. C. R.

Chicago. The candy relieved the aggrieved condition of my mind—in a degree. Pray do nothing unwise, or hazardous. N. S.

Niagara. Some of our new friends accompanied us here, and we are having a glorious time. We may perhaps remain a week or a fortnight. C. R.

Chicago. James Holden, who beat you all in the last race, is here, and I intend taking a ride with him every day. Why did you never tell me he was so delightful? The pleasantest man I ever met. Do not hurry home. Stay and enjoy yourself as long as you can. It will do you good. Mr. Holden brought me lovely roses yesterday. N. S.

Telegram—Niagara. I take fast train for home to-night. C. R.

CYCLING NOTES.

Maurice Green.

Zimmerman's first appearance, since his return from abroad, occurred at the indoor meet at New York. The "grinder" was, of course, successful, and he still has the confidence of the public. It would be interesting to see "Zimmy" on our home tracks next summer, pitted against the best of the class B. men.

The 24 hour race run at Madison Square garden in November was a remarkable performance, the winner, Frank Waller, covering on the ten-lap track, nearly 434 miles, which is far ahead of any previous indoor record.

John S. Johnson is truly an athlete without a peer. After a season of hard racing which wound up with a glorious attempt at all the short-distance records, he is to journey to Norway to compete with the star skaters of the world.

The L. A. W. racing board has recommended the forming of rules which will prevent women from competing in races. This is right.

In the central States wheeling was good up to the middle of December—much later than usual.

Cycling clubs thoughout the country are now enjoying social functions, which will keep the wheelmen in close touch during the winter.

Road races are strong features in popularizing cycling, and have accomplished a great good in the past; yet the L. A. W. will endeavor to discourage them.

W. R. Stedeker has been elected treasurer of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, vice Howard E. Raymond, resigned.

R. P. Searle, the Chicago cyclist, will receive a gold medal, from the Century Road Club of America, for his record of 6 days, 5 hours, 34 minutes from Chicago to New York—1,068 miles.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Recreation for February will not be behind its predecessors in attractions for the sportsman or the general reader. Prominent in the table of contents will be "The Vulnerable Spot," by Dr. J. N. Hall, "Trouting in Alaska," by Major John Brooke, U. S. A.; "Goat Hunting in the Cascade Mountains," by J. S. Stangroom; "A Bear in Camp," by Prof. F. V. Yeager, "An Episode in a Summer's Outing," by Harvey M. Harper, and the conclusion of President Bates thrilling story "The Giant Wolf of Bonaplace," all of which will be liberally and beautifully illustrated.

Howard Eaton describes "A Frontier Funeral," in a way to make one's hair stand. H. C. Wilcox tells a camp-fire story in a style that might well be copied by the best of writers—in which he describes the experiences of himself and friends on "Two Red Letter Days." W. P. Brown gives a graphic picture of "Quail Shooting in Georgia," etc.

Many interesting items and much useful information will be given in the various departments.

I hoped to have been able to illustrate Mrs. Baxter's delightful story, "A Woman's First Mallard," but the time was too short. Mrs. Baxter made heroic efforts to get some photographs of the "North Channel," as will appear from this extract from one of her letters:

"I have just returned from the marsh, five miles away. Our trip was under the greatest of difficulties. There was a heavy sea on—white caps and immense rollers—so we didn't dare venture with the duck boat. In the marsh we had to cut and break our way through the ice to get in at all, and the water was so low that inside there is nothing but mud. It is impossible to punt, pole or pull the boat over, so I had to content myself along the outside. The sun has just peeped out at intervals. It is the first glimpse of him that we have had for several days, and I didn't dare miss this chance for fear of not having another. I don't know how the pictures will develop."

As might have been expected, the negatives were not good and the story had to go to press without illustrations. However, the pen pictures it contains will make it interesting to all who are fortunate enough to read it.

Dr. J. N. Hall, of Denver, is known throughout the west as an expert on gunshot wounds. He is called to testify in nearly every important trial, in western courts, of cases growing out of the use of fire-arms. Recognizing his great ability in this line, and knowing him to be an ardent big game hunter, I invited him to write an article for Recreation, giving directions as to the best and most effective place to shoot an animal according to the position in which game may present itself to the hunter, whether running, standing or lying down. This Dr. Hall has done, in a most instructive and practical manner. He has treated the subject in a scientific, but popular way. No technical terms are used, yet the probable effect of gunshot wounds on animals in each of a great many different parts, is clearly and lucidly described.

This article will be printed in the February number of Recreation, fully illustrated, and is certain to prove of deep interest to all big game hunters.

Governor Morton has been asked to appoint that veteran angler and able writer, A. N. Cheney, to the position of State Fish Commissioner. There are few sportsmen or icthyologists in the United States who do not know and love Mr. Cheney, and who would not gladly go on his bond if given an opportunity. There is not a man in the State more thoroughly equipped for this important office than he. For twenty years he has studied fishes and fish propagation. He is an honest man; a brainy man; a clean man; and it is hoped the governor will honor both himself and Mr. Cheney by making the appointment without delay.

It is a fact.—Recreation will be represented at the great sportsmen's fair, at Madison Square Garden, next May. It will live, for a week, in its own log cabin; surrounded by its own trophies of the chase; its own camp outfit; its own fishing tackle; its own pictures of hunting and fishing scenes, etc. It will have several camp chairs, so that its friends may sit down and rest. It will have on tap a lot of cob pipes and a keg of choice tobacco, so that all may smoke. For its subscribers it will have some choice cigars. See? It will have a great many other things that will interest sportsmen.

I learn that a number of the prominent stock holders in the various land and improvement companies at Eddy, New Mexico, have allowed their land to be advertised for sale for non-payment of taxes. This would seem to indicate that these men have finally found out, what others learned long ago, and that they have decided to abandon their holdings there. Verily the Pecos Valley is in hard luck.

This is a good time to subscribe for Recreation. Have your subscription begin with the year. There are still a few copies of the October, November and December numbers on hand; but persons wishing them will have to order soon. Recreation started with 56 pages. The December number had 72 pages, and it is not yet full grown. Before the end of 1895 it will be as large as the *Cosmopolitan;* yet the price will remain where it is.

Recreation has bought the *Young Sportsman*, formerly published at Albion, New York. This magazine will be sent to all subscribers, on the books of the *Young Sportsman*, to the end of the term for which they have paid. All unexpired advertising contracts with that paper will be carried out by Recreation. This arrangement adds over 400 names to my subscription list. Advertisers please note.

PROTECT THE GAME.

The following correspondence will interest all friends of game protection, and this means all true sportsmen.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM HON. B. M. WEBSTER, OMAHA, NEB.:

"The mountains were literally alive with hunting parties, from all over the country. The Shoshone and Bannock Indians had hunted all through the range during the summer, in larger numbers than usual. We could not find a game range anywhere that they had not been overrun.

"Is there not some way in which this slaughter by the Indians can be stopped? As a rule these 'wards of the nation' do not hunt for meat, but are merely after a little spending money and take only the pelts, leaving the carcasses to rot.

"I have called this matter to the attention of several of our Congressmen, but find it difficult to get them interested in any subject affecting the general good. I wish some definite plan could be decided upon, by which all sportsmen throughout the country could act in unison, in order that something might be accomplished before it is too late."

EXTRACT FROM MY REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER.

Dear Sir: I am, and have been for fifteen years past, an ardent advocate of game protection. I join you heartily in the wish that something could be done to stop the illegal and unreasonable slaughter of game by the Indians, in the vicinity of the National Park and elsewhere. Will ask the National Fish and Game Protective Association to take up this question and act on it, and have no doubt they will do so. Shall also write the commissioner of Indian affairs, and hope that by the time another summer arrives some influence may be brought to bear upon the Indian department that will cause it to keep the redskins at home.

ANOTHER LETTER.

MR. F. S. BAIRD, Attorney, National Fish and Game Protective Association, Chicago.

Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of a letter from Hon. B. M. Webster, of Omaha, Neb., who has lately returned from a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains, and who writes me that the Shoshone and Bannock Indians have been hunting all through the country south and east of the National Park, all summer and fall; that they have killed thousands of elk, deer and antelope, in many cases taking only the skins and leaving the carcasses to rot. These Indians make a practice of this reckless slaughter of game every summer, in open violation of the law, and some strong pressure should be brought to bear upon the Secretary of the Interior that would cause the issuing of such orders as would restrain the Indians from leaving their reservations, at least during the close seasons. The game laws of Wyoming and Montana are, I believe, applicable alike to Indians and to white men, but the people of the territories dislike to prosecute the Indians on account of depredations which they fear would be committed in retaliation. The attention of former secretaries of the Interior and commissioners of Indian affairs has been called to this matter repeatedly and promises have been made, but no important action has been taken. Local Indian agents give the Indians hunting permits every summer, and allow them to go where they like. This should be forbidden.

Can not the National Fish and Game Protective Association, at its next meeting, take some action in this matter which will cause the Secretary of the Interior to act energetically?

I think it would be well for you to correspond with Mr. Webster and have suggested to him that he write you. I shall agitate this matter, through occasional articles in RECREATION, and will co-operate with your Association, in any way possible to bring about the desired end.

Kindly let me know your views of the matter and oblige.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

TO THE HONORABLE
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C.

Sir.—I am in receipt of a letter from Hon. B. M. Webster, of Omaha, Neb., who has lately returned from a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains. He writes me that the Shoshone and Bannock Indians have been hunting all through the country south and east of the National Park, all summer and fall, that they have killed thousands of elk, deer and antelope, in many cases taking only the skins and leaving the carcasses to rot. These Indians make a practice of this reckless slaughter of game every summer, in open violation of the law, and some strong pressure should be brought to bear that would cause the issuing of such orders as would restrain these Indians from leaving their reservations.

The illegal slaughter of game by the Indians in Wyoming and Montana, on territory outside of their reservations, has been so enormous during the past few years as to alarm all lovers of nature, and to cause grave apprehension as to whether it be possible to preserve the elk, deer and antelope from total extinction. The large herds in the National Park naturally migrate more or less and frequently move outside the bounds of the Park. The Indians hang around the south and east limits of the Park during a great portion of each summer and kill all they can of this game. They take the skins and sell these for a paltry price. If they saved the meat the offense would not be so great, and yet this game should not be slaughtered by the hundreds or thousands of head for the sake of feeding Indians, so long as the government provides beef and pork for them.

I beg that you will consider this matter carefully and that before another summer opens you may find it advisable to issue such orders as will prevent the Indians from leaving their reservations on these hunting expeditions.

Of course, whenever sportsmen complain of the Indians killing the game, it is charged, by people who are not fond of hunting, that the sportsmen wish to have the Indians prevented from killing the game in order that they may kill it themselves. This is true only to a limited extent. There are thousands of sportsmen who never hunt big game, yet who are interested in having these wild animals perpetuated on their native ranges. There are thousands of other lovers of nature who are not sportsmen at all and who are interested in the preservation of the game. Those of us who do hunt big game kill, as a rule, only one or two animals, each, during a season, and we invariably do our hunting in small parties. The Indians turn out, usually, in parties numbering some hundreds, surround large areas, and drive the game to ambushed hunters, who often shoot down twenty-five or fifty head each, within a few minutes.

I should be glad to know your views of this matter, and whether you consider it possible or expedient to take any steps in the direction indicated.

FROM THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The Honorable the Secretary of the Interior.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by Department reference for report, of a letter from G. O. Shields, Editor of RECREATION, New York city, who states that Mr. B. M. Webster, of Omaha, Nebraska, who has lately returned from a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains, writes him that the Shoshone and Bannock Indians have been hunting all through the country south and east of the National Park, killing thousands of elk, deer and antelope, and taking only their skins, leaving the carcasses to rot.

In reply I have respectfully to report that during the early part of 1894, this office received many complaints that the Indians of the Shoshone and neighboring reservations were wantonly slaughtering game that had been driven down from the Rocky Mountains, and that roving parties of Indians were continually killing game in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park.

In view of the above, the Agent of the Shoshone Agency was instructed to report the facts to this office and to take such action as would in the future entirely stop the wanton killing of game by the Indians of his agency.

Subsequently more complaints were received from Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, that parties of Indians were leaving their reservations continually, with passes from their agents, to make social and friendly visits to other reservations, and that while en route they slaughtered game in large quantities, merely for the sake of killing and for the hides, particularly in the country adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park.

The office, in view of these additional complaints, under date of May 22, 1894, addressed the following letter to the Indian Agents in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and the Dakotas:

"Enclosed herewith you will find copy of office circular of November 1, 1889, relative to Indians leaving their reservations for the purpose of hunting.

"This office has recently received a great many complaints to the effect that numerous parties of Indians are continually leaving their reservations with passes from their Agents to make social visits to other reservations; that they slaughter game in large quantities merely for the sake of killing and for the hides; that their wanton destruction of wild animals is particularly noticeable in the country adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park and the Shoshone reservation, Wyoming; and that if these depredations are allowed to continue during the coming season, it will probably result in a serious conflict between the white settlers and the Indians and end in bloodshed.

"Upon receipt of this letter you will call a council of your Indians, again inform them as to the purpose of this circular, and tell them that the restrictions as to hunting contained therein must be strictly complied with; also that should they in the future obtain passes from you for the ostensible purpose of making friendly visits to other reservations and then engage in hunting while en route, such passes will all be recalled and they will not be allowed to leave their reservations again. Further, that they will be liable to arrest and punishment by State officers for violating the game laws of the State or Territory in which they may be found hunting.

"Hereafter no passes should be granted to Indians when you have reason to believe they intend to go on hunting expeditions; and where permission is given to leave the reservation for other purposes, it should be only upon condition that they will not engage in hunting while absent.

"In granting such passes in the future to make visits or to leave the reservations for other purposes, which would enable them to hunt while absent, you should be careful to impress upon them the consequences of violating their agreement.

"When such pass has been granted, the Indian agent, in charge of the reservations which they intend visiting, should be notified of the time of their departure, their names and the route they intend to travel, so that he may be on the look out for them.

"Your hearty co-operation in this matter is requested in order that the evils complained of may be corrected, and the threatened danger of trouble between the Indians and whites averted."

Some of the replies received from agents would seem to indicate that the Indians are not altogether to blame in the matter complained of.

Captain Ray asserts that hordes of white hunters infest the country (Yellowstone Park region) entirely unmolested, and no doubt such is the case. This office has endeavored, by every means in its power to prevent the Indians from wantonly destroying game in the western country, and will still continue to do so, but it must be said that in most instances where complaints have been made, careful investigation has shown that the charges against them were altogether false or grossly exaggerated, and sometimes wilfully so.

It is my intention to write again to the Agents of the Fort Hall (Idaho) and Wind River (Wyoming) Agencies, directing them to be watchful, to the end that their Indians gave no cause for complaint in this matter, but I think it would be well if some attention were paid to the foreign and native tourists and others, who go into that country to hunt, without let or hindrance.

It is a well known and admitted fact that the extermination of the buffalo and other large game in the west was the work of the whites, principally, and not the Indians, and even now the well supplied curio shops and taxidermists obtain their supplies of heads, antlers, horns, etc., entirely from the former, or very nearly so, at least.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
FRANK C. ARMSTRONG,
Acting Commissioner.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

MR. G. O. SHIELDS.

Sir:—Your communication of the 24th ultimo, in relation to the alleged wanton destruction of game of all kinds by Indians outside their Reservations, was referred to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and I herewith enclose a copy of his report thereon.

It is shown by this report that this Department has already taken steps to prevent the Indians from wantonly destroying game, and efforts in that direction will be continued. The Indians are not, however, responsible for all the damage done, and much of the blame cast on them ought properly to be placed elsewhere.

Very respectfully,
HOKE SMITH,
Secretary.

FROM MR. WEBSTER.

My Dear Sir :—Am glad to notice from your's of the 17th inst. that you are still agitating, at headquarters, the question of destruction of the game of the country; I believe you can be of great service, not only to the settlers of the west but to the whole country, on that line. I have no doubt that the Secretary of the Interior, and probably the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, may be somewhat influenced in their judgment of this question, by reports they may get from Indian agents, and possibly from contractors of Indian supplies. I have talked with some of these gentlemen and find they are inclined to ridicule the idea of the Indians destroying more game than the settlers. They may be ignorant of the situation, or may have interests in the Indian hunting. However that may be, I have become acquainted with many of the settlers in the most remote districts, and know that they look upon the destruction of the game by the Indians, as being *a very serious matter*. I have noticed that in parts of Idaho where there are some elk, and a good many deer, but where the Indian roams but little, and where the tame sheep herds do not actually graze, both deer and elk seem to hold their own. I feel sure the rigid laws of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho will be enforced as against whites by the settlers. In the neighborhood of the head waters of the Green river, I have some acquaintances, and they feel as though the Indian was about having his own way with the game. They sometimes get the agents at Washkie and Fort Hall agencies to call in the Indians, but this seems to last but a short time until they are out again in the mountains securing the coveted skins for gloves and moccasins. The settler finds little if any profit in killing deer or elk, or antelope, and only kill, so far as I have been enabled to learn, for the *necessary meat*. It seems right that they should have this privilege, as they, unlike the Indian, live from their own resources. These settlers who hunt at all, usually find more profit in the pelts of bears, and such game as have valuable pelts. I shall be glad to read the January number of RECREATION, or any communication from you which will go to show that something is being done on this important subject. I was informed this fall that there was as many as 400 Indians from Washkie and Ft. Hall, at one time hunting in Jackson's Hole. They did great damage before they were called in by the agents. This I know from results, as well as from statements made to me by reliable persons.

FROM MR. BAIRD.

MR. G. O. SHIELDS, Editor RECREATION.

My Dear Sir:—Yours of October 24th, and of November 26th, came to hand. I am also in receipt of a communication from Mr. Webster, of Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. Bortree, our President, has been sick, but is now much better, and as soon as he is out, we will call a meeting of the Executive committee of the association and this matter will be taken up and given prompt attention.

Our association have also in view the amendment of our laws by Congress in such a way as to more effectually stop the unreasonable slaughter and transportation of game. I am not at liberty at present to state what we contemplate until the association map out the amendments, which we expected to do in time to have them introduced at the next session of Congress. This being a short session, we thought it better to wait until the long session, so that we would be more certain of getting through the desired amendments.

I have written Mr. Webster in regard to the matters stated in his and your letters, and the association, at the next meeting, will take the matter up.

Our association is now following up some of the illegal shipments of game from Wisconsin and Minnesota, and we expect that parties in Minnesota will be indicted soon, and a vigorous and successful prosecution carried out against them.

As soon as our association meets and take action in these matters, I will communicate with you. Meanwhile, thanking you for the kind information we have received and hoping that RECREATION, and the National Association can work hand in hand, and accomplish some good results, I remain Respectfully yours,
F. S. BAIRD.

The following cyclists have applied to the Century Cycle Club, of America, for records:—A. J. Rosenstreter for the 45 hour record, and John S. Johnson, for the one mile straight away record, of 1 m. 35 2-5 s. The L. A. W. refused to recognize the latter record, because it was not made on a track, and the Century Road Club, because the requiste number of timers was not on hand when the trial was made.

The cycle show which will occur in Chicago this month will certainly be a success, judging from the number of makers who have taken space. The importance of the wheel industry can be realized by attending this exhibition. Thousands of machines of this year's models will be shown.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS

OREGON NOTES.

M. W. Miner.

I predict that the new 32-40 Winchester repeater will be a great favorite among the hunters and cattle men in the west. That and the 38-55 will take the lead among men who make a rifle a constant companion. Its great penetration, with light weight of amunition, will make it fill a long felt want among frontiersmen.

———

A two days contest, recently, between the La Grande and Baker City, Oregon gun clubs resulted in a victory for the La Grandes. Clay and live pigeons were used.

———

Deer are plentiful near Wetherby, Oregon. Ranchers are busy laying in a winter supply of venison.

———

Bear recently raided the cabin of some Chinese miners on North John Day creek, Oregon, and ate and destroyed the entire winter's supply of provisions that had just been laid in. The Chinaman said, "bear he ketchum licee ; all ee sam ee ketchum flour ; ketchum pork ; ketchum duck. May be by and by come ketchum China boy. May be no ketchum all ee China boy. Me lun ee all sam ee like hoss.

———

A cougar recently raided a corrall in Pine Valley, Oregon, and killed two fine colts that the rancher had yarded for the night.

Pelan, Minn.

Editor Recreation :

The shooting season has been a complete failure here. Drouth and fire have driven off nearly all the birds—sharp tails and pinnated grouse. We have not had one-tenth as many as last year, though the young birds were plentiful at the beginning of the season. Ducks and geese unusually scarce. Moose have been practically driven away, across the Roseau river into the great swamps and pine lands. Elk almost extinct, except about 100 miles east, where I have heard of a band of about 60. Deer are also scarce ; gone south to the rolling lands south of Red Lake Reservation. Fur animals, completely driven away such as foxes, wolves, martens, rabbits, etc. There are a few mink, and rats in the main streams, Burton Harris.

———

Editor Recreation : Pittston, Pa.

I am circulating a petition to our legislature in behalf of game protection. Have had it only two days and now have over 200 names signed ; so you see our people are alive to the subject.

Mr. A. A. Hughes, of Williamsport, president of the State Sportsmen's Association, attended the Bloomsburg two days' shoot. Over 4,000 inanimate targets were thrown. Wm. Van Dyke, representing Winchester guns, W. R. Hobart and W. F. Quimby, all of New York, were prominent among visitors. Mr. Van Dyke carried off the honors, missing only three in all the events. W. F. C.

Subscribe for Recreation. $1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

GAME NOTES.

Uvalde, Texas.

Editor Recreation :

I was out four days of last week, south of town. We had partial success. Killed one deer, two turkeys, seven ducks (mallards), eleven quails (about equally divided between blue and Bob whites) and five squirrels. Am thinking of going again soon. Game is scarcer here than ever before, on account of the protracted drouth of the past two years. Quail were abundant three years ago ; now you can seldom see one in a half-day's travel. Hy. J. Bowles.

———

Isaac B. Wilson, of West Milford, N. J., was shooting with a friend, and when passing through a bit of brush the friend shot at a rabbit, and a large portion of the charge of shot struck Mr. Wilson. Eighteen pellets went into one leg, above the knee, and seven into the other, several of them penetrating to the bone. They were extracted, and though the wounds were exceedingly painful for a few days, Mr. Wilson has entirely recovered.

———

Captain A. C. Anson, Walter R. Wilmot and James Duryea, of the Chicago base ball club ; Wm. F. Bickel, vice-president of the Minnesota savings bank, St. Paul ; Harry Bickel, his son, and others, spent some weeks at the lakes in Bottineau county, N. D., late in the season, and killed 562 geese and ducks, and 130 pinnated grouse. Later on this party hunted deer for two weeks and was fairly successful. "Old Ans" knows something of other kinds of game besides base ball

———

Montreal, Can.

Editor Recreation :

We had a great many snipe and woodcock this fall, but they left us rather earlier than usual. Flight was dense, but didn't last long. Ducks were plentiful. Partridges, or ruffed grouse numerous, as the dry spring enabled them to hatch. Improved game laws, forbidding export, have proved beneficial. In our Montreal markets grouse retail at 35 cents to 50 cents a brace.

W. H. Drummond, M. D.

———

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor Recreation :

I have just returned from my hunt ; went to th northern part of the State, principally to hunt ruffed grouse. and was completely snowed in, I was there nearly a week and sat around a stove, waiting for the snow to let up, but it didn't. I got about six hours hunting on Friday, and in that time got five grouse, three rabbits, one woodcock and one grey squirrel.

J. G. Messner.

———

Biscotasing, Ont.

Editor Recreation :

Next fall, 20th October, will again place moose and caribou, in Ontario, at the disposal of the white hunter, and it would be hard to find a more promising country for either than that around here. In the years that these deers have been entirely protected they have multiplied wonderfully, and ought to furnish good sport.

T. C. Rae.

Mr. R. W. Aldrich, of the Aldrich Banking Company, Golden City, Mo., writes that he is about to start (Nov. 17), on a long hunting trip through east central Mexico, and will, of course, take a camera with him, as all good sportsmen should do. He says he was through that same country last spring, and game of every kind is plentiful there.

D. W. Arnold, a prominent sportsman, of East Haddam, Conn., has recently procured a pair of live decoys. One is a beautiful mallard drake and the other a black duck. Dan says they are great callers, and he expects to hear something drop in their neighborhood when the next ducking season opens.

Messrs. Rolla Hickes, C. W. Raymond and Edward Rike, of Dayton, Ohio, and F. C. Etheridge, of Macon, Ga., are shooting quails in southwestern Georgia.

Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Lay, Colo., is again in the mountains with his camera. This time Mr. Wm. Wells, of Meeker, is with him, and they are loaded for lions and wild cats. Mr. Wallihan was among the deer and antelope all through October.

Albion, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION :

Deer and antelope are plentiful in this region. I went about twenty miles southwest recently, and saw a large band of antelope. Have had several legs of venison this fall.

CHARLES ALBERTSON.

Howard Eaton, who has a large stock ranch in the Bad Lands, has in domestication some 20 head of elk, which he bought last winter and spring, from hunters and trappers in the neighborhood of the National Park.

Dayton, O.

Editor RECREATION :

I have lately returned from a two weeks' hunting trip in Arkansas and Missouri, having killed six deer and a bear.

W. K.

Cairo, Ill.

Have just returned from a two weeks outing in southeastern Missouri, where we secured five deer, two turkeys and some smaller game.

WM. N. B.

Marysvale, Wyo.

This place is not especially noted for moose, but four fine bulls have been killed here recently.

S. N. L.

Professor F. C. Fowler has recently purchased 500 Canadian hares, which are to be turned loose on his extensive game preserve, near East Haddam, Conn.

Water fowl shooting, in northwestern Nebraska, has been good this season. All other game has been scarce.

A. N. SHEFFNER, M. D.

Dr. J. M. G. Beard has located at Fruita, Colo., and writes that he is now in the heart of a good game country.

THE BIG ONES THAT GOT AWAY.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 1, 1894.

Editor RECREATION :

No doubt many of your readers are debating as to where they may go, in the late winter months, and catch some big fish. Let me suggest to such the gulf of California, at Guyamas, old Mexico, the southern end of the Santa Fé branch, which leaves the main line at Deming, New Mexico. I cannot claim to have caught any of the great fish that inhabit the gulf, but that was only my misfortuue, for I did hook a number, and with the help of two strong Mexicans, brought them near enough to see what monsters they were. That we did not capture any of them was the fault of the tackle furnished by our skipper.

Our party was composed of three men ; all good fellows, who could travel and laugh at poor accommodations and at the queer things we saw on our way through Sonora to the gulf. My two companions were from St. Joseph, Mo., and our trip was principally for business purposes ; but not being suited in this we ended it at Guyamas with a bull-fight and a day's fishing.

For the latter we engaged two Mexicans with a sail boat, and as neither of these knew a word of English, and we scarcely a word of Spanish, the difficulty of understanding one another can be imagined. They first landed us on a coast where we gathered snails—big ones—for bait. Then they anchored out about a mile and we began fishing, and the luck we did have pulling out fish 12 to 18 inches long ! Soon, however, the Mexicans weighed anchor and on we sailed several miles further. Then they brought out the big tackle, large lines, 200 feet long, with chain and heavy hook. Then it dawned on us that those already caught were for bait.

I put out about 100 feet of line and got a bite. Away went the line through my hands and I was powerless to even check the fish. The two Mexicans, catching hold, cried, "Grande pesado" —big fish. We pulled and shouted, and the fish jumped and fought like a tiger till he got away. Several others treated us in like manner till we were worked up into a pitch of excitement; but it being late, we were compelled to return to the city. We started for home next day, promising one another that at some future time we would return to that same spot and capture some of these huge fish.

They are Jew fish, are a species of sea bass, very gamy, weighing up to 150 pounds, and are delicious for the table. The Mexicans dry them in the sun and ship them, dry and fresh, into Arizona. One of these fish may be seen in the streets of Guyamas, on the back of a Taqui Indian—as much as he can carry—its tail dragging on the ground, and the price only twenty-five cents.

Whoever goes to Guyamas, should take along a pair of blankets, as the hotels are rather poor and he should not forget to take along a supply of the best and strongest shark tackle.

V. B. BUCK.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON HANDS.

There is several kinds of hands. There is right hands and left hands, and hired hands and harvest hands and hand spikes, but the hand that my pa spanks me with is the hottest one of all. It is hotter than the harvest hands ever gits. A hand some boy stands the best show at school, 'specially if you go to a girl teacher. My sister says I am always on hands when her beau comes, so she can't get to talk to him. Another kind of a hand is a hand organ, but I'd ruther have a mouth organ any time.

My pa has a thing in his office that he calls a hand stamp, but I don't think it's as hand (y) to write with as a typewriter. Leastways he seems to like his typewriter better. Mebbe it's because she's got blue eyes and the stamp hain't. She can write a good deal plainer than my hand write, which is another kind of a hand. I heard pa and our doctor talking low about poker hands, but I don't know what them is. I read in the Bible about a handmaid, and I asked ma what it was, and she said it was same as our hired girls and she's a daisy, you bet, for she always save; the biggest piece of pie for me. I read about a stage robber that always told the passengers "hands up," but I don't know exactly what kind of hands them is neither. O yes, I forgot about the hand car. That's another kind. Some of us boys stole one last summer, when I was out at Uncle Dick's. We went up to the big grade, and got on her and turned her loose. She run off the track, and I come darn near gittin' killed. Got my left hand tore off, and now my right hand is the only one I have left, and this is all I know about hands.

When you see a young man step nimbly up to the ticket window, snap down his quarter, jerk it slightly toward him, and then flip it so that it slides just a certain distance toward the ticket seller and stops, you know this young man wants the crowd to understand that he is himself a cashier, and is accustomed to handling money; but you know that he is a $10-a-week cashier in a cheap restaurant. Cashiers in big concerns never advertise themselves in public.

My father has two lovely dogs,
They're brightest of the bright.
They bask before the blazing logs,
And never growl or fight.

Indeed they do not even bark,
Or romp upon the grass.
The reason why—if you will hark—
I'll tell—they're made of brass.
—CARLISLE SMITH.

There was once in the army a Col.,
Who kept a large book called a jol.,
To be read when he'd die,
And had gone up on high—
(Or else to the regions infol.)
—*Washington Pathfinder.*

A Toronto court recently decided that every one has a right to fish in private waters, "so long as no fish are caught."

So long as men maintain the well-established custom of buying their fish, on the way home, no game-keeper can touch them.—*Truth.*

WORTH THE PRICE.

Wife—I'm awfully glad we subscribed to this magazine, dear.

Husband—Indeed—why?

Wife—Why the advertising pages are such excellent literature.—*Exchange.*

Bruddle—That little dog of mine is a great saving.

Muddle—Is that so; how?

Bruddle—Why, don't you see, he's most always on the cur-tail.—*Boston Courier.*

History repeats itself,
The maid approval wins;
Erstwhile beside, but now upon
Her wheel she spins and spins.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

He wrote about the babbling brooks,
He sang of sylvan streams,
Where sunlight into leafy nooks
Comes down in furtive gleams.
He sang of freedom of the sea,
Of nature's joy profound—
And never out of town went he
The whole
year
round.

He—Come, let us sing "The Rejoicing Pheasants."

She—Oh, you always get that wrong, it's "The Rejoicing Peasants."

He—Oh, well, I was only making game of them.

"Every kind of game is getting scarcer and scarcer in this country," remarked the man with the gun.

"That's so," replied the personage who wears conspicuously striped cuffs. "I reckon de tax on playin' cards has a good deal ter do wid it."—*Washington Star.*

"Mister," said the small, neatly dressed boy, "have you seen anythin' of a dog that looked like he was lost?"

"No, my boy," replied the kindly faced gentleman. "Are you sure you aren't lost yourself?"

"No, sir. I ain't sure about not bein' lost. Fact is, I know I'm lost. But, mister, that dog's lost so much wuss'n I am that I ain't got time to think 'bout my own troubles."—*Washington Star.*

Wisht I could go back a little while, 'n be a boy again,
A jerkin' o' the minners with a little crooked pin;
'N hear the frogs a-gruntin' as I get 'em on the jump,
'N me skeered wusser'n they was, when they hit the water plump.

Wisht I could go loafin' crost the medder smellin' sweet,
'N feel the sassy daisies a ticklin' o' my feet,
All the while a-noddin' 'n a-smilin' up at me—
Wisht I could go back 'n be like I uster be.
—EDWARD N. WOOD, in the *Old Homestead.*

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

HAVEN'T I been with you in the "Rockies," followed you in the "Cascades," camped with you in the pine lands? Certainly; and though we may not have literally quarrelled over the blankets, on a frosty night; nor growled over a camp in the snow, yet "we've both been there," and there's a comradeship, sure's you're born, between all who love the hills, the mountains, the brooks, the clear cool lakes. the deer, the trout, the alpine meadows, the pastures of the elk and the mountain sheep.

I hunt no more in the mountains, and it has been a long time (or seems so) since I have heard the laughter of the trout brook, seen the elk at timber line, or heard the "huff!" of the grizzly, from the windfall or the thicket.

I often go to my gun case and look over the bright barrels which have served me; and in the twilight glow of the home fireside I see again the elk breaking cover, with antlers laid back and body grand with strength and motion; see again the deer, tripping down their clear-cut trails from crest to brook; see the buffalo in dense black herds, as they once darkened this valley, and the band-throated antelope, as they once passed where now are business houses and busy streets. A quarter of a century ago I saw them.

You see your name has started a troop of recollections, and it's hard work to "turn the herd." Here is a dollar. Send me RECREATION. I need it. GEO. N. BILLINGS.

I congratulate you on the very excellent appearance of your new publication. I know of nothing better in its line. Paper and press work are beyond criticism, and the cuts, especially the reproductions, are, I think, of unusual merit. Work such as you are putting into this journal deserves recognition, and I wish you every possible success. I am simply charmed with RECREATION. There is an elegance and a display of good taste about it that is really refreshing, and I think I am safe in promising you at least a score of subscribers from among my intimate friends. Five men told me to-day that they will subscribe. I hope the day is not far distant when RECREATION will be found in every household; for where is the man, woman or child who does not love, enjoy and long for RECREATION? L. C. IVORY.

I have been reading the first two numbers of your new magazine so kindly sent me, and I like it so much that I want to subscribe for it for the Eau Claire public library. I enclose $1.00 to pay for one year.

Many boys from the schools frequent our library and this "Recreation" will give them wholesome, manly reading—the kind boys naturally like if their taste be not perverted in their training. WILLIAM J. STARR.

[Mr. Starr was already a subscriber when he wrote this.]

I HAVE NOT YET seen your magazine, but I have several of your books, and, judging from these I know that every line of RECREATION will be of interest to all who love the stream or the field. Here is my dollar. W. H. G.

THE FIRST two numbers of RECREATION have been read with pleasure and profit. You are particularly to be congratulated on the character of the articles. The topics are well selected, are comprehensive, and are treated in a way to interest and instruct not only sportsmen, but the general reader. Like most busy men, I am sadly in need of "recreation," but yours is the only kind one can be certain of.

JOSEPH PETTIT, M. D.

I am in receipt of copy of RECREATION, which I have read with much interest, as indeed I have all your writings.

Kindly enter my subscription for RECREATION for one year.

I almost feel acquainted with you, as I have read so many of your works, and in my hunting trips have met a number of men you mention in your different books. P. R. WOODFORD.

I have read numbers 1 and 2 of RECREATION with great pleasure. Chief among its many good qualities is clear cut, keen edged gentility. He who carefully reads your journal will be elevated and refined. The ladies of my family have several times called my attention to beauties of thought and expression therein. You are entitled to the gratitude of all American sportsmen. I enclose $1.00. Please place my name on your subscription list.

VAN S. BENNETT.

I have received the copy of RECREATION, and, realizing that a fellow can't recreate without having a basis to do it on, I enclose a subscription.

Any amount of commendation I might indulge in, without a greenback, would not help you; and I can only say that subscription, like imitation, is the sincerest form of flattery.

FRED. MATHER.

There is so much serious matter and cheap fiction published, that I feel a sensation of relief at the thought of a magazine devoted to refreshing accounts of actual incidents, or to fiction depicting characteristics of real life. I believe there is a large element in this country which feels the same way. G. M. DILLARD.

The copy of RECREATION came duly. I am very much pleased with it. Will endeavor to get you some subscribers here. It is a very interesting and attractive magazine, and if its present standard of excellence is upheld can not fail to make a success.

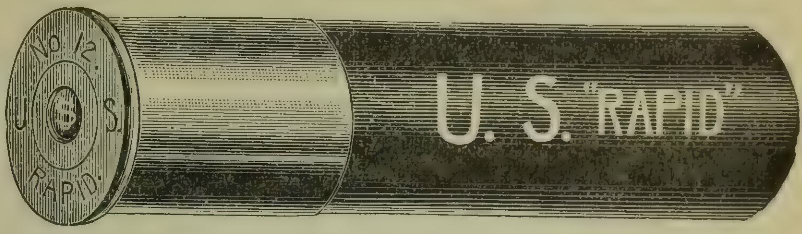
J. F. STODDARD.

Having been for many years an interested reader of your articles in sportsmen's papers, and having read your splendid book, "Cruisings in the Cascades," I deem it not amiss to wish you all success in your new enterprise, and sincerely hope you may receive the support of the fraternity. E. M. BROWN.

I wish you the best of success in your new venture. RECREATION certainly is in the lead for entertaining, instructive advice and good, reliable information.

D. W. CREE.

U. S.



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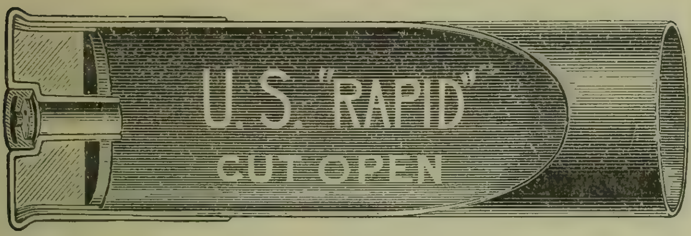

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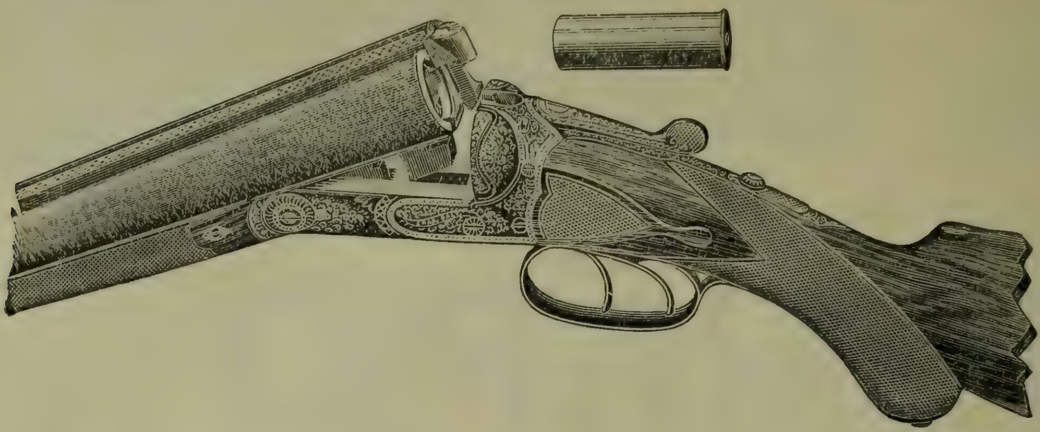

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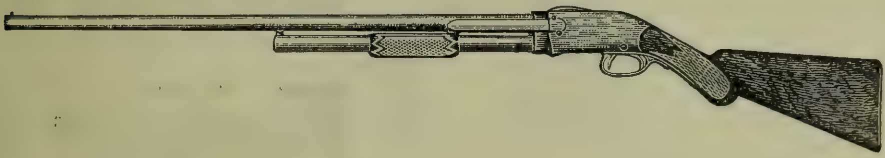

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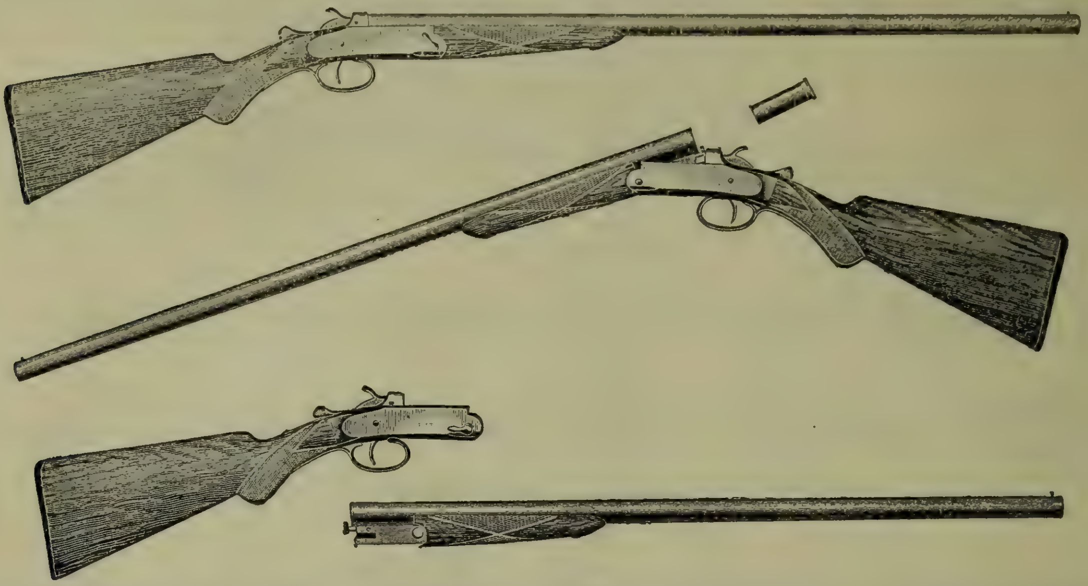

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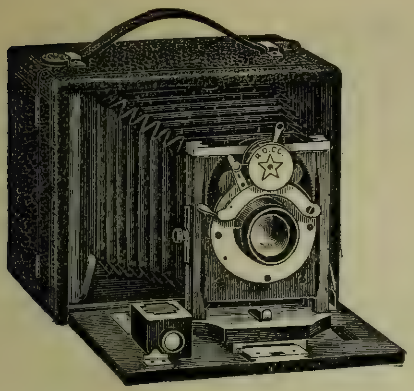

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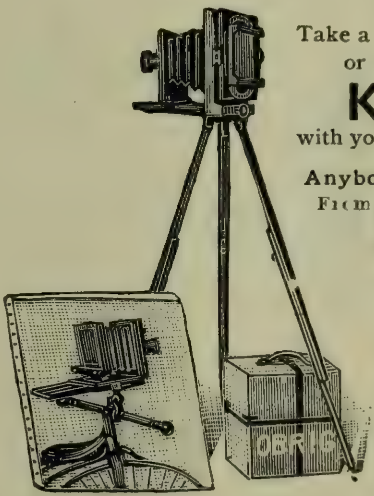

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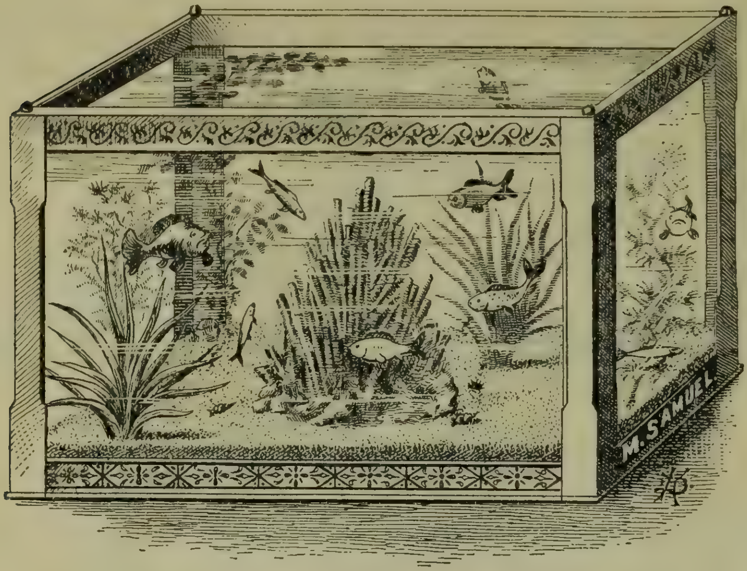

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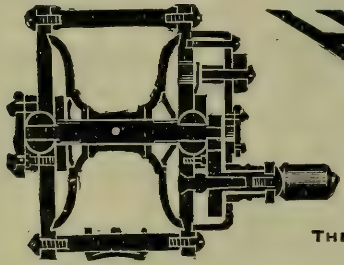

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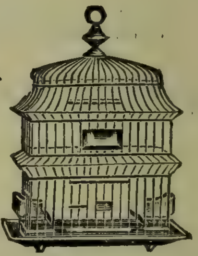

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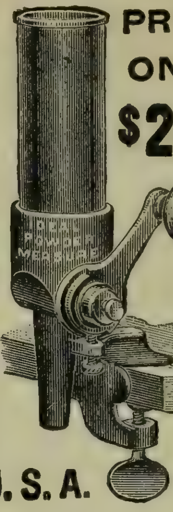

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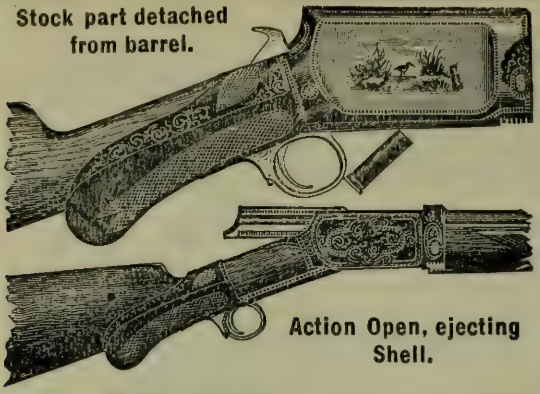
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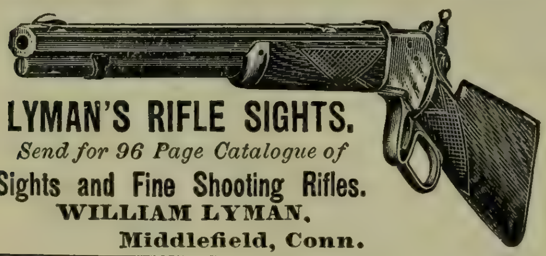

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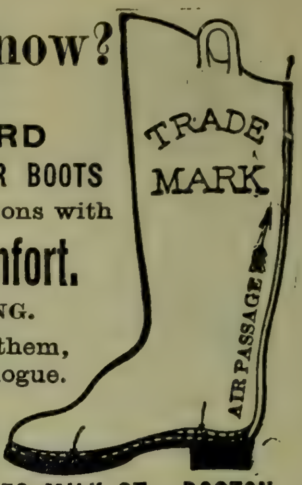

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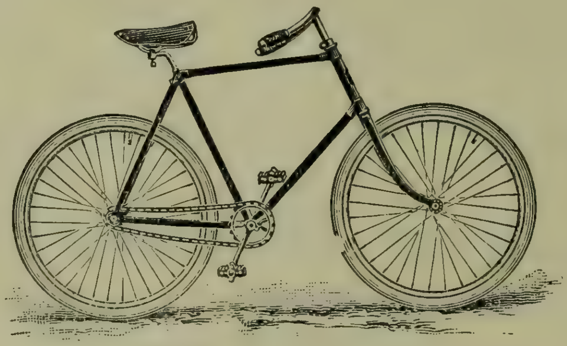

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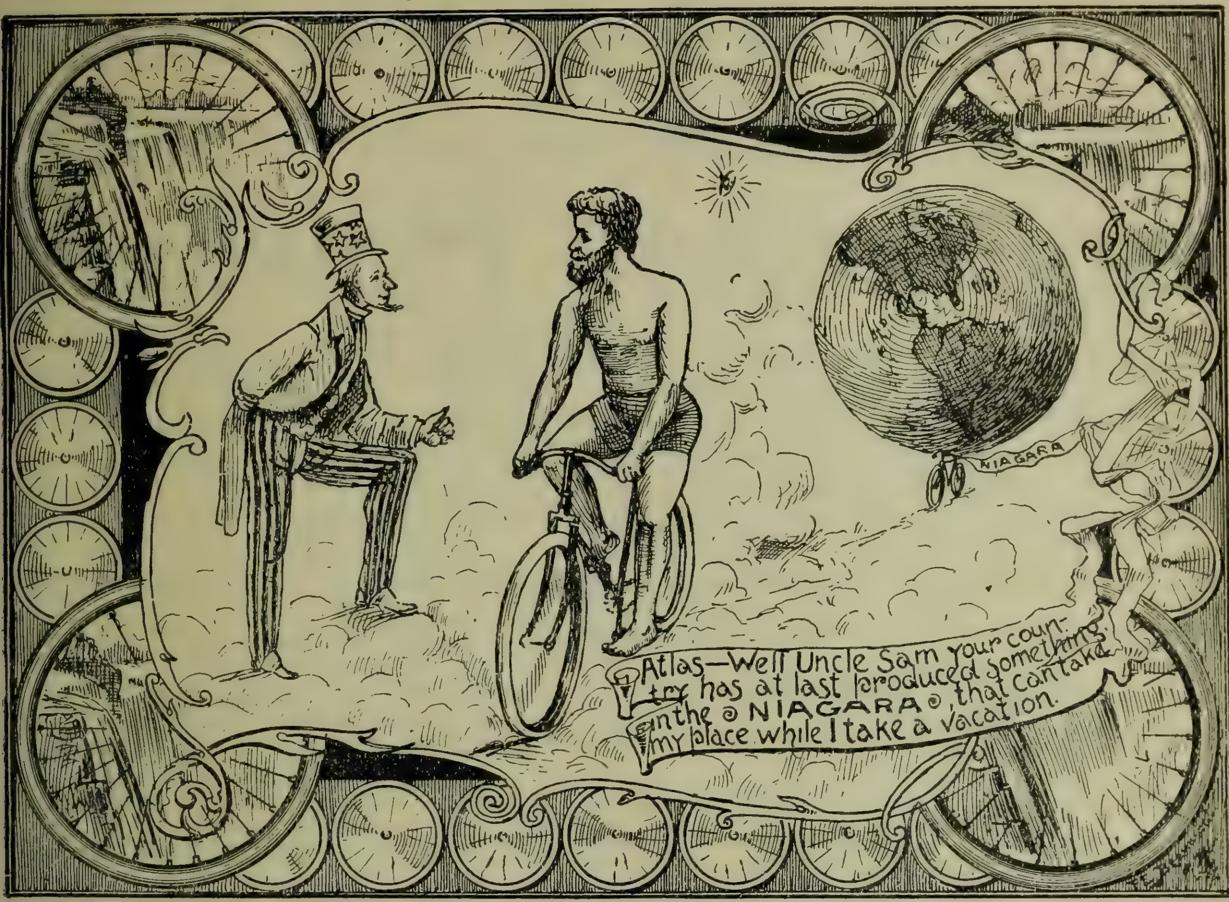
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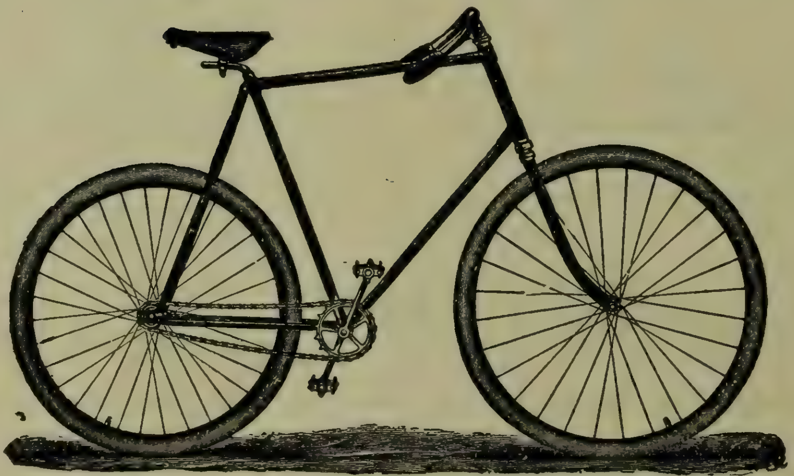

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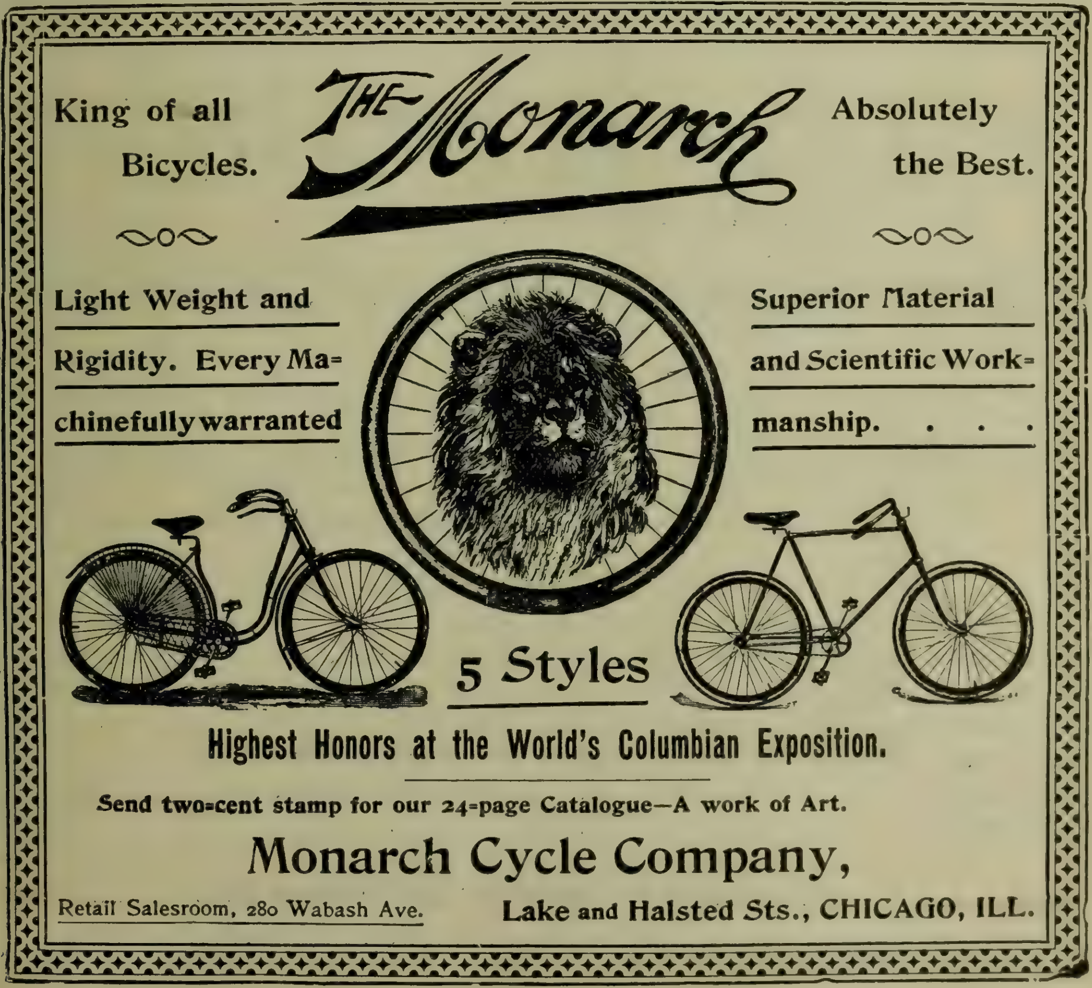

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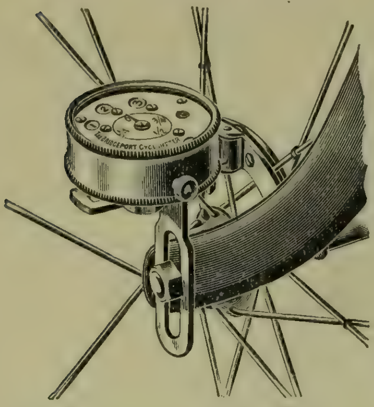

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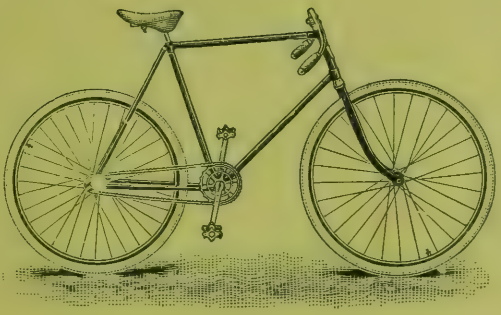

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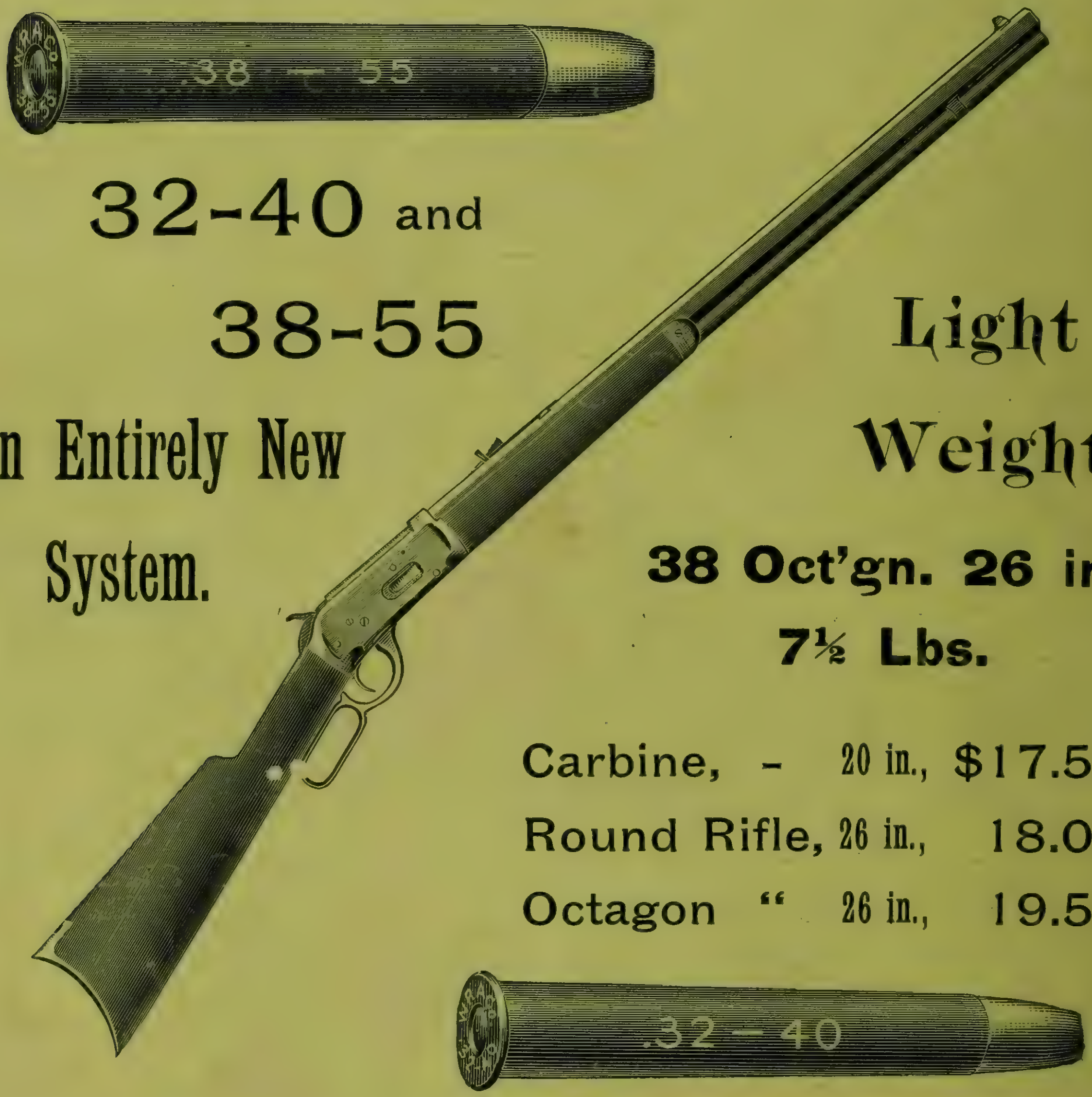

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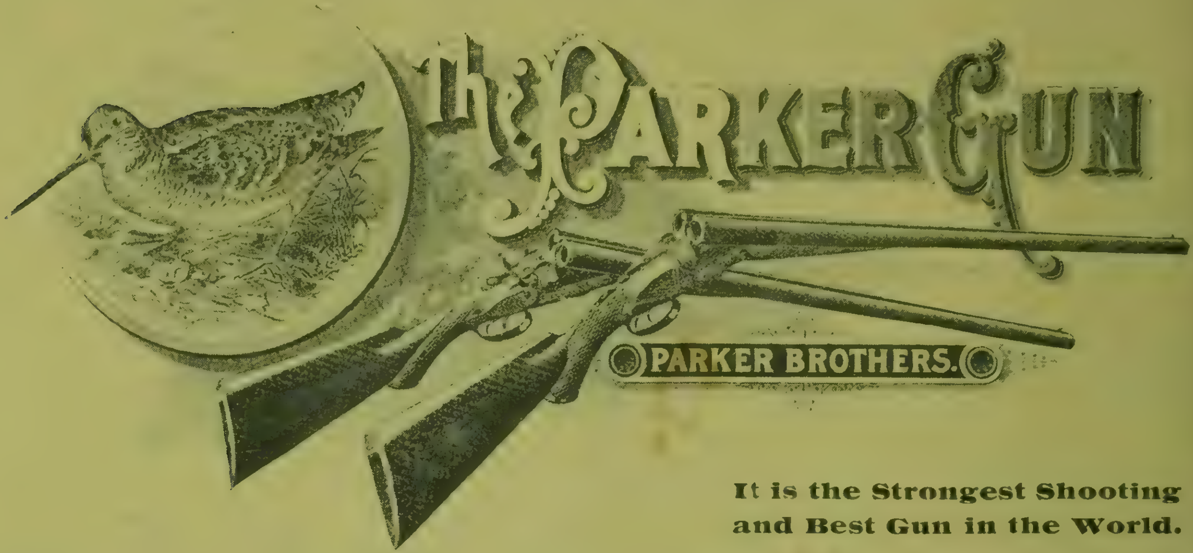

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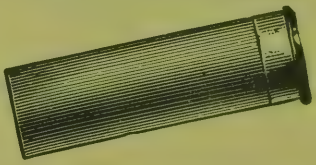

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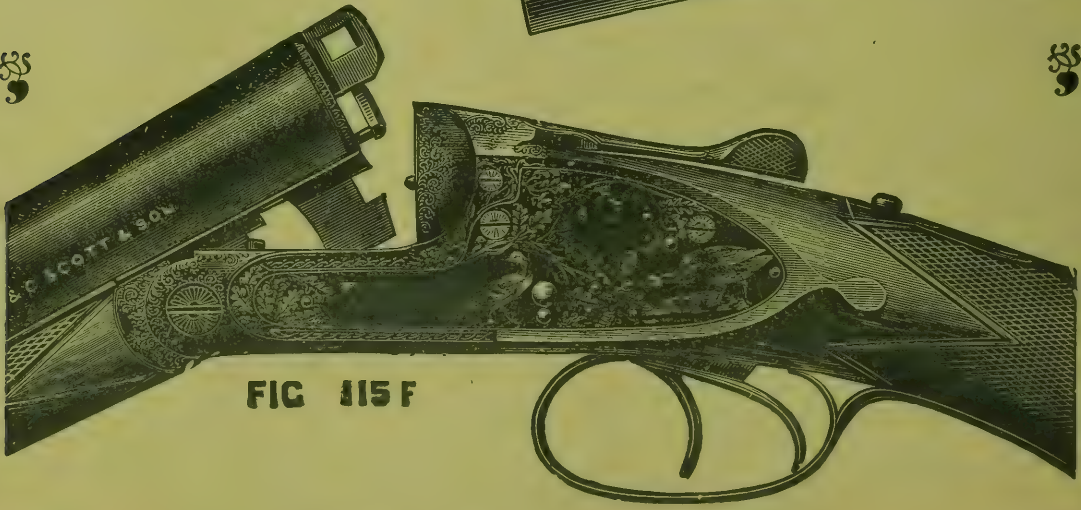

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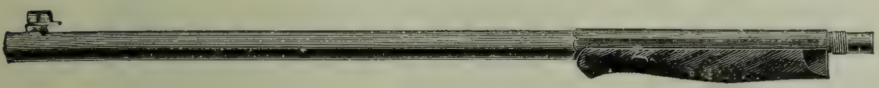

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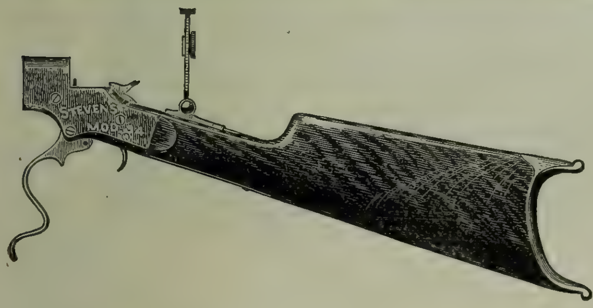

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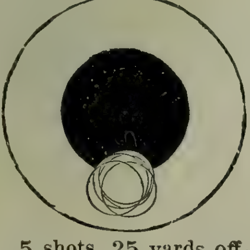

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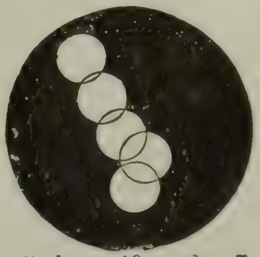

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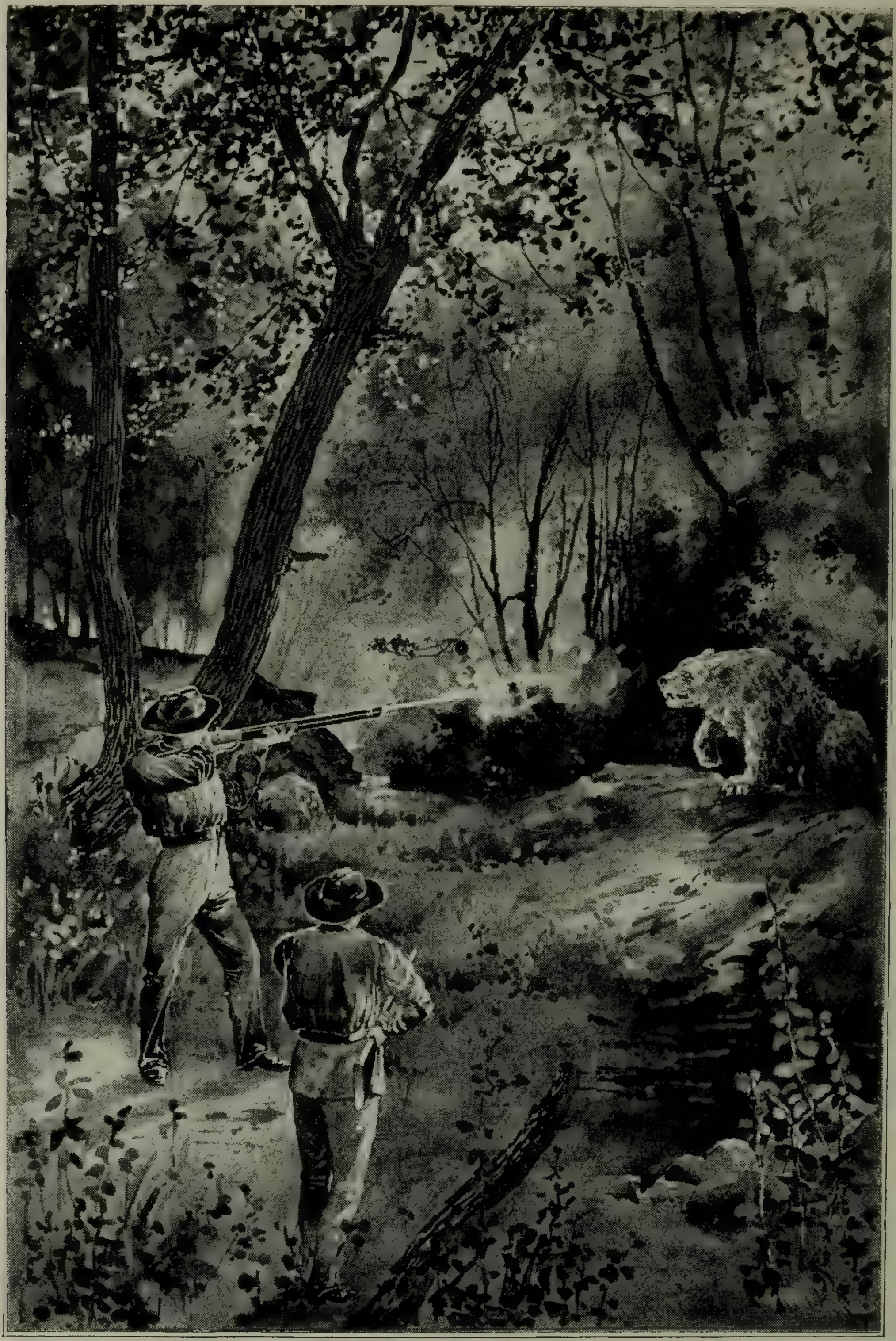

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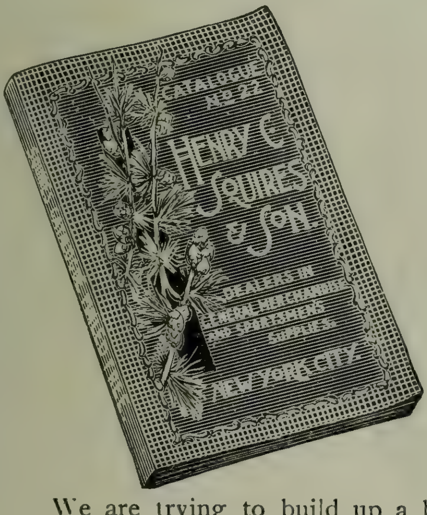
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Gentlemen:—You will remember that on August 1st, I purchased from your house some of your "Mange Cure" to be used on my Great Dane Dog Nero. Although the case was an aggravated one, it gives me pleasure to inform you that three applications made a complete cure.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you wish.

Truly yours,
D. D. STEVENS, M. D.,
170 West 54th St.

NONE ARE GENUINE
SPRATTS
PATENT
UNLESS SO STAMPED.

Landsdown, Pa., July 14, 1894.

Messrs. Spratts Patent, 145 *East 56th St., New York, N. Y.:*

Gentlemen:—The excellence of your Dog Cakes is not to be doubted. Having at various times both in Europe and this country, used different kinds of Dog Cakes, I can most conscientiously say that yours are the best.

The many tons I am constantly ordering from you is evidence that I think they have no equal.

I consider that my success in the ring and the condition of my dogs are greatly due to your world-renowned cakes.

Yours very truly.
B. F. LEWIS.

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[Mention RECREATION.]

Photo. by Partridge, Boston.

INDIAN RIVER.

RECREATION.

VOLUME II. FEBRUARY, 1895. NUMBER 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

TROUTING IN ALASKA.

MAJOR JOHN BROOKE, U. S. A.

IT was early in the afternoon of a day in June, more than twenty years ago, and away up in that far-off country where rain-clouds hang low and dark over the deep ravines; where the mountain tops are always white with snow and ice; where the summer is almost one continuous day, and where stars may be seen in the sky on a winter's noon, that a boat put off from the wharf at Sitka, and sailed for Silver Bay. In the boat were four anglers. One was captain of the cutter which lay at anchor near by; two were captains of artillery, while the other was known in the vernacular as the medicine man. Each had with him his fishing tackle with the various appurtenances pertaining thereto. There was also an abundant supply of bait in the shape of salmon-roe which a Slavic youth had properly prepared in such a way that it would tickle the palate of the salmon trout, for that was the fish which they intended to allure.

The boat rounded the rocky little hill where Indians stood off fierce old Baranoff so long, seventy years before, and where now stood the governor's house—a commodious building whose walls were of huge, squared logs. In the corner of the rooms were big, Russian stoves, and there were quaint, old pieces of mahogany furniture, and some choice engravings on the walls, all left by the Russians at the time of the transfer as being a part of "the territory, dominion, property, dependencies and appur-

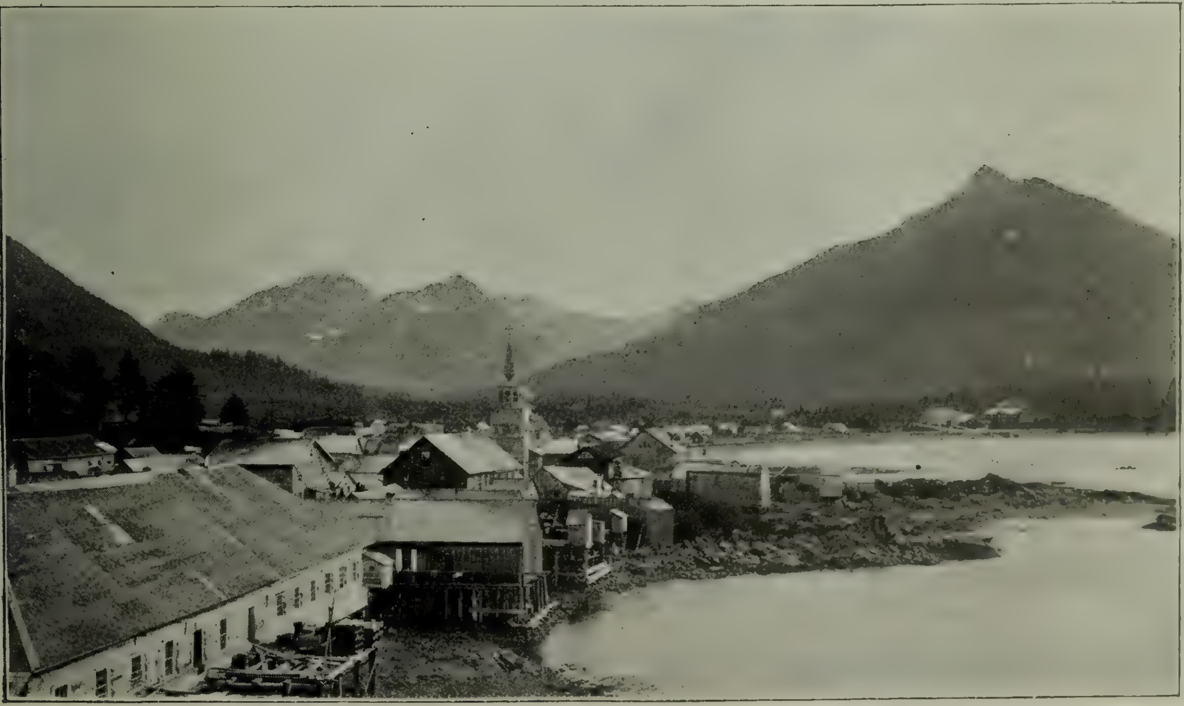


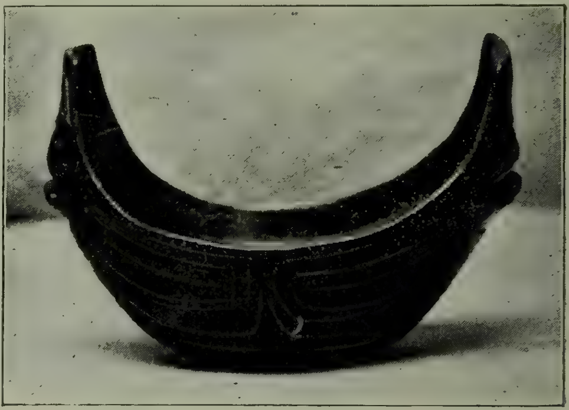
Photo. by Partridge, Boston.

SITKA AND MOUNT VOSTOVIA.

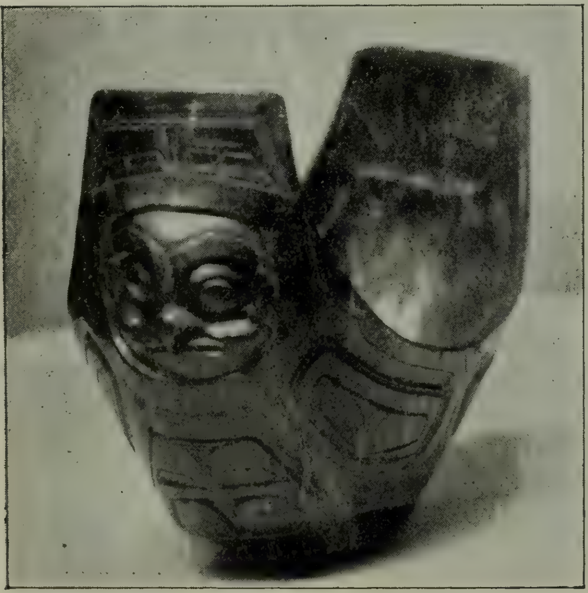
By permission of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

MOUNT EDGECOMBE FROM SITKA BAY.

tenances ceded to the United States of America by treaty." On the house-top there was a low tower which was enclosed by glass on the side toward the west, and in the tower a huge basin for holding oil, with places around the sides for wicks, and behind all a reflector made of pieces of common mirror set in a concave frame. To the mariner of the olden time who came up past Cape Ommaney and sought the entrance to the bay, Mount Edgecombe was a landmark by day, and by night the dim light from the tower on the governor's house; but the quaint light, like old Baranoff's glory, had gone out years before.



TOTEM CARVED FROM A MOUNTAIN SHEEP'S HORN. SIDE VIEW.



TOTEM CARVED FROM A MOUNTAIN SHEEP'S HORN. END VIEW.

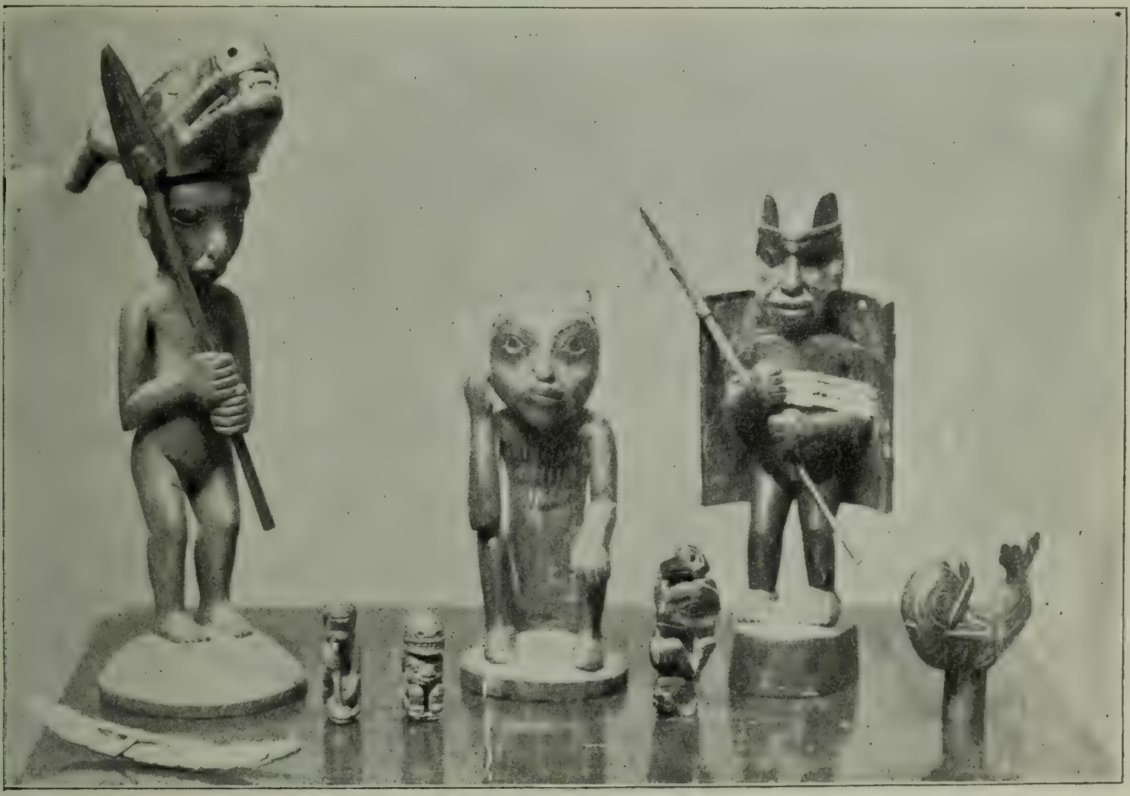
The boat with the four anglers crossed the little cove where flounders lie thick on the sandy bottom fifteen fathoms below. They breathed a noisome odor which came floating over the stockade that separates the Indian village from the town. A good Indian had just been hauled up through a hole in the roof of the hut and laid on a pile of dry wood, while mourning relatives and friends gathered around making hideous noises on their tom-toms and eu-gags, and a relative, with averted face, applied a torch to the pyre, just as the old Greeks did thousands of years before. When the combustible portions of Lo had been scattered to the four winds of heaven, his earthly particles, namely, his ashes, were gathered together and deposited in a box which was set up on a pole behind the village. So he was gathered to his fathers.

The anglers had no interest in the obsequies of the deceased, so they went their way. They passed the mouth of Indian river where the clear water comes swirling down a dark gorge. It is a small trout stream, and a stream for small trout. One of the anglers had gone out there a few days before and made a cast in the best pool. A fish was the result, and when a dozen and a-half were lying under a salmonberry bush on the bank the angler remarked to the small boy by his side that they might as well have the even two dozen. When that number had been landed the supply was not exhausted, so he gathered in still another dozen. When the other anglers in the boat heard this story they concluded there were no more trout in Indian river, so they passed on.

By and by they met a fleet of great canoes which was returning to the Indian village, loaded with halibut and carrying many curious totems, or images, carved by these strange people, from wood, stone, horn, etc. The boatmen were singing a dolorous chant in intervals of thirds and fifths, thereby expressing their anticipation of delicious feasts of dried halibut served with a relish of sea-urchins stewed in porpoise oil.* Our anglers greeted the halibut fishers with the conventional salutation of the country, *cla-hi-ya-six*, and sailed on until they came to the mouth of a large stream, a short distance up which the Russians had a saw mill years before.

They went up this to the large pool just below the old dam, where they made fast their boat ; and here we will leave them and consider how the pool came to be full of salmon and salmon trout.

Eastward from Sitka lie Mount Vostovia and the Three Sisters, little mountains which look down on the quaint, old town and on the many islands that dot the bay all the way out to the sea. From the melting snow on these mountains there rise three little streams, which rapidly grow in size as they go down the deep ravines under the shadows of great fir trees and yellow cedars, with here and there long ripples and little cataracts that break the solemn silence with merry music, until at last they come out with a dash into Silver Bay. Indian river, the smallest of the three, nearest the town, and the only one which then had a name, is frequented by the smaller trout. The large ones probably never run up it. Near the head of the bay another stream, a large one, comes rushing down in a succession of rapids too turbulent to be navigated in a boat, but easily run up by the fish. Between these another



TOTEMS, CARVED BY ALASKAN INDIANS.

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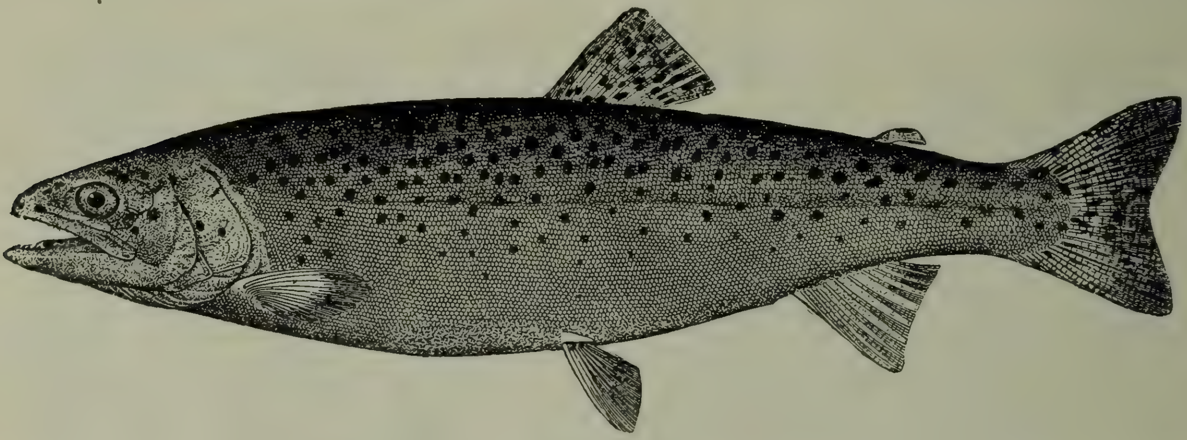
*Note. They take the halibut with a peculiar hook, a slender bit of strong wood, to one end of which the barb, a piece of sharply pointed iron, is firmly lashed at an acute angle. The wood is covered with carvings of all sorts of grotesque features and distorted animals, the bait being thereby rendered more attractive and killing.

stream comes down, that on which there was formerly a mill. The dam was still there, and it was so high that it is questionable if either salmon or trout ever succeeded in jumping it ; but the water is so clear and cold, and spreads out so invitingly into the bay, that hundreds of fish run up to the dam and linger in the pool where the water falls, looking for a chance to get up the stream.

In the little gravel-beds away up the accessible streams, hundreds of thousands of eggs are deposited during the spawning season every year. When the resulting fishes have absorbed all the nourishment which nature provided for their infantile state, and their fins have taken shape and are of some use, they begin to drift idly down the stream and in the course of time find themselves out in the bay. Here they may live well for a time on herring-roe from off the fir branches which squaws place out in the shallows at low water,* but in time, like Barkis, they go out with the tide ; past the submerged rock in front of the village, where boys are trolling for bass, around the head of Japonski and out between the islands to the sea. By and by they come back and make their way up the streams to accomplish the mission of their lives.

On that June afternoon the four sportsmen from Sitka found the pool below the dam at the old Russian mill full of fish. Beside the salmon trout, there were many of their relatives, the salmon ; but how changed ! They were no longer the shining, silver salmon, on which the Slavonic native delights to feast, but dingy, dusky, sad-eyed fish, that spurned all allurements in the shape of food, and seemed to have but one object in life—to get up the stream. But the trout were hungry, and when the anglers got fairly down to their work, they found it rare sport indeed. The captain of the cutter landed more than any of the others. He numbered his catch by the days of our years, for there were three-score and ten. The others caught many ; and as for the medicine man, he took the least of them all ; yet he caught the greatest, for one of his fish measured nineteen inches from snout to tail. He broke the record at Sitka that day.

When long shadows of the great firs began to stretch across the bay, the party grew weary of the sport, so they put up their tackle and went back to the boat, and to the reserve supply of bait, which they had brought along. This bait bore strange and cabalistic marks, such as *vodka*, *muck-a-muck*, and *koo-tchi-noo ;* nevertheless they devoured it eagerly and with evident tokens of delight. When it was finished they embarked once more and headed for the wharf at Sitka, taking with them the fish to show to their wives and little ones, and to the doubters in the wardroom of the Alliance, for there was no fish market, by the way. It was growing late, and the evening gun at the governor's house had long since sent the echoes flying from hill to hill, to tell the sun it was time he should set ; yet he still lingered above the horizon as though loath to go down behind the bergs and floes about the pole. Shadows were creeping up the snow



BLACK SPOTTED TROUT.—*salmo mykiss.*—AS FOUND IN ALASKA.

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*Note. After roe has been deposited freely on these branches they are taken up, dried, smoked, and so kept for winter food.

inside the great crater on Mount Edgecombe, but his sides were ablaze with the light of the evening sun, and the streaks of lava which seamed the glistening snow looked like streams of red wine down the sides of some mighty wassail-bowl of the gods.

Twenty years and more have since gone by, but the four sportsmen still have pleasant memories of their red letter day amid the glaciers. They tell their children, and perchance their children's children, the story of how they caught the salmon trout at the old Russian mill, away up in Alaska, on that day long, long ago.

SUNRISE IN THE SIERRAS.

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

O'er Sierras' snow-crowned summit,
  Climbed the smiling god of day,
To caress the slumbering morning—
  Kiss the dewey mists away
From her heavy, sleepy eyes,
  Till the morn awakens, blushing,
And with maiden haste she flies
  From the sun's hot glance away,
Through the kindly shielding vapors,
  To put on the robes of day.

Hark! upon the blissful silence
  Comes a burst of music sweet,
As the feathered songsters hasten
  The fair young bride to greet.
Warbling, thrilling—lark and linnet
  Join the chorus one by one,
As they hail with joyous outburst—
  The glad nuptials of the sun.

Through the valley softly stirring
  Sweeps the faint breeze from the East,
Where majestic San Jacinto
  Tranquil, white-robed, like a priest,
Raises its bared head to heaven,
  As in silent, earnest prayer—
So the mission fathers ofttimes
  Prayed with eyes directed there.

Far beyond the distant foothills,
  To the westward, doth the sky
Meet the distant restless ocean—
  Tossing its white arms on high
Beckoning to the radiant bridegroom
  Smiling in the day's fair eyes,
Chanting low a benediction
  On the lovers of the skies.

HEAD OF BOX CANYON.

A BEAR IN CAMP.

PROF. F. V. YEAGER.

At a place called Box Canyon, on the left bank of the Pend d'Oreille (pronounced Pondary) river, near where it crosses the British line, we pitched our tent for three weeks of recreation and as much pleasure and romance as could be had with fishing rod, rifle and camera. Small game being plentiful, fishing good and wild berries abundant, for the first two or three days we lived at the summit of our cherished ambition—we simply feasted and rested.

On the third day, however, a member of our party brought in a deer, which we dressed, and its hide was nailed out to dry on a cedar tree that stood about six feet from the tent. Having plenty of meat in camp there was no necessity of hunting or fishing for several days. My wife and I made frequent visits to the berry thickets and shot a few grouse. All went on quietly and well until just at daylight, one morning, we were awakened by an unusual noise, resembling the tearing of heavy canvas. My first impression was that our tent was being torn to pieces. My wife, being a little nearer the noise and wide awake, located it at the big cedar tree previously mentioned, and as the mast and sail, from our boat, were leaning against this tree we naturally supposed something was playing havoc with the canvas. My brother-in-law and I, without waiting to dress, were outside the tent in less time than it takes to tell it. The timber and underbrush were so dense that we could see nothing of our intruder, but could hear some monstrous brute leaving our quarters at race horse speed. At first we could not find that anything had been molested and concluded that only a cow or a horse had visited us. We were about to return to bed when I remembered the deer hide and on going to look found it was gone.

We discussed bear and cougar, and being ambitious to carry home a trophy, we quickly dressed, shouldered our guns and started in pursuit, still in the dark as to what we were following. We could see where the hide had been dragged through the grass and easily followed the trail to a small opening in the forest, near a thick jungle, where we found our deer skin utterly torn to shreds. We could see no further traces of the unknown, and were about giving up the chase when two fawns jumped up, one of which my companion shot. Then he said if I would carry it to camp he would would go by a circuitous route and look for further bear signs.

I reluctantly took the deer on my shoulder and started for camp, but before reaching it met my companion, who was thoroughly convinced that a bear had been in camp. Without an invitation I dropped my venison, retraced my steps, crossed the jungle and went entirely around it, but could see nothing but Bruin's well defined tracks in the dust. Again we turned camp-ward and found my wife with head and ears still beneath the blankets where, woman-like, she had remained for protection.

We got our morning meal, dressed the deer, and our brother went to work on a cabin he was building. I could not keep from thinking of my lost deer hide, and vowed vengeance on the thief.

About ten o'clock my ambition and anger predominated. I pocketed a large hunting knife and shouldered my rifle, remarking that I was going into the jungle. My wife insisted that I should stay where I was, but her brother, who is an expert shot and an experienced hunter, said sarcastically he hoped I would get the bear.

I moved quietly and cautiously, stopping frequently to listen for ten minutes at a time. Continuing through mud and water, tall grass and weeds, over logs and fallen trees, I finally took a stand where, in two directions, I could see, indistinctly, for more than a hundred yards. Here I stood for fully fifteen minutes, when suddenly I heard the brush crack. Knowing there was a horse ranging in the woods I felt that it was just as likely to be he making the noise as

A CAMP ON THE PEND D'OREILLE.

a bear. Still, I knew that nothing would suit a bear better than prowling through that swamp at that time of day.

Presently I heard another noise; and it continued, off and on, for half an hour, all the time coming slowly toward me. Having almost decided by this time that it was a bear which was approaching, I examined my gun carefully and raised the hammer preparatory to firing.

In a few minutes two small ears appeared above the tall grass, but only for an instant. There was no longer any doubt as to what I was about to encounter. My stratagem, up to the present, had been successful, and the question of winning or losing a trophy, within the next ten minutes, depended more on the keeping or losing of my head than on my marksmanship.

Not feeling the least nervousness, the chances were in my favor. I held my gun ready to fire, for five minutes, which seemed an hour. All this time I could see the grass and underbrush shake, but that was all. Finally, however, his whole body appeared in an open spot. He seemed to have scented me and mounted an old log to reconnoitre.

My eye and the rifle sights immediately fell in line with what I took to be his shoulder. Almost simultaneous with the sharp report of the 40-65 there came the roar of a mad and wounded bear, and he started on a run toward me.

Under such circumstances a man's mind is very active—also his legs; but the predominant thought with me was that I had nine chances of stopping him before he reached me, and a good knife back of that. Without taking the gun from my shoulder a second missile went bear-ward, grazing his nose and causing him to change his course to an acute angle.

A third shot went through a six inch cedar tree as he passed it. At this juncture Bruin neared an opening in the brush, about twenty feet wide. This was my chance, and was likely to be the last one, for he was not far from another body of underbrush that was almost impenetrable. Dropping the rifle in line with his body I followed up to his head and touched the trigger. The noise and the motion ceased, and apparently all was over.

My next desire was to ascertain whether or not I had killed him. I could not see nor hear him, but was in no wise anxious to hurry forward. I am naturally modest, I dislike to intrude where I may not be wanted and thought that, in this case, my presence might disturb some ante-mortem reflections that should be allowed to take their course.

No kodak could have focused the various attitudes I assumed and the peculiar manœuvers I went through in gaining the desired knowledge and in coming to the immediate locality in which I presumed the bear lay dead or severely wounded. As I attempted to get on to a large log, a twig that assisted me gave way, and fate alone saved me from going headlong over the log on to the bear, which, however, I soon saw, from the profusion of blood flowing out of his mouth and nostrils, was as harmless as a jack-rabbit.

A post-mortem examination showed that the first shot was mortal, having passed through the fleshy part of the shoulder and through the lungs, breaking three ribs, but leaving the bear in a condition for a gamey fight or a long run. The last shot took effect just over the eye, fracturing the skull and lodging in the opposite lower jaw, killing him instantly.

AFTER THE SHOOTING.

Some writers claim that a black bear will not fight, even when wounded. Probably some of them will not, but this one came at me as if he meant to eat me, and I firmly believe that had I not continued to shoot effectively, he would have closed in on me. At least he came with a decidedly business-like air.

I immediately started on a "bee line" for camp, determined to say nothing of my exploit until after lunch, and then to incidentally tell them of it; but unfortunately for me, on approaching camp my legs became unpardonably active and so anxious was I to tell what I had done that my wife, in relating the story, now, says I came in jumps, like a kangaroo. Whether this be true or not, I candidly confess that I could eat no dinner and could talk of nothing but bear while the others were eating. The bear was black as a coal, and a monster. It was all three of us could do to drag him to camp.

DEER HUNTING.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

Far in the hemlock forests of Maine
And where thick the pine woods weave a shade.
The noble stag with branching horn
Flits thro' the densest wood arcade ;
By Moosehead Lake far up the waste,
And where Penobscot's sources rise,
The forest hunter takes his stand,
And in the tangled thicket lies ;
There waits in ambush for the deer,
That comes to taste the brooklet wave,
Unconscious of the lurking foe,
So eager in the fount to lave ;
Then quick the rifle's deadly aim
Slaughters the unwary forest game.

Where thick the Adirondack groves,
Outstretch a wilderness of woods,
Casting a sombre endless shade
O'er placid lake and river-floods,
The hunter comes with gun and hound
To seek his prey in that lonely ground;
He knows by tracks in the grassy land,
By broken twig or hoof-print there
That dappled hind comes there for rest
And crops the feed in that chosen lair ;
No sign may escape the hunter's eye,
So the wary deer comes there to die !

Where the Southern plantations spread
The wild deer thro' dense forests rove ;
They speed thro' thicket and tangled glade,
Cropping the grass in shaded grove,
And there the eager cavalier
With whoop and hulloo follows the chase
Cheering the fierce, pursuing hound
In headlong dash, and tireless race.

In long past years, ere emigrants pour'd
In countless bands o'er the distant West,
Beyond the Rocky Mountain slopes
And o'er the prairie realms they pressed,
The early settlers and trappers found
In trackless wastes abundant game,
The stately elk, the grizzly bear,
The antelope, the mountain sheep,
That scoured each plain and woodland-lair ;
And there the stag with antlers crown'd,
There in each ravine and prairie-plain,
Roamed free in all that forest ground
And there were by the ardent hunter slain.

THE GIANT WOLF OF BONAPLACE.

L. J. Bates.

(continued from page 160.)

Three days Nelly stayed at her rooms, awaiting Robert's coming, not daring to go out lest he should call in her absence. But he came not. However, he could not long avoid her in so small a place On the fourth evening he was strolling along the street, in the dusk, when she came out of a house where she had been to deliver a bonnet, leading her child, and met him near the gate. Both stopped; but instead of greeting her, he stepped aside, touching his cap, soldier-fashion, as if to invite her to pass in silence.

"Robert," she said sadly, "is this our meeting, after four years of parting?"

No answer. He stood embarrassed, avoiding her eye.

"Look at this child"—pushing the boy toward him. "This is our boy. See how strong and handsome he is! He has your ways, bright, brave and full of mischief, the little man! He needs his father."

The child looked up at him with such a manly and pleasant grace of inquiry and curiosity, standing sturdily upright, with his little legs apart, that Rob could not shut his heart. He lifted the boy and kissed him, looking him over admiringly. Villainy retreated for a moment. He set down the child and offered to kiss the mother. She recoiled, putting up a warning hand.

"No," she said, "not now. The people here do not believe that I am your wife. We must be married over again before we can act as husband and wife. When shall it be? Will you go with me now, at once, to the minister?"

Thus repulsed, villainy again resumed its throne.

"No," he said, hoarsely, "neither now nor ever!" and strode angrily away, to escape further temptation.

She looked after him until his form was lost in the gloom, holding her child with one hand and pressing the other to her bosom. Presently she rallied her courage. She had borne so much and so long that further weight could not crush her. Besides, in all these years, her love, "by harsh evidence thrown from his eminence," had also abated. He was no longer the young god he had seemed to her girlish imagination. Gone were the spells of a manly form, mere physical force, and a bold, ungoverned spirit. She knew now the value of nobler qualities in men. For herself she scarcely felt regret. But for her boy—well, she could at least make for him a tolerable future. The future was not so dark as the past which she had already braved. Her business was secure and growing and she had conquered public respect, if esteem and society were still denied. Thus brooding, she led the child home.

Months passed but these two did not accost each other again. Bob carefully avoided such a danger. But often he met his child, playing with others in the street, and always stopped to talk with and pet the little fellow. He gave the boy toys, sweets and pennies, and taught him tricks of speech. He led his horse for the child to ride. The subtle power of nature drew him to the little man, with an irresistible charm. His parents did not object. It was his child; everybody knew it; and whatever he might do for the boy would be, in some measure, expiation to the wronged mother.

During the war, the country being stripped of its young men, all predatory wild beasts and game multiplied greatly. Along the valley of the little river, above and below Bonaplace, there had grown to be an intolerable plague of wildcats, wolves, foxes and other destructive vermin. Now that the young men had returned from the army they exercised their acquired love of tramping and killing. In November the people of the whole country assembled for a grand battue, in the hope of quelling, more especially, the wolf pest that destroyed the sheep, calves, young pigs, colts and poultry; and even made the wooded hollows and borders of the swamps dangerous to children. A long, narrow belt of country on both sides of the river was enclosed by lines of men and boys, horses, dogs, and even mounted women, slowly marching toward a common centre, with clamor of dogs, cow-bells, horns, drums and shouting boys, driving before them to the place of slaughter, on an open river bottom, an abundance of game. Twice was this hunt repeated, with the result of about a hundred wolves and half as many foxes and wildcats slain, beside quantities of edible game.

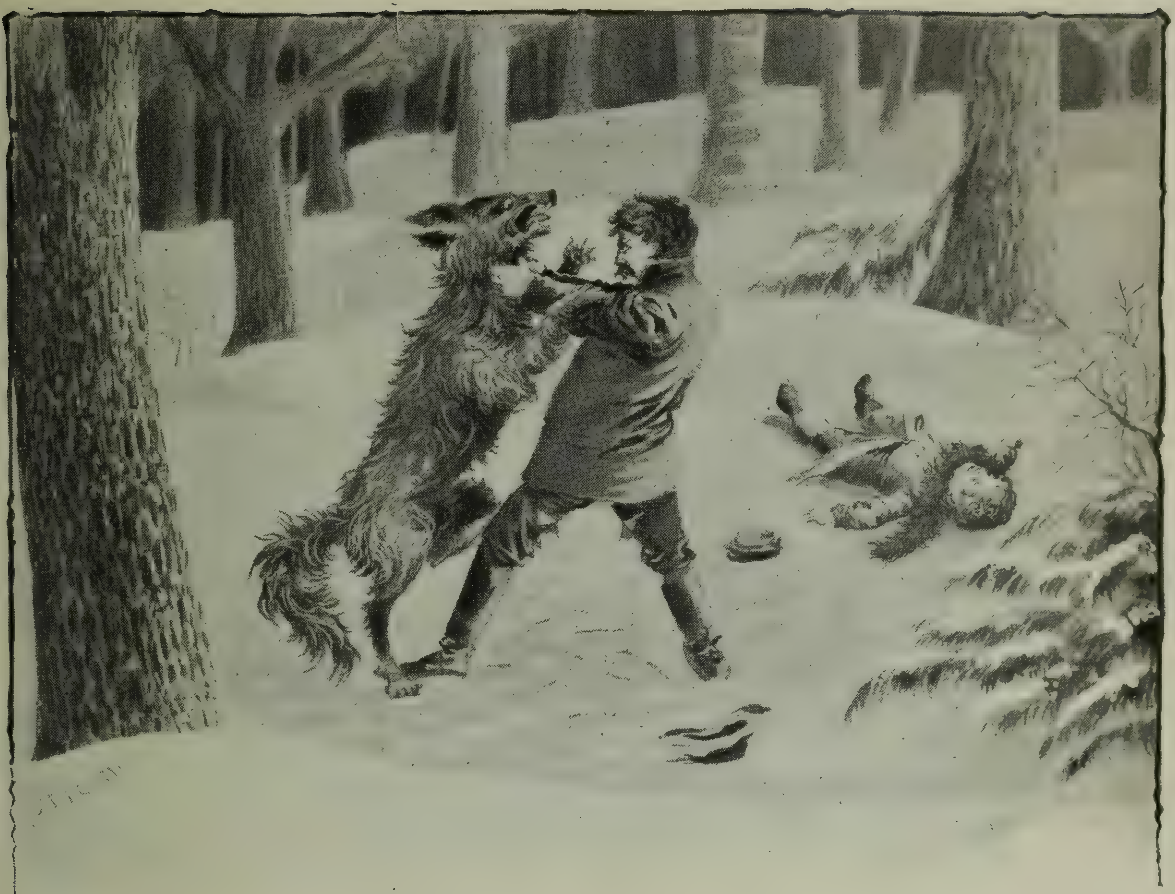
In each of these surrounds a brownish gray dog wolf, of enormous size, apparently twice as large as the largest gray wolf, after loping stealthily to the bottom, carefully avoided by his lesser companions (for, with a swing of his head and without breaking his pace, he never failed to bowl over, with a terrible gashed wound, any animal that jostled him) turned and charged fiercely through the closing circle of men and dogs, untouched by rifle shots and unchecked by the dogs. His weight threw off from his broad chest and muscular neck all dogs that ventured to close with him, as easily as if they were kittens, each with a fearful rip; while, if caught by the flank or haunch, he turned and bit so quickly that his stride was scarcely broken. Nor did he turn aside for boys or men, but charged straight upon them, darting past, as they stepped aside, so adroitly as to dodge their blows.

There are only two varieties of wolves commonly known in the United States. One is the large gray, or forest wolf, generally supposed to be the largest of the wolves; the other is that pestilent, little sneak, the prairie wolf, or cayote. Black wolves are rare and belong mostly to the British Dominion and the Rocky Mountains, though occasionally killed in many of the northern states years ago. There is, however, another distinct variety, still more rare, but a century ago scattered all over the north. This is the giant wolf—*lupus gigas*—the most formidable of all the wolf kind. This animal is nearly twice the size and weight of the gray wolf and possesses extraordinary speed, bottom, pluck and muscular power. He is at once the most intelligent and the slyest of his kind. Wholly nocturnal in habit and less gregarious than other wolves, there are very few living hunters who have ever seen a specimen. They were never numerous. I never heard of more than seven being known to exist in any one locality and usually only one solitary predator, or perhaps a pair. These great wolves do not hesitate to attack and kill large calves, colts and sometimes even a full grown cow at night. One will kill several pigs in one night or throttle a score of sheep. There were tales, years ago, of their attacking man. Fifty years ago, I remember a story of a hunter being killed in the wilds of northern Michigan by three of these animals. But I have always doubted it, because hunters go armed with rifle and knife. Besides, of all the tales of strong and brave men being killed by panthers, black bears or wolves, I have never heard such a story that, on investigation, did not prove unfounded, though I have seen men who had been badly wounded in such encounters. At any rate, a frontiersman, armed, certainly does not fear any wild beast that lives on this continent, and simply despises wolves.

It was a giant wolf that broke through the battue circle of Bonaplace. This wolf committed such unbearable depredations that a large reward was offered for his scalp and he was persistently but vainly hunted all that winter.

One evening, late in February, Rob, having occasion to visit a farmer living a mile and a half distant, walked and took the child with him, first sending him in for his mother's permission. Most of the way he carried the boy in his strong arms. Returning, as they passed a deep, bushy ravine, only a mile from the village, he set the little fellow down in the road, while he broke a spray of red winter berries near by.

Suddenly a great wolf came leaping down the ravine and seized the child, who cried out in fear, the thick fur tippet, wound twice about his neck, preventing his being throttled. Rob ran to the rescue, and dealt the brute a powerful kick in the side with his heavy boot. This blow would have broken the ribs of a strong dog, but the forest prowler answered it with a fierce snarl and a wicked side snap of his knife-like



"THE MADDENED BEAST LEAPED AT THE MAN'S THROAT."

teeth, that cut through cloth and boot top and drew a stream of blood from the man's leg. Instantly the persistent and bloodthirsty marauder snatched up the child and leaped, dragging the burden, to the thicket, where the bushes checked him, so that Rob gave him another tremendous kick, receiving another gash. Now the maddened beast leaped at the man's throat, but he quickly caught the wolf's neck with his hands, though he could not prevent those powerful jaws from swinging from side to side, lacerating his arms and shoulders. Seeing the child lie motionless, in a heap upon the snow (the boy being momentarily breathless from the choking of the tippet and from striking a thick sapling with the pit of his stomach), he thought the little one killed, and became as mad with murderous frenzy as the wild beast with which he fought. An instant the combatants stood, braced against each other, the wolf rearing nearly to the height of the man's head. Then, with a powerful push and a quick trip, the man prevailed and down they went. Luckily the wolf fell in a little hollow that helped to prevent his writhing away. The man fell on the beast with his whole weight, burying him in the snow and lying full length along the animal so as to avoid his flying paws. Vain, now, were the quick and powerful writhings of the muscled body; vain the mighty efforts to gather and roll the stretched length; vain the turning from side to side of the armed jaws; vain the struggles to wrench his neck from that deadly grip, for Rob buried his horny fingers with terrible force in the creature's sinewy throat.

Five minutes of this deadly strangling weakened the beast. The boy revived and sat up, screaming. The desperate combatants paid him no heed. Not until the wolf lay still did the enraged father rise to his knees. He knotted his handkerchief about the neck of his conquered foe and twisted it deadly tight with a stout stick. Then, with torn clothing, bloody, exhausted and limping he took up the unhurt child and staggered home, leaving the boy at his mother's door on the way.

The man's wounds were not serious.

They should have healed quickly and would, but that his blood was disordered. After a fortnight of unhealthy and painfully inflamed granulation, blood poisoning set in and he lay dying; dying in pain of body and anguish of spirit, tortured by remorse. The manifest hand of God lay heavily upon him. Punishment for the wrong done the mother had come through the child. Moved by Rob's earnest entreaties his father consented to adopt the boy, the more readily because he would soon be left without an heir. But the sick man would not be content with a promise.

"Do it," he urged, with passionate eagerness. "Send for the squire, send for Nelly and the boy and do it now. Doctor, don't let me die till I see it done. I won't. Lord, forgive me! I won't! Mother, make them hurry. I want my wife—my wife, I say—and my boy. I shall curse you if they come too late."

So he kept urging, every few minutes, until they came. Then, first, he would have the deed of adoption written and executed. But here Nelly interposed. She had been received by the stricken parents with cold toleration; so difficult is it to forgive one from whom forgiveness should be sued. But she bore herself with calm compassion toward her dying husband and with quiet dignity toward his parents. Now was the time to assert herself.

"Stop!" she said, firmly. "First, Robert, do you acknowledge that we two were married on the afternoon of May 20th, 1861, by the Reverend James Larkin, at his parsonage in Eastville, and that I am your lawful wife?"

"I do, Nelly; it is the truth; I do. And do you forgive me and still love me?"

"I forgive you, Robert," she replied gently. Then she turned to the squire: "Write it and let him sign it, with yourself and the doctor as witnesses."

"No, no," began old Mr. Glisson. She turned upon him with scorn.

"This is my boy; you cannot adopt him without my consent. Until his legitimacy is publicly cleared I refuse my consent."

"Write as she says; it is the truth," said the dying man. "Quick!"

It required but three minutes to make and execute this acknowledgment. Then the adoption was completed.

Mrs. Nelly Cole Glisson attended the funeral as the publicly acknowledged widow of the dead man. Some months later she married a good man—a rich farmer who had long wooed her, but to whose generous and honorable suit she could not listen while Robert Glisson lived, she being a wife, denied and without proofs upon which to sue for divorce.

Long the grim head of the giant wolf hung on the wall in the Glisson house, and underneath a printed card, bearing the immortal lines:

"This above all; to thine own self be
 true,
And it must follow, as the night the
 day,
Thou canst not then be false to any
 man."

OUR FIRST ELK.*

We had been in camp more than five days, and had not as yet been fortunate enough to secure any fresh meat. It had rained every day. The game moved about but little, and visited the licks and their drinking places at night. Will, who was the most experienced hunter of the party, felt assured of this fact, for he had hunted at all times of the day about the springs; and while there were fresh signs, they had evidently been made the night before. On the evening of the fifth day, several fresh signs of elk were seen along the hillsides, and we felt certain they had either commenced coming down from the high ranges, or those already in our vicinity had begun to move about regardless of the wet weather. Accordingly, Will determined to visit the lower lick at daylight the following morning, and to spend the day in hunting the adjacent side hills.

He started just at dawn, and returned about eleven o'clock, carrying a large heart in his hand. The others had been busy all morning making camp more comfortable; but as soon as Will approached, every one became deeply interested and came forward to meet him. Seeing the heart, Abe asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"Bull elk," said Will, laconically.

"The d—l!" said Abe, taking Will's hand. "Luck at last, and fresh meat in camp!"

After congratulations all around, Will went into the tent, laid the rifle on the blankets, and began to change his wet clothes.

"But tell us something about it. Has he a nice set of horns?" asked John.

"Six points, and full grown," said Will, briefly; adding, "say, out there, I want you people to know I'm hungry!"

By the time Will had changed his clothes and hung them on a line near the fire, a hasty meal had been prepared, and when Will seated himself at the table, he gave the following account of his morning's experience:

"As it was raining when I started, considered the chances of seeing game very slim, and decided to take the 40-82 instead of my paradox. I started on a rapid walk for the lower lick, but the brush along the trail was 'sopping' wet, and I was drenched to the skin before going half a mile. On arriving at the grove of cedars in which the spring is situated, I used the utmost caution in approaching the lick, but found it empty. As I stood debating a moment as to what I should do, I heard the clear whistle of a cow elk, which I judged must be about a hundred and fifty yards below me, on a small flat skirting the river. Slipping quietly along the brow of the hill, I had hardly emerged from the timber when the cow trotted slowly past me, not more than thirty yards away, without seeming in the least disturbed by my presence. Hastily getting behind a tree, I waited for the bull, which I felt confident would follow her. I had not been there more than half a minute, when I saw a pair of magnificent antlers moving slowly from right to left in front of me. The head and body were hidden from view, as the bull was walking up a little gully eighty yards away. I did not dare move, for a few jumps would take the bull out of sight in the timber. Although I did not stir, and he could not possibly have scented me, the bull seemed aware that there was some danger at hand, for he suddenly sprang up the side of the gully, stopped in an open clump of trees, and stood as though trying to decide in what direction the danger lay. His neck and shoulders were hidden by intervening trees, but I felt that I must make the best of the shot offered me, and aimed for the liver. At the report of the rifle he gave one bound and disappeared over the brow of the hill. Hastening to the spot, I found his

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* From a new book entitled, "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains," lately issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

"SIX POINTS AND FULL GROWN."

tracks following a well worn game trail, which led, slanting, down the hill. There were no signs of blood, but I felt sure I had hit him. Walking with extreme caution and peering into all the little ravines and thickets, I had gone about half a mile when, on stooping down and glancing ahead, I saw the elk lying behind a log seventy-five yards distant and looking directly at me.

" Sitting down quietly, I took careful aim at his neck and fired. The elk staggered to his feet and made for the river. Hastily throwing down the lever and inserting a fresh cartridge, I fired for his shoulder. At the shot he went down on his breast, but regained his feet and started off on three legs. The next shot struck him in the neck, and he went down all in a heap. He was not dead, however, and for fear that he might in his struggles break his antlers on the rocks, I finished him with another shot in the neck. My first sensation was of great satisfaction at killing the finest elk I had ever seen ; my second was a feeling of disgust with the gun for doing it in such a bungling manner. One shot from a proper rifle, in the neck or shoulder, where these miserable little hollow-pointed bullets had struck, would have killed him outright. For fully five minutes I sat and admired the fallen monarch ; his magnificent, curving antlers ; his splendid form and sleek, yellowish sides; the fine, long, reddish-black hair of his head and neck. Then, on preparing to bleed and dress him, I found I had forgotten my long-bladed knife, and had only a large pocket-knife with me. With this, however, I dressed the elk and hastened back to camp."

We went down with horses to bring up the meat and antlers, Keeley accompanying us to get some fresh meat, of which he and Jerry were in need. On our arrival we found a number of magpies and ravens rapidly making way with the entrails, amid a perfect pandemonium of harsh sounds. When they saw us, they flew into neighboring trees and watched our proceedings.

Having photographed the elk, we skinned and cut him up, and at four o'clock were ready to start back to camp. It was found that the first bullet had cut his liver almost in two, and had lodged under the skin on the other side. The second bullet had barely broken one shoulder and smashed into bits on the big bones, failing to penetrate farther. None of the last three bullets had passed through the neck, which was very thick, even for this season of the year.

We started for camp and were overtaken by darkness half a mile beyond the lick. Keeley's horse slipped and rolled down a slippery side-hill, but was brought back to the trail. The darkness became so intense when we were yet a mile from camp, that we were forced to build a fire, unpack the horses, and leave the meat and antlers under a tree till morning. The horses being turned loose while the fire was being built, one of them, clumsily, struck against a dead tree, about eight inches in diameter. It fell and just grazed Will's arm—a fortunate escape from a broken shoulder.

All the matches were used in trying to start the fire, and we had a miserable time stumbling about in the darkness. After floundering around for an hour or so, Keeley came along with a torch made from cedar shavings, and we reached camp about eight o'clock. It took us four hours to go less than four miles. The meat and antlers were secured the first thing in the morning.

* * *

GOAT HUNTING IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

J. S. Stangroom.

I had for years, viewed from my home (the on the shores of Bellingham Bay the northern portion of PugetSound, Washington), the clear, sharp outlines of Mount Baker, the Twin Sisters and other snow clad peaks of the Cascade Range, with a longing to explore them. Although familiar with bear and deer hunting, I had never scaled the cliffs in pursuit of the American chamois, the mountain goat, and the desire to do so grew on me, until last August, I prevailed on three friends, H. C. Wells, A. P. Cooper and H. K. Kallock to accompany me. Our transportation consisted of two cayuses and an old rattletrap of a wagon, with pack saddles to be brought into use in the mountains, beyond the head of wagon navigation.

W. and C., both of whom were old and experienced hunters had 40-82 Winchesters, while K. and I each carried a 40-65. We started at noon on the 16th day of August, our road for the first fifteen miles was good, and having crossed the Nooksack river, three miles below the Forks, we camped on a small stream running into the North Fork of the Nooksack, seven miles above the Forks and twenty-two miles from home.

Before sunrise next morning, we resumed our journey. I will not attempt to describe in detail, the numerous accidents that befell us. During that day we broke down five times, and the necessary repairing put us all in anything but an amiable frame of mind, although largely increasing our knowledge of wagon making. About nine o'clock that evening, we camped at the first, or lowest ford on the North Fork of the Nooksack, having travelled only 9 miles in 16 hours. After dinner, we dispensed with the usual camp fire yarns, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, were soon lost in slumber. Just after we had dropped asleep, W. startled us by shouting "third and last call for breakfast," claiming that it was four o'clock, so we had to get up and lay to. Breakfast over, we called Mr. Adams, the ferryman, who put us across the river. After landing our outfit on the other side, our attention was directed to the horses. The river, was too swift and deep to let them ford it alone. By splicing together all our pack ropes, we made one long enough to lead, or pull them over, one at a time. We left the wagon here and packed our outfit on the ponies. Five miles more brought us to Cascade creek and the commencement of the "Ruby Creek Trail," and seven miles more, to the second ford of the Nooksack river. We took the packs off at the log crossing, about 300 yards above the ford, and while W. and C. packed everything across on their backs, K. and I undertook to ride the horses over. I cut a stout whip and taking the lead, started quartering up stream, but soon realized that the undertaking was far from safe. K. not being able to get his horse to follow mine, turned back and watched me from the bank. My horse was timid and it was only with great difficulty that I managed to make any headway. The water was up to my knees, and the bottom being covered with rocks, it was almost impossible for the horse to walk. I urged him on, however, until I felt him fall beneath me and found myself afloat in the boiling water. I grabbed at the pack-saddle, hoping he would regain his footing and, in doing so, narrowly escaped being kicked in the head, while the poor beast was being carried as I was, at a terrific speed down stream. Finally I let him go and struck out for the shore, but was repeatedly thrown against boulders. I tried to brace myself with my feet, against the rocks or hold to them with my hands, but realized that my strength would soon be spent in this way. At last I reached the shore, and lay down, almost unconscious. I soon recovered sufficiently to stagger along until I met W. who assisted me to where the packs were. By this time, C. and K. came up, a rousing fire was built, and putting on dry underclothes, I rolled myself in blankets, and rested for an hour.

I found that I had been badly bruised, but otherwise, came out in good shape. My four footed companion in misery was picked up about a quarter of a mile below the ford, on the same side we started in on, and the boys soon managed to rope him, and the other horse across—a scheme, that would have saved us a great deal of trouble had we adopted it in the first place.

The next morning we resumed our journey. The travelling was fair, though in places steep. We were beginning to get a good view of the snow capped peaks to the north-east of Mount Baker, in which direction we were travelling. Now and then a rocky peak, too steep to hold snow, would loom up and it was in such places as this we expected to get our goats. About noon we pitched camp on Ruth creek.

Early the next morning, W., C. and I took our rifles and started up the mountain, K. having volunteered to stay in camp during the first day, to keep an eye on the horses. As soon as we got among the fir timber, the climbing was difficult, the ground being covered with fir needles and so slippery as to make it almost impossible to obtain a footing. About half way up the mountain we came to a high, rocky ledge, seemingly running the whole length of the ridge, and not seeing any way of getting around it, had to do some risky climbing. Shortly after scaling this ledge, we came out on a beautiful, grassy slope, reaching up to the snow line. Here we were saluted by great numbers of whistling marmots, which, upon seeing us, scampered away to their holes, where, sitting erect, they stared at us as if they had never before seen a man.

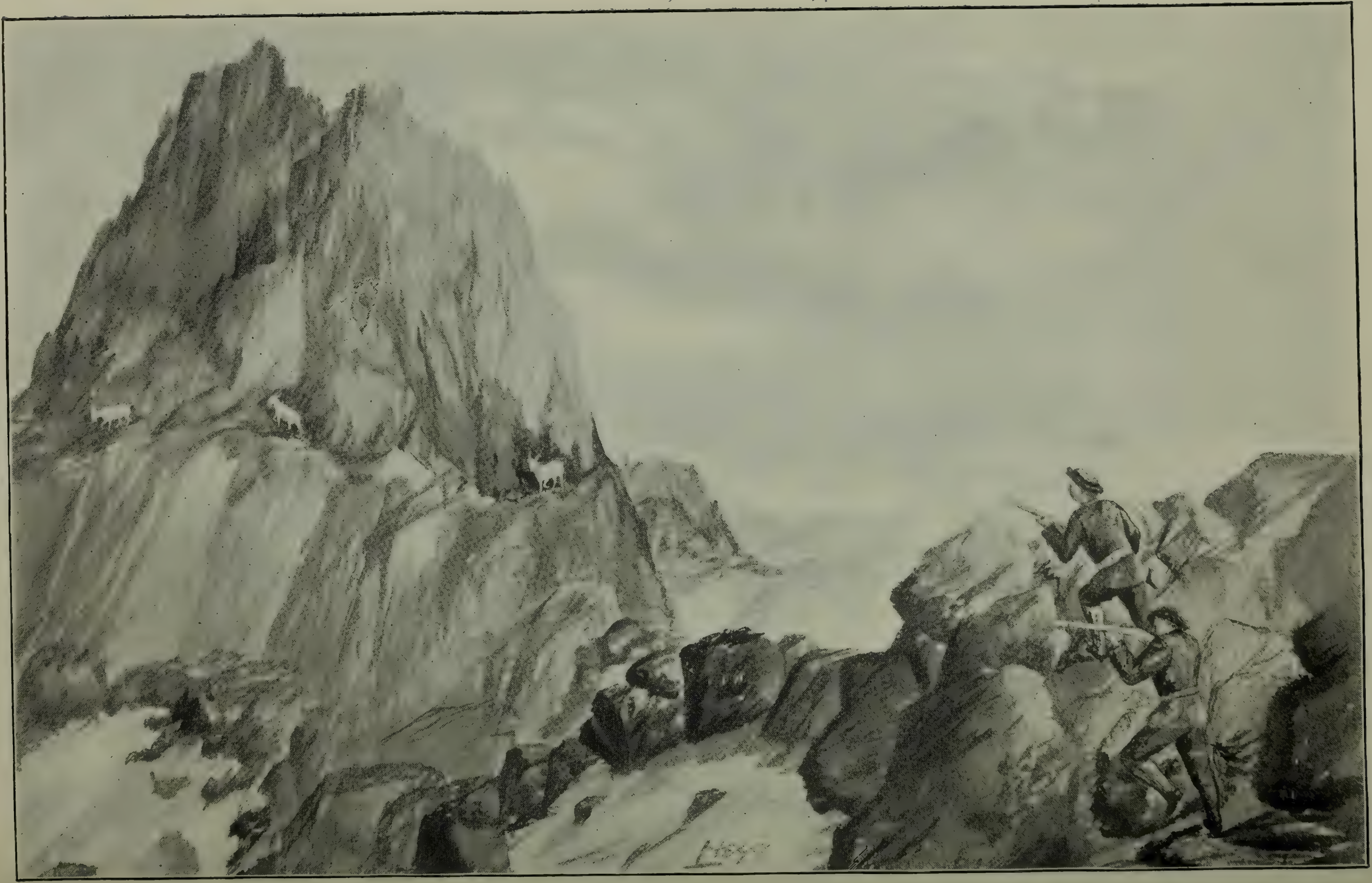
Finally, reaching the summit, we rested and feasted our eyes on as fine scenery as I ever beheld. Mount Baker, Mount Shuksan and Mount Ruth loomed up to the south of us, while to the north, there seemed to be no limit to the number of rugged, snow-capped peaks. My chief regret was my inability to make a sketch of this grand scene. Suddenly remembering that we had come rather in search of goats than of scenery, we separated and started east along the crest of the main ridge.

About 9 o'clock, when we had given up seeing C. until next morning, in he walked, with a woe-begone expression on his face. He had made a hard day's tramp. He was drenched to the skin, having waded down the down the creek a portion of the way. Just as he reached camp and before he had an opportunity of resting himself, we all began to question him regarding his luck, and finally asked him if he had seen many fresh tracks. He replied, a little out of patience, that all he had seen in that line, was a blank fool's track, and that he made that.

The next morning we all got an early start with light packs, having cached everything we did not need, and followed, as near as possible, our trail of the morning previous. After four hours' of hard climbing, we selected a bunch of pines, close to a stream of snow water and a quarter of a mile from the summit, for our camp.

We had just thrown our packs off, when C., who had been taking a look with the field glass, startled us with the cry of "Bear ahoy!" and, sure enough, about 800 yards to the west was a big cinnamon, making rapid headway for the summit. Our only chance was to try and head him off; so W. and I, taking our rifles, started on a run for a point a little this side of where he was evidently heading for; keeping ourselves from view as much as possible. On reaching the summit, we were greatly disappointed at seeing his tracks in the snow, making down on the other side.

We seated ourselves on a rock, and taking the glass again, I saw, not over 200 yards above us, on the same ridge, three mountain goats examining us curiously, while moving along on the summit. Knowing that any motion on our part would frighten them, I whispered to W. not to move a muscle, and as soon as they were out of sight, we took the other side of the ridge, running as fast as possible for a hundred yards or so. Then cautiously looking over we saw that they had lost no time and were several hundred yards beyond, but traveling slowly. Making another dash we climbed up behind a ledge which gave us good cover, and, on looking over, saw one old doe, broad side to us, about 250 yards away. The other two were slowly making their way



"THEY WERE SLOWLY MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG A STEEP ROCKY SLOPE."

along a steep, rocky slope, beyond a deep canyon. It being impossible to get any nearer, we opened fire. My first shot was a little high and lowering my aim the next shot struck just behind the shoulder, breaking the spine and causing death almost instantly. W. was less fortunate, having wounded one which managed to climb high up among the rocks where it was impossible to get at it.

By this time the sun was sinking, and being fully three miles from camp, with a rough country to travel, we hastened the skinning process, and burying the fore-quarters in the snow, I shouldered the hind-quarters, while W. slung the hide over his shoulder. Carrying, besides one's rifle, fifty pounds of goat three miles, over a rough, steep mountain, is not the easiest work imaginable, and by the time we reached camp I was about played out; yet I felt jubilant at having killed my first mountain goat. Our companions were glad to see fresh meat in camp, and being nigh on to starving, were not long in preparing a feast. According to our tastes, the meat compared favorably with venison, instead of being too strong to eat, as claimed by many goat hunters. I have since heard that there is a vast difference in flavor between those on this side and on the other side of the Cascade Range. As to the cause I am ignorant, though it is probably owing to a difference in their feed.

That night we slept on pine boughs, and although the beds sloped at an angle of at least 40, we rested as though sleeping on feathers. The next morning we moved camp to the summit of the ridge, and about 3 p. m. stationed ourselves on likely feeding grounds. My stand was on a high ledge of rocks, above a small grassy meadow. When it grew late, I began to despair of seeing anything, and putting my rifle down beside me, filled and lighted my pipe, when, on looking down the mountain, I saw five goats leisurely feeding, entirely unconscious of my presence. I managed to get a fair shot before they took alarm, and another as they ran, and had the satisfaction of seeing two fall. The other three went in the direction of W.'s stand, although they changed their course before coming within reach of him.

Picking my way down the rocks, it now being too dark to see any distance, I found blood, but could see nothing of my goat. I finally found where they had fallen over the cliff, into the gulch below.

By this time W., who had heard my shooting, joined me, and we decided it would be useless to attempt to make our way down after the game in the dark, and so we returned to camp. W., C., and K. had again been unfortunate, not even getting a glimpse of anything.

The next morning W. and I went after the dead goats, and after a diligent search, succeeded in finding only one, the other having lodged in the rocks below, where it was impossible for us to get to him. Skinning the one, we found the meat in good condition, excepting one hind quarter, and throwing that away packed the balance to camp. We devoted the rest of the day to jerking the meat.

I had now accomplished my object, and was willing to rest until the others had done likewise. Several days passed without any more goats being killed; when one evening about dusk, W., K., and I were seated around the camp fire, when C. came marching in with the hind quarters and hide of a big buck. He had a hard time in getting him, having shot five times at long range, all the balls having taken effect, the last at about 350 yards, doing the work.

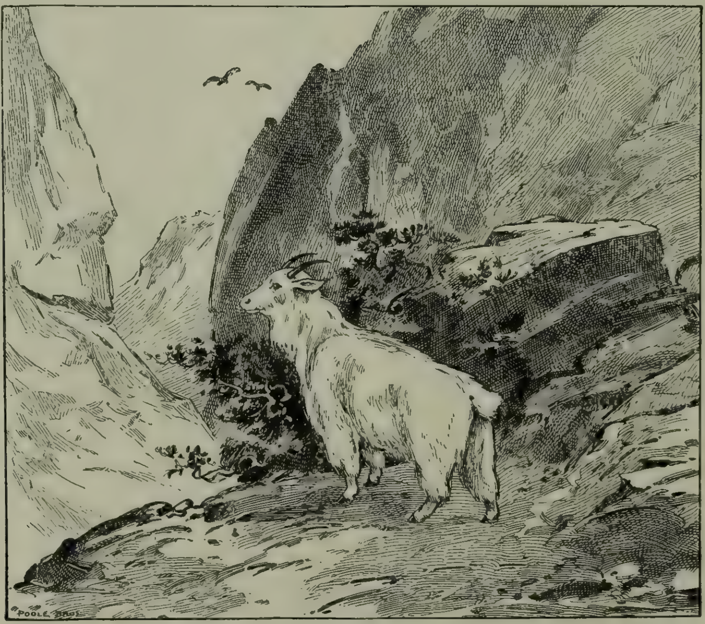
W., who had been doing some prospecting, told us that he had a herd spotted about three miles north of camp, and the next afternoon asked us to join him in the hunt. K. and I accepted, while C., not feeling well, decided to stay in camp. We made up our minds to make a night of it and took our blankets and some grub. The travelling was dangerous, being over long stretches of steep snow banks, where a misstep would have been likely to result fatally. We took the greatest precautions by cutting steps in the snow and using our rifles as Alpine stocks.

A couple of hours brought us to the grounds, when W. gave us each a good stand, going himself about a half mile further. About five o'clock, the smoke from the forest fires in our locality began to settle, making it impossible to see far, but a little later we heard several shots in W.'s direction. Half an hour later, it being quite dark, K. and I joined each other and in a few minutes W. came. He had killed three goats, two of which in their death struggles had fallen over a precipice. Dressing the one, he cached it until the next morning, it then being too dark to safely carry it to where we were.

We were not long in dispensing with what food we had, and rolling ourselves in our blankets slept soundly. On waking the next morning we found that we had all been sleeping but a few feet above a "jump off" of about 30 or 40 feet; but being quiet sleepers, passed the night in safety. W. went after his goat and returned an hour later with the hide and most of the meat, when we all started back to camp, arriving there at noon.

The next evening W. and K. returned to the same grounds, when K. succeeded in adding a big doe to the list, making honors easy. Our supplies were getting scarce, and being satisfied with our success, we decided to return home; so the next morning found us on our way down the mountain to Ruth creek camp. We came down in good time, the slippery ground being an excellent substitute for a toboggan slide. It was indeed amusing (to the others) to see your feet go out from under you, and to go sliding down the mountain at a terriffic pace, depending on the chance of meeting some tree or shrub to stop you. In my early boyhood, while staying in the High Sierras of California in winter, I learned the use of skis, or Norwegian snowshoes, as they were then called, and as I remember it, the sensation was similar to this sliding. The speed of the latter, in races, often reached a mile a minute or over, but I think with a good leather, or, still better, copper bottomed seat, to my trousers, I would bet on the fir needles against the snow shoes every time. We all took our turn at it, and in some instances narrowly escaped serious injury. The danger was, not in the falling, but in the "fetching up."

On reaching camp, we were not long in catching the horses and making a start. We would have made rapid progress had we not been compelled to cut our way through about five miles, in which the forest fires had been raging, and had destroyed the trail by felling trees across it. In many places the turf was still burning under foot, but we luckily got through without damage to the horses or ourselves. We struck the Nooksack at the second ford, and crossing it camped on the other side; and the next morning pushed on, reaching the point where we had left our wagon by noon. That afternoon and the next day we covered the balance of the distance, and in driving through town presented such a disreputable appearance that even our most intimate friends failed to recognize us.



THE VULNERABLE SPOT.

J. N. Hall, M. D.

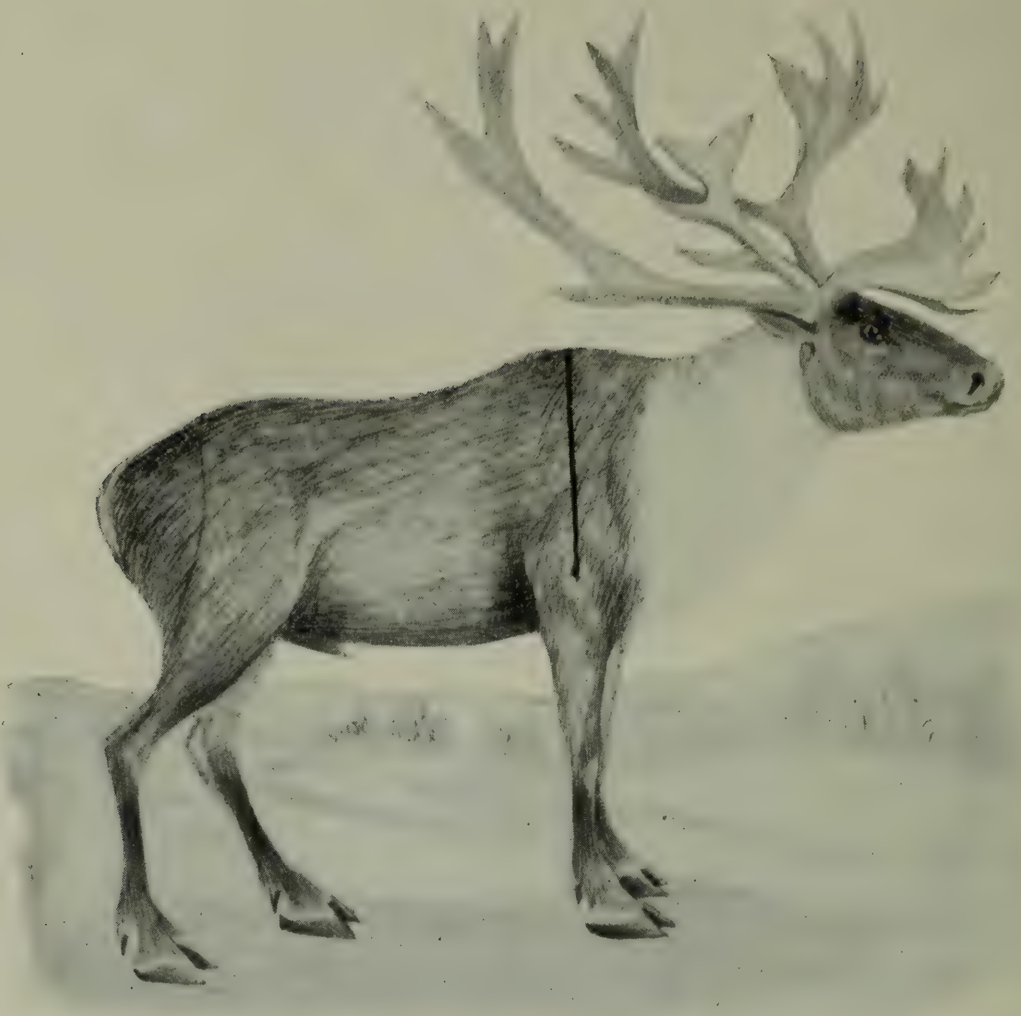
In the use of the rifle, the object should be to cripple the animal shot at to the greatest degree possible, with the least injury to the flesh and other parts of which we wish to make use. I have known a hunting party to take into the mountains, for use on big game, arms of the latest patterns used in warfare. The members of the party did not appreciate the fact that in war the object is very different from that desired in shooting game. The guns which these sportsmen took were made especially with the object of inflicting a wound which should cripple the man receiving it, rather than one which should cause death. Of course the weapon capable of producing one of these effects must be capable of producing the other, but the prime object in the military arm is to render the enemy unfit for service, not to kill him ; for the wounded man must be cared for, and thus embarrasses his own party, while the dead one is beyond that necessity.

But the hunter wishes to kill his game outright, or cripple it so that it cannot escape. Hence the rifle used should be one of such calibre and weight of ball that, with its proper charge of powder, it may be most destructive to the game hunted. In a general way this means that we should use a larger ball in hunting than in the military service, and not a jacketed projectile. The larger ball has more " stopping power," inasmuch as more resistance is offered to its passage through the body, so that more of its force is expended upon the tissues of the body. We do not wish to shoot a hole through the animal, but to have the ball enter and expend its full destructive power on him,—rather than on the hillside beyond.

Inasmuch as the jacketed projectile, with its core of lead and its jacket of steel, or other firm metal, is meant to pass through the body without battering or " upsetting," it is better in war, as it cripples the first man struck, and is still in effective shape for wounding any yet in range. But commonly in the field we shoot at a single animal, and do not wish to strike a second one unless after mortally wounding the first. Hence battering of the ball is desirable rather than otherwise. In fact, we use explosive and hollow-pointed bullets for this very reason, or make them of soft lead that may more easily be deformed, and thus produce greater destruction.

We may thus conclude, in a general way, that, while it is possible to kill game nicely with a gun of small calibre, one must do better shooting comparatively to secure such a result than with a heavy arm. With the latter he need not be so particular to strike the most vulnerable point. It is really much more merciful to use a weapon of fair size, and consequent good killing power ; for many animals receiving mortal wounds with a lighter ball escape and die in the wilderness, when they might have been secured and used, if shot with a heavy ball in the same manner.

If the view be unobstructed and the animal standing sidewise to the shooter, excepting under the circumstances noted below, the best shot is at the centre of a line from the withers to the origin of the foreleg, or the "shoulder line," as the hunters term it. The reason is that here we have the greatest opportunity for a killing shot, and in such a place that an error of several inches in any direction will be of little consequence. Should the ball go too high, it would break the upper part of the shoulders rather than the central parts at which we have aimed, or would cut the spinal cord ; or, if still higher, would break the spines of the vertebræ, and by the shock imparted to the cord, crease the animal, which may then be killed by another shot. If too low, probably the most common error of all in such shooting, from the fact that we are all prone to under estimate distance, it might break a foreleg, or possibly—and better—both of them. The injury to the foreleg is much more



THE SHOULDER LINE.

serious so far as it affects the chances which the animal has of escaping, than a similar wound of the hind leg. If one errs in a direction toward the animal's head, he strikes the neck, with its many vulnerable points,—the great arteries and veins; the nerves, especially the cervical portion of the spinal cord; or possibly, if high, the great ligament supporting the head, which may impart a sufficient jar to the brain or cord, under some circumstances, to crease the animal. If the bullet pass to the rear, the heart, lungs and aorta are directly in its path, so that such a shot is very destructive. The forward part of the lung, being better supplied with blood vessels of considerable size, offers a more vulnerable point of attack than the remainder, yet the hemorrhage into the air cells from even a small vessel is often fatal in a short time, and especially if the animal exerts himself in trying to escape.

If, however, one is so close as to be certain of striking the neck, a much smaller mark, the shot has the advantage of not injuring the edible portions of the animal, while being very effective. The same remarks apply to the head, and especially if using a small cartridge as compared with the size of the animal. I have known a man to kill an elk with a long 22 cartridge, by shooting it in the ear, as he suddenly came upon it at close range when grouse shooting. The shot could hardly have been fatal anywhere else than immediately about the head, owing to the depth of the vulnerable parts, and the small penetrative power of the ball.

In shooting dangerous game at close quarters, if one were certain of his aim, the head about the eye or ear, or the neck, would be chosen; but if any doubt existed as to fairly accurate shooting, a heavy rifle aimed at the shoulders would be more certain to disable the animal, owing to the greater "safe area" as explained above.

If the animal be standing "head on" to the shooter, at ordinary range, the "sticking point," or upper central part of the breast, should be chosen. An error of aim upward would cause the ball to strike the neck or head, while if too low, it would strike the lower chest, especially endangering the heart, lungs and abdominal organs. An error to either side would probably produce a broken shoulder as well. This shot is very effective if the ball be of fair size as compared with that of the animal. As the ball frequently strikes only soft parts, it often passes entirely through the animal lengthwise,—generally, perhaps, in the deer or antelope, if we use a rifle of 40 calibre with a fair charge of powder and a ball of the ordinary weight.

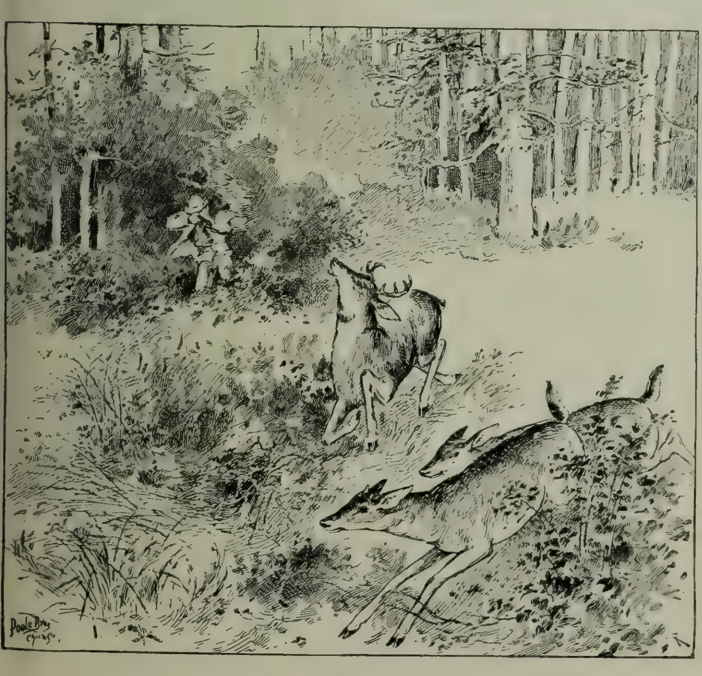
If the quarry be running toward the hunter, the shot in the forehead is an excellent one, especially if it be delivered from a little above the level of the game. This would undoubtedly be the best shot to make with a bear at close range, for it should be instantly fatal. Yet a grizzly's skull might turn a glancing bullet of light weight, for I have known of several instances in which the human skull has done so, although not in case a rifle was used. With a rifle of light weight, it would be better to shoot low and strike the neck or mouth if one were placed in such a position that there would be a likelihood of a glancing of the ball, as, for example, if one were on a lower level than the bear. And still, I have seen a 40-82 Winchester kill a silver-tip bear by cutting the merest furrow through the top of the skull, scarcely penetrating the brain.

THE STICKING POINT.

If the bear stands on his hind feet, the centre line of the neck or breast offers the preferable point of attack, probably involving a fracture of the spine as well as injury of the important organs intervening between it and the anterior surface of the body.

In shooting from the rear the aim should be for a centre shot, for otherwise it is likely that a ham, the most valuable part of the game, for the table, will be ruined, and the shot will at the same time be less effective. In case the bullet does not pass the entire length of the animal it will be rather less effective than one from the front, but if it avoids the larger bones in its passage it will probably traverse the whole body, and be equally dangerous to the game. If the hunter be slightly above the animal, the spine, however, offers a better mark.

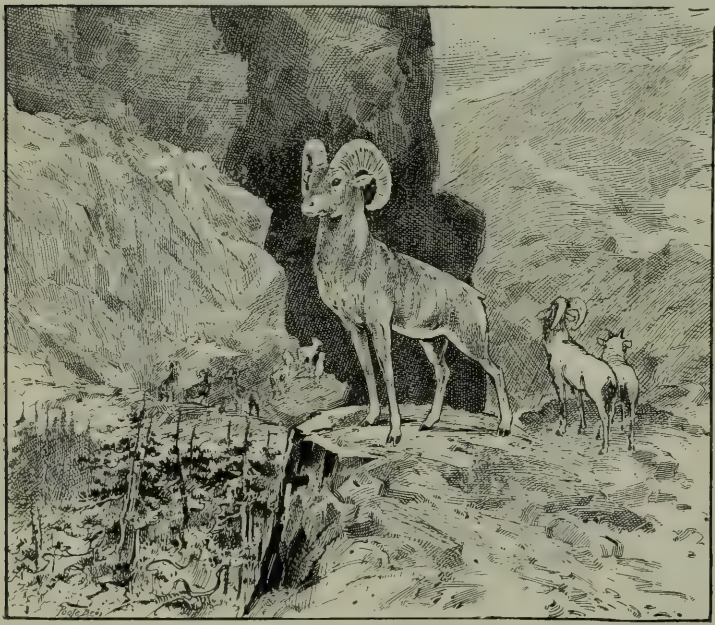
A quartering shot, either from



A QUARTERING SHOT IN THE SHOULDER.

front or rear, should involve the shoulders, and is fully as effective, ordinarily, as the straight shoulder shot. It is very apt to involve the lungs, heart or great vessels as well as the bony parts. In this way it offers some advantages over the transverse shot through the shoulders, although possibly a little less likely to instantly stop locomotion on the part of the animal. Yet I have broken a bull elk's shoulder, on the opposite side, with a 40-82 Winchester rifle, with such a quartering shot, instantly bringing him down, in spite of the fact that such a cartridge is rather light for this game.

If the game be above or below the shooter, and standing sidewise, or quartering, the aim would be as if on a level, only remembering that less elevation for distance is needed when shooting downward, and none at all if directly downward. In shooting directly upward, gravity acts solely to retard the bullet, so that no elevation would be called for, no matter what the distance. Such shots must be extremely rare, however, except in shooting at birds on the wing, high in the air, as we are all tempted to do when we see an eagle soaring slowly overhead. For moderate heights above one's stand, the elevation of the sight must be increased, as the ball is retarded in its flight by gravity, and hence occupies more time in traversing a given distance, during which time it falls downward.



"WHEN THE GAME IS ABOVE THE HUNTER."

If above or below, with the game either head or tail toward the shooter, the shot should be for the centre line of the body, for one would almost certainly break the spine in this manner. Then a failure to correctly estimate the elevation would be of little moment, as practically the animal would be helpless if the spine were broken anywhere from its origin to the loins. If through the head the shot would, if anything, be even more effective Through the portion of the body back of the loins, however, it would be much less so, as it would cripple the posterior limbs only in accordance with the actual injury inflicted upon them, and not through its action in severing or destroying the spinal cord, as in injuries farther forward, for the reason that the cord does not extend so far to the rear.

When shooting at grouse or other game birds with the rifle, and especially with the revolver, if not equal to the test of shooting off the head, I should recommend a plan which I have followed for some years with my 38 revolver, when I have feared to alarm other game by using the heavy rifle. One is likely to miss in his elevation with a weapon having but a three or four-inch barrel. Should he shoot transversely through the body, he would ruin the breast of the bird, almost the only valuable parts. But by getting either in front or rear, as may easily be done with the mountain grouse, and taking a centre shot, even if the elevation be in error to a considerable extent, one is pretty certain to get his bird in edible shape, so far as the wound affects it, for he injures some part of the central nervous system. The shot is much less effective so far as stopping locomotion is concerned than in the mammalia, however, for birds will often get under cover and hence be difficult to find, even after being shot through the centre of the body by a heavy ball.

One thoroughly familiar with his rifle and its trajectory, may occasionally aim, with level sights, at a visible but non-vulnerable part of an animal, trusting to the fall of the bullet for an effective shot. A friend of mine was hunting antelope, when, in a region almost devoid of grass, he suddenly saw the tips of a buck's horns over the top of a little hill he was climbing. The buck had evidently stopped for an instant, probably alarmed by the noise of the hunter's approach. To move was to lose the shot, and, aiming at once point blank at the space between the horns, the hunter fired. The ball, after passing the crest of the ridge, fell sufficiently to strike the head and kill the game. It often happens that one can see a portion of an animal in grass or timber, and deduce from its appearance where a more vulnerable part lies, so as to shoot through the grass or leaves and make a fatal shot. I once finished a wounded buck that I had followed a long way, and always with the result of alarming him so that he got up and went off before I could get a fair chance at him, by shooting underneath and to the left of his horns as he lay in the tall grass. judging by his position that the shot should strike his shoulders. It was effective enough to prevent his arising from his position.

I have often killed a rabbit with the shotgun, running in brush or grass—and it is a common practice with other shooters—by shooting at the place where the rabbit should be as judged by his speed and direction when visible, at a time when he was entirely hidden from view. It is only fair to add that I have missed more than I ever killed by such scratch shooting.

If one sees only a part of an animal in the woods, and is uncertain what part it is, he should wait until more certain of the situation and character of the game, before shooting. Most of the lamentable accidents here in the West, and doubtless in other regions, in which a hunter wearing a buckskin suit is killed by mistake for a deer, have occurred because the shooter fired before he was certain what he was firing at.* I have known indirectly of several such accidents, and the curious part of the whole matter is that the least harmful shot made under such circumstances, so far as I have known, necessitated the amputation of an arm. All the others have been fatal. If one follows his game and sees it stop, in such a position as to be almost hidden by foliage, I should think it best to prepare to shoot at the exposed portion, and then wait, ready to fire instantly, hoping that the animal would move and give an opportunity for a better shot. In such a case, one would have to follow the advice of an old frontier friend of mine, who, when pressed by a tenderfoot to tell where he aimed when shooting buffalo, said, "I always shoot right at the buffalo."

If I saw only the forelegs, or the hind legs, of an elk, for example, in the timber, and under such circumstances as to make it reasonably certain that I could break both of them, I think I should try to do it if it were impossible to get a better shot, and trust to getting another shot before the animal could get away; for the game would almost certainly come down from such a shot. If sure that no large saplings intervened, however, and especially if the range were short, I should prefer to shoot at the place where I judged the shoulders to be. Yet there is much danger that a tree or limb will deflect the ball, and thus prevent an effective shot. It would be much safer to shoot directly through a six-inch pine tree, with a heavy rifle, if the game were directly behind it, than to risk deflection of the ball by a much smaller tree at a considerable distance this side of the game.

With the rifle mentioned above, I have fired a bullet through a 12-inch mountain spruce tree, so that one of much less diameter would probably not prevent the ball from killing a deer. One should not use an explosive ball, nor one with a hollow point, if firing in timber, for either would be deformed if it struck a limb of any size, and might cause one to miss his game.

When a deer stands behind a hill, showing only his back, one would be safest in attempting to strike his spine, and especially that portion near the shoulder. I have known the bullet taken from an antelope killed in such a way to show pieces of gravel imbedded in the lead, proving that it had struck the intervening hill in its passage, and yet had not been deflected upward sufficiently to prevent its striking the mark. Because of its deformed point it lodged under the skin of the farther side of the antelope.

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* On the very day on which I wrote this article, the following telegram appeared in the *Denver Republican*, and is so apropos that I insert it:

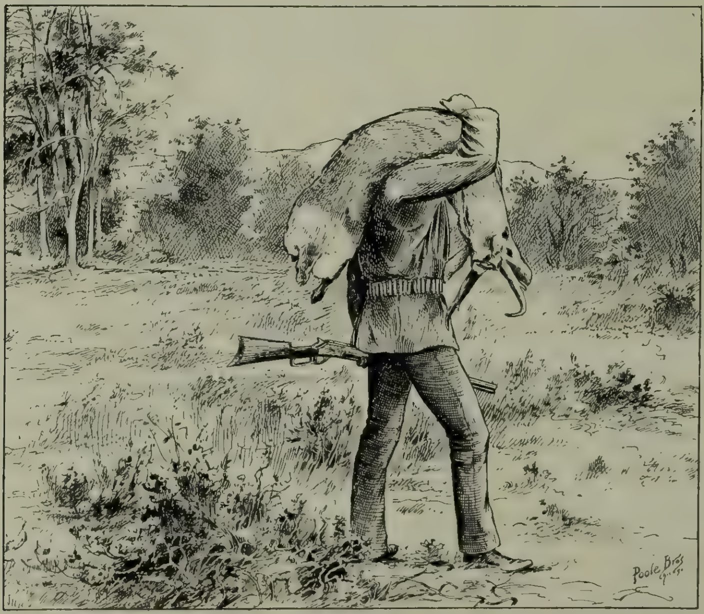
NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Many sportsmen took advantage of the second day of the short hunting season about Ronkonkoma and Central Islip, L.I. It is estimated that twenty deer have been brought down. Several accidents were also reported, the most serious being the shooting of George Smith, of Islip, who was perhaps fatally injured by Richard Raynor, of Manor. Smith was creeping through the underbrush, gun in hand, when Raynor, mistaking him for a deer, fired, sending a load of buckshot into Smith's body.

If an animal be lying down, whether on a level, below or above one, I believe the shoulder line should be chosen if in a sidewise position, and the spine if lengthwise. One should be especially sure in such a case to shoot low enough, for the ball which passes too high cannot by any possibility do any damage to the game, while the one which strikes this side of the game may ricochet and kill the animal. A friend assured me that with a 44-77 Sharp's, he killed a buffalo at a distance of nearly a mile in such a way, the ball flattening and striking him in the abdomen, by the merest chance, as he had shot only for amusement. The fact that this one did not go off with the others led to an investigation, by which the facts were learned.

It is a favorite trick with some hunters to kill the mountain woodchuck by shooting at the base of a sloping rock on which the animal sits and allowing the glancing flattened pieces of lead to strike it. These pieces make long slit-like wounds, rather than the round bullet holes with which we are familiar. I have known an antelope's neck to be cut almost as if with a knife by such a piece of flattened lead.

Although it is certainly a fact that the imbricated feathers of the goose's breast will turn heavy shot from a shot-gun, in using the rifle we should hardly have to fear an such turning of the ball by any game in this country at least. The matted hair of the buffalo's head is said to offer an insuperable obstacle to a bullet, and easily might, at times, especially when filled with dirt, but I have had no experience with this variety of game. If compelled to face one of them in a charge, I should prefer to shoot for the sticking point or try to break his neck, if the head were held low. A quartering shot through the shoulders would be an excellent one, also.

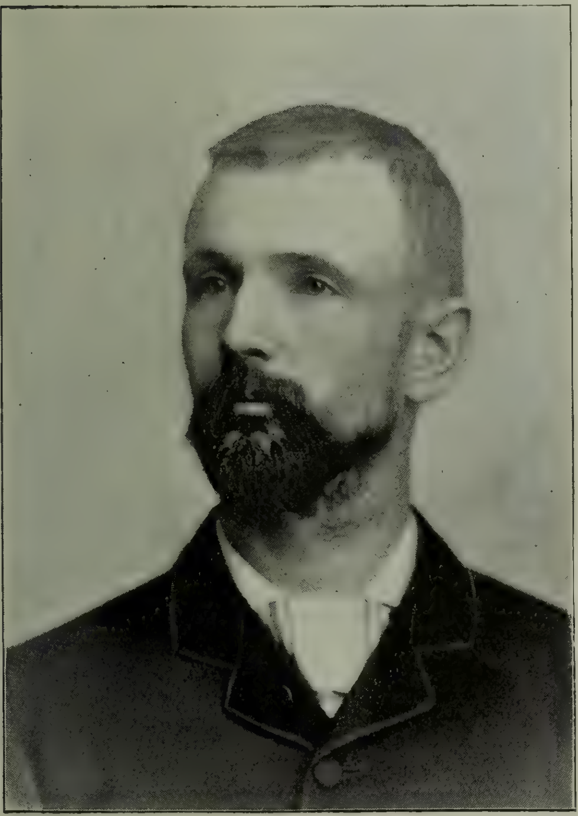
With the largest game in Asia and Africa it is said by hunters to be best to shoot for the eye or ear, hoping to enter the brain. In this country we have no animals which can withstand the ball from the 40-90 rifle, or others of fairly heavy calibre, if used as we have mentioned above, and with cartridges carrying heavy charges of powder.



OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

VII.

Josiah N. Hall, M. D., was born in 1859, at North Chelsea, Mass., received the degree of B. S. from the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, in 1878, and that of M. D. from Harvard University in 1882. After serving an eighteen months' term as house physician in the Boston City Hospital, he located at Sterling, Colorado, where for some years he was employed by the Union Pacific and Burlington and Missouri River Railways as assistant surgeon. In 1892 he located in Denver, Colorado, assuming the position of secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners, of which he had been president in 1890. He now occupies the chair of materia medica and therapeutics in the University of Colorado.



J. N. HALL, M.D.

His medico-legal work has been almost entirely in the line of gunshot wounds as related to jurisprudence. His four years' training in military science at Amherst, under the instructions of officers detailed from the regular army, his location on the frontier, where firearms are largely used, together with the fact that he is an ardent sportsman, have combined to lead him to investigate this subject carefully.

He is a member of various state and local societies, of the American Medical Association, the National Association of Railway Surgeons, and the Medico-Legal Society of New York.

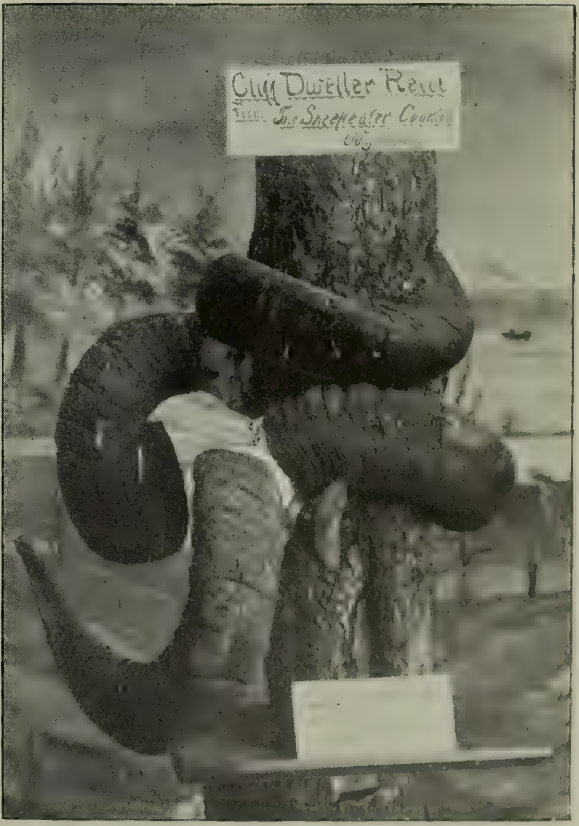
His article in this issue of RECREATION, on "The Vulnerable Spot," indicates his careful training and systematic course of investigation in his special field of work.

A CURIOUS RELIC.

Livingston, Mont.

Editor RECREATION :

Several years ago while in Sunlight Basin, Fremont county, Wyoming, where I have mining interests, I pulled out from camp one day to round up an antelope, or other game, as the boys were out of meat. After several hours hunting and not finding fresh signs of antelope, I thought I would go into the thick timber and try my luck on a black-tail deer. So picketing my saddle horse I struck out for a small lake near the summit, about three miles distant. Arriving at the lake I circled it cautiously, striking fresh signs that led up the mountain. I followed perhaps half a mile up a steep gulch. The deer had evidently determined on crossing the divide; this I had agreed on too and so kept on, keeping a sharp lookout ahead. When about 150 yards or so from the top of the ridge, I noticed daylight and what seemed to be a small park. At the same time I saw what appeared to be a mountain sheep. I got down on my knees and looked carefully from behind a large tree. From what I could see, I was satisfied it was "Old Ram" lying down. Picking up my rifle I began crawling on my hands and knees to obtain a good position to shoot from. I crawled through brush, mud, snow and everything a fellow happens into when in a position of this kind, but had determined to kill the ram, whether or no. Finally I came to a little point of elevation and taking another look through the trees, I could still see the old fellow's horns, but could not see his head, on account of the thick timber. Thinking it useless to turn loose at him from this point I crawled on to get a better position. Suddenly, about the time



I had banked on his being my meat, I experienced a peculiar feeling of displeasure, as I could now plainly see what I supposed to be a live ram was nothing less than what you now see in the engraving; but while I was disappointed in one way, I was highly pleased in another, inasmuch as I had found something which probably can never be duplicated.

Not being in shape to cut the tree down, I struck out for camp, intending some day to return and secure it. This was in 1891, and not until June, 1893, was I able to go back. Then I was en route to Red Lodge for provisions, with two men and a pack outfit. As we were coming in I said "now will be as good a time as any," and so went up with one man and an extra pack horse, cut the tree down and packed the specimen to Red Lodge, a distance of sixty miles. From Red Lodge I shipped it by rail to Livingston.

The section of tree is 2 feet and 4 inches high.
Circumference of top horn, 12¼ inches.
Length of top horn, 30½ inches.
Spread of top horn, 21 inches.
Circumference under head, 14 inches.
Length of under horn, 35 inches.
Spread of under horn, 23 inches.
Diameter of tree, 9½ inches.
Estimated weight, 80 pounds.

Many theories have been advanced by scientists as to the manner in which these heads came into the tree, but the most reasonable one to me is this:

Many years ago the Sheepeater Indians lived in the high cliffs of the Rockies, in northwestern Wyoming, and it is supposed a hunter among them killed these animals and being unable to care for the horns at the time placed them in this, then, small tree on the edge of the park, where he could return and secure them later, and this Indian was either killed afterwards, during one of the many Indian raids, or he was never again able to locate the place or tell where he had cached the horns, and the tree naturally grew up and around the heads.

Judging from the circles on the tree the horns must have been placed in it 40 or 50 years ago. The lower horns were ten feet from the ground. The tree is as large as any other in that vicinity, and when discovered was alive and green, fully eighty feet in height. The altitude where the tree grew is about 8,000 feet.

EARL B. WITTICH.

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

IV.

Cornelius Furgueson, 3d, a Brooklyn boy, is one of the clever, in fact phenomenal young, shooters of the day. He is not yet 12 years old, but stands at the score with the best shots of that city, and makes them hustle for their laurels. He is a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and in a contest for the championship badge, for 1894, has tied C. A. Sykes in five matches, each having killed 85 out of a possible 90 birds. In one of these matches "Conny," as he is familiarly called, killed 28 out of 31 birds, making a run of 23 straight.

In a recent sweepstakes he tied four of the best men in the club, and in the shoot-off for the purse outshot all but his father. In this match he made a run of 28.

CORNELIUS FURGUESON, JR.

He won second in the championship race with 94 kills out of 100 birds shot at. The club has presented him with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, for his good work during the year.

Conny did his first shooting when 7 years old. He uses a 16 gauge gun weighing 4½ pounds and shoots at 20 yards rise. The club of which he is a member is proud of him and offers to match him against any boy in the world under 14 years of age.

J. G. Messner, Allegheny, Pa., writes:

I finally got away on my hunting trip, into the wilds of Venango county. Hunted one day and part of the next, when on account of a mishap to my ankle I was compelled to give up. I went to the house of my friend who was hunting with me, where I remained for three days, unable to walk. The weather was simply grand and birds plentiful. Can you imagine my feelings? My friend kept me company the first day, being loath to hunt alone; but on the second I insisted on his going out, offering him my new Parker and my own good shells. He came back in the evening, loaded with game, and said my gun fitted him perfectly. Before I left he had bought the gun from me. I missed three lovely days' hunting. As it was, I brought home 10 ruffed grouse, 3 rabbits 3 squirrels and 1 woodcock.

The Baker City (Ore.) Gun Club had a rabbit hunt recently, and killed 235 jack rabbits and some cotton-tails. J. B. Bowen won the medal, killing nineteen. They were brought in and distributed, and rabbit was the chief bill of fare in Baker City for several days following.

Subscribe for RECREATION, $1 a year; 10 cents a copy.

A SUMMERS OUTING—AN EPISODE.

HARVEY M. HARPER.

It was in the summer of '86. Our party, known as the "K. K. K.," composed of some 20 odd men and women, boys and girls, had been for three weeks encamped on the shores of Little Bay de Noquette.

Mainly for our own glorification, but incidentally to supply a failing larder, my tent mate and I resolved to try for a deer at a little lake which we had discovered a day or two before, some two miles distant from camp.

We set out with the lightest possible outfit, as it was our intention to attempt making camp after the fashion beloved of Nessmuk, of whose writings we had long been diligent readers.

Accordingly, we built a lean-to of poles, covered them with browse, also making a thick bed of the same fragrant material on the ground underneath.

Night at length came, and taking the paddles, rifle and lantern, we stole silently as possible to the edge of the water, where we had previously found two batteaux hidden in the bushes.

One of the boats was gone ; some one was there ahead of us. We were at once in great distress, lest if we ventured out on the water we might be mistaken for a deer and thereby, perhaps, meet with an untimely end.

Finally, our enthusiasm got the better of our fears, and we concluded to risk it.

Suddenly, as we were rounding, we ran full into the glare of our rival's light. Not a word was spoken. The splash of a wandering beaver alone broke the stillness of the night. The stranger slowly approached our boat, and, as soon as he came alongside, we discovered him to be a most remarkable object. A shaggy head of hair topped with an immense fur cap; a wooden leg, seemingly fashioned out of a cedar fence post ; a crazy, old smooth bore musket, tied up with wire and strings and covered as to the stock with innumerable brass nails, wonderfully disposed in circles, squares and lines, comprised the salient features of the singular apparition which confronted us.

In broken French-English he averred that we were out much too early, and, taking his advice in a friendly spirit, we paddled back, leaving him in full possession of the lake for the time being.

The following night, however, we had everything our own way. It was perfection itself for jacking. The air was still and close, caused by an impending thunder storm.

At the landing we jumped a deer, which disappeared unharmed in the darkness. A hundred yards farther along one was heard, just within the bushes, stamping and nipping the twigs, but ungraciously refusing to come out into view and be shot.

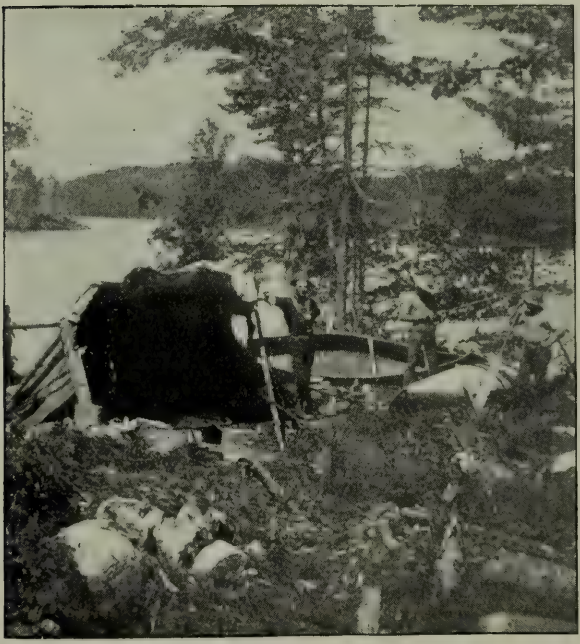
Paddling along slowly about ten yards from the shore, being careful to make not the slightest sound, we soon saw a deer standing in the edge of the bushes. A hasty shot, a great splashing, and it was gone.

But on turning a point, scarcely five minutes later, we caught sight of the eyes of a doe standing in the grass at the head of a tiny cove.

More care this time and the game is ours. Slowly the boat moves forward, impelled by the deep set paddle blade; the fascinated animal stands outlined, dim and ghostlike in the faint light thrown by the bull's-eye. The bow man slowly raises his rifle, fires at her shoulder, and as the smoke clears away we discern the deer lying dead in the shallow water, not 20 feet away.

The storm, which for some time had been threatening, now burst spitefully upon us, as if nature herself was angrily protesting against "murder most foul." The lean-to which we had constructed with so much satisfaction proved but scant protection against the rain, so that by morning we were thoroughly wet by the water which came through the roof, as well as by that which soaked up from below. Added to our miseries, the punkies and mosquitoes had discovered our defenceless condition, so that by dawn we were ready to cry quits and leave for the main camp with our trophy.

No Roman conqueror, in the heyday of his power, was ever more proud of the countless thousands of captives, who served to grace his triumphal procession, than were we of our maiden achievement. We were the heroes of the camp, and our story had to be recounted innumerable times, that all might hear it. The dear girls would not rest content until they had been guided to our little camping spot, and had viewed with their own eyes the scenes of our adventures.



A FRONTIER FUNERAL.

Howard Eaton.

In November 1880, I started from my camp on the Little Missouri river for Glendive, intending to cross the Yellowstone there, and have a buffalo hunt, with some skin hunters who were camped north of the river.

I took only my rifle and depended on them for bed and grub. After riding along the Andrews Creek valley for ten miles a severe blizzard came on and from there to Sentinel Butte, ten miles farther west, I had pretty rocky traveling. It was about 2 P. M. when I reached "Canvastown," the usual name for the collection of tents and various shelters that always graced (or disgraced) the end of the track.

The Northern Pacific Railroad had reached this point before the ground froze, had now suspended work for the winter and was putting all the supplies there which would be needed for the spring work.

The town was a medley of saloons, tin horn gamblers, toughs and sports of all kinds. The only frame house in the city was of the portable kind and had moved with the construction forces from Mandan west—on the installment plan. This house was owned and run by an ex-priest, who had been too rapid for the church. His sign was plain to behold. "Rev. C. A. Murphy, best wines, liquors and cigars." Murphy isn't the real name, but as the man is still alive and mighty healthy, it goes.

I put my horse in the tent stable, sampled Murphy's bug juice (in which he joined, just to show that he bore me no ill will) and then struck the dinner room for a square. It was long past meal time, but the cook, Fred, had rustled grub all along the line and knew me of old ; so I soon filled up. It was fifteen miles across the divide, to the next camp, where a company of infantry was stationed, guarding the line. At 3 P. M. the blizzard howled as vigorously as ever, so I weakened on facing it and decided to stay all night.

I went into the barroom, got a warm place by the stove and watched a big poker game which was in full blast. It was running lively, when Fred came in from the kitchen and walked up to the bar. Not a word was spoken. The barkeep set up whiskey. Fred filled his glass even full and put it where he thought it would do him the most good.

After the irrigation he came over and sat by me. I had heard about the choice collection of snakes, bugs, etc., that he kept on hand and noticed that whenever a door slammed behind him or any sudden noise was heard, he would almost jump out of his skin.

After chinning a while I asked him how he was making it. "Oh, pretty fair. I get a drink an hour and what I can rustle for doing the cooking."

I took the hint, gave him a coin and he threw another drink after the two dozen taken in the last twenty-four hours. His hand was so shakey that he spilled part of the poison and one of the bums told me that he had not recovered from a hard dose of snakes which he had had the day before.

Murphy and the tin horns were having a hot game and had a big jackpot on the board. All hands were watching the play, when I felt some one jostle me. I turned and found Fred had fallen over against me. He was swaying back and forth, his eyes staring, and all at once he pitched head first on the floor. When the owner of the jacker had been discovered Fred hadn't moved. I picked up his hand and it dropped like lead. I said, "Here, Murphy, Fred's dead."

Murphy said, "The —— he is," and came around the table to see for himself.

Fred was dead enough to bury, so Murphy and one of the gamblers went over to the store car, got two long empty shoe boxes, knocked an end out of each, sprung one box, squeezed the other, telescoped them and soon had a way-up coffin.

Meanwhile, I had turned Fred on his back, put a poker chip on each eye, tied up his jaw with a bar towel, spread another over his face, crossed his hands on his breast and left him to cool off.

"Really," said one of the boys, "he makes a right good looking stiff."

The game went on full blast. Pretty soon the door opened and in came a sociable sort of a chap who had got a bullet in the leg the day before and had had several whiskey fits. He was visiting on a crutch and one leg that afternoon.

He came limping around, saw the man apparently asleep on the floor; stuck the end of his crutch under the face towel, flipped it into the air and said cheerfully, "What are you doing on the floor, you son of a gun?"

When he saw the dead man's face he thought he had 'em again. He looked once more, yelled like a Sioux, whirled around on his sound leg and fell on top of Fred. No one noticed him for a while. Then the barkeep turned his attention to him, saw he didn't move, walked to the door and sung out, "Hi, there, Murphy; make that a two-story coffin. Here's another son of a gun dead."

It didn't surprise me to see the man go, as the whiskey sold there in those days was made of muriatic acid, pounded glass, strychnine and tobacco juice. But in this case the action was not fatal. In a little while the bum came to, cursed us, in a sociable way, for not giving a fainting man a drink and limped away to another saloon.

The ground was frozen nearly three feet deep; so we dug a hole in a snow bank, slid Fred in and then packed snow around him tight, so that he would keep until the spring thaw.

At that time Sentinel Butte had nearly 500 people, but to-day it is down to a section house and one family on the outside.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN GEORGIA.

W. P. Brown.

The light frost lay thick on the wire grass and the old fields, well sifted with broom sedge, were smoking under the influence of the rising sun, when Jared and I, accompanied by Whizz and Buzz, two exceptionally meek and long-nosed buff setters, started across the creek bottom that lay between us and the stamping grounds of several bevies of quail, which had been tantalizing us at odd times when dog and gun did not happen to be handy.

As we mounted the opposite rise. up jumped a "cotton tail," whereat Whizz, unmindful of previous scoldings, tore away after, both dog and rabbit disappearing in a briar patch, heedless of Jared's repeated calls. I picked up a switch and stationed myself at the opposite mouth of the gully. Presently Whizz jumped out and looked about for "Brer Cotton Tail" with a "where am I at" sort of expression. I lifted her by the collar to a convenient angle and applied a hickory corrective, sadly but with effect. Whizz departed in such a chastened frame of mind, that when Buzz presently came to a stand on the brink of the slope, Whizz sat down dejected and indifferent.

Jared and I cautiously approached a tall clump of sedge, while Buzz, with tail quivering like a leaf in the wind, moved forward at a signal. The grass tops waved, the setter charged round and round, but no Bob White rose variously; no drum roll of wings saluted our ears.

I let down the hammers of my Parker to half cock, while Jared investigated the sedge clump.

"Don't see nothing," said he. "Looks like Buzz ought to take a whipping too."

Buzz also seemed to non-plussed that the dejection of Whizz turned into curiosity. Both dogs ranged to and fro through the tall grass, while Jared and I explored more slowly. Suddenly a general whirr sounded about our feet, and a dozen birds rose at our very noses, scattering in every direction.

One might as well have fired at the sun as far as any chance of hitting went When distant enough for a shot they were radiating like the spokes of a wheel Where had they been all the while?

Just then Jared uttered an exclamation and partially disappeared. When his head rose over the sedge again, I found him extracting one leg from an immense gopher hole that ran slantingly under a semi-flat rock. Under there was as cosy a roosting place as ever a lucky quail happened on for a cold night. There were the impressions of their fat little bodies in the sand, where they had nestled in a bunch.

We passed on, feeling somewhat discouraged, yet unsubdued. Taking Whizz, Jared followed the slope of the field that hovered along the creek for a mile, preparatory to sweeping over the ridgy upland, towards which I now took my way with the other dog.

I soon heard a couple of shots and concluded that Jared was beginning to feel encouraged. Then Whizz demanded all my attention. She was advancing towards a low fringe of chink-a-pin bushes, and stepping slowly yet daintily, her long, keen nose well elevated and her black nostrils quivering.

Suddenly she stiffened herself into an attitude of motionless attention and stood half crouching, like a statue, except that the tip of her tail jerked nervously. Good dog! Perhaps she was not so much to blame for that rabbit episode after all.

I stationed myself, made ready and gave Whizz the signal. She moved forward and up rose seven quails.

Bang! Bang!

As I took three birds from Whizz's mouth, one after another, and stuffed them into my bag, we both felt better. I ceased to envy Jared and Whizz buried the past in oblivion. After that we had good sport for an hour, during which I secured five more birds with six shots, two of them clean misses, I am sorry to say.

When I met Jared at the far foot log over the creek, he reported eleven quails as reposing in the depths of his own mink skin game bag. Then I did not feel quite so comfortable. One hates to be beaten, especially when one has a gun worthy of being bragged on.

After our cold lunch was discussed we again separated, Buzz this time accompanying me. Beyond the creek at this point was an abandoned stretch of bottom land, where the craw-fishy soil had been given over for several years to blackberry briars and gallberry bushes. It was a jolly place for almost anything in the bird line, and Buzz and I anticipated great sport. We were not disappointed.

At a stand made by the dog, amid a straggle of rotten logs, interspersed with tussocky undulations,up went two dingy streaks, that sought the high timber adjacent. Sticking close together they darted in a straight line at right angles with my course, and one well directed shot brought both down.

Woodcock—by Jove! While I was congratulating myself on this unexpected piece of good luck, Buzz became impatient and charged at an expanse of high bottom grass, from which rose another bevy of quails, just as I had dropped another loaded shell into the chamber. I was equal to the occasion and added two more fine birds to my collection.

It was near noon when Jared and I turned our steps homeward with more than a dozen birds each. Jared had two the most, but my pride was soothed when I showed him those woodcock.

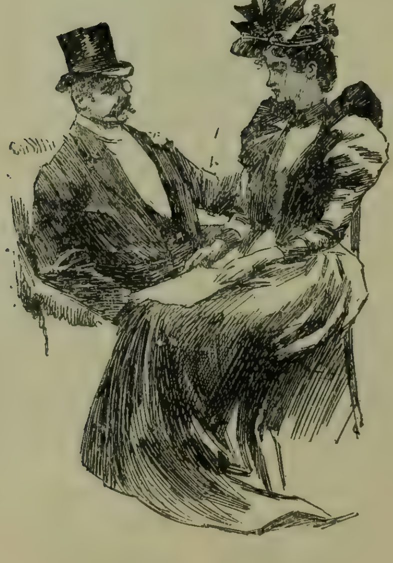
Any fair shot with a good dog can kill quail in the wire grass country. Nor is there any finer sport or more toothsome result derivable from other kinds of shooting. But woodcock are everywhere one of the rarest as well as the shyest of game birds. Hence Jared's concluding remark :

"Give you four pat'ridges for them woodcock. What d'ye say ?"

In common with most hunters, of this provincial stripe, a quail is always a "pat'ridge" to Jared.

I felt obliged to decline with thanks.

* * *



JUST LIKE A MAN.

Mrs. K'Smith—What is it a sign of to have the family cat howl outside all night?
Mr. K'Smith—Of a death in the family if the man is a good shot.

TWO RED LETTER DAYS.

H. C. Wilcox.

"Hurrah boys—four inches of snow and more coming," brought Alf, Vol and me from a bed of hemlock boughs, in Pine camp, Elk county, Pa., November 25, 1891. To-morrow is Thanksgiving day, and we cannot do justice to the occasion without vension for dinner, Thoroughly awakened and refreshed by a wash in cold, spring water, we faced the buckwheat cakes and coffee, which Jess was dishing up in generous quantities.

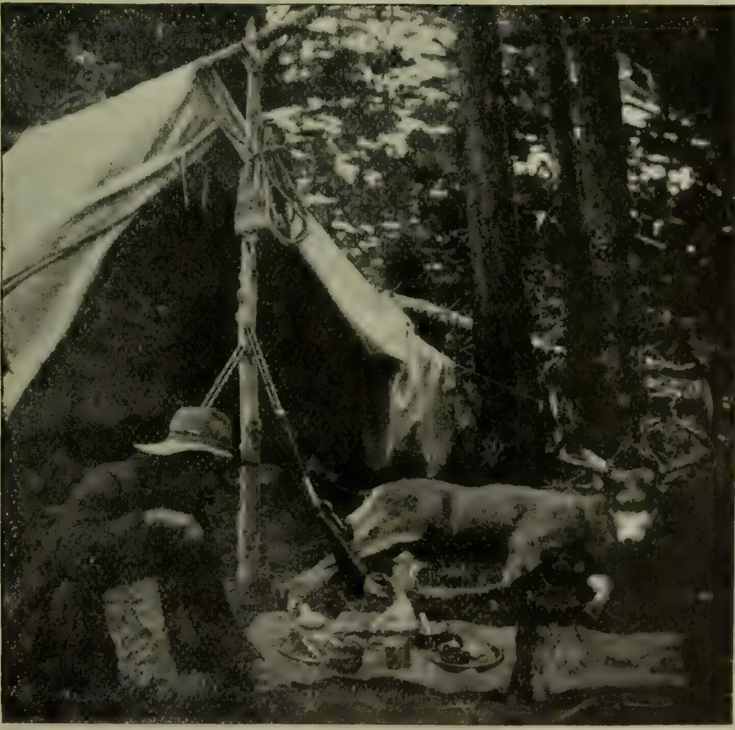
With a lunch in our knapsacks and our briars lit, we headed for Little Mill creek. "You remember, boys, where we saw so much sign in the leaves?" said Vol. We should find a family near there now; but will have to run over them, perhaps, as deer move but little in such a storm. The frozen leaves rattled under our feet in spite of our efforts to move silently. Soon a crashing of dry limbs notified us that the game was afoot, when directly I walked into the beds of five deer.

No coaching was necessary. Instinctively each man took his position—Alf on track with Vol—and I making detours right and left. At the head of a ravine Vol passed around the bunch, turning them on their back track. The sharp report of Alf's rifle, followed by nine more shots in quick succession, portended trouble in that vicinity. After standing a few minutes, hoping that some of them would come in my way, I ran in the direction from whence the noise came and succeeded in sorting Alf out from among the deer and smoke in time to offer my repeater to finish shooting the woods down, in case his was too hot for further use.

"You ought to have been here, Hank; the woods were full of them, but some of them got away."

A search revealed three of them dead, and thirty minutes later they were looking up adjacent trees. After following the other two until dark, we returned to camp, and supper was followed by the usual re-hash of the day's sport.

Thanksgiving morning found us on the trail at daybreak. The old patriarch after the morning feed, had selected the sunny side of an old slashing where, after circling to the windward of the chosen spot, he lay down in the top of a fallen tree, where his circling tracks were in full view and scent. This clever trick was old to us and we proceeded to flank the party. The sun had softened the snow and coming up wind we were close when they jumped A few well directed shots brought both to bag; and, enlisting the aid of a team we had the whole five hung up in a convenient barn at 2 P. M. We arrived at home the next evening and made a record of the two days' hunt in red ink.



BICYCLING.

PROSPECTIVE OF 1895.

MAURICE GREENE.

Devotees of cycling anticipate for this year great improvements in the sport in many ways. Some small errors have been made in the past and these are generally potent in leading to betterment. The rule will not vary in this case.

The fact that last season was the greatest in cycling history will stimulate lovers of the sport to renewed efforts

Followers of the wheel are alive to needed improvements in public highways. The growing popularity of the wheel and the vast increase in the numerical strength of the wheelmen will bring this about in the near future—much of it this year.

Another need of the wheelmen is the more general enforcement of laws regulating travel on public roads. The speed in the crowded localities should be limited and the enforcement of the law compelling all kinds of vehicles to carry lamps after dark would be beneficial. In some localities such laws have served their purpose. In Philadelphia, for instance, policemen are engaged to capture reckless scorchers, and the wheelmen are aiding in the work.

The L. A. W. still has its hands full. The amateur question is as needful of attention as ever. The rules made in 1894 were not entirely satisfactory. The matter was thought to be solved when the racing men were divided into classes A and B which were termed divisions of amateurism, but we find that this does not meet all cases. Further consideration of this subject is necessary.

There were numerous violations of the rules governing the two classes of racing men. Many riders racing in class A, should have cast their lot with the class B men. Some manufacturers employed class A men to ride their machines for advertising purposes, and the relations between them were similar to those between the class B men and makers.

Had the strict amateur law been maintained and thoroughly enforced, there would have ensued the formation of a professional clique which would have won about all the popularity.

In France the organization which rules cycling governs both the amateur and professional classes. The condition of the sport in that country is superior and is evidence of the success of this plan. The solution of this problem, in this country, will doubtless be the adoption of rules similar to those governing racing men in France.

THE WHEEL ON ICE.

R. C. W. LETT.

My first experience in wheeling on ice was rather amusing—that is to the spectators. Mud is a slippery thing to turn in, but a sharp turn on smooth ice will put you down so quick you won't have time to strike hard.

The broad Ottawa which flows past our quiet but solid little city, had just put on its winter overcoat, four inches thick. Crowds of skaters, with their hockey sticks, dashed here and there over the broad surface of ice enjoying the exciting game and the bracing air of our northern winter.

Taking my wheel to the river I mounted, for the first time on ice, and making my way over the black, glassy surface, ran close to a crowd of French boys who undertook to show me the course. Not wishing to bring up the rear I spurted ahead at a tremendous rate. Such smoothness under wheel was delightful, but a time was soon to come when

Stars would grow bright,
My wheel go out of sight
And the boys be amused at my
plight.

Noticing a piece of stick frozen in the ice a few feet in front of me, I pulled sharply to the right a few inches. Just then something happened. My wheel shot along before me, and not on its tires either. If I had not landed sidewise on my hip and hands together, I believe I should have punctured either the ice or my own tire. When I slackened down to a moderate speed and finally stopped, one of the boys kindly brought me my cap. Another overtook the wheel and brought it back, when I was glad to find it was not injured.

My wheel is a 27 pound Sunol; my three brothers and I have learned to ride on it, and I have ridden over everything in reason—even through a 10 acre stubble field, close to the hounds, who were hot on the track of a fox; but hereafter I think I shall draw the line at a frozen river.

THE CHICAGO CYCLE SHOW.

The Chicago show was a success, and surpassed its predecessors in a surprising degree. Nearly all exhibitors did business in excess of their expectations, and the cycling public, certainly, had a rare opportunity to judge of the size of the wheel industry in America.

A good feature was the modest, but attractive form of the exhibits, which were much more tasty than on former occasions.

An idea which met with general favor was that of dividing the show into two sections, one being devoted to tires and other accessories, and the other to the complete machines.

In the tire exhibit were shown numerous novel inventions and there were so-called improvements without limit.

Several concerns exhibited their racing men, and these were almost constantly surrounded by admiring groups.

Novelties were plentiful, one concern showing three machines which were new to most of the people. These were a tandem, a triplet, and especially a quadruplet; the latter being the one which paced John S. Johnson when he rode his famous straight-away mile at Buffalo.

The "living pictures" were unique and drew large crowds. Cycling in its various stages of development was typically presented and modern conditions were shown magnificently. Prominent racing men posed in these pictures and of course were the principal features.

One of the most novel exhibits was that of the Monarch Cycle Co., which had the largest space of any concern at the show. They displayed their machines beautifully. One was finished in imitation of bark, and was an artistic wonder. Another was set within a gold frame with dark background, and was in motion. The pretty effect in this was heightened by the arrangement of incandescent lights, of different colors, through the frame and wheels.

CYCLING NOTES.

A new style of machine is called the giraffe. The wheels are 28 inch, and the frame 9 to 11 feet high. It is used for advertising purposes and has no practical utility.

The managers of the professional cycling league in Australia want Zimmerman to race in the Antipodes next year, and it is said they have offered him liberal inducements to do so. Zimmerman says he is undecided whether he will race next year or not.

Edwards, the English champion; Lesna, the Swiss; Gerney, the French, and Verheyen, the German champion, who competed in the cycle races at Madison Square Garden, sailed for Europe on December 6th. Edwards and Verheyen said that if a cash prize cycling league is formed in this country next year they will come over and compete.

A third of a mile bicycle track is being built in Jacksonville, Fla. Several race meets for professionals and amatures will be held there during the winter.

It is probable that a mile record will exist at the close of this year which will be under 1.30. Of course it will be a straight away and must be ridden under the most favorable conditions. The cyclist has excelled the horse, at his greatest speed, and the wheel has now but to conquer steam power.

Most of the crack riders are to commence light indoor work this month. This continues up to the opening of the season when "plugging" begins. Truly the racing man has to work hard for his laurels.

This year's pattern of wheels for women is to weigh not much more than those for men. In fact many ladies will ride men's wheels, of extremely light-weight.

Ray McDonald has abandoned his proposed trip to the south to attempt record breaking. He will not race again until next spring.

M. F. Dirnberger, the first man to ride a mile in 1.51 was retired during last season, but will re-appear this year and doubtless be prominent.

Since October 1, Secretary Fairchild, of the Century Road Club, of America, has received 536 applications for Century bars.

The winners in the silver medal mileage contest of the Lexington Wheelman are as follows: —E. C. Hungerford, 3,633 miles; L. A. Hamilton, 1,500 miles; E. G. Krumm, 1,500 miles; W. B. Mulford, 1,500.

An American racing team, under the management of F. E. Spooner, will travel in Mexico this winter, racing in all the large cities and returning next June.

In the team will be L. D. Cabanne, of St. Louis, holder of the quarter mile unpaced record of 25 seconds; Dr. A. T. Brown, of Cleveland, the speedy quarter miler, with a world's record of 28 3-5 seconds, in competition; L. A. Callahan, of Buffalo, road and track champion; E. F. Leonart, Buffalo, whose straightaway record of 1m. 35s. still stands the fastest mile by man or beast, and A. J. Nicolett, of Chicago, who will do trick riding. Frank Lyman, trainer of Bliss, in 1893, will have charge of the training.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Recreation is the most remarkable journalistic success of the age. No periodical ever issued in the interests of outdoor sports has achieved so remarkable a growth in so short a time. In four months it has acquired a larger paid circulation and a larger advertising patronage than any other journal of its class ever gained in three years. The reasons are obvious. It is clean, bright, handsome and breezy. It furnishes a high class of reading matter and many beautiful pictures; yet it sells cheap. It will be seen at a glance that it appeals to people of wealth, of education and of culture, as well as to the farmer's boy, the woodsman and the mountaineer.

Prominent business and professionl men are sending in 10, 20, or 30 subscriptions each, inclosing their personal checks for the full amount. Many of these men are total strangers to me. They do this work because they like Recreation and want their friends to have it—because the magazine is good and they want to contribute to its success. Among the hundreds who are responding in this way are, S. B. Williams, City Treasurer of Rochester, New York; J. N. Davidson, President Second National Bank, and Hon. W. M. Kennedy, Mayor, Allegheny, Pa.; J. G. Messner, of Dilworth Bros., wholesale grocers, Pittsburg; Col. W. H. Lowe, G. B. A., Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul; H. P. Kennett, First National Bank, Helena; Hon. L. A. Huffman, Ex-member of the State Legislature, Miles City, Mont.; F. A. Clark, East Haddam, Conn.; J. S. Stangroom, real estate dealer, New Whatcom, Wash.; C. H. Douglas, assistant manager, R. G. Dun & Co , Chicago; Hon. B. M. Webster, Omaha, and John Bowman, of Bowman, Kennedy & Co., wholesale hardware, London, Ont. If you doubt this statement, write any or all these men.

Subscriptions are coming at the rate of 25 to 35 a day as regularly as the sun rises and sets. Newsdealers are increasing their orders every month. At the present rate it will be but a short time until the 10,000 limit will be reached.

Talk about business being dull! Recreation was started in the midst of the panic and has never known a dull day. Why? Because it hustles; because it prints what the people want and sells cheap.

Recreation can always be depended on for stories of thrilling interest, as well as for valuable information. The March number will be no exception to the rule. Among its attractive features will be "Up Rough River," a delightful fishing story by Dr. James Weir, Jr.; "Trailing Apaches," a novel picture of military service in Arizona, by Capt. F. K. Upham; "Indian Joe," a thrilling tale of smuggling on the St. Lawrence, by James Churchward.

In August, 1894, Mr. O. D. Wheeler and a party of friends ascended Mount Tacoma, to its summit. He describes their experience and observations in an entertaining way for the readers of Recreation.

Mr. W. L. Miller tells "How We Got the Big Moose Out of the Woods;" and J. L. Winchell gives some important points on the "Character of the Mastiff." Mr. Francis P. Owings contributes a poem entitled "With the Hounds," which will make the blood tingle in the veins of every lover of the chase.

Several of these papers will be handsomely illustrated, from photos and original drawings and there will be the usual fund of interesting information in the various departments.

Remember that Recreation costs but a dollar a year. Subscribe for it *now* before you forget it.

The Executive Committee of the Sportsmen's Exposition has issued a bulletin giving the names of a number of prominent manufacturers of sportsmen's goods that have been awarded space for exhibits. Among those mentioned are: The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Hartford, Conn., the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., Bridgeport, Conn., the Gas Engine and Power Co., Morris Heights, New York, the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., the Spratt's Patent (American), Limited, New York, the Freed Optical Co., New York, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York, E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del. and William Lyman, Middlefield, Conn.

The choice spaces are being rapidly taken and it is important that all who intend to exhibit should apply at once. The management cannot act intelligently in completing arrangements for the show until it is known just what amount of space each exhibitor will require. Application blanks and full information may be had by addressing Frederic S. Webster, 106 East 23d street, New York.

Meadville, Pa.

Editor Recreation:

Why did you sell your Pecos Valley land so cheap? And why did you leave that country?

D. B. P.

(Answer.) These and similar questions are asked me almost daily and I have not time to reply to them all by mail. I left the Pecos Valley because a two years' residence there proved to me that it is not a desirable place to live in. Sandstorms, electric storms, floods and washouts are so frequent and so destructive that I cannot recommend the country to any one. I sold my land at a heavy loss, because I believed that it, in common with other lands there, would decrease in value each year.

The Westminster Kennel Club's Annual Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, February 19 to 22.

The following are named as judges: Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. James Taylor, Manchester, England; Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.; Mr. E. M. Oldham, New York; Dr. C. L. Sauveur, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; Mr. John Matthews, New York; Mr. Joe Lewis, Moodus, Conn., and Mr. C. P. Leland, New York.

If a sample copy of Recreation has been sent you it is by request of some friend of yours, who likes it and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for it.

THE COLGATE AFFAIR.

Public interest in this melancholy story is revived by the publication of Heclawa's book, "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains." It will be remembered that in the fall of 1893, young William Carlin and Mr. A. L. Himelwright, with a guide and a cook, went into the Bitter Root Mountains on a hunting trip ; that they were snowed in ; that they had great difficulty in making their way out and that they were compelled to abandon their cook, Colgate, who had meantime been taken ill.

Many people have severely condemned these young men for their action regarding Colgate, and the following correspondence will prove of deep interest as throwing further light on the subject :

FROM GENERAL W. P. CARLIN.

Spokane, Wash.

Editor Recreation :

Your letter just received. In reply I have to say, first, that I never had any conversation with Keely in regard to the abandonment of Colgate, or the reward offered by me for the rescue of the hunting party. I did talk with my son and Mr. Hemmelwright, and heard their statements. Having perfect confidence in the honor and veracity of both, I did not deem it necessary to question Keely, Spencer or Pierce on the subject.

On meeting the party at Kendrick, Idaho, on November 30, 1893, my son told me he did not have money enough to pay Spencer and Keely all he owed them, and asked me if I could lend him five hundred and fifty dollars for that purpose ; which I did, on arriving at Spokane. It was here that my son settled with Keely and Spencer and others whom he owed on account of the hunt. In settling with Keely the latter made a demand for part of the reward offered by me for finding the party and bringing them to the railroad. My son had no authority to decide who was entitled to the reward, and, in fact, was very much annoyed when he learned that I had offered a reward. Having made a contract with Keely for his services, and promised to pay him two hundred and fifty dollars for those services, he refused to recognize Keely's claim to the reward ; but in his generosity, told Keely that if he were not satisfied he would make him a present of one hundred and fifty dollars. Keely replied : "No, if you think you don't owe it, I will not have it." "You know, of course, I don't owe it," replied my son.

No sooner had my son and I left Spokane than Keely hastened to Post Falls to see Colgate's widow, and to tell her a harrowing tale about what he is reported to have called the cruel and cowardly abandonment or desertion of Colgate, falsely asserting that it was done against his remonstrance and advice. The truth is that he was among the first, if not the very first, to advocate it. I saw and read a telegram from Lieutenant Elliott, saying that Keely said to him that it was *necessary* to abandon Colgate.

But on the strength of Keely's statement at Post Falls, a meeting of citizens in Grand Army Hall, called for the purpose of collecting money for Mrs. Colgate, was converted into an indignation meeting, against William E. Carlin and A. L. A. Himmelwright. This meeting passed resolutions denouncing these two young men, but made no reflection on the guide who took them into the country, yet was unable to get them out after their long delay. There was no reflection on Ben Keely, who had been there some months, and had gone there to pass the winter with an old man, Jere Johnson, his partner in business, whom he deserted in order to earn two hundred and fifty dollars. The truth is, he was as anxious to get out of the country as the hunting party were ; but he didn't have the manliness and honesty to join them as an equal. He saw his opportunity to get out, and also to make a large sum of money ; therefore, he negotiated through Spencer, the guide, with my son, and obtained handsome wages for his services. He deserted his old partner, Johnson, and his guilty conscience caused him to fear, or pretend to fear, that the old man would kill him. Under this fear, or pretended fear, he left Johnson's camp, and slept at that of the hunters for several nights before starting down the river.

To return to Post Falls for a moment. The meeting that passed the resolutions denouncing Mr. Carlin and Mr. Himmelwright was presided over by Major George A. Manning, of Post Falls. The Major informed me of this fact, himself, in a letter. Some time afterwards, Major Manning wrote me and informed me that he was going out with a party to search for Colgate, and asked if I wanted to contribute any money towards outfitting the party. He said the people of Post Falls would contribute fifty dollars, those at Rathdrum would do something, and that two hundred dollars would be all that was needed to outfit his party. In my reply I referred to the resolutions said to have been passed by the people of Post Falls, in which my son had been denounced, and said substantially that these resolutions prevented me from taking the interest in the matter that I might otherwise take. I refused to give anything towards outfitting his party. I offered, however, to pay him one hundred and fifty dollars if he would bring Colgate, or his body, to Post Falls.

For reasons satisfactory, I suppose, to himself, Major Manning did not go or send a party to search for Colgate. It may be added that all the parties that attempted to find Colgate last winter failed to accomplish their object. It is also a remarkable fact that every "guide" and "mountaineer" sent out with troops to find the hunting party, while their fate was still unknown, failed to go far enough to find them, if they (the hunting party) had been where the guides supposed them to be.

Lieutenant Elliott happened to take the right course, or at least the only practicable course, to the party, and he had no "guide." If the hunting party had not worked their way down the river, over appalling obstacles, it is doubtful if Lieutenant Elliott would have met them. I believe he would have worked his way over the obstacles, including Black Canyon. It was his plan to do so at the time, and I believe he would have overcome all obstacles; yet it is doubtful.

Now a few words in regard to the reward offered for the finding of the hunting party. I offered the first reward of five hundred dollars. My object was to stimulate guides, and Indians, to make every possible effort, to brave every hardship and overcome every obstacle that lay within the power of such men to overcome. Officers and soldiers acting under lawful orders, I did not believe would do more to gain a promised pecuniary reward than they would do from a mere sense of duty. But it so happened that Lieutenant Elliot was the first man to meet the hunting party, and he had made extraordinary efforts to get up the Middle Fork of the Clearwater, which few, if any, other persons would have made. He was clearly entitled to the reward, and I paid it to him. He, however, did not keep it for himself, but divided it among the men of his party.

I will explain the facts of a second reward of two thousand dollars that was offered in my name, but not by me. An aunt of my son telegraphed me, on the 24th of November, to offer for her an additional reward of two thousand dollars, to any one who would find and rescue the party. I unfortunately notified the several searching parties of this additional offer. I say unfortunately, because two days before this reward was offered, the party had been found by Lieutenant Elliott. The lady left the question to me for decision, whether she was under obligation to pay the reward or not, and I decided in the negative. The distance from telegraphic communication prevented me from knowing that Elliott had found the party till over two days had elapsed. If he had been in telegraphic communication with me, the reward would not have been offered. There would have been no occasion for it. It was offered to stimulate energetic action, but after the object had already been accomplished. I explained all this to Lieutenant Elliott, the only person who had the least shadow of right to the reward. Whether he was satisfied or not, I don't know, but I was satisfied with my decision that the reward could not be rightfully claimed by him or any one else. I presume Lieutenant Elliott thought I was right, as he never claimed the additional reward.

It can be safely affirmed that not one of the harsh critics of Mr. W. E. Carlin and Mr. Himmelwright would have ventured their persons to rescue Colgate, and not of one them did. Not one would have made the sacrifices they made in caring for him in his sickness, and in their efforts to save him. They did his work for him. They waited on him as if he were a patient in a hospital and they his nurses. They sat up many nights with him to keep fires burning around him, to shield him from the cold. They lost five weeks of precious time in trying to save his life, and abandoned him only when it was absolutely necessary to do so in order to save their own lives. It was a narrow escape as it was. They had been starving two days when Elliott met them. W. E. Carlin and some others were exhausted and could go no further without food and rest. Elliott supplied both.

There is nothing mean, selfish or cowardly in the character of William E. Carlin or of A. L. Hemmelwright. The chief fault of Carlin is his boundless generosity. Allied to this is his confidence in everybody, which has caused him, often, to be victimized by pretended friends.

My son erred in permitting Colgate to go with him while he was suffering from an incurable trouble. A doctor had examined Colgate, and told him he could go, but must take certain appliances with him. Colgate neglected to comply with the doctor's advice. In this he deceived my son. When his trouble returned, he was beyond the reach of help. Mr. Carlin then tried to induce Colgate to return home with two men and the best horses. He refused, and said he would be well in a few days. Instead of improving, he grew constantly worse. The hunting party then started to come out on the trail on which they had entered that country. The deep snow stopped them. They returned to their camp, built rafts, and tried to descend the river on them. The rocks stopped the rafts. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, no game or fish could be found, and to carry Colgate was impossible. They had abandoned their horses and all baggage, and everything but provisions, guns and ammunition, even their blankets. It was forced upon them to decide whether they would stay and starve to death with Colgate, or try to save their lives. They decided as other sensible men would have decided, to abandon Colgate and try to save themselves. History abounds in similar cases, especially the history of shipwrecks and explorations of strange regions.

But for the malice of Ben Keely, who claimed and was refused part of the reward, and of one or two individuals at Post Falls, no denunciation in the public press would have taken place. If Mr. W. E. Carlin had been named John Smith or Tom Brown, nothing would have been said of the affair after a few days. If he had only killed a few Indians or Chinamen, or any non-voting persons, little stir would have been made in Montana or Washington, where such deeds are not uncommon. The hypocrisy of people who profess to be shocked at such so-called cruelty as the abandonment of Colgate, and yet who practically, and often publicly, hold that the only good Indian is a dead one, is simply disgusting, and for such people to prate about the superior chivalry of men "on this frontier" is sickening.

When one thinks of the cold blooded murder of helpless Indians and inoffensive Chinamen, of the killing of honest working men and blowing them up with dynamite, or shooting them, for which no punishment is ever awarded, and then thinks of the hypocritical howls of anonymous newspaper writers over the sad fate of Colgate, who brought his own misfortune upon himself, and infinite trouble on others, one cannot avoid being disgusted with human nature "on this frontier."

I have heretofore carefully avoided entering into this controversy, but now I have committed myself, and wish all who take any interest in the matter to know that I consider the action of William E. Carlin in the whole matter as manly, brave and praiseworthy. WILLIAM P. CARLIN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CLOUGH OVERTON.

Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

Editor RECREATION :

I never saw the Carlin party, and did not traverse the canyon route, by which it made exit. When the party was found by Lieutenant Elliott, I was on the Lo Lo trail, about forty-five or fifty miles from the Warm Springs. It would not have been possible for the Carlin party to have brought a sick man, on travois, over the Lo Lo trail, as we found it, or even to have made their escape, leaving their sick cook. The snow was so deep and soft that we abandoned our toboggans. Thirty or forty pounds was a pack load for web snow shoes, and ski shoes were found impracticable. In ascending, their hobbles would not hold in the soft snow. We left everything we had taken into the mountains except our arms and three packs, aggregating about seventy-five pounds.

GAME NOTES.

Editor RECREATION : Lander, Wyo.

I returned yesterday from the Gros Ventre. The snow was very deep on the summit, but only for a short distance, and we made it over in a few hours without accident, but our horses were almost exhausted. We came over the Lincoln Pass. We saw one band of elk which I estimated at 2000. Two other members of our party approximated them at 3000. They were all cows. It was very tempting to a hunter, but we came away without firing at them. We also saw two other bands of about 100 each.

Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Editor RECREATION :

I have just returned from a hunt in the Teton mountains. I saw ten large bull elk ; was within 50 yards of them, but was hunting for meat, for winter and did not want bulls. Two of us killed four deer and three cow elk. I saw a number of deer, but they have been hunted so much that they are wild. Saw a number of mountain lions tracks and two or three bear tracks ; also a few moose tracks. Mountain grouse were abundant, and there were foxes. W. L. WINEGAR.

Editor RECREATION : Greeley, Iowa.

I have just returned (December 15, 1894), from a six months' trip through the west. In South Dakota I found plenty of small game, such as ducks, geese, and prairie chickens. In Wyoming there are herds of deer and antelope, and there are still a number of elk and bear in the Big Horn mountains. Montana furnishes as fine trout fishing as a man can ask for. Flat Head river and lake abound in trout, and there is also plenty of large game in the valley. While there I was informed that at least 1,000 deer were killed within three miles of Columbia Falls, last winter. Quite a number of elk and bear were also killed in the mountains. I found good hunting and fishing in Idaho and Washington.

G. A. FISHEL.

FISH AND FISHING.

Editor RECREATION : Marietta, Ga.

In "Fish Notes," in the December number of your magazine, there is a discussion as to the proper spelling of the English name of *megalops thrissoides*, whether tarpum or tarpon. If priority of nomenclature is the proper rule, it should be neither. The earliest English authority on the fishes of east Florida is, I think, Captain Bernard Romans, who in his "Concise Natural History of Florida," New York, 1775, prints the name of this fish *Tarpon*. Captain Romans was a British engineer officer, employed during the English occupation of Florida, 1765–80, by his government, in surveying the coast.

Florida fishermen as far as I know, call the fish *tarpum*, and New York anglers and writers call it a *tarpon*. As to the Jewfish, which the writer in fish notes tells us should be June fish—*Promocrops guasa*—Captain Romans call it *Jewfish*. On the east Florida coast it is a resident specie, but lives in deep holes in winter, when it is seldom taken. In summer it has the habit of floating on the surface, apparently asleep, when it is shot or harpooned. The Jewfish is perhaps the largest edible fish known, reaching a weight of 600 pounds, but the strength of these monsters is so great, that no ordinary line can hold them. Captain Romans' book is rare, and it may be worth while to copy his list of the east Florida fishes: Kingfish, barra couda, tarpon, bonito, cavallos, pompanos, silverfish, Jewfish, rockfish, groupers, porgys, red, gray, and black snappers, mangrove snappers, hogfish, grunts, angelfish, margatefish, dog snappers, yellow tails, muttonfish, mullets, moray, or congers, red and black drum, parrotfish, bonefish, sharks, sting rays, and an immense variety of others, all excellent in their kinds.

Most, perhaps, all of these, still frequent those shores, and where else can the angler find such a list? S. C. C.

TROUT GYMNASTICS.

Did you ever see a brook trout going through his gymnastic exercises? One bright, still day, not long ago, I was whipping a trout stream, and came to a pool where I knew there were lots of beauties. Carefully concealing myself behind a big pine stump, I cast my flies out on the water, but all to no purpose ; I could not get a rise. The water, clear and placid, with just enough current to give it a crinkly appearance, flowed over a gravel bed, and as my eyes became accustomed to it I began to see the big fellows. It was a pretty sight ; there must have been fifty of them of various sizes. Rod and net were laid aside and forgotten. I stretched myself on the bank with only my eyes peering over and watched Mr. Trout taking his daily sun bath and his calisthenic exercises. He did not vault, or hit the bag, or put the shot ; but he would turn on his side, almost belly up, and rush along the bottom a yard or so, rubbing the sand from his nose to his tail. Then over to the other side with the same performance, until he looked like a silver cork screw. Every little while another of the handsome fellows would go through similar motions.

I do not know why they do it, but think the most reasonable explanation is that they, in that way, rid themselves of parasites and uncleanliness. It is a pleasant thought that the brook trout, in addition to his other noble traits, preserves his beauty and health partly by his own exertions.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

Buckskin Joe, of cowboy fame,
Once from a creditor heard,
Who wrote a letter about the bill
And payment long deferred.

The cowboy plugged him when they met,
And snuffed his earthly light ;
For in the letter he had read
"I'll draw on you at sight."

L. A. H.

Summer Guest—I have fished in that stream of yours for a week, and haven't got a bite.

Hotelkeeper—Well, most likely the fish haven't much appetite this hot weather. Try 'em with chewing-gum.—*New York Weekly*.

Miss Wheeler—Lend you a quarter? Why, certainly.

Fan de Bicycle—Thanks, awfully. It was dreadfully stupid of me, but I came away this morning and left all my small change in my other bloomers.—*Washington Star*.

A Detroit man the other day received an invitation from a Kentucky friend to come down and join a hunting party about to start for the mountains. The Detroit man wanted to go, but didn't know what kind of game was to be hunted, so he sent this telegram :

"All right. What shall I bring?"

A few hours later he received this reply:

"Corkscrews ; we have the rest."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Well, old man, how 's business?"

"Booming," said the manufacturer of sporting goods. "I have just received an order for four million pairs of sprinting shoes for the Chinese army."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"You know the fish hook is the cause of many sinful, awful yarns?"

"Yes ; it's a nuisance—something to a-bait."—*Atlanta Journal*.

The Wife—Mother believes in cremation.

The Husband—Well, what of it? We can't cremate her until she dies.—*Town Topics*.

Reporter—And what do you call your new baby?

Editor—Volume 1, No. 1.

Reporter—Because he's your first issue, eh?—*Exchange*.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

I am Vice-President of the Kentucky Gun Club, of this city, and will take pleasure in recommending your magazine to the members. I have enjoyed reading your works before, and am sure I shall find much pleasure in reading RECREATION. ALLEN P. HOUSTON.

I wish you the best of success in your new venture. RECREATION certainly is in the lead of entertaining, instructive advice and good reliable information.

D. W. CREE.

I find the articles in RECREATION most ably written, and delightfully entertaining.

H. A. HANNUM.

I have read your first copy of RECREATION and predict for it great success. It is certainly a collection of valuable and interesting reading matter, which will take among our people.

F. E. HATHAWAY,
Major, U. S. A.

I have just received the first copy of RECREATION. It is full of good reading and good engravings, and is worth five times what you charge for it. I will send you some subscriptions in a few days.

JAS. RASOR.

I am very much pleased with the first number of RECREATION, and enclose herewith the names and addresses of five gentlemen who wish to subscribe ; also cash for subscription.

H. A. SHIELDS.

I have not yet seen your magazine, but have several of your books, and judging from these I know that every line of RECREATION will be of interest to all who love the stream or the field. Here is my dollar.

W. H. G.

I took a walk around the square, got you six subscribers, and enclose you draft for same.

E. P. ROBINSON.

Enclosed please find money order in payment of five subscriptions to RECREATION. The magazine is a corker—in fact it is simply "out of sight." Wish you abundant success, and hope to send you more names soon.

R. C. SHINDLER.

RECREATION takes at sight. I send you herewith names and addresses of nine subscribers. Please send them the December number at once.

F. A. CLARK.

I have received your first number of RECREATION, and as I am highly pleased with it, enclose you $1.00 for subscription thereto.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

Your books have pleased me so well that I want your magazine. Here is my dollar.

A. G. ALLEN.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

E. W. Robins, of South Butte, Mont., an old time mountaineer and hunter writes:

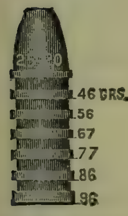
You might perhaps be interested in a bear hunt, the coming spring, to begin as early as possible, in the Salmon river range in Idaho. The transportation will be by saddle and pack horses. Trip to continue 30, 60 or 90 days to suit the convenience of parties. The locality chosen is one of the best I know of for bear, both black and grizzly. Zoac, camas and other favorite roots grow on every plateau, and in every valley, and pine nuts, berries, etc., are found in the foot hills. Salmon and trout fall an easy prey to bear while ascending the small streams to reach their spawning beds.

We may reasonably expect an occasional shot at wolverine, lynx, wolf, and even mountain lion. Should the party desire to make a special hunt of a few days for this animal, he is fairly plentiful on the sheep ranges; and one frequently comes across the half-eaten carcass of a sheep, which is his principal food.

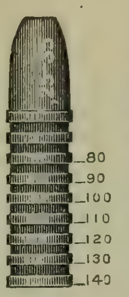
Bear are more easily found in early spring, because they make more signs, and when found their skins are in better condition than at any other time. Our hunt will be favored by the salmon trout run, which begins as soon as the ice breaks up in Salmon river, at which time bear collect in the vicinity of the small streams to catch these fish. Altitude will also favor the hunt by extending the season. We shall find good bear on the high plateau four weeks after they have shed in the valley, 7,000 feet below. The trip as proposed will afford an excellent opportunity for procuring a good set of game pictures. I am glad to note the growing interest manifested by sportsmen in the use of the camera. There certainly is a great deal of satisfaction in being able to carry in the pocket the evidence of a difficult feat in stalking,

Should you be interested in the proposed hunt and desire reference, please call at the *Scientific American* office and have a chat with Mr. H. N. Munn. We have smoked at the same camp-fire, and slept under the same tree.

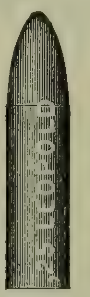
NEW 25 CALIBRE BULLETS.



No cartridge has ever taken the fancy of the small bore enthusiasts so generally as the 25-calibre. It has been popular from the first, and that it is to remain so is evidenced by the many modifications of it. The original cartridge is the 25-20-86, same as now made by the factories. The 86 gr bullet was thought to be too heavy on account of key-holing. The Ideal Manufacturing Company has designed a series of bullets varying in weights from 46 to 96 grs. One weighing 77 grs. is especially effective. The cranks, however, desired to use the heavier bullets. This led to barrels being cut with a quicker twist, running down from one turn in 18 inches to one in 8 inches. Mr. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Lowe, of Fitchburg, Mass., are making these special barrels.



This grooving, of course, required more powder and greater velocity. The well known 32-40 Marlin shell has been reduced at the muzzle so as to fit the 25 calibre bullets. Excellent results are being obtained with these new cartridges and the Ideal company is kept busy administering to the wants of the riflemen. E. A. Leopold, of Morristown, Pa., sketched what he desired for a bullet (cut herewith), and sent the design to Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Manufacturing Company, who made from it a cylindrical mould, which enables the user to get any weight of bullet he may desire. The wonderful work recently done with this bullet is well known.



The Ideal people tell me they are now ready to meet the demands for heavier 25 calibre grooved bullets, as per cuts herewith. Single moulds may be had to cast any of the specified weights. The company is also prepared to furnish the "Perfection adjustable mould," which casts the whole series of weights. It is said the extreme point is exactly the same shape as the 25-20, but it is longer to the crimp shoulder, so that the 32-40 Marlin shell reduced to 25 calibre, with this ball inserted, will be exactly the same length as the standard 32-40 Marlin cartridge, making ammunition that is properly proportioned for repeating rifles. This rifle the Marlin Fire Arms Co. is now at work on. The rifle will be called the 25-35 Marlin, model '93.

The cut of the regular 25-20 bullets will show the difference in the length of the point and the weights as compared with the 24-35. Of course, for light weight or short range bullets, the series of 25 20's will be better balanced, but where the longer ball is desired, the 25-35 series will be best.

G. C. Atkinson, Chicago, writes:

Mr. R. T. L. Beard, of the Union National Bank, Chicago, and I spent two weeks last November in the wilds of Michigan. We killed 14 deer, mostly bucks, two of which were fine specimens, weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds each.

Winthrop, Wash.

Editor RECREATION:

Game is fairly abundant here this season, but too much is being slaughtered for it to continue so. More fur is being taken than for a number of years, owing to hard times, which have driven many old trappers to the mountains again.

E. T. JOHNSON.

Don F. Fraser, Fifteen Mile Stream, Nova Scotia, writes:

Caribou have been more plentiful during the season of '94 than for several years past. Next season by placing yourself in charge of a competent guide, a head would be a sure thing. The laws of Nova Scotia require a small license for hunting, after which sportsmen are permitted to take heads out of the province.

BOOK NOTICES.

I UNDERTOOK to glance over a copy of Heclawa's new book, "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains," and though pressed for time, I soon found myself drawn into the story so completely that I was compelled to read every word of it. I imagine this will be the case with every one who picks it up.

This book gives a detailed history of the adventures, the trials, the suffering and the final rescue of a hunting party that went into the Bitter Root Mountains, in the fall of 1893. They were snowed in; lost their horses, nearly all their equipment and came within an inch of losing their lives a dozen times. The story is modestly and gracefully told, and the book is liberally illustrated from photographs and pen drawings. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Speaking of that magnificent work "Sport, or Fishing and Shooting," published by Bradlee Whidden, of Boston, a prominent sportsman says:

"The copy of "Sport" arrived in good condition, and a number of my friends have examined it. All are enthusiastic in its praise. You are entitled to the hearty thanks of all true anglers and hunters for having placed within their reach so admirable a work. Mr. A. N. CHENEY puts it in a nutshell when he says: 'it is simply artistic realism.'"

"Sport" is advertised in RECREATION. Write for descriptive circular.

IN "WILD BEASTS," by J. Hampden Porter, Chas. Scribner's Sons have given the public a most fascinating book. Touching lightly upon classification, structure and habitat, Mr. Porter writes chiefly of the characteristics of the elephant, lion, tiger, grizzly, puma, wolf and other wild animals. His style is clear, lucid and graphic. The extent of his knowledge and the fidelity of his observations enable him to correct many erroneous impressions concerning these animals. The reader may have his preconceived notions of the character of the lion or of the grizzly overthrown, with a cautious but firm hand. Mr. Porter wisely recognizes individual traits in different animals of the same species. He does not treat them as if they were mathematical quantities, bound to give fixed results under given conditions, but realizes what many observers overlook—that animals have as strongly marked individualities as human beings have.

Beautiful typography and illustrations complete the charm of this valuable book.

EVERY SPORTSMAN must own one edition of "The Complete Angler;" which is simply a question of taste. No lover of books can see the dainty volume just issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, without wanting a copy of it. Its substantial yet delicate binding, of sapphire and gold would lure ducats from the pocket of a miser, and the delightful introduction, by Edmund Gilpin Johnson, would, alone, reconcile him to the expense. This is pre-eminently the book for the angler to slip into his pocket when starting for the lake or stream, or to revel over in his library while dreaming of past conquests with the rod and reel.

PUBLISHER'S DEPT.

The works of the American E. C. Powder Company, at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J., are said to be the largest in the world devoted to the making of nitro powder. The main building is 320 feet long, irregular in shape, with an average width of about 50 feet. Besides this there are 12 smaller buildings. Altogether there are over 20,000 feet of floor space. A spur of the railway runs directly to the works and several car loads of powder are shipped out each week. Among the good points claimed for the E. C. powder are that it never varies in strength or quality; that keeping for a long or short time does not affect it, and that from its hardness of grain practically no amount of pressure in loading spoils its shooting; while at the same time it gives perfect results with slight pressure only. In addition to its powder business the company also makes and sells large quantities of gun cotton.

The Burgess Gun Company is getting a great many such letters as this:

East Ashford, N. Y., August 31, '94.

Gentlemen:—I have been using the "Burgess" gun for nearly a year, at the trap and in the field, to my entire satisfaction.

Its shooting qualities, for all sizes of shot, are superior to those of any gun I ever used, and for simplicity, durability and rapidity it beats the world.

Your system of attaching and detaching the barrel is the quickest and strongest in the market, and this feature alone is worthy the attention of every sportsman. Respectfully yours,

E. F. HAMMOND.

John Carbutt, the manufacturer of Keystone Dry Plates, at Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, has lately shipped 100 dozen 6½ x 8½ ortho films to W. H. Jackson, at Calcutta, India. Mr. Jackson is the official photographer of the Columbian party which is now making a tour of the world, photographing all kinds of cars, engines, vessels, machines and other appliances relating to transportation.

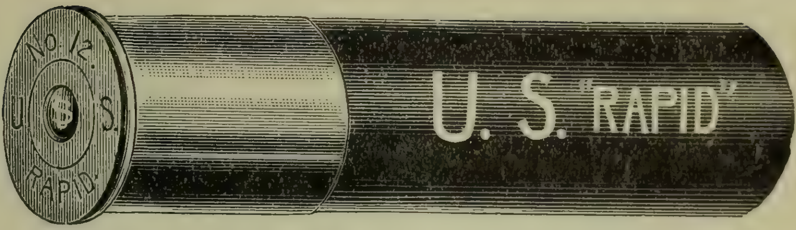
THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S calendar has become a necessary part of the furniture of every sportsman's home or office. It is on tap this year as usual. Write the company at Bridgeport. Conn. Say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION, and you will get a copy by return mail.

TO EXCHANGE.—Fine Montana sapphires, garnets, rubies, Idaho opals, turquoise, topaz and other fine gems, for a 4 x 6 or 6 x 8 camera, in good condition; Kodak or Premier preferred. M. W. MINER,
Baker City, Oregon.

THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. issues a beautiful calendar each year. That for '95 is no exception to the rule. It has two realistic hunting scenes, in water colors, by A. B. Frost.

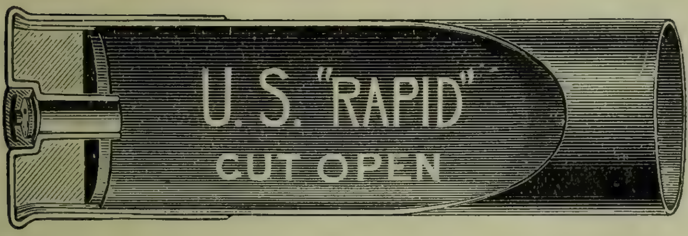
Send for it. Mention RECREATION.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

**Nitro
Powders.**

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS:
U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers St., N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

Many are too careless to attain even fair success in this fascinating art; they are like some of our shooters, they bang away without getting anything. They never stop to reason out the cause of their failures, and therefore never improve in their work.

Photography requires great care and patience in all its details, in order, to accomplish satisfactory results.

If you fail once, study out the cause, and remedy it in your next attempt; for on the wrecks of your failures you should build your success. Use only the best instruments and material. Not even an expert can do good work with a poor outfit.

Here is a hint on cracked negatives. Not having had an accident of the kind I have never had occasion to try it.

Dr. Miethe recommends the following process: Place the broken negative, the film of which must be intact, film side down on a metal plate which has been heated so that it can hardly be touched by the hand. The break is then covered with Canada balsam, which readily melts and fills up the cracks. To give the negative more stability, a large piece of the Canada balsam is put upon the centre of the back of the negative, and a clean glass plate the same size as the negative is laid over all. The melted balsam spreads out evenly, the excess being squeezed out. After cooling, the plates are still further fastened around the edges with strips of Sheplie gum paper.

For Burns.—Nearly every amateur experiments more or less with flash lights, and as a result is likely to have his fingers burnt occasionally. The following is a good remedy:

Make an ointment of equal parts of pure vaseline and Pond's extract of hamamelis. Rub together until of the consistency of cream. Apply to the burn and cover with cotton bandage.

Wm. H. Steele.

One of the finest pictures that can be produced by any photographic process, is a stereoscopic transparency. To make them, cut your stereo-negative in halves and trim so that the parts will come close together at the edges. Lay them in printing frame—transposing right to left—on a plate of heavy clear glass. Then cover with a black paper mask, having openings cut alike, to size of print wanted. Put on this a dry transparency plate in the dark room. Put back in printing frame, and expose and develop same as for ordinary transparency. When dry, cover on film side, with fine ground glass, binding with gummed paper. View in stereoscope by transmitted light, and the result will richly repay for all the work and expense.

Elsewhere in this issue of Recreation an old mountaineer says, "There is a great deal of satisfaction in being able to carry in your pocket the evidence of a good shot." Anglers are proverbial for telling fish stories. Even when they bring or send home fine strings of fish they are sometimes accused of having bought them. Hunters are sometimes accused of prevarication when telling of their remarkable shots, or of the big bags made on the last hunting trip. When sportsmen learn to carry along a camera, as invariably as they carry the rod or the gun, and to record each day's kill or catch, on the sensitive film, with proper back ground and accessories, then—and not till then—will they be able to establish reputations in their respective communities for truthfulness. Nothing short of a photograph of the fish or game, taken on the spot, with your own handsome figure shown in it, will hereafter be accepted, at the club or in the home circle, as evidence that you really did what you say you did.

There is an old story of a man who claimed to have killed seven Indians, single handed and alone, stating that if any gentleman present doubted it he could prove it by showing the gun that he did it with. In our day, however, such evidence don't go. Hereafter, when a man tells a big yarn some one will invariably call him down with, "Where's your photograph? show up, old man, or admit that you've been lying." Take a camera along, then you can prove your case in any court.

STOCK SOLUTION.

4 oz. sal soda.
4 oz. sulphite soda.
1 qt. water (dissolve).

To develop take 1 oz. stock solution, and add 1 wood mustard spoon full of pyrogallic acid, then fill the graduate with water to 4 oz.

This will develop any dry plate, and is much better than keeping a stock solution of pyro. Will work quick and clean, and will produce negatives full of detail and of fine printing quality.

The cause of most negatives turning yellow or brown, after being put away for a time is not, as commonly supposed, a lack of washing, but from not being thoroughly fixed. Leave in the hypo for 15 or 20 minutes. After the last trace of white has disappeared from back of negative, and it will keep indefinitely.

Only a little pyro stain
In the dark room on her dress,
He thoughtlessly pressed the button,
His friends, they did the rest.

Probably the finest lantern slides are made by the wet plate process, but for the average amateur, slides made on some of the various dry transparency plates on the market, will be found easier to manipulate and will produce satisfactory results.

KEEP YOUR EYE

On this space.
It will contain something of
Special Interest
to Amateur Photographers
Next Month.

G. GENERT.
24 East 13th St., New York.

The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York will hold its Annual Spring Exhibition of members' work, from March 13th to 27th, 1895. Committee:—E. T. Birdsall, Dr. Janeway and W. E. Johnson.

By combining the principals and results of the kinetoscope and phonograph, Edison promises to reproduce theatre and opera, with life-sized artists and full vocal and musical accompaniment.

Lunar photography at Lick Observatory, under the direction of Prof. E. S. Holden, has attained remarkable results. Accurate relief maps of the moon are now made, showing its surface as it is believed it would appear to one standing on it, the surface being illuminated by the stars and the reflected light of the earth.

Amateur photographers are invited to send specimens of their best work to Recreation. Samples will be published from time to time, and full credit given in each case.

In photographing outdoor groups, always have a club handy for any person who looks at the camera. Nothing is more absurd than a picture of a party of men ostensibly fishing, cleaning their guns or busying themselves in any way and yet gazing at the camera. This always indicates egotism on the part of the people who indulge in it. Make your people attend strictly to business, no matter whether they "look pleasant" or not.

Not much out door work is being done by amateurs this month, but many pleasant and profitable hours can be spent making lantern slides, transparencies, contact prints, or enlargements from the negatives made during the summer.

By the aid of photography many old, back number parchments, left by the ancients, and which have become so faded by age as to be illegible, have been reproduced and the characters brought out so strongly as to be easily read. Where is this thing going to stop? Next thing we know some one will be telling us, by means of the camera, what the sphinx is thinking about.

For those who like a matt surface print the new Aristo platinum paper will be found easy to work. A great variety of tones, from a sepia to a platinum black, can be produced on it, and its keeping qualities make it doubly valuable.

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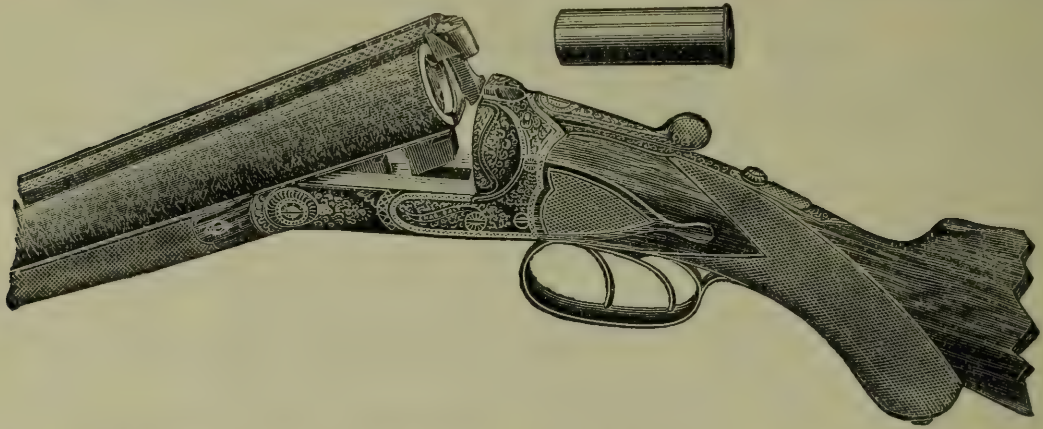
Blinn Smith.

CHARLES DALY



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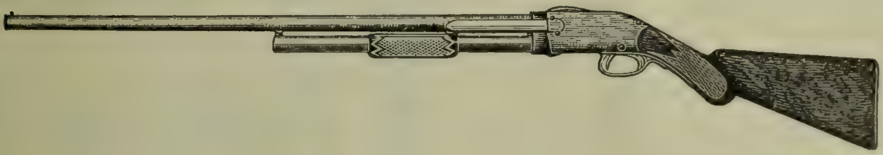

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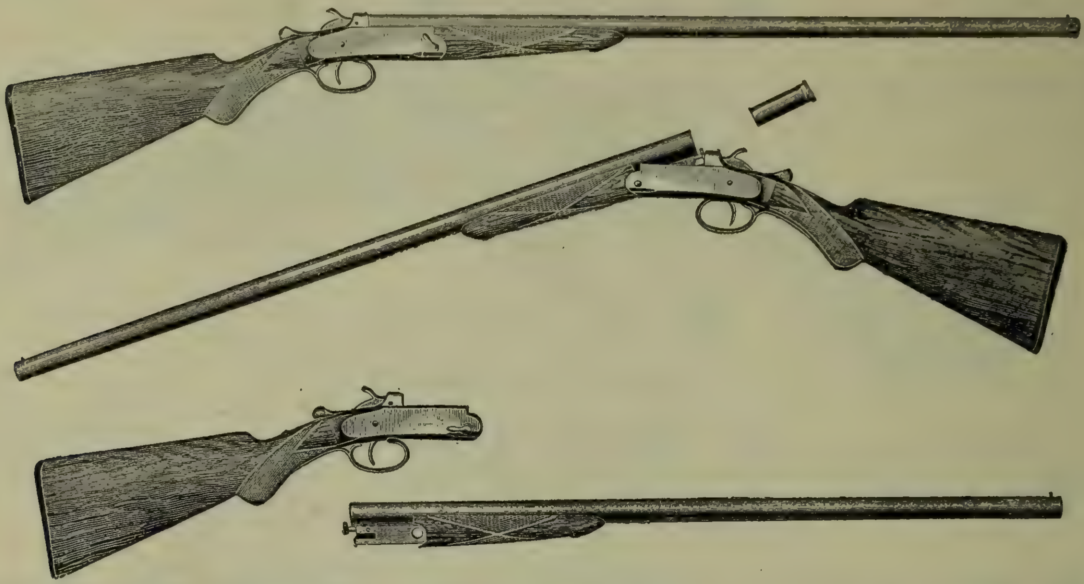

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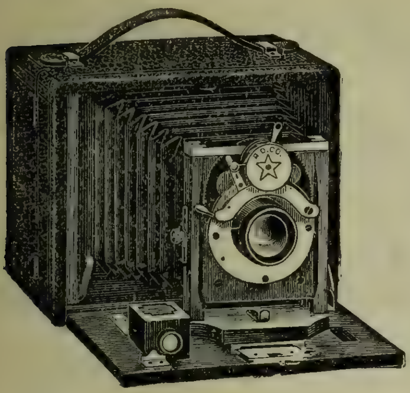

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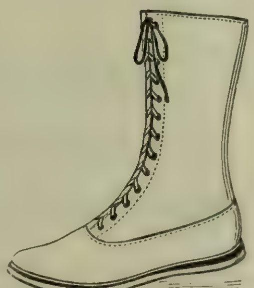

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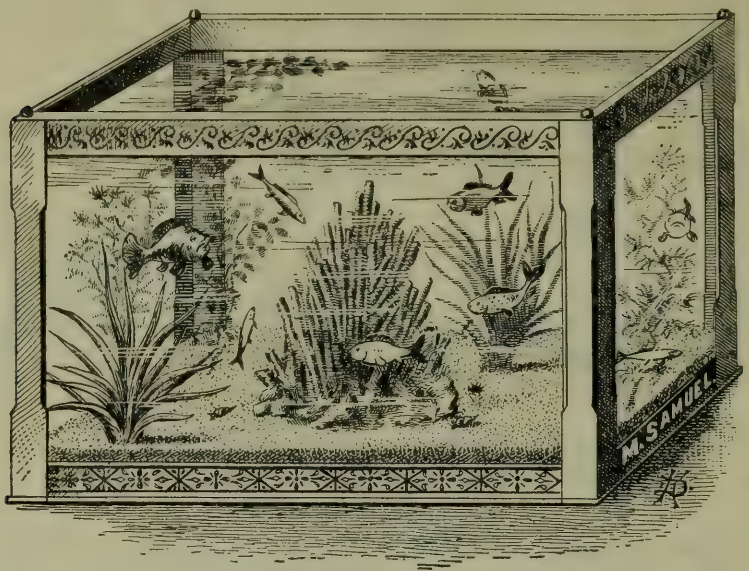

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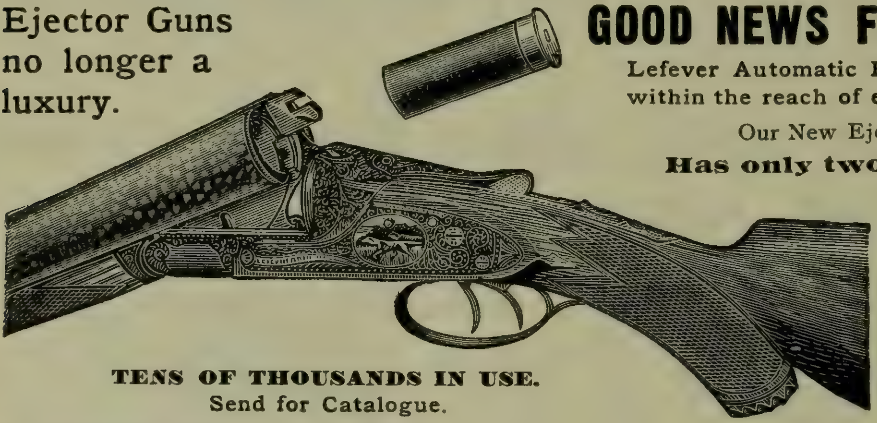

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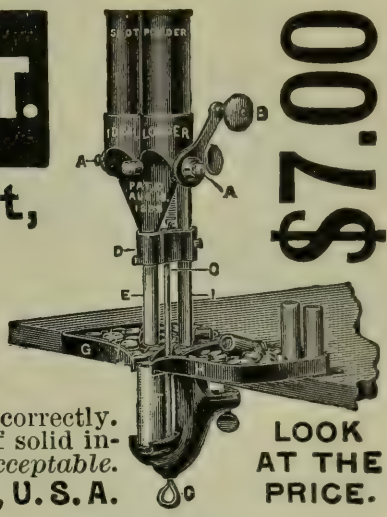

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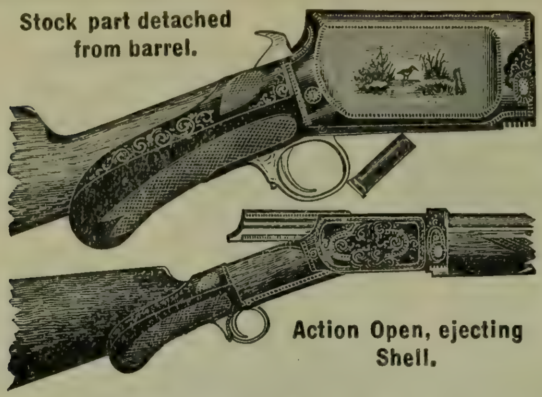
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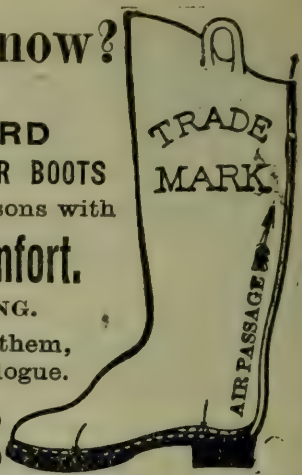

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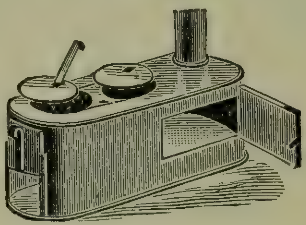

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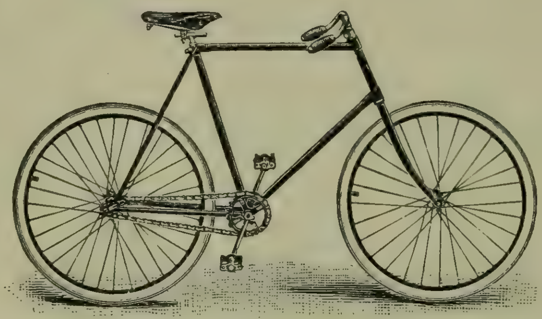

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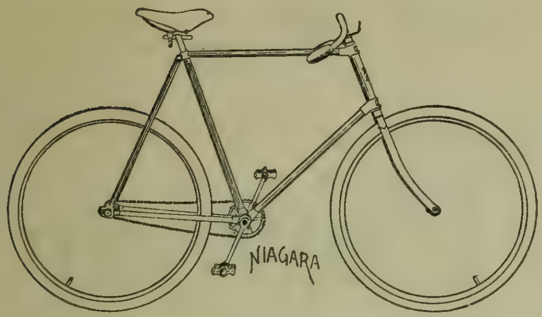

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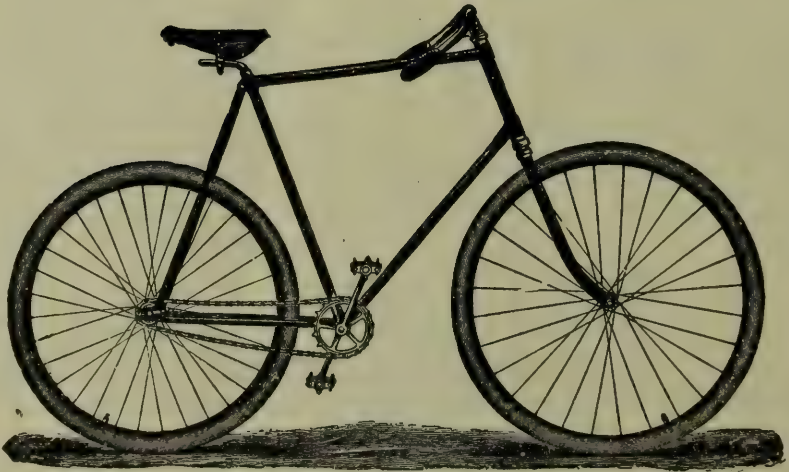

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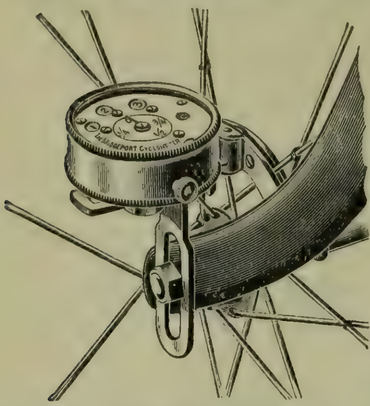

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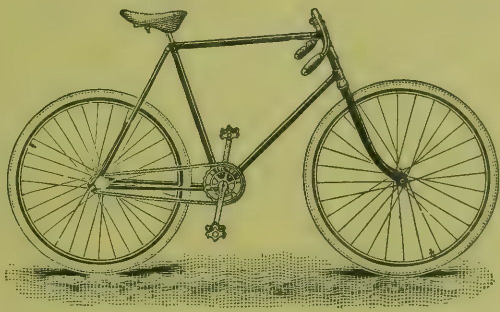

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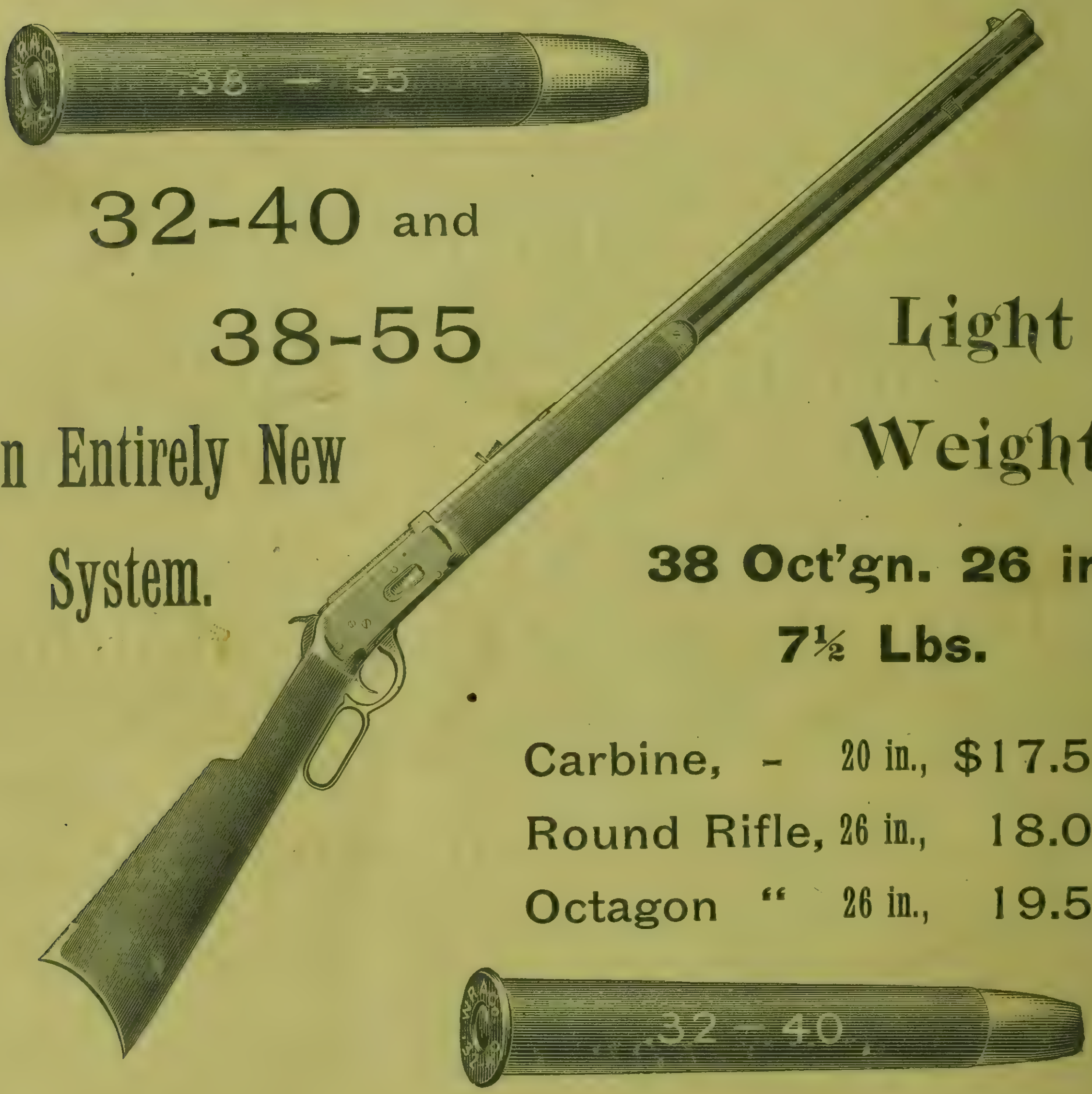

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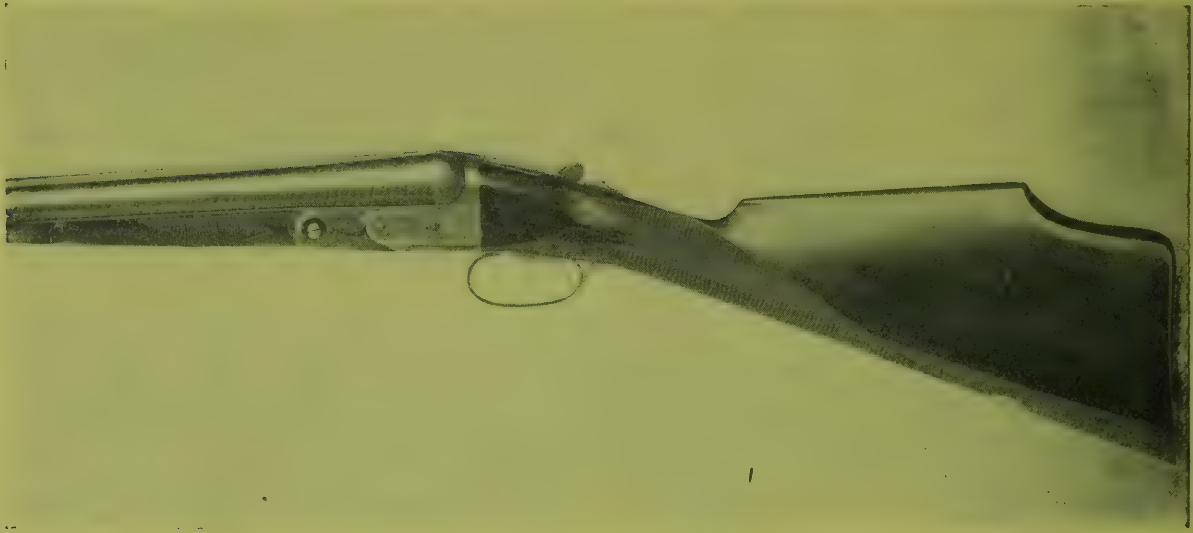

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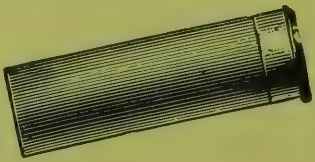

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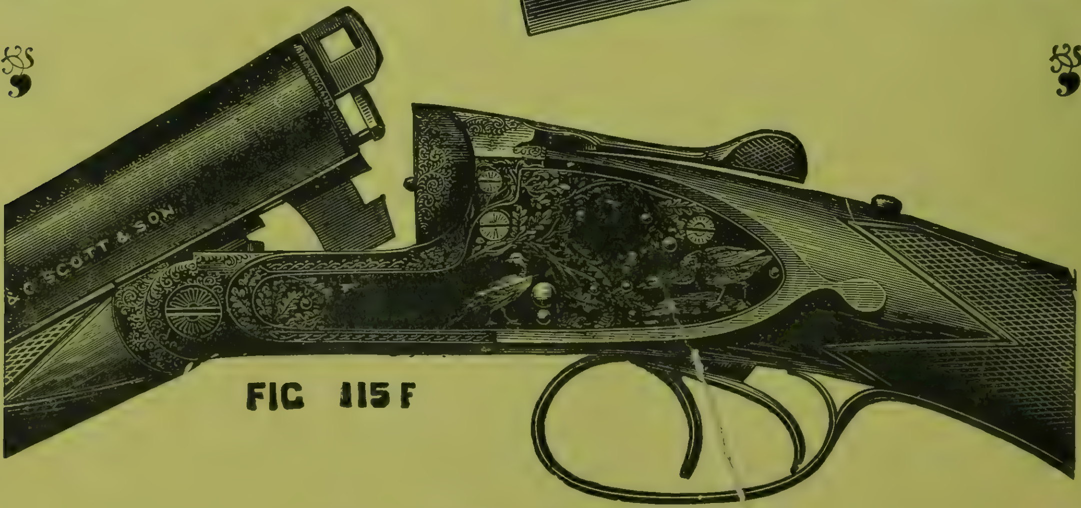

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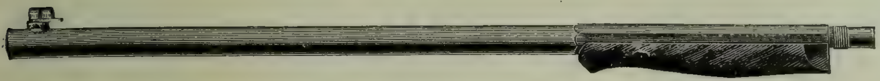

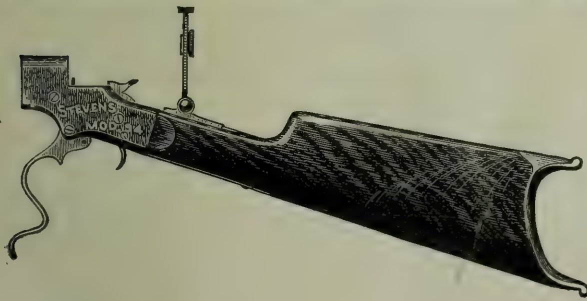

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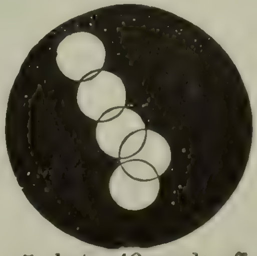
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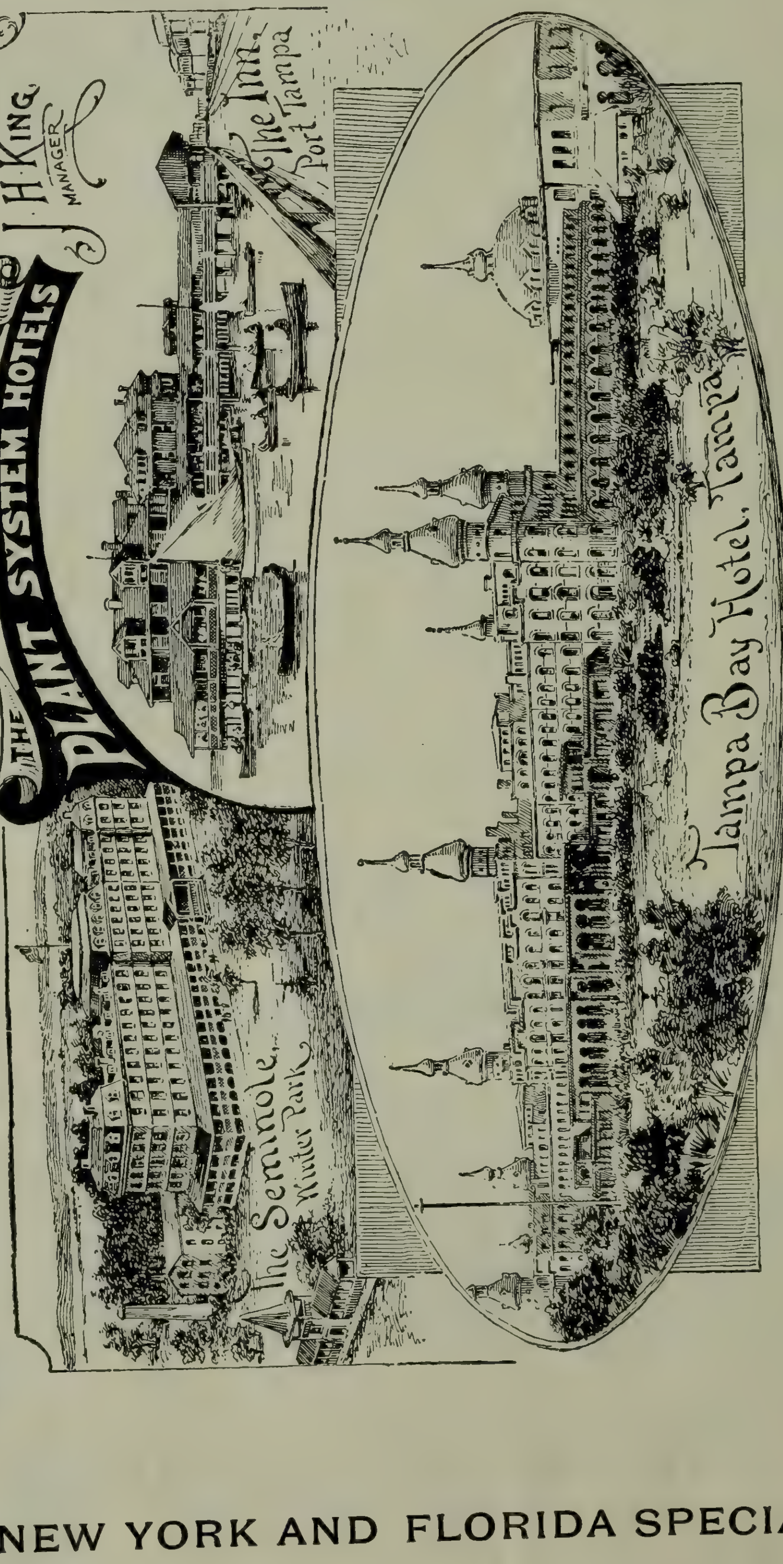
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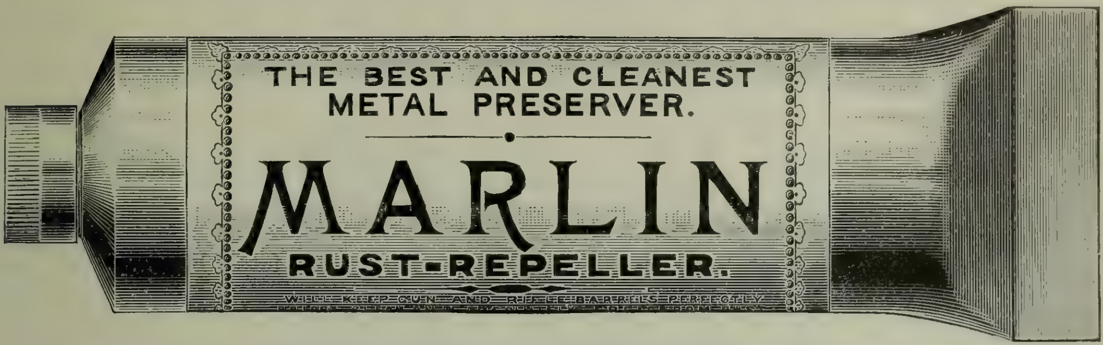
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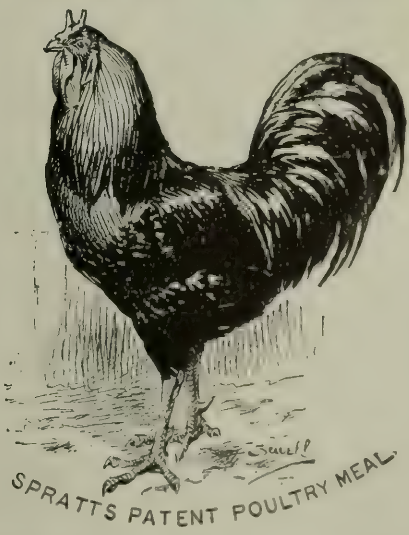
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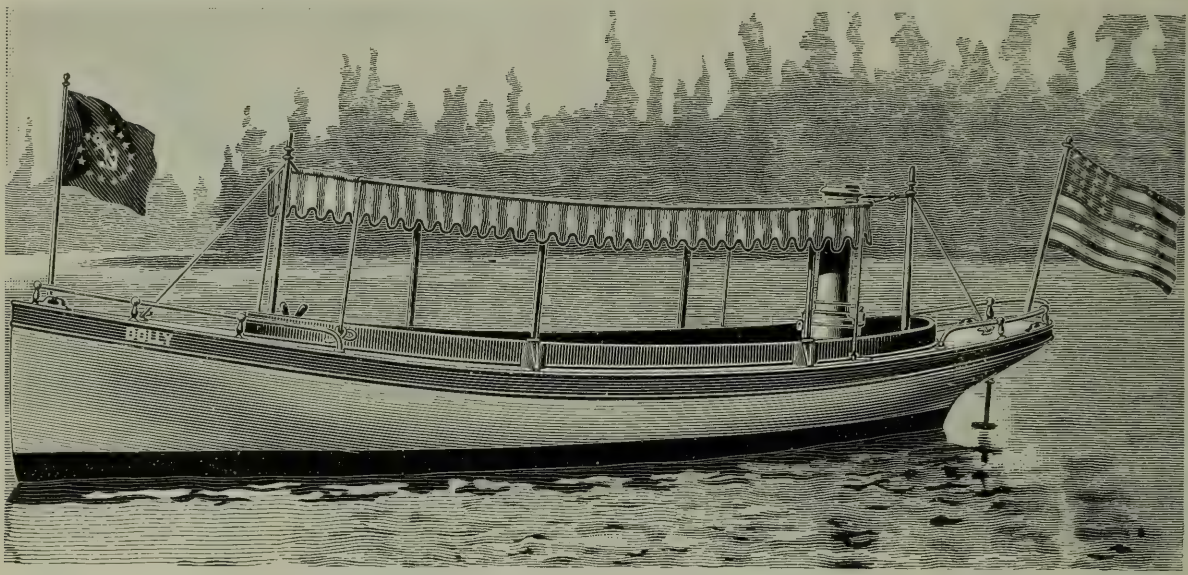

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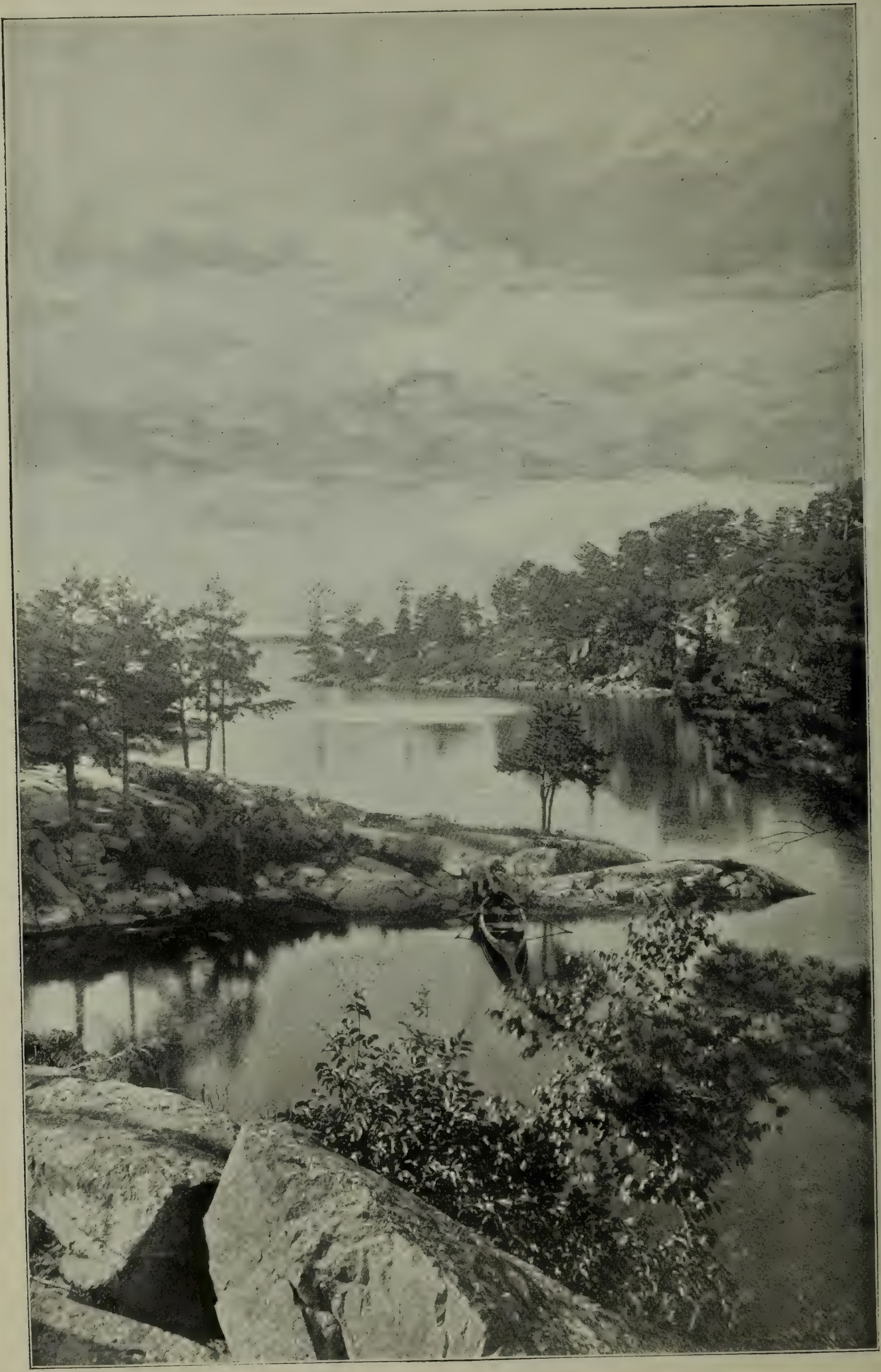


Photo. by D. R. Hardy, Clayton, N. Y.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

RECREATION.

VOLUME II. MARCH, 1895. NUMBER 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

INDIAN JOE.—A TALE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

J. CHURCHWARD, C. E.

DURING the summer of 1888 we spent three months fishing among the Thousand Islands. We were lucky beyond our greatest expectations. Nearly every day we were rewarded with fine catches of bass and pickerel, with an occasional muskalonge. The appearance of the latter always called forth warm and hearty congratulations, and well it might, for onl ythe lucky and skillful disciples of Walton succeed in overcoming and safely landing these gamy monsters of the deep.

One fine November day, being within a few miles of the river, we determined to run up to Clayton and try one last conclusion with the finny tribe before the winter finally set in. On arriving at Clayton, I hunted up my old guide. Indian Joe. He is one of the toughest looking pieces of humanity I have ever seen ; but his looks belie him. In truth, he is as gentle as a child ; as brave as a lion ; always trustworthy and obliging. His age is doubtful. He does not know it himself ; and his nationality is more doubtful still. He has always been regarded as a half-breed by those who know him—as probably having a French father and an Indian mother—but this is conjecture. Joe says he does not recollect either parent.

One thing is certain : Joe knows the islands better than any other man living.

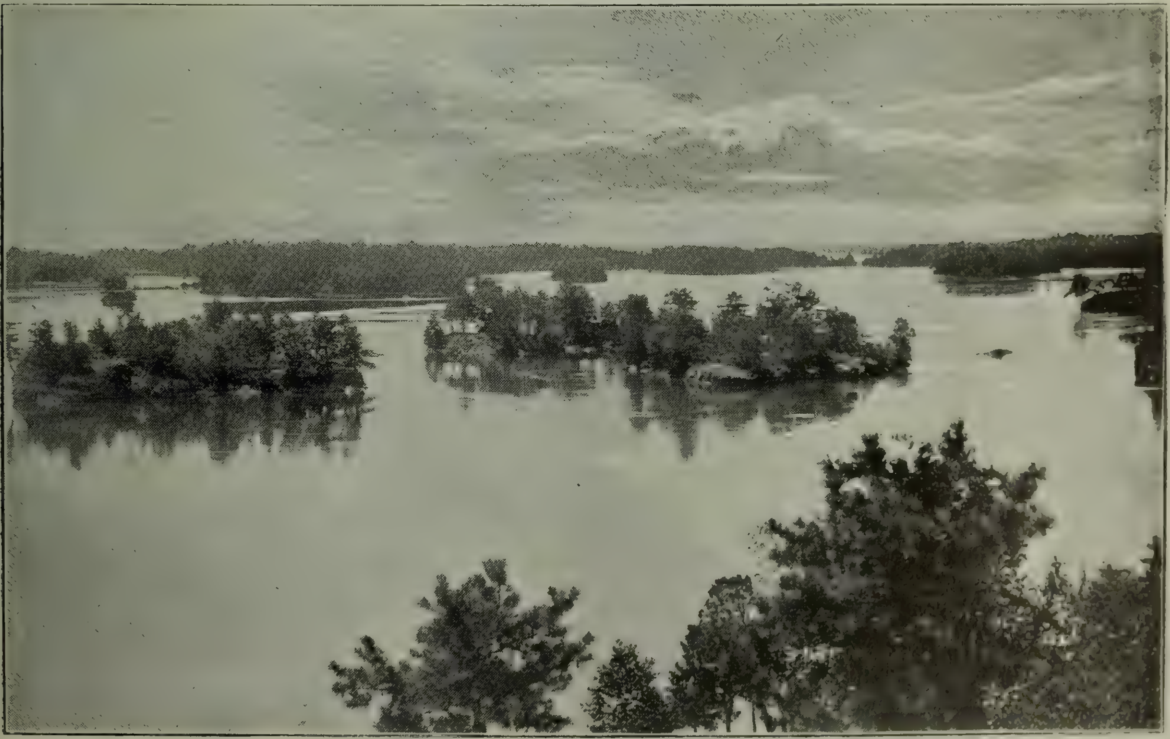
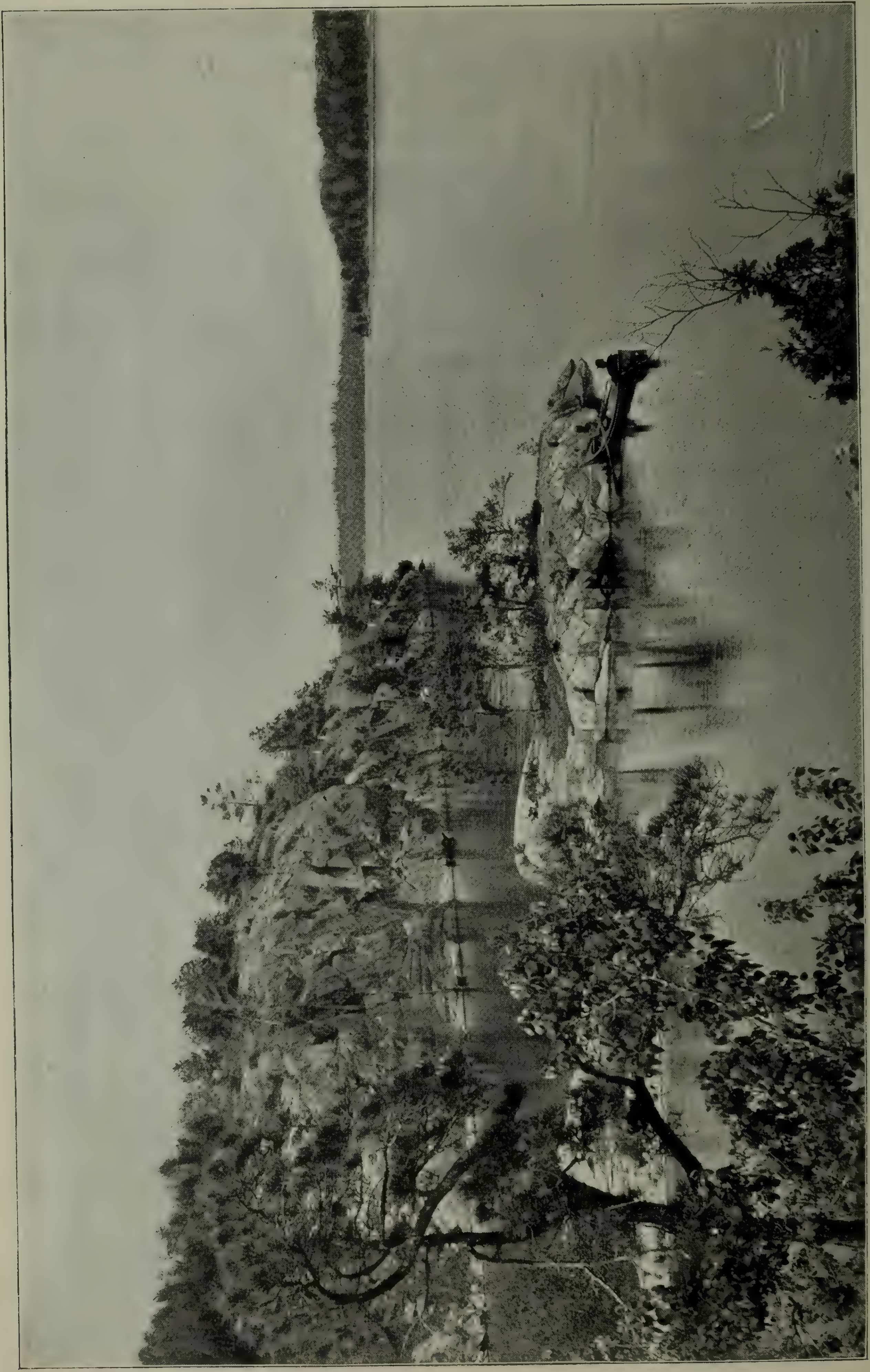


Photo. by Hardy, Clayton, N. Y.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—LOOKING TOWARD THE CANADIAN MAINLAND.



BLUFF ISLAND, NEAR CLAYTON.

Photo. by Hardy.

No other guide knows so well where to take his patrons for big fish and plenty of them. His boat, the "Queen of the Islands," is always neat and clean, while the oars and sail are daily recipients of his careful attention. One need only be with him once, in a good gale of wind, to feel ever after perfectly secure in his care, under any circumstances. The elements do not appear to affect Joe in the least, whether zephyr-like breezes or howling gales blow.

He has a faculty, when sailing his boat in a wind, of being able to get it on a big roller or white cap, and then running along it as if it were a cork. Many a time I have been with him when a huge wave would come along, black and threatening, ready to burst on us and swamp us; so dark, so threatening and so near; yet nothing serious ever happened. While I would be shuddering at the black wall of water bearing down on us, Joe would simply, at the right moment, draw in or let off his sail, move a foot or two one way or the other in the boat, and the next instant she would be on top of the breaker, shooting along at lightning speed, without taking sufficient water to dampen our shoes. At such moments Joe appears unconscious of what he is doing, or where he is going. Like clockwork the skiff, as the breaker passes away from underneath her, falls back into her course. She seems to be guided by the will of the man rather than by his hand.

On the occasion of which I am about to write, Joe had many excuses for not wanting to go fishing. It was too late in the season, he said. All the big fish had worked their way up to the lake by this time. The wind wasn't right; it came directly out of the nor'west, and there was no wind so bad as that for fishing. The general aspect of the weather didn't look right; it was going to be dirty and blow hard; and trolling under such circumstances was simply an impossibility.

At last, Joe, seeing that all his excuses were of no avail, and that I was determined to make a trial at least, remarked that if we went over among the Canadian islands we might possibly strike a Muskalonge working his way up stream. So at 10 A. M., after wasting three of the best hours of the day, Joe made up his mind to try it. It meant three dollars to him, and that could not be picked up every day at this time of the year.

A lunch basket was packed and we went to the boat-house. There lay the dear old "Queen of the Islands," just as I had left her a month ago, looking as clean and saucy as ever. She deserved her name; no boat could ever sail past her in a breeze, and no wave could ever tumble into her while Joe was in command.

Joe's actions were strange this morning. He carefully tried a new pair of oars three or four times before placing them in the boat, and examined and felt the leather bindings over and over again. The sail was minutely examined, every stitch and binding being looked to. Finally that was placed in the boat also. Noting all this extra precaution, I asked Joe what was the matter. He answered:

"The weather gets dirty this time of year, without much warning. A careful man always tries his friends before he trusts his life to them."

At eleven o'clock we started with a light nor'westerly breeze, passed between Governor's and Emery's islands, and then through the Eagle's Wings, to the head of the Grindstone. Sailing along the Grindstone, passing Club and other islands, we reached Hickory Flat. Here I thought we should get a strike, but was wrong. Joe seemed to think we should not find what we wanted on the flats, but rather in or alongside the deep channels. At Cement Point, Joe loosened out his sheet and ran down to Seven Tree Island. Here we let out the lines and fished the ground thoroughly, but without a strike. Then along the head of Leek Island. On arriving at Juniper Island we ran down through the channel and lunched on the lower point. Joe is an excellent cook, but took twice as long as usual to-day in preparing the meal; yet I must acknowledge it was one of the best he ever presented to a hungry patron.

We made another start at three o'clock, taking first the channel between Juniper and the Northern shoal, and then the channel on the south side of Huckleberry. Here we struck a brace of good sized pickerel; but as Joe was after bigger game, we took the head of Kelaria. Passing completely around this island we worked back to the north side of Huckleberry and struck the Cow's Horn Reef, which lies alongside the main channel, passing completely around it without a strike. Joe said:

"That' strange. I saw an old soaker on top the water here yesterday. Try a different spoon. Put on nickel and brass instead silver and copper, and make 'em 8s instead of 9s; I guess the old fellow filled up yesterday. Only wants a small bit to-day."

The change of spoons was made, and back we went around the Horn again. Just as we were turning the point, on the channel side, the inside line straightened out a bit, but slackened again immediately. We turned, and going down Joe suggested that I reverse the spoons, putting the brass one inside and the nickel on the outside, for he guessed the old fellow had a taste for perch today. The second change was made, and on we went around once more. Just as we came to the point, Joe quickened his pace, and was in the act of turning when the inside line straightened. Down went the rod to the water's edge, and then a terrific shake of the rod, followed by a splash behind, like that of a rock falling into the water. The old fellow was hooked, and had just made his first break. After half an hour's tussle we succeeded in landing him—a beauty of 42 pounds.

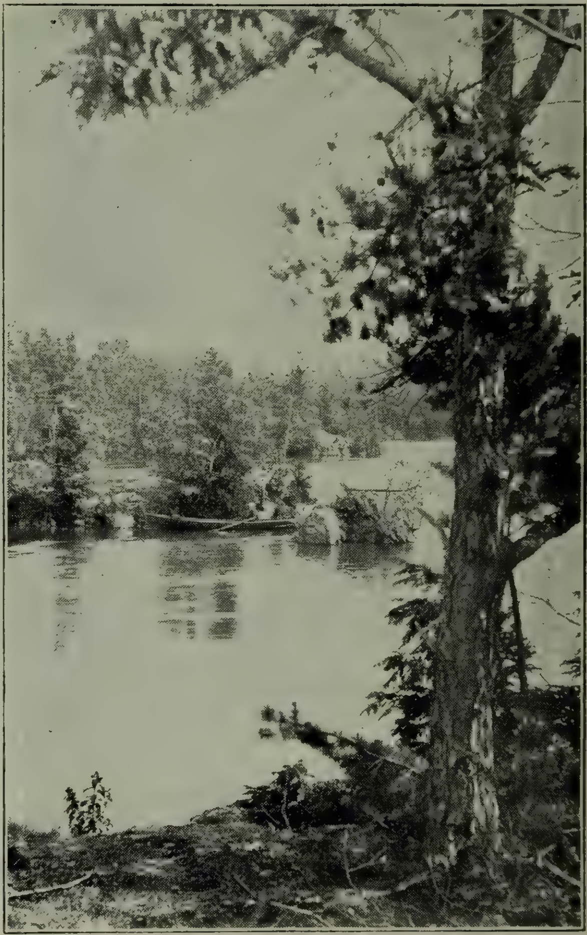
It was now half-past four, and Joe looking up, said:

"We are close to Gananoque. My cousin is sick. I would like run in and see how he is."

So off we went. At half-past five he came back to the boat and reported his cousin better. One more start, and this for home. Already it was getting dark, and the moon being only half full, with a cloudy sky, there was not much promise of any light to pick our way through the islands.

To my astonishment Joe, instead of taking a direct course for home, started up river, keeping close to the mainland. I inquired where he was going. He said he intended to keep close to the mainland until he got to Howe Island, then up alongside that until he could see Clayton Lights to guide him home. To me this was strange, for many a time I had come through the Admiralty Group when the nights were as dark as Erebus. But then Joe is always strange, and to question him would only have been to make him tell more lies. If Joe does not think it convenient to tell the truth, the only thing to be done is to wait and watch and see what he does next.

At half-past six we got up to the lighthouse, off the foot of Howe Island. Joe here drew his boat ashore and proposed going up to a farm house, the lights of which could be seen on the water. The owner, Joe said, was another cousin. He observed it was about time for supper, any way, and we could not possibly get home for two or three hours.



"WE HEARD VOICES FROM THE OTHER SIDE."

On arriving at the farm we found the table laid, and from the odor a good supper was in process of cooking. I was surprised to see that the table was set for one only, and apparently from the setting, some visitor was expected. A clean white table cloth, in the middle of the week, is a thing one does not expect to find in an ordinary farm-house, unless on some extra occasion. Then everything else was in keeping. Every one was dressed in his or her best, evidently expecting some visitor beyond the ordinary. Joe explained that he had sent up from Gananoque to say we should have supper here.

From the time we arrived until we left the house, at nine o'clock, Joe had so much to say to his cousin that I scarcely saw anything of him. On asking him where he had been, he said his cousin had been anxious to show him two new calves and a litter of pigs, and he had been down to the barn to see them.

Just before we started, being left alone again, I went to the front door to look out and see what the night was like. The clouds were heavy and flying fast. The rain was pattering against the windows, while the swaying and moaning of the trees showed we were in for a bad night. In the face of this, Joe proposed crossing the river in its widest and most exposed part, instead of going through the islands where we could at least have shelter, part of the way, from the raging storm.

While standing at the door looking at the racing clouds I overheard the following conversation: "Is he safe? Can you trust him?" Joe answered: "Sure; I've rowed him seven years. Him true gentleman I'd lay down my life on it. He never would do poor guide bad turn. He's safe. No, Bob, I feel safer with him than alone. But Lord it's a rough passage we'll have. How the wind does howl!"

There was something mysterious about this. I felt uneasy; calling Joe, I retired to the dining room. Joe soon appeared looking the picture of innocence and unconsciousness. I repeated the conversation I had heard, and demanded from him an explanation. He hesitated, looked around the room, up to the ceiling, and then to the floor. At last, in a sheepish way, he explained that he was taking back two bottles of Scotch whiskey to some friends in Clayton; as it was a dutiable article, if he got caught it might give him some trouble. He didn't suppose I'd give him away, and that was what he was telling his cousin. I thought it but a small matter, and concluded to make no objection.

We covered ourselves with our oilskins and sou'westers. Thus clothed we were fairly protected against the sleet and rain. About half-past nine we took the water. As the boat settled I noticed that her natural buoyancy was materially reduced and she sat deep in the water. I asked Joe if she hadn't a lot of water in her. He said:

"No, guess it's the pig over here. She's a beauty. Weighs 300 pounds."

He took to his oars and worked up in the lea alongside Howe Island, until we struck Chockrow flats. From here we could occasionally see the flicker of one of Clayton's electric lights. Joe looked carefully over his boat, shifted the pig back a little, hoisted his sail, and made straight for Hickory Island. As we left the land and began to catch the full force of the wind, the boat began to pitch and labor heavily. In less than ten minutes we were in a veritable boiling cauldron. The river was a continuous line of white caps. As soon as a wave broke the wind caught the foam, lifting it and carrying it along until it looked like a snow-storm. It froze and cut our faces and hands like needles. Water struck the side of the boat and came over. She was too heavy to rise quickly enough to prevent it. This kept me constantly bailing. Before we had gone a mile through this, I would have risked my eternal salvation to be back on terra firma once more. After three-quarters of an hour's battling we reached the end of Hickory Island and ran under its lea, not a moment too soon, for with all my bailing we had fully six inches of water in the boat. Another quarter of an hour and we should have been swamped, in spite of me. We drew the boat up on the beach and let the water out; then I lit a cigar and rested for a time.

The rain began to let up and the wind moderated. Before starting again, Joe took out a Winchester rifle from a tarpaulin, loaded it and laid it down along side his seat. Then he advised me to see that my own gun was handy, in working order and ready for use at a moment's notice. I was told to use it, too, if necessary. I thought this precaution simply absurd for a couple of bottles of whiskey, and a dressed pig. I told Joe that rather than fire a shot, I would pay the duty, if we were overhauled. Then Joe said:

"This here pig happens to be 400 pounds of opium. If the officers catch us with that in the boat there's seven years for us, sure. I heard at Clayton, before we left, that detectives are on the job. Be careful as soon as we pass this island.

Here was I in a nice fix. In case of capture there was nothing to exonerate me. Seven years languishing in a prison was not pleasant to look forward to. Under the circumstances it took but a few moments to make up my mind. Rather than live in disgrace and confinement, guilty or not guilty, I would make a fight and sell my life, if necessary, rather than be captured.

At the American end of Hickory Island we stopped, took down the sail and rowed across to the first American rock, which Joe proposed to climb and survey the route ahead. We pulled in alongside of it and Joe was about to climb to the top when we heard voices from the other side :

"Can you see anything coming, Jack ?"

"Not now, a few minutes ago I thought I saw a sail creeping along the lea side of Hickory, but the clouds closed over the moon before I could make out for certain. Well, I don't think it can be Joe, for bold as he is, he would not dare cross the channel in such a howling storm as we have been getting. I rather think he will run down to Hay Island, then along the foot of the Grindstone, and up by Robbins'. He would get shelter most of the way then. No boat with a load in her could have crossed the main channel in such a blow."

"Well, then, if he goes that way, Zip's cutter will get him off Frink's Bay, and if he should try to sneak down the mainland Sam's cutter will get him at Bartlett Point. If that black muzzled cuss can run through the lot of us tonight he's a smarter man than I ever took him to be. Who'd ever have thought that Mr. A. was mixed up in this job? That explains how the boys get rid of the stuff down in New York without leaving any traces. No one would ever have suspected him, and if he had not come up to attend to running off this cargo, he never would have been found out. This will be a fine haul tonight, boys, for we not only get the small fry, but the principal, too. What's that you say, Mike ? Afraid of Mr. A ?" Mike answered.

"Yes; I don't want him to draw a bead on me. He's a dead shot. I once saw him win a wager, up at Boxton Harbor, by cutting the string that held

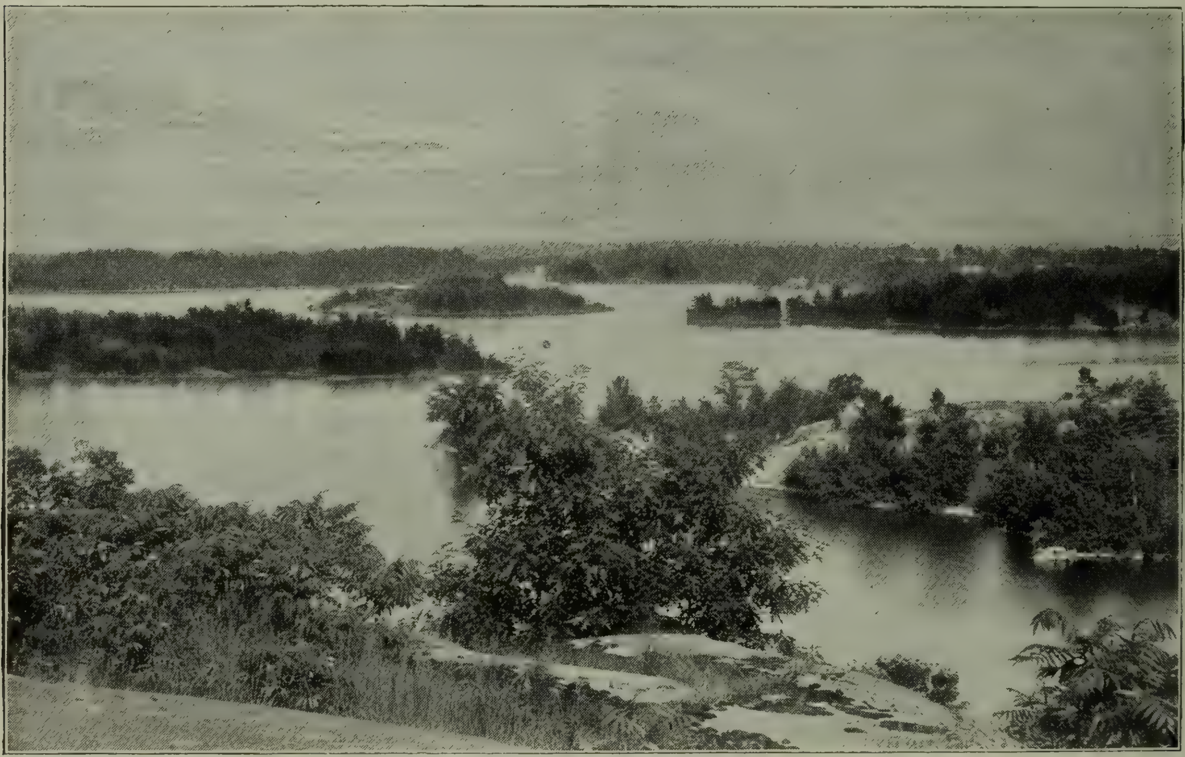


Photo. by Hardy.

WHERE ANGLERS LOVE TO LOITER.

an apple, at 500 feet, with a Winchester. There isn't much fun facing a shot like that. You can take my tip; every time he pulls a trigger one of us will go to fill the bottom of the cutter. We are all six of us dead men before we get within a hundred feet of them, if he begins shooting. I wish I was out of this and back by my fireside, in Clayton."

"You're showing the white feather, Mike."

"No, t'isn't that; but when I think of Liz and the little ones, I don't feel at all anxious to get too near to Joe's Skiff. You all know me. I never shirked duty nor danger when 'twas honest. Didn't I go out on the broken ice to save old Tom, when none of you dared? No, I don't like this job. If I get knocked out who's to look after Liz and my babies and give them food and fire during the cold winter months? Boys, it's not worth it, all for the sake of a few dollars in or out of the country's pocket. Would the government take care of my little ones, if I go down to-night? I guess not. They would have to depend on charity and there's not much in that to keep them warm and hearty."

From the authoritative tone it was evidently the captain of the cutter who now spoke.

"We must put Mr. A. out of the way of doing us harm. When we run across them, we'll demand surrender. If they don't stop at once, give Mr. A. a volley.

"Don't show the white feather, but when the time comes, shoot to kill."

This was interesting for me, to say the least of it. Here was I, absolutely innocent; yet being put down as the principal in a smuggling scheme. If caught, nothing could save me. I instinctively took my revolver and felt the trigger. At that moment I caught Joe's face which had a dark sinister smile on it. He shook his head and put his finger to his mouth as a warning; then noiselessly picked up his Winchester, and handed it back to me.

The clouds now thickened and it became inky dark. Joe noiselessly pushed off from the rock, took his oars and cautiously made for the Grindstone. Now for the first time I understood his care about the leather bindings in the morning. The leather being new, soft and spongy, perfectly muffled all sounds. We had just reached the side of the first little island, about 1,500 yards away, when the clouds cleared, the moon shone out, and we were discovered. The officers were at once under weigh and after us. Just as we reached the farther end of the island they gave us a volley. No harm was done; only one shot struck, taking a little chip out of the end of the blade of one of the oars. A moment later, we were round the point and out of sight. The clouds now came over the moon again and darkness favored us. Joe said:

"In three minutes we be safe!"

How, I could not see, but my faith in Joe was implicit and I felt at least a certain amount of security. Just ahead of us lay a group of little islands. Passing the first of these rocks Joe drew in behind it. The cutter had not yet appeared around the first island we passed. Then we made straight for another with a dwarf pine at its head. Passing around it, on the farther side, Joe ran into some rushes. He jumped out and told me to do the same; he then took hold of the bow of the boat and pulled it in through the rushes. On the inside was an archway in the rocks, just wide enough to let a skiff through and high enough for a man to pass under by stooping; but so low, in fact, that the tops of the rushes grazed the roof of the archway. This tunnel was not perfectly straight, but curved just enough to prevent any one seeing through it from either side. Our united efforts soon got the boat through, there being water enough to float her as soon as we got out. On the inside there was a basin or pocket of water about two feet deep and some fifty feet square. On the left side was a little sandy beach and a cave running back about 30 feet. This contained three or four logs, evidently put there to run a boat in on. At the end of the cave there was a crevice or crack in the rock, about four or five inches wide, which opened so that one could see everything in the direction of Hickory. As soon as we were thus housed, Joe went out and straightened up the rushes which had been bent down by our passage through them. Then he came back and took a peep through the rift.

"Here they come," he said. "I'll go up to the look-out."

I followed him. On the top there was an indentation so that one could lie there without being seen from the outside. We watched the cutter pass around and through the group, in every direction, examining closely every possible place where a boat might be hugging the rocks to avoid being seen. At last she came to our island, which, by the way, was one of the smallest of the group, rowed around it, then carefully looked into the rushes through which we had passed, but failed to discover the archway. Here the men rested.

"Well, boys," said the captain. "That cuss must have doubled around Coral Island and then back to Hickory, which is Canadian, and where we daren't follow. As we came down on one side he must have gone up on the other. As we showed out at the head he must have turned the foot; then getting the island between us and him he had a clear run to Hickory. We'll signal Sam, at Bartlett Point, that we've sighted our game; he will then be on a smart look out. Then we'll go back to our old hiding place and wait for him once more."

Two minutes later a rocket flew heavenward and passed within a few feet of us. It was answered by another from off Bartlett Point. Joe whispered:

"That's good. Now I know where the Bartlett Point cutter is."

Our friends now left us. I went down to the cavern and smoked a cigar. No one knows the full value of a puff of the fragrant weed who has not been in such a position as this. Joe remained on the lookout until he saw the cutter double round Coral Island.

A quarter of an hour afterward we hauled out our boat and set sail for the American mainland. The clouds were more broken. Joe said we must get a hustle on, before it entirely cleared, or get caught by the Bartlett Point boat. With a fair wind, in 20 minutes, we struck the American mainland at the upper end of Colan's Flats. The moon had now sunk so low that by hugging the shore the high land prevented the moon's rays from striking on our sail and betraying us. Being out of the wind, the water was calm, so we ran down within 50 feet of the land. When within a quarter of a mile of the Point we saw a rocket go up from the Bartlett Point boat. Joe gave a start and held his breath. Could it be possible that we were again discovered? No; a few seconds later a second rocket went up. This, Joe said, was their signal that they were going farther up river, probably to lie under the Blankets to cut us off from crossing to the mainland from the south side of Hickory. They set sail and with the first opening of the clouds we saw their boat moving toward the Blankets. We were now getting close to the Point and out from the kindly shelter of the land, so Joe took down his sail and rowed. If the moon would only keep behind the clouds for five minutes we should be safe, but fate decreed otherwise. Just as our boat was off the Point, in the most exposed position, the clouds broke and the moon shone full on us. A shout from the cutter told us we were seen.

Joe laid to his oars. Down went their sail and after us they came with two pair of oars. Joe rowed in close to shore under the shelter of the trees. The cutter followed down as far as the Point, where we saw them stop. Joe did the same. Then they came along close to shore. Joe pulled his boat in underneath the branches of an overhanging tree which completely hid us. Just as they got directly off us, about 100 yards out, we heard one of them say:

"We're all wrong, boys, to hug the shore like this. He dodged in here, ran down a little and then straight out into the centre of the bay. While we are hunting for him in the dark, here, he will land his cargo safe at Buck Burns, and when we catch him the stuff will be gone."

The cutter then moved out and took the centre of the bay. We proceeded down cautiously close to shore. Every now and then they would stop to listen. Joe would do the same. We had a great advantage over them, because we could place them all the time by the sound of their oars in the rowlocks, while ours were muffled. We had got nearly down to the bridge when the moon once more betrayed us. The cutter was probably 1,500 yards to our left. A second later and they gave us another volley. We were not touched although we heard two balls strike the water ahead of us. Then there was a race for the bridge. Just as we came to the archway they stopped and fired again. One ball struck our mast as it protruded over the bow of the boat.

As soon as we shot the bridge, we turned clear around to the left, into some bulrushes, close to the piles, where it was utter darkness. Here we found another boat, with Joe's brother Bill and another man in it. Joe called out :

"Pull up creek, Bill, for life. They are close after me."

Bill was ready and waiting for this ruse. They started off, and just as Bill got to the first bend, the cutter came through the bridge. Bill shouted at the top of his voice :

"Pull, for heaven's sake, here they come," and then turned the rush point.

The cutter gave Bill, or the rushes, it's hard to say which, a volley, and rowed like mad after him. As soon as the cutter passed around the point, Joe pulled his boat back through the bridge and rowed toward Clayton until he came to a cottage with two lights in a window. Then he lit a lamp, swung it twice, when one of the lights went out. This was a signal to land, as everything was ready. We ran the boat up on the beach. A buggy with a pair of fast horses came out. In another minute that buggy was spinning away at the rate of 15 miles an hour, with those fatal packages that had been my terror for the last three hours. As soon as the buggy was out of sight, Joe pushed off his boat again. What a difference in her ! She now rose like a cork to every movement of the water. The load was out of her and off my heart.

Joe hoisted a white flag, denoting that he had a muskalonge on board. His Winchester and cartridges must have accompanied the cases in the buggy, as they were not to be seen in the boat now. Rowing leisurely around to his boat-house, he proceeded to dock the "Queen," when two officers stepped out from the shadows and arrested us for smuggling. Joe simply laughed, saying :

"I guess you're away off."

Having got rid of this precious burden, I felt a little bolder and asked what they meant—what joke was it they were putting up on us; I was well known and had been fishing; my fish lay there in the boat. They wanted to know how it was that I had been out till 3 A. M. I answered by questioning whether they thought any one with common sense would have faced such a storm in a skiff. My duties called me back to New York in the morning, and I had to get across some time during the night, to catch the morning train.

After examining our boat in the most scrutinizing manner, one of the officers said :

"How in the name of Satan you fellows ever got through the cutters without capture beats me. They have been after you all night. Our information, from our detectives on the other side, distinctly states that Indian Joe and a gentleman, unknown, took the cargo. You are free now, as we have nothing to hold you by, but we'll get you yet."

We housed the boat, took our fish and made for the hotel, which we found filled. The excitement of chasing a smuggler was too much for the inhabitants of this sleepy little village. Our muskalonge was weighed, labelled and laid out on a table in the office, while the kindly host dispensed hot toddy to the thirsty crowd. An hour later Bill came home in charge of the cutter. He had given them a great race, playing hide and seek among the channels and rush beds of the creek. To hold him the officers found was absurd, as he had been working at the Rock House up to nine o'clock, and was seen again about midnight going in the direction of his home; besides, there was nothing in his boat when captured to hold him on. A short time after the Hickory cutter's crew came in, having been attracted by the firing, off Bartlett Point and the bridge.

I took Mike over to the bar and gave him a toddy and something for his Christmas dinner, and then said to him :

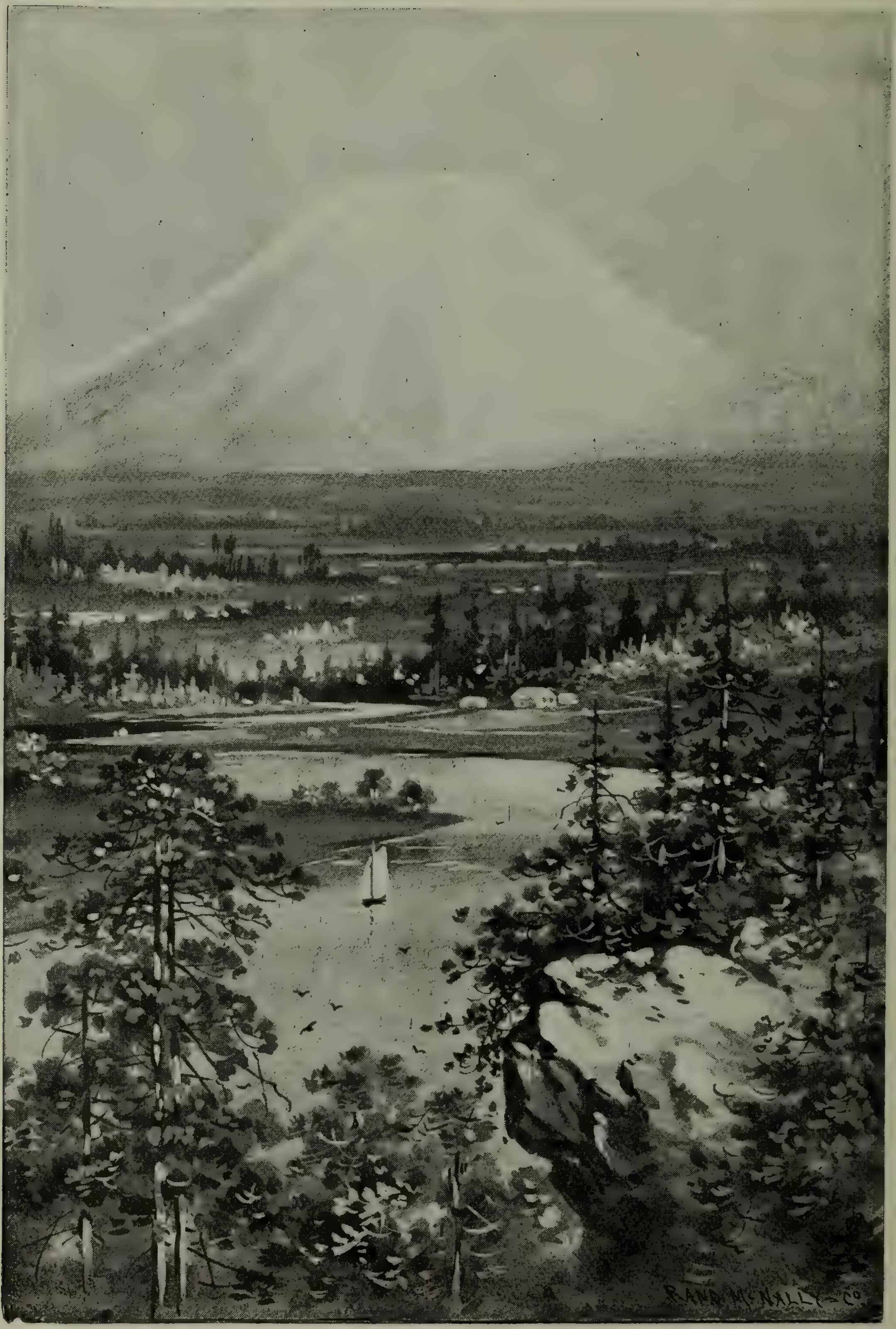
"I don't want Mr. A. to draw a bead on me, he's a dead shot. I once saw him win a"——

Mike's hand was shaking like a leaf. He gulped down his toddy and made a rush for the door. Joe remained a while, but finally shook my hand and left, saying :

"Pretty stormy coming home, but that's what we expect this time year."

When at the door he turned and inquired whether I would like to go out in the morning and catch the mate of the spotted fellow that lay there on the table. I answered :

"I think not, Joe, it's too rough work fishing this time of year."


RAND McNALLY & CO.

MOUNT TACOMA, FROM THE CITY OF TACOMA.

CLIMBING MOUNT TACOMA.

Olin D. Wheeler.

In August, 1853, there journeyed southward, from Port Townsend, over the long, shining reaches of Puget Sound, in a canoe paddled by Indians, a white man, whose home was in the far away east. He was a poet, and his present surroundings were poetic. As he was lazily borne along by his dusky guides, when yet far down the Sound, absorbed in dreamy meditation, he saw "a vast white shadow in the water," sharp in outline, clearly reflected in briny depths, with wonderful detail and massiveness. He cast about him to discover whence came this marvellous picture. As his gaze followed the reflection, he saw that the supposed cloud was, in fact, a great mountain. "It was a giant dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres, as its image displaced the blue deep of tranquil water." Thus did Theodore Winthrop first look upon Mount Tacoma, as he called it.

All the poetry and ardor of this good man's nature were justly aroused at sight of the magnificent spectacle. Fascinated by the sublime vision, his soul keenly attuned to the harmonies that should exist between natural objects and the names applied to them, his whole being seems to have revolted against the use of the name with which "Christians have dubbed it in stupid nomenclature," as he expressed it, and he thinks of it and gives to it the aboriginal, euphonious and distinctively American name of "Tacoma."

Whether we agree with Winthrop or not, as to the name of the mountain, we can hardly help admiring the spirit of independence that possessed the man; his intense Americanism, and the reverent nature with which he writes of the

THE FOREST ON THE NESQUALLY.

THE SUCCESSFUL CLIMBERS.

grand peak that opened the flood gates of his enthusiasm.

In 1792, Vancouver, sailing in from the Pacific, had named the mountain "Rainier," after his friend Rear Admiral Rainier, a foreigner who never saw the mountain. If priority of designation should perpetuate a name, and if this rule is, like the laws of the "Medes and Persians," unchangeable, then Vancouver's name should stand. But there is another phase of the question, and, to my mind a serious one. The word Tacoma—either this or some other form of it—is the Indian name for the mountain—a name in existence before Vancouver saw it.

Inasmuch as about all we have in this country that is original and distinctively American, is that which comes from the aboriginal red man, it would seem proper to insist that we keep on applying these names ourselves, and that we should not be compelled to adopt a foreigner's name for this great peak, even though the name be by accident, hoary with age. The same rule also applies to mounts Baker, Adams, and other peaks on the coast.

To stand on the very pinnacle, or, as it happens to be in this case, dome, of such a peak as Tacoma, nearly three miles above sea level, were not only worthy any man's ambition, but well worth the long toil and the effort necessary to accomplish it. At least so thought the writer when, on August 8th, 1894, he stood there and looked out on a scene that will furnish food for reflection for a life time. The desire to stand among the clouds, that seem ever to hover about Tacoma's crest; to plant my feet on its immaculate dome, was not of recent birth. Never, in the half dozen times I had, from afar, gazed on its giant brow, had this desire been wanting. Last summer the opportunity came.

There are two routes from Tacoma and Seattle to the mountain. One is via the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Wilkeson, and leads to the North slope. While there is much to be seen here that is grand and interesting, unfortunately for the alpine climber, no one has yet been able to ascend the mountain from this side.

The other route, from Tacoma,

winds around the west side of the peak, then turns Eastward and follows the Nesqually river to its very source amid the glaciers. Thence climbing the slopes, and following the trail over snow plains, and among forests of coniferous trees, a permanent or base camp is made amid the fragrant slopes of Paradise Park.

From Tacoma to Longmire Springs, a collection of soda springs at the base of the great mountain, a wagon road extends. From the springs to the park, some six and one-half miles, riding and pack horses must be used. As a matter of fact, the trail from the springs to the park, is usually traversed on foot, horses being utilized only for packing camp equipage and provisions.

Mount Tacoma has three well defined peaks at the summit. The southwestern is known as Peak Success; the northern, Tahoma Peak, and the centre or eastern, Crater Peak. The latter is recorded as being 14,444 feet high, the others a few hundred feet lower. Recent efforts tend to prove that Crater Peak is over 15,000 feet high, but until some government survey places upon these figures the seal of thorough scientific measurement, the old ones will have to stand.

On July 31st, 1894, our little party left Tacoma, and reached Paradise Park on the afternoon of August 3d. Our tents were pitched at what is known as Camp of the Clouds, at an elevation of about 5,600 feet.

The day after arrival we made an excursion to Sluiskin Falls, which is one of the most interesting points about the mountain.

Old Sluiskin was the Indian who guided Van Trump and General Hazard Stevens—the two white men who first succeeded in reaching the mountain's top—to the higher slopes of the peak. Just above these falls they camped and gave to the beautiful water fall the name of their Indian guide. This was in 1870. Sluiskin was superstitious, and refused to go above the snow line, believing the mountain to be inhabited by a demon, and that no one could reach the summit.

In going from Camp of the Clouds to Sluiskin Falls, one of the grandest views obtainable is found. From the point of a commanding ridge, which we termed among ourselves, "Panoramic Point," a wide stretch of country lies before us. We stand over a precipice. At its foot a great snow-field curves away to the

CAMP OF THE CLOUDS; PEAK SUCCESS ON THE RIGHT.

THE LOWER TATOISH RANGE, FROM CAMP OF THE CLOUDS.

west, and drops down into Paradise valley, with its rapid stream coming from the falls, and flowing for a long distance under the snow.

The back ground is a magnificent mountain range—the Tatoish—with sharp, angular, turreted peaks. The sides have immense snow banks sprinkled over them, and above these the cragged, bare points of the range rise supreme. Alternating with the snow fields are wide areas of black forest, and the whole forms one of the most effective pieces of mountain landscape I have ever seen. The stream that forms first, a foaming narrow torrent becoming in turn a cataract over 100 feet high, and again the Paradise river, flows from Paradise glacier, one of the smaller glaciers on the slope of Mount Tacoma.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of August 7th, we started on our way to the summit. We all carried packs containing provisions, bedding, etc., some of which were very heavy. Our shoe soles were spiked, to hold well on

THE UPPER TATOISH RANGE, FROM CAMP OF THE CLOUDS.

the hard snow and ice, and in our right hands we carried alpenstocks.

For 3,500 feet we climbed over rocks and snow and were enveloped in heavy clouds. At last we rose above them and saw still above us, and to our left, the glistening form of Peak Success. Between us and the peak was the Nesqually glacier, a perfect chaos of seamed, crevassed and corrugated ice. At points it was upheaved and ruptured in violent fashion, and mammoth blocks of ice stood on end, edgewise, and in every conceivable position.

UPPER GIBRALTAR ROCK.

Late in the afternoon, after an apparently endless tramp over an ascending ice plain, a mile and more wide and reaching from the Nesqually to the Cowlitz glaciers, the foot of the Cowlitz Cleaver rises over us. A great wedge of volcanic rock, steep and precipitous, is forced up between these two glaciers, and forms the most toilsome part of the ascent. In places it is extremely dangerous. Slowly and with care we pick our way among the sharp rocks. We look down on the Nesqually glacier and see the debris strewn by the avalanches from above, and the yawning crevasses, the deep fissures in the ice, that cut across it. A false step in places, and one would soon be lying down in these cold, gloomy depths.

The sun has gone down when, at an elevation of 11,500 feet we bivouac, on a narrow rock ledge for the night. Although in midsummer, the night was bitter cold. We had great difficulty in keeping warm with the few blankets we could carry with us. With the first cold gray glintings of sunlight, which came a cross the main Cascades from the east, we are up and making ready for the assault on the peak itself. Thus far it has been mere child's play, save only the climb up the Cleaver, but now the real work is at hand.

Two hours are consumed in making preparations and in eating a cold—yes, a mighty cold, breakfast, seeing that most of it is frozen—when at 6.30 A. M., of the 8th, the march is resumed.

The route is partly over the rocks and partly on the hard, slippery *nevé* ice at the head of the Cowlitz glacier.

THE EASTERN CRATER.

The latter lies at an acute angle facing the east, and is badly crevassed, so that we hug the rocks as closely as possible. The cold breakfast and the cold morning air do not conduce to rapid climbing, but at last the base of the mighty Gibraltar, the red, fortress like rock that stands out from the mountain, is reached. A grand old landmark is this giant rock. Formed of lava and volcanic ash, or mud ; vertical on every side; devoid of snow, it is 2,000 feet from its bared brow to its base, away down in the ice and snow of the Cowlitz glacier. The rock is so broken and seamed that the continuous freezing and thawing to which it is subjected, disintegrate it, and during the day a more or less constant fusilade of rocks and icicles,—some of the latter 10 to 20 feet in length, and 6 to 10 inches in diameter,—goes tumbling down its sides. Yet around its base we must go, if we are to stand on the summit.

We make haste to accomplish this before the rocks begin to fall. To many this is the really dangerous part of the ascent. The trail winds along a narrow ledge that pitches down abruptly to the Nesqually glacier. This is well calculated to put one's nerve to the severest test, for a mistep at places means almost surely death, either on the rocks and ice immediately beneath, or in a crevasse farther down.

After the base of the rock is passed, there extends to the top of the western end of it, an ice stairway. The peculiar form of this tongue of ice is doubtless owing to the manner in which the sun strikes and melts it, making it into an infinite series of narrow steps, fringed with ice fretwork, strange and beautiful.

But when one looks up at it, and is confronted with the fact that it must be climbed, his heart sinks and he shudders. It is not nearly so bad as it appears, however, and after a few moments, the experience is really enjoyed, and this stage of the journey is soon passed.

Then comes a long, strong pull for the summit. All is clear sailing now. No rocks, nothing but great, magnificent slopes of snow and ice, extending up, up, up for nearly 3,000 feet.

It is an experience most exhilarating to pick one's trail over the white wilderness of snow and ice that covers this majestic mountain captain, which is, no doubt, hundreds of feet deep. Hard and slippery at places, softer and a trifle slushy at others, it furnished a splendid foothold for our spiked shoes, and now warmed up and full of enthusiasm, we work rapidly upward ; 12,500, 13,000 ; 14,000 feet our barometer reads. We are nearing the crest. A few crevasses have been headed or crossed on hard snow bridges ; two or three small ones leaped over.

Our route to the divide, between Peak Success and Crater Peak, is westward. Then we turn north and make straight for the highest point. As we near it we hasten forward. We are tired, but what matters that ? We urge our weary but hardened legs on, faster and faster. The south rim of the crater is reached ; plunging down into the snow field that fills the interior, we traverse that, and only the beautiful white dome that forms the topmost point of the mountain is before us. All else is behind and under us ; and in a few moments that is also. With a feeling of exultation, triumph and joy, we stand on "Columbia's Crest," as this dome has been happily termed, and feel all the swelling pride that only the Alpine climber can feel, with another and more difficult peak successfully surmounted.

Don't ask me to tell what I saw there. Go and see for yourself, then you will know. No man can describe the picture.

Ice and snow stretching in one vast, whitened sheet were everywhere. A few rocks, especially on the western slope of Tahoma, or the North peak, between which and our peak a white, shining canyon lay, broke through the white veneering, as if bound to assert themselves, at least to a degree. On each side were the remnants of two old craters, and at many places steam issued forth. Thousands of feet below us was a plain of clouds.

A grander sight no man ever beheld. This sea of clouds literally obscured the whole world, save the slopes of the mountain immediately about us. They lay as quiet, as solemn, as immovable as the masses of granite in mid earth. Beautiful, grand, sublime—these words are tame. None can express our feelings, our emotions. The hour spent on that mountain top was a hallowed one. It will never be forgotten while we live.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

But the wind was keen and cold, and we were at last compelled to go down among the steam jets and warm ourselves. Then we started on the descending trail, retracing our upward course.

It was sundown when Gibraltar was passed again in safety, and, stopping only at our night bivouac to gather up our packs, the downward course was continued.

As we stepped from the Cleaver out on to the wide snow plain, the moon

FOURTEEN THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

rose, and by its pale light we trudged wearily over the hard, uneven surface. At 10.30 P. M., after many tumbles, we reached Camp of the Clouds.

One day's rest and we bade good-bye to Paradise Park, returning to Longmire's, over the lower part of the Nesqually glacier.

The study, at close quarters, of the glacial phenomena was extremely interesting. The morainal debris at many places was strewn deeply over the surface. The usual phenomena of ice cracks, tunnels, moulins and surface streams was everywhere.

At the terminus the debris almost entirely hid the ice, and was pitched down over the ice front into confused heaps.

Out from the glacier, flowing from a cavernous ice tunnel, came the Nesqually river, with great rush and roar. The rocks and boulders, moving in the stream, impelled by the mighty current, kept up a continuous, hollow sound. The torrent was so swift that no man could retain a footing in it for an instant. The sense of its great power and destructive force was deeply impressed upon us, and a study of this awful scene was a fitting termination of a climb to the grandest peak in the United States.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

FRANCIS P. OWINGS.

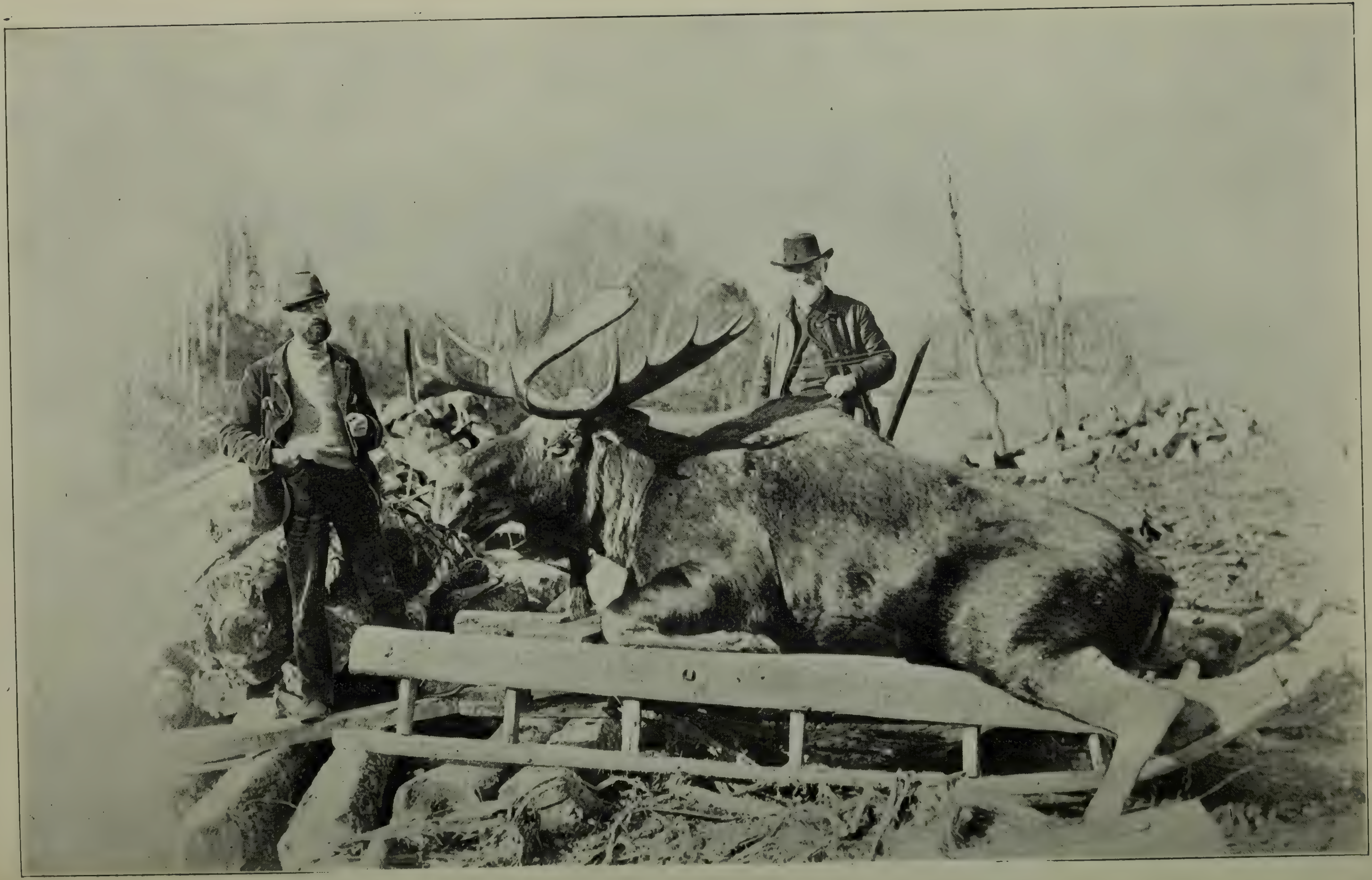
Up at streak of dawn,—from a startled sleep,
Our couches left with a springing leap,
And a bound that creaks the cabin floor,
While our pulses throb to the very core ;
The rifle is caught with a nervous grasp,
And fingers twitch in th' exciting task,
As the hunters meet in the breaking morn,
And our guides are sounding the hunter's horn.

Quick as a flash, as the echoes rang
From the sombre shades, with a noisy clang
Of rustling feet, and the wildest bounds,
Came fawning up a pack of hounds,
With many a yelp and deep-mouthed bay,
Excited as we, for the hunting fray,
With frothing fangs and eyes intent,
And nostrils dilate for the promised scent.

Away we go, through the thickest briars,
As the last faint glimmer of night expires;
O'er hill and dale and fallen logs,
We follow the baying of the distant dogs ;
Among tall pines whose tops are lost
In the hazy mists of the melting frost,
Through swamp and bog and tangled brush,
Our pulses thrill and temples flush,
For the deep cries of the hounds are near,
When up there springs an antlered deer.

He's off like a shot—a meteor's flash
Would be less quick than that sudden dash,
For the deepest vale and the wildest glade,
And the densest thicket that nature made.
One instant more,—'twixt hope and fear,
We see his proud antlers, then disappear.
Loud through the forest rings the cry,
Of the hungry pack as they pass us by
On the freshened scent, their eyes aflame
And nostrils bent for the vanished game.

Then back we turn, to the hunter's camp,
With a stride and swing for the pleasant tramp,
Through rustling leaves neath the shady pines,
And the odor of fir, and trailing vines,
And the bracing air with life imbued,
Made our pulses beat when the forest wooed.
Oh, that grand, old woods with its autumn tints,
And the sunlight's glow, and the ruddy glints,
And the pebbled brooks and mossy mounds,
And that glorious day with the hunting hounds!



"WE GOT A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM THAT REPAID US FOR ALL OUR HARD WORK."

HOW WE GOT THE BIG MOOSE OUT OF THE WOODS.

W. L. MILLER.

A FRIEND and myself left Bangor, September 20, 1893, going over the New Bangor & Aroostook Railway, which runs through the wildest part of Maine, to Norcross, where we put our canoe into the North Twin river, a tributary of the Penobscot. We decided to make the trip without a guide, and to get a good dose of the hard work as well as of the ease and pleasure of a hunting trip. A man who is familiar with forest life, competent to paddle his own canoe and cook his own food, can avoid many disagreeable things by going alone, or with only a trusty friend. We paddled to the head of Pemadomcook lake, some 18 miles, pitched our tent, and hunted that region for four or five days. We saw numbers of deer every day, and had fine fishing, but only saw a few signs of moose in the immediate vicinity of our camping ground. After a week here, we pulled up stakes and started for Nahmakanta lake, some 10 miles north. Here we made camp, and hunted the region between Rainbow and Nahmakanta.

Deer were plentiful, and there was no difficulty in killing all the law allowed. There was also an abundance of ruffed grouse and trout. My friend was along in years, and could not remain out nights to call moose, so I was alone at that work. After calling about two hours, on the night of October 3d, I heard a moose answer, but could not get him into the water, where I could see to shoot. I looked for him at peep of day, but could not see him.

After a few days we started down stream for our old camping ground, at the head of Pemadomcook lake, saw fresh signs of moose, and concluded to stay there until we should kill one. I called every night until about midnight, and visited the spot at daylight each morning. On the fourth morning, I was rewarded by seeing a large bull and cow on the bog. They were moving toward me with the wind in their favor. Water and fallen timber prevented my getting to leeward of the game, so I ran back for my partner, put the canoe into the water, and paddled straight for the moose. When about 400 yards away, the cow showed signs of uneasiness, threw up her head and started away. The bull, apparently, was not wide awake, and came right on, head down. When about 325 yards distant, he too turned his head, discovered that the cow had left him, and jumped at the same time. At that instant I lost my aim, but got a good bead on him the second jump and pulled. The 45-90 bullet hit him fairly between the ears, and he fell dead in his tracks. It was a lucky shot, as no man is sure of killing a moose at that distance with the first or even the second shot, especially from a canoe.

Our game was 200 yards from the water and about 18 miles from the railway station. We decided to take the whole carcass to Bangor, in order to get a photograph of him, as we had, unfortunately, no camera with us. The ground favored us, being an incline from the moose to the water. We cut down spruce trees, about six inches thick at the butt; built a tramway and inched the great animal along to the water's edge. This took us half a day. We then cut five dry cedar trees, about 30 feet long and a foot and a half through at the butt, and built a raft, on which we skidded our moose. Then we hired another man and canoe and started at 7 o'clock at night to tow our cargo 18 miles, to the railway station.

We paddled all night and half of the next day before reaching the station, and you can readily understand that we were tired when we landed. That is the last moose I shall ever tow. The carcass dressed 1123 pounds, and we got a photograph of him that well repaid us for all our hard work.

Mr. W. T. Jenkins, Treasurer of the Babcock Varnish Company, Boston, and myself, with guides, took a trip to Churchill lake, on the Allagash, St. John waters, last fall. Had a delightful time; saw ten moose and each killed a bull. Big game is plentiful in Maine.

UP ROUGH RIVER.

JAS. WEIR, JR., M. D.

As I sat in my study overhauling rods and reels, hooks and lines, preparatory to my annual trip after black bass, the door opened, and a fresh, young voice shouted :

" Hurrah ! I am going, too, uncle."

" Joy ! joy ! forever, my task is done,
The gate is past, dad's permission won."

" Kate! is it really you?" I demanded, in astonishment ; for the boyish-looking youngster, with hair close cropped, yachting cap, blue shirt, blue jacket, knickerbockers, and leggings, had the voice and face of my niece ; but there the resemblance ceased. Where were the neat-fitting gown and Tam O'Shanter, the usual dress of my fun-loving little favorite ?

" Now, uncle, don't say a word ! You have often said that if I were only a boy, instead of a girl, you would take me with you. Gaze on me ! I *am* a boy, as far as outward appearances go. How do you like my 'bifurcates,' " laughed she, catching hold of her baggy trousers and pulling them out at the sides. " Aren't they swell ? "

" They are rather balloonish, since I come to look at them. Where did you get them ? "

" 'Sold aigs and buyed 'em,' nunky. Now, don't say anything about my hair," she continued. " I left mamma at home, all doubled up on the sofa with a bad case of 'highstrikes,' and as I passed grandma on the porch, her mouth opened so wide that her teeth dropped out, all on account of my hair, or rather, absence of hair. I couldn't be a boy with hair on my head a yard long, now, could I, uncle ? So I went to the barber-shop and had myself sheared."

Kate is an only child and the idol of her father and mother. She is not in the least spoiled, however, and is as natural and unaffected as though she had a dozen sisters and brothers to share the affections of her parents. She is a tall, lissome lass of fifteen, with big, wide-open, dark brown eyes, frank and innocent as a baby's. She uses slang sometimes, to startle her friends or shock prudes. She is a dear lover of nature and all out-door sports, but her bitterest enemy, if she has one, would not call her a tomboy, for Kate is essentially womanly and tender. The poor and the miserable find in her a sincere sympathizer. She has even established in her father's stables a hospital for the lame, the blind and the halt of all the brute creatures she can find. She is head nurse of this hospital, and I am chief surgeon.

" Kate, how did you ever get your father to consent to your going with me ? "

" Well, you know that papa is an ardent Presbyterian, so I just used a few foreordination and predestination arguments with him. This brought him to time in short order. He had to give his consent, or acknowledge that he was no Presbyterian. But I never said anything about the matter to mamma until the last moment. Life is too short, and air too precious, to be spent in vain arguments with mamma.

" You little rascal ! You have no respect whatever for your elders."

" Well, good-bye, nunky. I must see about getting my traps ready for an early start to-morrow. I will have the wagon ready and everything packed by half-past four in the morning, if you will leave your luggage out on the back porch where Mammy Ca'line and I can get it. She's going with us, you know. When you hear me crow, you had best get up, if you don't want a cold bath :

" Chicken crow at midnight, chicken
    crow at day,
Man in bed, wid sleepy head,
Had better be gwine away."

Singing this Kate ran out of the room, her merry voice echoing down the hall.

Pursuant to her instructions, before retiring for the night, I placed rods, reels, minnow-bucket, guns and commissary supplies on the back porch, where she could get them.

At about 4:30 a. m. I heard something at my window. The slats were softly separated, and then a most horrible, shrieking yell pierced the air: Ya-a-a-re-AH! Who-hoo-hoo, who-hoo-hoo, who-hoo-AH! It was the cry of the great horned owl, so faithfully rendered that for a moment I was completely deceived. Then followed a perfect imitation of "Judge Long's" (a shanghai rooster) clarion call: Cock-a-doodle-doo-AH!

"Get up, nunky, get up!" shouted Kate. "Everything is ready. Ding! dong! All aboard for the Falls of Rough. Get up! get up! or I'll get *a* board for you, nunky."

After a hasty breakfast, rendered worse than no breakfast at all by Kate's impatience, I sallied out to the gate, where Bob, the coachman, stood at the heads of my span of Carbeau geldings.

"Mornin', marse Doctor. Mornin', sah! You mus' keep yo' eye on dat off hoss. Dat same Prince Cholly done got Prince Beelzebob in 'im dis mornin'."

"Jump in, Kate and Mammy," said I, eager to be off. "Let go their heads, Bob. But, whoa! Hold on a minute. Kate, did you put in your violin?"

"Yes, uncle; fiddle and bow, note book, rosin and all, are wrapped in my blankets and safely packed away."

"Let them go, Bob."

We are off, down through the quiet streets of the town, when Kate sings such an exact imitation of a bugle *reveille*, that an old soldier, out for his early morning walk, stands erect on a corner, and gives us a military salute. The drive through the blue grass country is delightful. Kate is fairly crazed with the beauty of the scene. As we pass a quail, perched on a shock of wheat close to the road, he salutes us with his clear whistle. Kate stands erect, doffs her cap and makes him a low bow. Then she sings, in her rich contralto, to an air I had never heard before:

"When May's sweet flowers and happy hours
Have melted into June;
And o'er the hills, the farmer trills
His happy harvest tune;
Then pure and clear, and sweet, we hear:
"Bob white, wheat's ripe!
Bob white, wheat's ripe!"

The sun sails high, and crisp and dry
The meadow grasses grow;
Ripe, waving wheat for barns is meet,
And this is why we know—
For sweet and clear, and pure we hear:
"Bob white, wheat's ripe!
Bob white, wheat's ripe!"

"Where did you get that melody, Kate? It is a new one. At least, I never heard it before."

"Quite right, uncle, you never heard it before, for I made it up last week, all by my lone. To-night you shall hear it on the violin, with all the trimmings."

Just here a rabbit ran across the road, and stopped at its edge, standing erect on his haunches. Bang! went Kate's revolver followed by a wild plunge of the team. I scolded her and she answered:

"I am sorry I frightened the horses, but I am still more sorry I scared poor Bunny. How he jumped when the bullet cut the dust under his feet."

Over the last few miles the road is rough and hilly, but my good horses toil and tug with undiminished spirit, and at length bring us to a lovely plateau, where the trees stand far apart, and the earth is carpeted with living green, spangled with thousands of ox-eye daisies. We hear the rush and roar of falling waters, and between the trees at one point, we see a cloud of mist waving to and fro in the wind.

"The Falls! the Falls!" shouted Kate, and in the twinkling an eye, she was out of the wagon, scurrying away towards the river. In a few moments she was back.

"Uncle," she said, "in a short time the sun will set. You will have to hurry if you get the tent pitched, and the camp ready before dark. In the meanwhile I will get something for supper."

I "hurried;" pitched the tent, watered and fed the horses, and did all that was necessary for our comfort. In a few moments Kate returned with a string of sunfish.

"Behold, most noble Roman, aren't they beauties? They bit like a house afire. I caught thirteen. They are all ready for the frying-pan, washed, cleaned, and "de-scaled" as Miss Sawyer would say—and now for supper!"

"Mammy, you put on the coffee-pot and the frying-pan," said I. "I must go to the Falls to see if Miller has caught the promised minnows. I will return as soon as possible, and we will have supper."

I found the minnows all right, and returned to the camp, which I found brilliantly illuminated. Kate had brought along six or seven petroleum torchlights, such as are used in political processions, and had placed them here and there about the camp. She was assisting old Caline in the preparation of supper, which was soon ready.

I do not believe I ever enjoyed a meal so much as I did that supper. The crisply browned fish, fragrant coffee and delicious hoe-cakes made up a feast. "Can I cook, nunky?" roguishly questioned Kate, as I lifted my sixth fish from the dish. "Let this be my answer," said I, as I held the fish aloft for a moment, and then proceeded to devour it.

After supper, we strolled down to the Falls, and seating ourselves on the rocks, watched the water as it fell in creamy masses into the deep pool below. The moon was shining bright, and a faint lunar rainbow could be seen in the misty cloud arising from the foot of the Falls. In the still reach, farther down stream, big-mouth bass were rising to the surface every now and then, making swirls and eddies in the deep, oily looking water; while closer in shore rock bass were leaping from the stream, showing their silvery sides in the moonlight, ere they dropped back into the water.

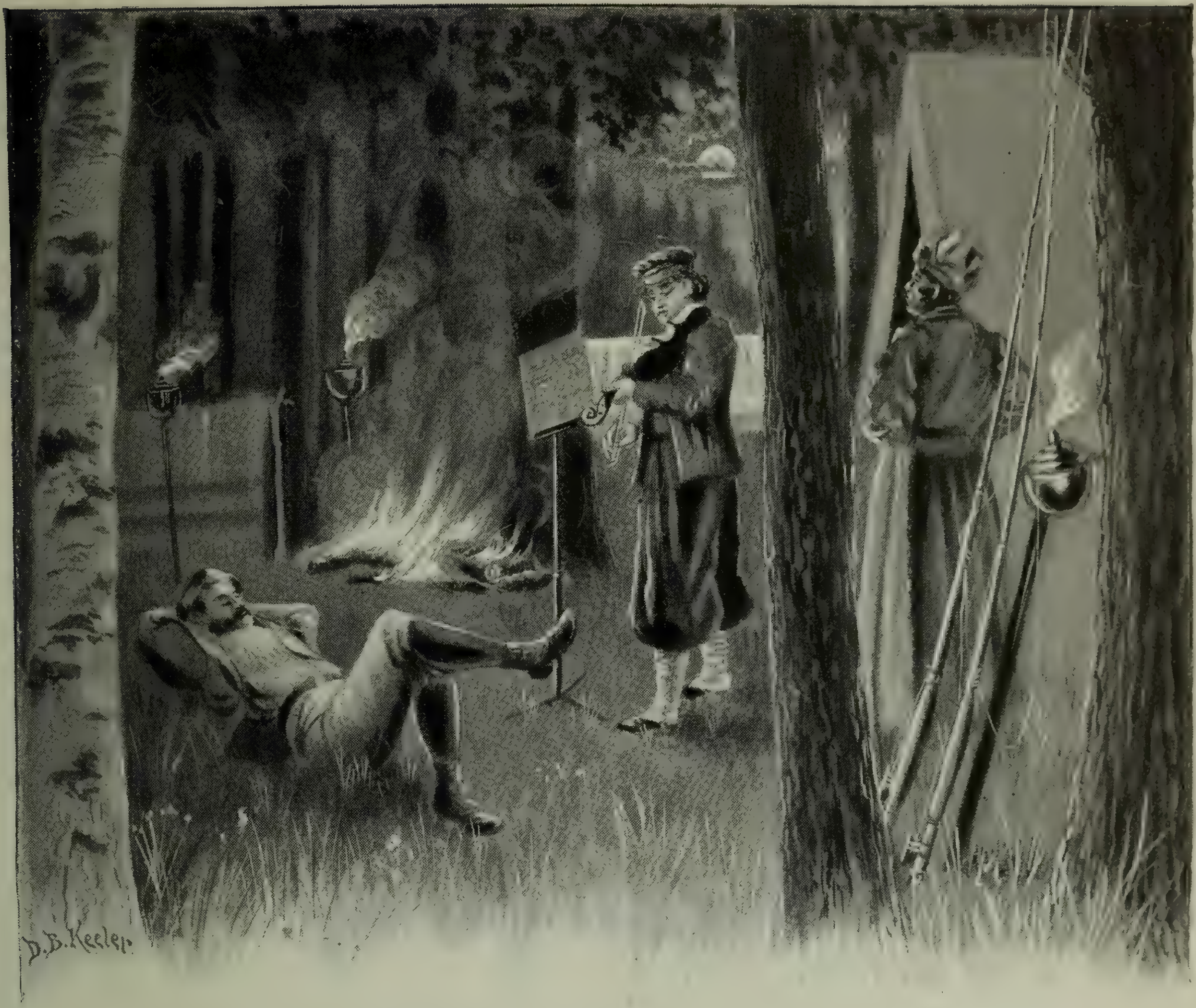
"Never mind, my beauties," said Kate, grimly; "I'll have some of you in the frying-pan before five o'clock tomorrow morning."

"This is the recreation hour of the fish, Kate, and they are simply playing."

After enjoying the scene for half an hour we walked back to the camp. I replenished the fire and then asked for some music. My little companion brought from the tent her violin, notebook and folding music stand.

She made a beautiful picture as she stood bathed in the light of the flaming torches. Her finely modeled head, covered with its short, curly hair, was slightly inclined to one side. Beneath her chin nestled the violin, which she seemed to hold with a caressing tenderness. The bow hung for a second, poised above the strings, and then a low, soft whisper of sound stole out on the still night air and I closed my eyes. I seemed to feel the breath of the cool wind of dawn on my face and hair, and to hear the sleepy twitterings of birds as they awoke from slumber. Suddenly the crow of a cock pierced the air, followed by the warbling melody of a blue-bird. The sweet, low cadenza of a hermit-thrush next stole upon my ear, followed

A QUIET REACH BELOW THE FALLS.



A CAMP FIRE FANTASIE.

by a cataract of musical mimicries—the song of the mocking-bird. Then the sun rose in a torrent of blazing, scintilating melody. The motive changed and I recognized the air which Kate had sung in the forenoon when she doffed her cap to "Bob White." The accompaniment to this air was a wonderful piece of harmony, rendered with almost matchless skill. The motive again changed and I heard the drowsy hum of insects at noon, on a hot summer's day. I saw the cattle standing in the shade of the trees brushing the flies from their flanks with their busy tails. The single resonant note of a bill-bird rang out clear and distinct, and from afar the faint sound of a dinner horn came to my ears like a pleasing echo.

Again the motive changed, and I heard the song of the katydid and the chirp of the cricket. The beseeching wail of the whip-poor-will then caught my listening ear and held it with exigent insistence. Then I heard the shrill murmur of the screech-owl, and knew that night had fallen. The fantasie closed with a repetition of the first motive, and left me completely dumbfounded at the marvellous skill of my little niece.

"Kate, do you mean to say you composed that yourself?"

"I do, uncle. I commenced it last winter while at the conservatory, but not one of the professors, either in New York or Boston, has ever seen or heard a bar of it. I finished it last week, and you are the only person who has ever heard it. What do you think I call it?"

"I don't know what *you* call it, but *I* call it an exquisite fantasie of morning, noon and night."

"My! You must either be a mind-reader or my descriptive music must be good, for 'Morning, Noon and Night' is the name I have given it."

"Put up your violin. After such a treat as that I desire no more for the present. *Jam satis!*"

"You're sated with jam, eh! It is not much of a compliment to call my symphonic tone-poem a vulgar *pot-pourri!* But it is bed-time, your royal highness, and 'Where am I to sleep to-night, said Abra'm Brown, the sailor?'"

De badger an' the b'ar, an' the fox an' de h'ar,
An' the birds in the greenwood tree;
An' the dainty little rabbits, wid dere cunning little habits,
Dey all hab a nest, 'cept me!"

Singing thus, she vanished into the tent, where her nurse had already gone.

I took a look at the horses, built up the fire, spread my oil-cloth on a pile of grass, and, after removing my shoes and wrapping my blanket about me, threw myself on this fragrant couch and was soon in the land of dreams. I was awakened the following morning by my niece's realistic imitation of "Judge Long's crow."

"Up! up! you sluggard. It's past four o'clock, and a beautiful morning. Big-mouth and rock bass are fairly 'honing' to be caught. I have had my coffee, and am off to the river."

I arose and, after plunging my head into a bucket of cold water, sat down to breakfast. I had hardly finished my coffee when I heard Kate calling me. She ran up and, as soon as she could get breath enough for utterance, gasped out:

"Oh! uncle, uncle! What shall we do? The door of the box is open and there is not a single minnow in it."

"What! you don't say so? I am certain I fastened the door securely last night."

I accompanied her to the box and made an examination. Alas! her tale was only too true; the door was open and every minnow gone. I examined the shore and discovered signs of the thief. In the moist sand were numerous small footprints.

"Mr. Coon is to blame for this. Look here, and here, and here. His footprints are everywhere."

"The old bare-faced rascal!" stormed Kate. "Oh! how I wish I had seen him philandering around here last night. It would have been 'Good-bye, coon.'"

"I really don't know what to do," mused I. Miller's is five miles away, and it is impossible for me to go into the water. That would mean six months of rheumatism. We might take the dip-net and catch some 'top-water' minnows. Blue cats will bite at them finely."

"I won't have any your weevily wheat,
I won't have any your barley;
I won't have any your top-*waters*
To catch a fish for Charley!"

sang Kate.

"I will take the minnow seine and try to get some minnows."

I took up a position behind a big tree, as ordered.

In a few minutes I heard Kate shout: "Hurrah! I've got 'em," and returning to the river bank I found her seated on a rock. By her side was a minnow bucket, full of beautiful "shiners."

"How did you manage to catch them, Kate?"

"You see that little gulley down there, don't you? Well, last evening I saw hundreds of minnows playing about its mouth, and there is where I got those beauties in the bucket. After driving them into the gulley by splashing around in the water I took the seine and holding the sticks in front of me, pushed it through the water. I then penned up the minnows in a narrow pocket. I kept shortening the seine by rolling it around the brails and at length swept it to land. I caught in that one haul over two hundred minnows." She jumped up and shook out her baggy trousers, then seizing the minnow bucket, she cried out joyously: "And now for a big-mouth!"

I went back to camp for my rod, and when I had procured it, joined her at the Falls. She had already hooked a fish and was striving hard to land it before I returned. She wished to boast of the fact that she had put a fish into the box before I had even wet my line. The fish was evidently a large one, and was as game as a fighting cock. She had him well in hand when I arrived, but a moment after he made a wild drive for the foot of the Falls, and I shouted:

"Give him the butt, Kate, give him the butt! If he ever gets among the rocks he'll get away from you."

"Who's doing this, nunky, you or—I," she gasped, as she brought the butt of her rod to her belt and pressed home on the brake of the reel. "Come out of that, you beauty," she continued, as the fished turned and made a dive for the bottom of the pool, "Sulking, are you? Well, I'll send you a telegram." She snapped the line between her thumb and forefinger, and the fish made off at a great rate. The reel fairly sang as he cut through the water.

"Look out!" I shouted, "he's going to break water."

But Kate was ready, and, as he darted up from the surface, she dropped the tip of her rod. I saw him shake his wide-open mouth in a vain endeavor to dislodge the hook. This was his last flurry, however, and she soon reeled him into shore, when with a quick dip of the net, I laid him at her feet.

"Bravo! Kate, the first fish is to your credit, and a beauty at that."

"Oh! how tired my arms are. That chap nearly pulled them from their sockets. I hope you will get the next big one."

"I hope so, too, with all my heart, but I am afraid I shall never have the luck to hook a four pounder like that one you have just landed." But I did on the next cast of my line. We had excellent sport for about four hours, when the fish quit biting. Kate had caught five black bass, three rock bass, two grinnells and a blue cat, and I had caught eight big-mouths, five rock bass, four grinnells and two blue cats.

"Well, little woman, we had best pull up stakes. We will not catch any more fish to-day, unless we go farther down stream, and fish for calico perch. I know a hole just below here where they fairly swarm."

"Jog along Josie, I'm your huckleberry."

We went down the river about a quarter of a mile, baited our hooks, and in a short time had caught 15 bachelor, or calico, perch. I then hooked a fish, but when I attemped to reel him in, the hook caught in a sunken log or some other substance, and I could not budge it. My line was a fine one and I hated to lose it, but I had come to the conclusion that I had best cut it, when Kate said: "Hold on, uncle, I'll dive down and loosen it. I have a change of clothing up at camp and water will not hurt this rig." She plunged in and in a second I felt the line was free.

About five o'clock that afternoon we packed up and started for home. We got out of the Highlands before dark, and traveled the rest of the way home through the beautiful country scenes, illuminated by the bright rays of a full harvest moon.

IN THE FIELD.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Whoa, haw, gee about!
Don't ye see the furrer's out?
Haw, Buck, turn aroun',
We must finish this 'ere groun'
'Fore the boss gits back from mill,
Er he'll say it's settin' still
Makes us lazy an' no good—
Only fit fer choppin' wood.

Whoa, haw, there ye go!
Jes too everlastin' slow!
Step lively! we must git
'Roun' this fiel' 'fore we quit;
An' if 't aint so smooth an' clean
As enny the boss 'as seen,
He 'ill say we aint no good—
Best go back ter choppin' wood.

Whoa, haw, that's the talk!
Make 'er straight as ary chalk;
No trouble now ter git
'Roun' the fiel' 'fore we quit,
An' the boss 'll see we can
Do it jes as well 's a man,
An' he'll say we are too good
Fer boy's work, like choppin' wood.

TRAILING APACHES.

Capt. F. K. Upham, U. S. A.

FORT Goodwin was one of the old time military posts on the extreme frontier. Located on the head waters of the Gila, it was nearly 200 miles from the nearest settlement, and perhaps 40 or 50 miles, by trail, from the next military post on the San Pedro. It was one of a chain of such posts which had been established for the protection of the southwestern border; owing to the weakness and isolation of all, however, they were frequently unable to perform this service effectively. In fact the troops sometimes found it difficult to protect themselves. Having no regular mail communication, and being cut off from civilization, it was not strange that we of the army gradually came to consider ourselves as out of the world and forgotten. Yet at the period of which I am writing—the years immediately following the close of the war of the rebellion—there was little time to think of ourselves or surroundings.

The grandly picturesque scenery, the river, the foothills, the mountains close at hand, but fading into a background of iridescence—these were our environment. We were in the heart of the Apache country, and from the higher points surrounding the post these savages closely watched the movements of the soldiers, or of the supply trains as they moved cautiously, with strong guards, over the dusty roads which deviously wound across the divides and through the valleys between New Mexico and Tucson. Indian scouts were always on the trail, ready to convey information to the larger and more distant bands, or to descend like birds of prey upon any traveling party whose weakness was an invitation to pillage, or to glory in the taking of scalps.

Our garrison was a small one—too small at times to insure security had the enemy known our weakness. Especially was there danger for those who remained at the post while scouting parties were out. Three companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry made up the entire command. The duty, on both officers and men, was hard and with little pleasure to relieve it. Our orders were to "keep the surrounding country thoroughly scouted;" and to perform this some of us were almost constantly out. This was especially the case with the cavalry troop in which I was a lieutenant; and the greater part of my time was spent in the saddle. Yet active as was the service in those days, there are few of those who took part in it, and still live, who do not now recall its memories pleasantly. It was not all hard, and not all bad.

"Taps" had been sounded, and I had hastened to bed, tired with a day of active duty. I may add, parenthetically, that it could not well have been a day of idleness, when it is considered that at that time, the army had to build its own quarters—and sorry quarters most of them were—furnish its own fuel, and, largely, supply its wants in many other ways; besides the purely military work of drills, inspections, etc. I was hardly between my blankets when the commanding officer came to my quarters and informed me that a "tame Apache"—one who had been captured from a distant tribe some years before—had just returned from the Aripiva Canyon, about forty miles away, with the information that he had "located" the band of hostiles, which as we already knew, had recently plundered and burned a train coming out of Sonora. They had killed, scalped, and mutilated the body of every person with the train. My captain was absent, and I was the only officer with the troop. I was ordered to take the troop and move out at once, under cover of the night, in order that my movements might not be seen by the Apaches. It was expected that I could reach the hostiles by the following night, and make preparations to attack them at daybreak.

Accustomed to receiving orders in this way, preparations were quickly made, and midnight found the doctor and myself leading the little column of about 50 troopers with three days' rations in our saddle bags. A night march through an Indian country awakens peculiar sensations. The inclination to talk is checked by the necessity for perfect silence which every man feels. Even the soldier's pipe is conspicuous for its absence, lest its ruddy glow might catch the ever watchful eye of the enemy. The grinding of the iron shod feet of the horses, over the rough ground is all that breaks the silence. One's mind is extremely active on such occasions ; and is filled with the memories of other days.

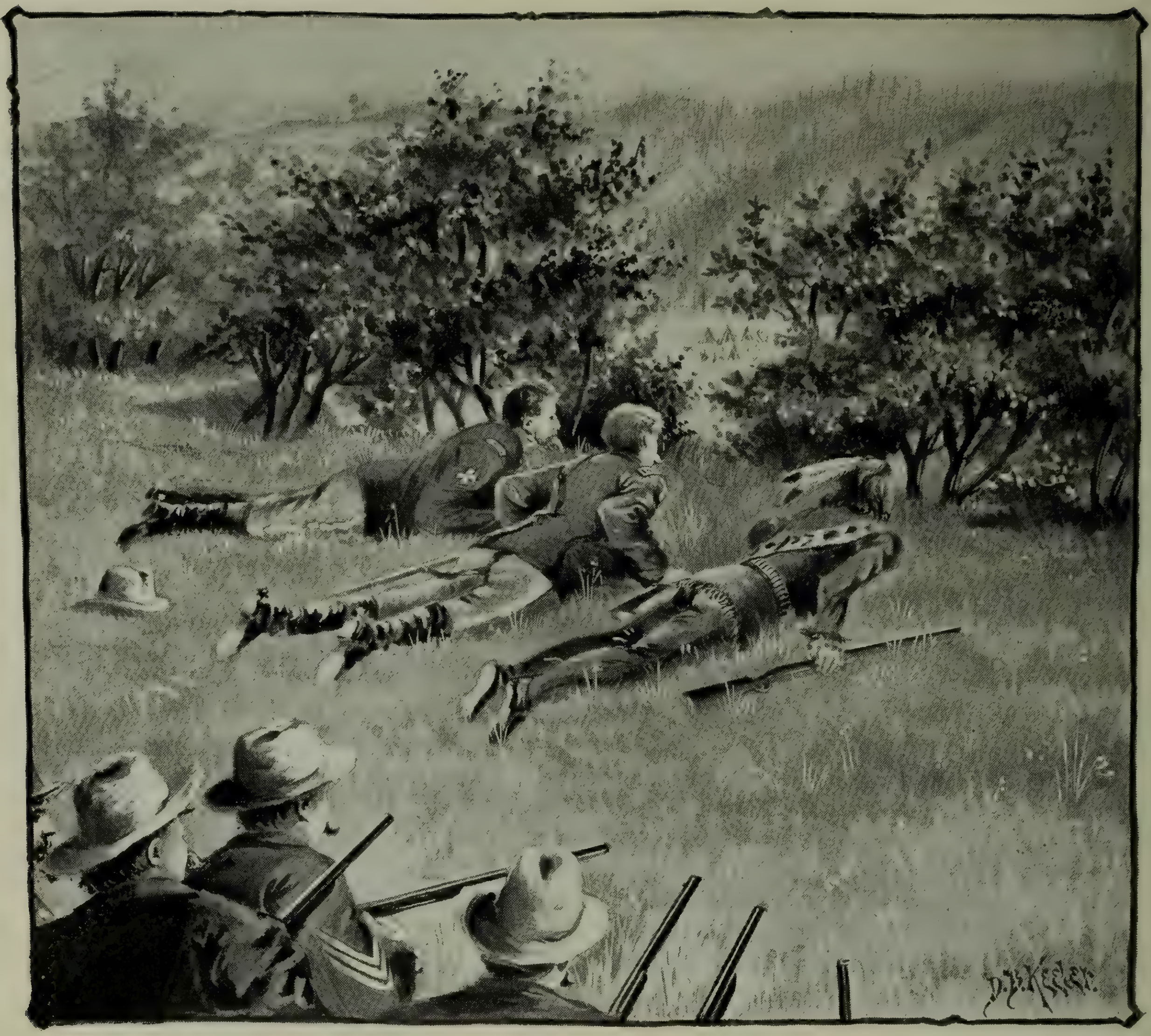
Thus we rode, by the light of the stars, until the first streaks of dawn shot up from the eastern horizon, and warned us to seek a hiding place. Finding water and grazing in a deep canyon, we were secure from observation, and some time before sunrise, having carefully posted a strong guard, we were sleeping soundly, the horses picketed, our saddles in use as pillows.

The noon sun of an October day was shining brightly in our faces when we were sufficiently rested to think of breakfast. Then the simple meal of bacon, "hard-tack" and coffee—each man cooking his own—was quickly disposed of. The horses were watered and groomed, and again carefully picketed where they could crop the nutritious bunch grass. The remainder of the day was passed in waiting, many of the men collecting in groups and squatting over games of cards.

When darkness had set in we were again in the saddle, and the silent march resumed; again the grating of the iron hoof—only that to break the oppressiveness of the portentous quiet. Once during the night we thought we had been discovered. The Apache, acting as a guide, had ridden some yards in advance. Now he came rapidly back to the head of the column, in great excitement, calling out in a hoarse whisper, "*Apach! Apach!*" at the same time indicating a point of rocks, just discernible, where it stood prominently out in the starlight. Halting quickly and reconnoitering, we succeeded in startling two cinnamon bears from among the rocks, which beasts were only too glad to be allowed to shamble peacefully away. We were not looking for bears.

We had passed over a great deal of orugh ground, and accomplished a corresponding amount of hard climbing, when, considerably after midnight, we reached a point where the guide made motions to halt, and gave me to understand that we must move no farther, as we were now close to the Indians. Dismounting, I left the men "standing to horse," and following the guide, crept cautiously forward to the edge of the *mesa*—table-land—upon which we had been for some time moving. Peering over a bluff we were able to make out a small stream within rifle shot below, the descent to which appeared practicable for dismounted men. There was just sufficient light to enable us to discover what appeared to be a body of sleeping Indians in the bottom. Returing to the troop I gave whispered directions for the number, four of each set of fours, to remain as horse holders, and with the remaining men came back to the bluff. Here they were distributed near the edge, but not so near as to be visible from below. At a signal from me, to be given as soon as it was sufficiently light to distinguish individuals, we were to dash down the bluff in a body and attack the Indians. Then we lay down and waited for the morning, but did not sleep.

The day finally broke, and, as the first rays of its light penetrated the bottom and fell upon the dark figures below, our disappointment was great, for instead of the sleeping Apaches, whose slumbering forms we thought we had so positively seen, we now recognized only the charred trunks of fallen trees, burned and blackened by fire. Our tame Apache could hardly credit the evidence of his senses. He was dumbfounded. The men became noisy at once, and were quick to suspect treachery on the part of the guide; but they were quieted with a reminder that we were certainly near Indians, and would likely find plenty of them yet before the day was over. The doctor was something of a scout, so I let him go with the Indian a short distance up the stream to see what could be found. They soon returned, having located the Indians a half mile above, at a place looking very like that where we had halted. The troop was mounted and a *détour* rapidly made away from the stream, returning to the edge of the *mesa* at the point indicated. Again we dismounted. On



"WE CRAWLED TO THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF.'

all fours the doctor, the Indian and myself soon reached the bluff, the edge of which, fortunately for our purpose, was partially hidden from below by a growth of brush.

There was no mistake this time. There they were, a well equipped war party, but beyond the reach of our cavalry carbines. They were already astir and apparently preparing for something. We could see them distinctly, almost hear their voices. It was the party we had expected to find, returning from the Mexican border with many scalps and a great deal of plunder. We tried to count them, but could not do so accurately. We estimated their number at not less than 75, apparently well armed, and with horses close at hand. The sun was just rising and the opportunity of the morning had been lost. What to do was the question. I knew that the hostiles, though considerably outnumbering my men, would not fight, and would not, under any circumstances, attempt to hold the position in which we had found them. Besides, the intervening ground was so steep and rough that it would be impossible for men to ride over it at anything like a rapid gait, if at all. While we were hesitating the Indians discovered us.

Forward! was sounded on the bugle, its notes ringing out for the first time since leaving the post; and forward we went without regard to order. The side of the bluff swarmed with soldiers, mounted and dismounted, all eagerly pushing on—any way to get there—the men yelling like so many Comanches. As soon as within range fire was opened, the wild scramble continuing; but it was useless. We were too late—the Apaches were off like the wind. None tried to make a stand, and a few only attempted to secure some of the plunder which was thickly strewn over the ground.

When we reached the bottom they were disappearing up the face of the opposite bluff, like the lot of wild creatures they were, most of them climbing directly over the top on to the mesa, forcing their animals on at the point of the lance. Others made their escape by taking a course up or down the stream. They had such an advantage that pursuit was useless, for I knew that each would take a different course as soon as he had gained the higher ground, to rally again at some distant point, only when they knew they were not followed. Still most of the men took up an individual pursuit on their own account, and were quickly out of sight among the rocks and bushes. A vicious looking savage--probably the chief—was the last to go, and as he galloped up the stream shook his lance at me. I followed him, being in turn followed by one of the buglers. Beside the pony on which he was mounted, he led a Mexican burro, packed with various articles which he had hastily seized, and with which, though closely pressed, he was in a fair way to make his escape. Reaching the bluff toward which he had been making his way, he found it would be impossible to hold on to the burro and escape himself, so he drove his lance into the side of the little animal and sent him rolling down the side of the hill. Then, gaining the level ground above, he disappeared.

The Apache had probably expected to divert me in this way. I rode to where the burro had lodged against a mesquite tree on the hillside. The poor little animal seemed to recognize the fact that he had fallen into friendly hands, and, though badly wounded, he willingly staggered along between our horses, on the way back to the point where we separated from the men, doing his best all the time to keep pace with us. Most of the men had already returned, many of them with trophies of the chase, which, like the burro, had been abandoned by the Indians. They were entertaining one another in an animated way with their various experiences as I rode in with the burro, and the importance of our capture lost nothing by the bugler's account of it. About a dozen more or less used up horses and mules were captured, besides some other articles; but not an Indian nor a soldier had been hurt, though numerous shots had been exchanged.

Having cared for the horses and eaten our breakfast, it was interesting to examine the odd collection of stuff the Apaches had been obliged to abandon —the greater portion of it from the plundered train already mentioned. There were guns, cartridges, powder, bullets, bows, arrows and lances; war head-gear, ornamented with eagle feathers; buckskin shirts, painted in bright colors and fringed with beads; sacks of flour, sugar, coffee, canned fruits, tobacco and cigars; a lot of calico and some hoop skirts; several bolts of muslin—these last articles evidently intended for the squaws. Even a few greenbacks, rolled in a piece of greasy buckskin, and a dignified, well-bred dog, who circulated among the soldiers in a friendly manner, evidently glad to find himself once more among his own people. The most important—to the Apaches—was a quantity of beef which they had been for some days drying on the bushes. This from the cattle they had slaughtered, belonging to the plundered train. I estimated that there was more than a ton of it, which would have furnished subsistence on many a hostile raid. All of this material, excepting that which had been appropriated to be carried on the saddles of the men, was collected and burned, two or three hours being occupied in this work.

It was nearly noon when "boots and saddles" was sounded, and the troop moved out on its way back to the post. Driven in rear of the column were the captured horses and mules, though some of these were able to go but a short distance. Such as proved unable to travel were shot and left on the trail, first, however, being opened and sprinkled with flour, to prevent the Apaches from eating them. We knew they would be on our trail during the night. Once some of these Indians had been poisoned by eating the meat of a dead horse which had been sprinkled with arsenic and left by some white men, after which they would not eat anything upon which the trace of a white powder could be discovered. Driven also in rear was the little burro His wound had been carefully dressed by old Sergeant Geary, a veteran of the Army of the Potomac, and of the "old army" before the war, who now rode behind him with a large cactus at the end of a pole, with which Geary would urge him forward when, stiff and sore, the little fellow's steps would lag. "Jack," as the burro was called, lived to "serve" with the troop many years afterward, his sonorous voice in the early morning vying with the notes of the bugle at reveille, in tones both loud and deep. He seemed to have concluded that he was a horse, and would lead the cavalry herd to the picket line at stable call, his tail high in air, while his answering bray could be recognized from afar.

Towards evening we went into camp, ostensibly making preparations for remaining during the night; but when darkness came, we moved on eight or ten miles farther—this as a precaution against the Indians knowing our exact situation, and firing into the camp during the night, with the hope of stampeding the animals.

A daylight march through a beautiful valley, abounding in rich grazing land, timber and water—now a valuable and well settled country, though then entirely destitute of settlers—brought us back to the post. There was but one incident on this day's march worth mentioning. As we neared the point of rocks where the two bears had been disturbed during the night march, the troop was halted, and the doctor and myself rode cautiously forward. As we turned a sharp angle in the trail, there were the two bears again, but provokingly out of range of our rifles. They stood on top of a ledge, apparently watching for us. As we came in sight they disappeared behind the ledge, and we knew that pursuit was useless. As in the case of the Apaches, we had been seen and were too late; yet we might hope to surprise Bruin at some future time in the same place.

The troop presented an oddly picturesque appearance as it climbed down the rocky foothills in rear of Fort Goodwin, in the variegated and un-uniform "rigs" which had gradually been allowed to make up the individual scouting outfits of officers and men. Added to these, the spoils from the hostile camp with which the saddles were laden, certainly gave the command anything but the conventional appearance of the well organized and efficient part of the regular army, which it was. Yet, as we dismounted at the picket line, we saw an escort of soldiers just arriving by the Tucson road, with a staff officer from the War Department to inspect the command. We knew the next morning must find everything in readiness for that ordeal. Men and horses must be clean; arms and equipments bright and shining; not a strap or buckle missing or out of place. Every part of the uniform must be in strict compliance with the regulations. It was to be a military day—feathers, brass buttons, tactics, regulations and all that sort of thing. To prepare for this the men would have to work far into the night, and I must burn the midnight oil—or rather candle—for coal oil was $10 a gallon in the sutler's store, and we only used it on special occasions. I must get ready the numerous reports and documents which compose the "paper work" of the army, and which I knew would be required of me by the inspecting officer. But such was army life at a frontier post in the years following the civil war.

A TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

This picture illustrates one of the tragedies so common on the plains 25 years ago. Ralph Morrison, a noted hunter, guide and scout, was killed and scalped by Cheyenne Indians, near Fort Dodge, in June, 1869. The war party was pursued by troops, and four of them were killed. Lieutenant Philip Reade, of the 3d Infantry, and John O. Austin, another famous scout, were the first to reach the body of Morrison after the killing. The photograph here reproduced was made by Wm. S. Soule, an amateur photographer, who was at that time employed in the post trader's store at Fort Dodge. The picture is the property of Mr. Charles F. Fish, of Fall River, Mass., who has kindly lent it to RECREATION. Austin was wounded in the head and face with arrows, by the Kiowas, 1859. A year later, when scouting with Captain Newby, his right hand was literally split in two by a tomahawk, thrown by a wounded Arapahoe. At another time his left arm was broken by an Apache Indian, in a fight near Fort Craig, N. M. In 1860, a Cheyenne sent an arrow into his right knee, and during the following year a band of Texas desperadoes shot him several times, near Fort Garland, and left him for dead. He was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, from the effect of which he died some time in the seventies.

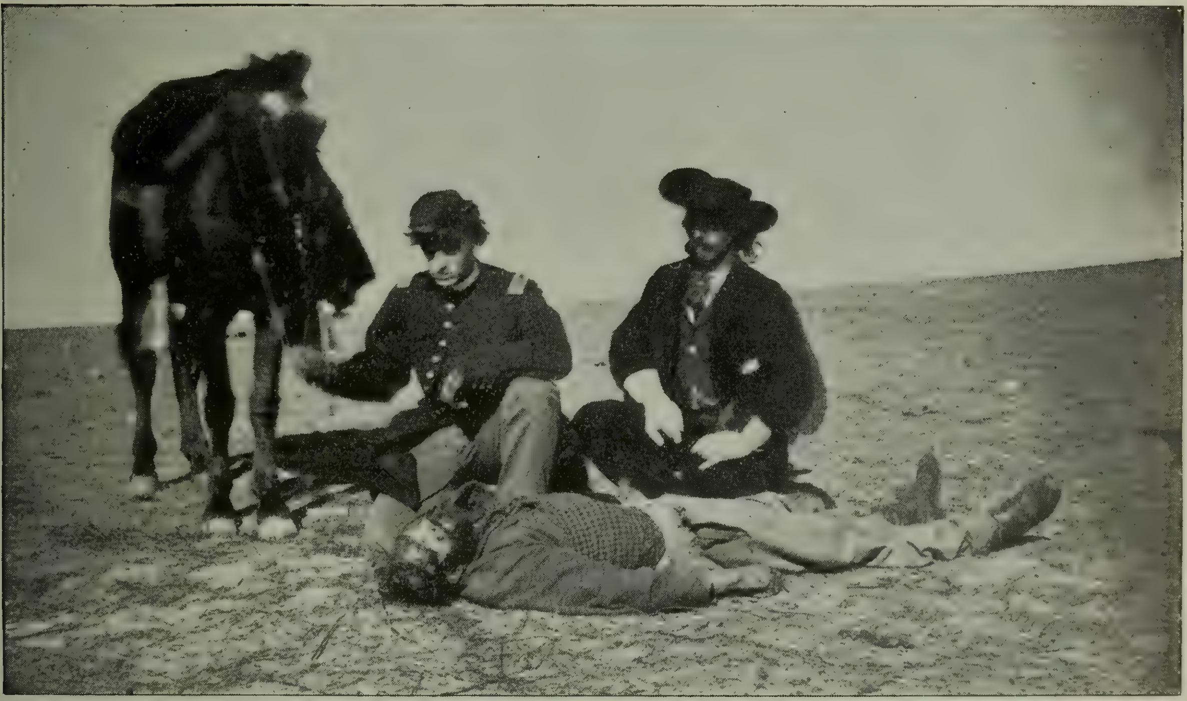
I wrote Lieutenant (now Captain) Philip Reade for some further facts in regard to the killing of Morrison, and he replies as follows :

" Your letter about Ralph Morrison comes to me like a voice from the grave. I saw him killed and scalped by the Indians, in June, 1869. John O. Austin and I were mounted when the hostiles charged on Morrison and got in their work before we could reach him. This was opposite the mouth of a dry canyon, three-quarters of a mile east of Fort Dodge.

" In those days no wagon train was allowed to move along the old Santa Fe emigrant route without a military escort. The Indians swarmed along the route and corralled trains, keeping us busy protecting the big 'prairie schooners,' live stock drivers, mail stations, etc.

" Buffalo were there in immense herds; wolves and coyotes hung around, ready to sneak in at all times. Pelt hunters used to poison buffalo carcasses and then, a day later, skin the dead wolves and cayotes for the sake of their pelts. Gray wolf skins for something near a dollar each, untanned. Cayote pelts were worth 50 cents each. It was not unusual to see 18 or 20 " stiffs " about a buffalo poisoned carcass.

" The temptation to hunters, like Morrison, to steal out of the post, without military escort, for the sake of pelts, was great. He was warned not to leave the military reservation without protection, but relied on his Winchester rifle and his revolver to stand off hostiles.



A VICTIM OF THE CHEYENNES.

" One night in June he made one trip too many. Shortly after sunrise, Mr. Austin and I had mounted our broncos for the purpose of making a reconnoissance before breakfast, when we heard shooting, hardly a thousand yards from us. The garrison consisted of four companies 3d Infantry, one troop each of 7th and 10th cavalry. Looking eastward Scout Austin and I saw a white man pursued, shot and scalped, by a small party of mounted Indians. Of course, at the first shot we started for the hostiles, leaving troopers to follow later. Morrison did not fire a shot. His right arm had been disabled by the first volley from the ambushed Indians and they swooped down on him, completed their barbarous work, remounted and were in retreat before we reached the still warm body of Morrison. The Indians then ran against the wind and set the prairie on fire, compelling us to take to the river to keep from being burned."

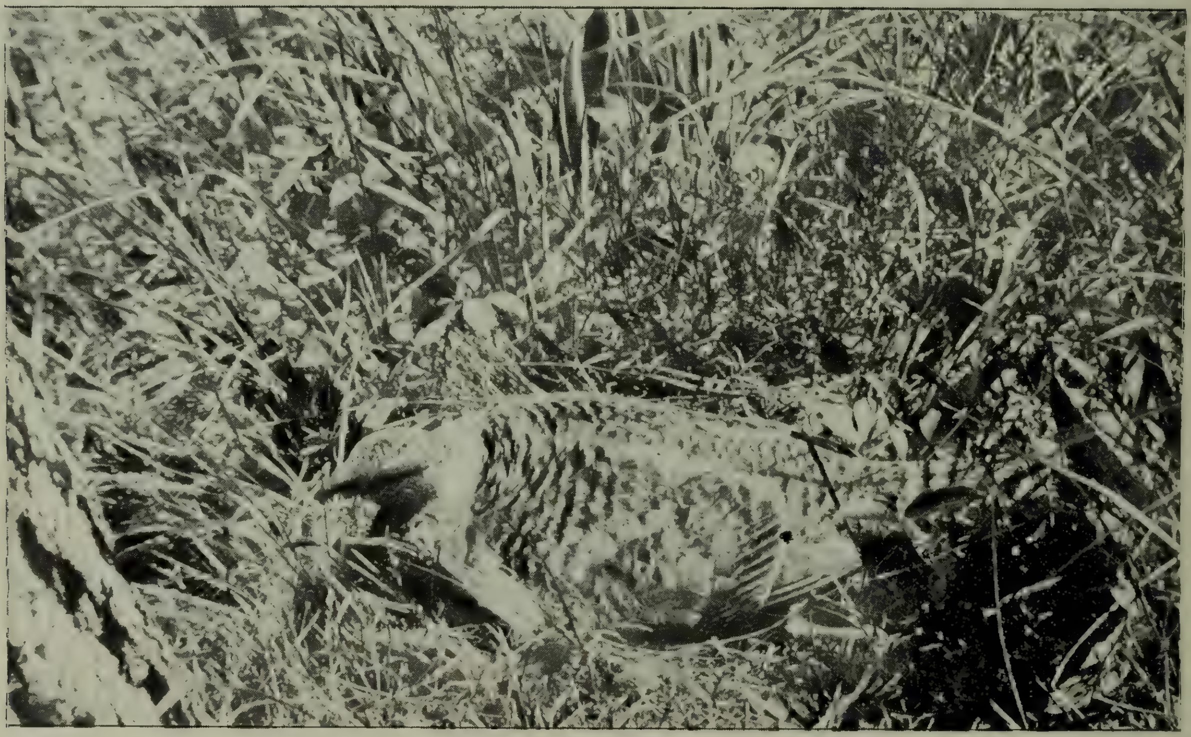
SOME HABITS OF THE DUSKY GROUSE.

SYLVAN.

THE mountain grouse, blue grouse or dusky grouse as it is variously called, is found all over the Rocky mountain region, as well as in the Cascade and Coast ranges In northern Idaho it nests in May, laying eight or ten light brown eggs, in a rude nest built on the ground near a tree or under a small bush. A slight depression is made and this is lined sparingly with grass and dead leaves. The nest is almost invariably placed on the hillside, or just at the edge of a gully or shallow canyon in the open timber, down near the foothills. The position of the nest is such as to give the bird a good view, up and down and across the canyon, as well as back on the ridge or sloping ground. Instinct teaches it to build its nest where it can watch the approach of an enemy from any direction. One of these is the cayote, but probably the eggs are more often destroyed by the red pine squirrel than by any other animal.

While nesting, the grouse is quite fearless. At least it will sit quietly on the nest, allowing a person on foot to pass within five or six feet of it. Once while riding horseback, through the woods, my pony stepped within a few inches of one and it did not move.

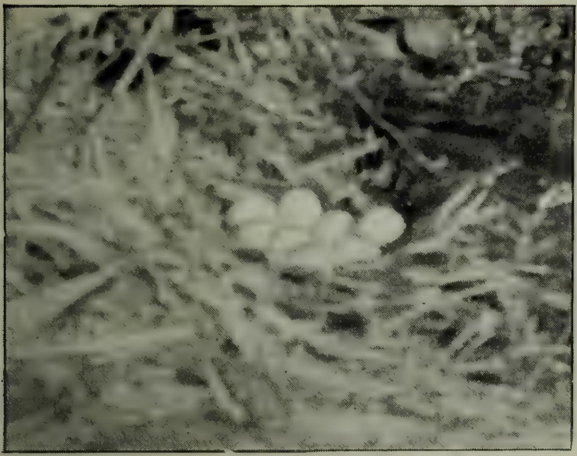
In the last of May or first of June, depending somewhat on the season, the young grouse are hatched and leave the nest with the mother, at once. Occasionally you may find the old bird with the brood only a few days old. She will flutter off as if wounded, at the same time uttering a warning cry of danger, understood by the young. It is really surprising how quickly the little fellows can hide, and it is almost impossible to find them. You know exactly where they all were only two seconds ago, but they have disappeared. Still they must be within a few feet of you. You do not like to tramp about much for fear you may crush them, so get down and push aside each brown leaf, or tuft of grass or bunch of pine needles, and you may find one lying perfectly quiet and confident of safety, under a dead leaf. almost the exact color of itself. What a beauty! A mere ball of yellow and brown, with eyes brighter than dew drops, in which are reflected the dark pines and rocky ledges of its mountain home. But in this little pulsating, downy mass, are bound up great possibilities. It grows rapidly, and by the middle of August is as large as a Bob-white. A month later, its rapid flight through forest isles sends the dead leaves flying.



THE MOTHER GROUSE ON HER NEST.

Now is the harvest of the eager hunter. The birds are mostly found on the higher levels, and during the middle of the day, while the sun is warm, are often seen playing in dust and ashes of a half burned log, or else sitting contentedly on the ground, beneath the low, spreading branches of a stunted pine. When startled from their mid-day siesta, they will pitch rapidly down the neighboring canyon into the dense timber and are soon lost to sight. The hunter must be quick and shoot well beneath the fast flying game, or he will surely miss.

Grouse are very fond of the mountain huckleberry, and patches of these are likely places in which to find them. They also feed on sarvis and hawthorn berries, the seeds of the wild rose, and the buds and leaves of different trees. In the crops during the summer and early fall, are also found the macerated remains of grasshoppers, moths, worms and various kinds of beetles. As winter approaches, food becomes scarce, and the ground is covered with snow, they repair to the friendly, tall firs, on whose buds and leaves they feed during the long dreary winter.



NEST AND EGGS OF THE DUSKY GROUSE.

The pitiless storms beat about them and the piercing cold surrounds ; but close to the trunk of the rugged tree, and beneath its thick green canopy of drooping limbs, this brave bird awaits the melting winds of spring to lay bare the south hill sides, and to awaken the joyous, rushing water courses, when he ventures out in quest of a change of diet. His heart has not failed him, and although for months his home has been the dark, cheerless, sombre shades of weeping firs he has been content. He had faith in the changing seasons. Spring has come at last, and now the mountain side echoes the low hooting of the male as he sits lengthwise on a limb cheering the heart of his industrious mate who is in search of a suitable place to build her nest and rear her young.

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

IV.

Roy Tippetts.

This little, brown-eyed lad lives with his parents in the somewhat picturesque lumbering town of Bonner, Mont., at the mouth of Big Blackfoot canyon, just above where the Blackfoot river empties into the Missoula river.

The place is almost surrounded by high and rugged mountains, which are covered with spruce and tamarack. Bears, mountain lions and deer are plentiful, and, although Roy is but 13 years old, he often takes his rifle and penetrates this mountain wilderness for miles, alone.

In September last, just after the first fall of snow, Roy and a boy friend started up the mountain, early one morning, for a hunt. Game was scarce that day, and having traveled the greater portion of the forenoon without getting a shot, and being tired and hungry, they concluded to return home.

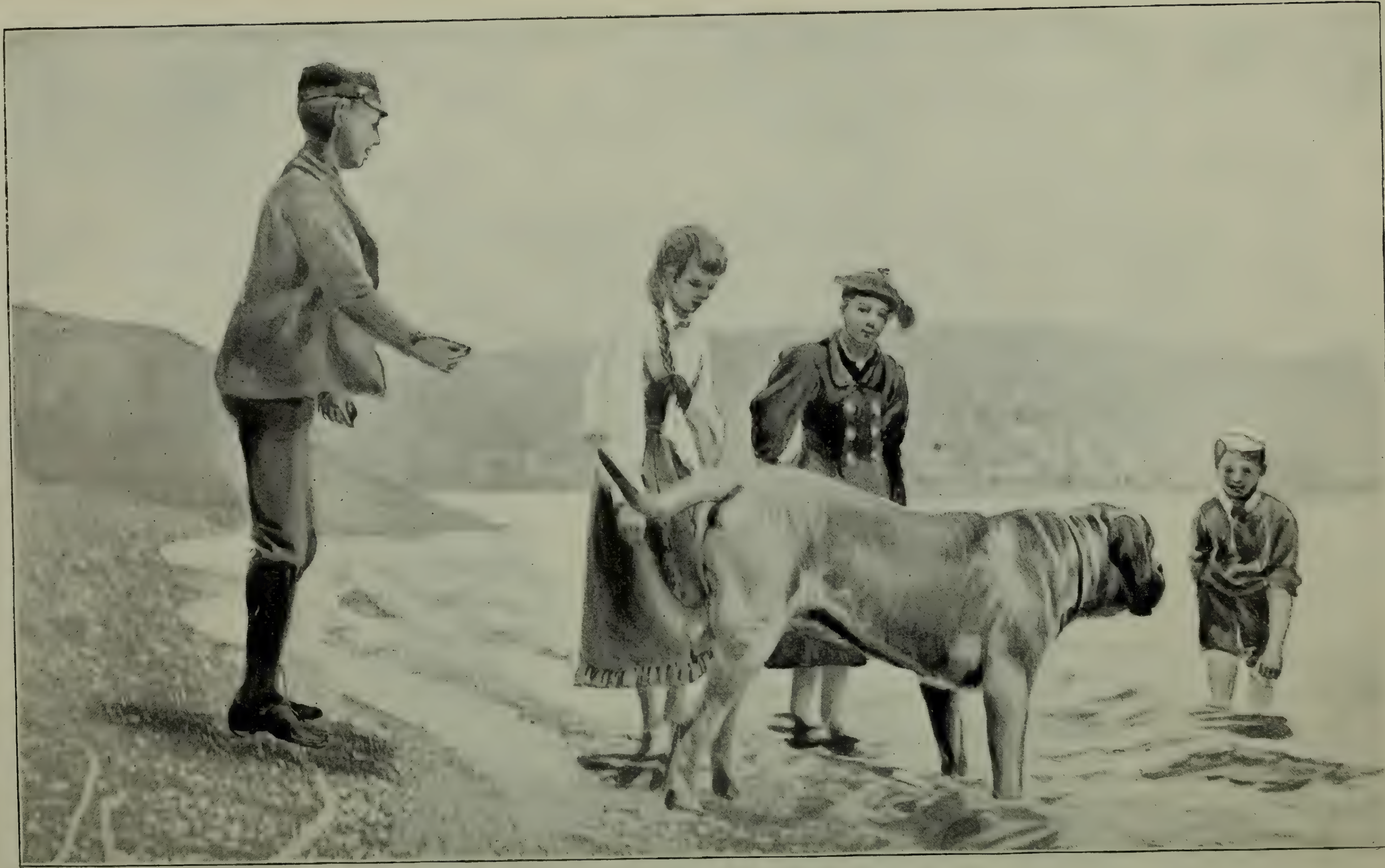
Roy's friend was some distance in advance, and Roy, coming to a convenient log, sat down to rest. He had been there but a few minutes when he heard a noise just above him, on the mountain side, which he took to be snow falling from the trees. Turning to look, however, he saw a big black bear and two half grown cubs, coming toward him, evidently not having discovered him.

Roy raised his rifle and fired at the mother bear, who ran about 50 yards down the mountain side and fell over a log dead. His second shot brought down cub number one, and his third broke both fore legs of cub number two. The other boy now arrived on the scene and finished cub number two with a shot behind the shoulder. The ball had hit the old bear just below the right eye and cub number one had his neck broken.

This cut shows the old bear after having been mounted. It is unfortunate that she could not have been placed in the hands of a good taxidermist. The skins from the cubs were sold.

Roy's rifle is a 44 Marlin and was given him by his father. Writing of this marvelous young hunter, Mr. A. J. Stone, of Missoula, says : "He has handled a rifle ever since he was seven years old, and has killed a great deal of game. He is also a good wing shot. and with a 16-gauge gun often brings in a good bag of blue grouse. He is quiet and unpretentious, manly and self possessed. He does not appear to be at all elated with his success in hunting. He is not selfish and is always ready to divide honors with his boy friends. He is loved by all neighbors and we feel he richly deserves a place in Recreation's corps of "clever boy shooters."

ROY TIPPETS AND ONE OF HIS PRIZES.



THE MASTIFF ON GUARD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHARACTER OF THE MASTIFF.

J. L. WINCHELL.

There have never been in America as many responsible mastiff breeders as in England. Almost any large, yellow dog poses for a mastiff among the majority of American breeders. Most of the purchasers of such dogs are like a buyer who, at the New York Bench show, pointed to an extended pedigree, that was tacked up on the back of one of the mastiff benches, and said, "I want a dog with a pedigree like that." The exhibitor had traced the pedigree of his dog, on paper, almost back to Adam. The would-be purchaser wanted a pedigree to show. As to the dog, that did not matter.

It is much easier to manufacture an extended pedigree than to breed a fine mastiff ; yet the true mastiff is ranked in this country with any dog that may be called, by its owner, a mastiff, and has to suffer for the short comings of such stock. The typical mastiff of to-day is entirely different from that of 100 years ago. He is greatest of all watch dogs and knows no fear. He will not molest even an ill looking intruder on his master's premises so long as that person behaves himself ; but let him make an improper movement or touch any property belonging to the owner of the house and he will be promptly warned to keep "hands off." He is not likely to be injured, even then, but may be jumped on and knocked down ; or possibly led from the grounds. Few cases of laceration have ever been recorded against the true mastiff. He seldom sleeps at his post at night. For ages he has been employed as a guard and it has therefore become natural for him to sleep during the day.

The mastiff shows a remarkable warmth in his attachments, and on the other hand is moderate in his dislikes. The great beauty of the high bred mastiff is his even disposition. You can always depend on him. He is not to be imposed on. He is often a better judge of character than his master or mistress. Fine clothes do not make the man in his estimation. I would always trust the likes and dislikes of a well bred and well kept mastiff. His value as a house dog and a companion for ladies and children can not be appreciated save by those who have owned one or more. In the absence of the master nothing escapes Sir Lion's watchful eye. He readily adapts himself to circumstances and environment. For instance, my mastiff, Black Prince, whose portrait is shown herewith, when at the lake in the summer, with my children, is most solicitous that they are not drowned. It is all right for them to bathe or play in the water, if quiet, and if they do not go out too far ; but the moment they commence jumping and making much noise, as if they were in trouble, in he goes and out come the children, even if they have to be led out, one by one. The picture shows him watching my boy, who is trying to see how far he can go before Prince comes after him.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

VIII.

Philip Reade entered West Point in 1864 ; was graduated four years later and assigned to the 3d Infantry, with the grade of 2d lieutenant, May 13, 1867. Some years later he was promoted to the grade of 1st lieutenant, and on November 13, 1869, to that of captain, still remaining in the same regiment.

In 1875 he was detailed to build a telegraph line from Santa Fe, N. M., to San Diego, Cal., a distance of 1,500 miles. He surveyed several routes, selected the best and built the line solely by the labor of troops, 100 unskilled men being assigned him for the purpose.

He was engaged in this work for nearly three years. Without money or expert assistance, he felled trees and hauled them to the line, set them up and strung the wire. He crossed rivers and mountains, deserts of sand and rocky canyons. He was menaced by hostile Indians and impeded by the prejudices of Mexicans. Every 25 or 30 miles he established a telegraph office or a relay station.

In 1878, he reported that the Pacific slope and the rest of the world had telegraphic communication. He received for this remarkable achievement the thanks of the authorities of New Mexico, Arizona and California. His work was characterized by General Pope as "beyond praise." He also received from General Myer a remarkable reward.

In 1881 he rejoined his regiment in Montana. Here he had excellent opportunities to indulge his love of hunting and fishing. He was, and still is, an expert rifleman as well as a wing shot, and killed a great deal of both large and small game. He distinguished himself as a long range rifleman. For six consecutive years he qualified annually as a sharpshooter and was awarded the insignia of that grade by the War Department.

In 1886 he was assigned to duty on General Terry's staff, at Chicago, as Division Inspector of rifle practice, in which position he served with great ability and credit four years.

In the *Army and Navy Journal*, of December 15, 1894, appeared this editorial statement: "Captain Philip Reade is one of the most active men in the army. He is constantly turning up unexpectedly, and always at the head of whatever enterprise he undertakes.

"He is a noted specialist in many different branches of his profession, besides being a forceful and brilliant writer on technical military subjects. Wherever he goes, he makes his abilities felt. First, he was known as an enthusiast in military signaling. Then he gained prominence as a rifle shot and an expert in the matter of small arms for projection. His contributions on the genesis of the military arms of all nations are second only to those of Blunt and Russell. Then he stirred up the entire National Guard of the northwest to the importance of knowing how to shoot, and he organized the Military Rifle Association of the National Guard of the northwest.

"Now he is known as an energetic recruiting officer,—the most successful in results of any officer at present engaged in that duty. As an off-hand after-dinner speaker he rivals Wallace Randolph, and his services are in demand for addresses by military societies, patriotic societies, social clubs and chafing dish clubs. He is as good a cook as he is a raconteur. He is never idle, 'Phil' isn't."

One of his great achievements is the writing of his signature, as shown above. I have no doubt that autograph would get him a commission as field marshal in the Japanese army, if he wanted it.

Captain Reade is writing for RECREATION a series of articles on "The Genesis of the Metallic Cartridges," which will be fully illustrated from original drawings. He assures me that he is doing some of the most thorough and careful literary work of his life on these papers.

Professor F. V. Yeager writes from Newport, Idaho: "On the 23d inst., a deer coolly swam over the falls here, and after getting into the eddy below afforded a good target for three riflemen, who fired about twelve shots at it when it was finally killed and dragged ashore.

The counties of Polk, Marshall and Kittson, in northern Minnesota, afford perhaps the finest chicken shooting to be had in the whole country. Both varieties (pinated and sharp-tail) are exceedingly numerous, and on the waters of the many streams and lakes in this section, numbers of ducks, mainly mallards, redheads, canvas-backs, teal (both varieties), etc., are to be found. In order to insure success with the latter a boat should be used.

Editor RECREATION : Cora, Wyo.

The winter range of the large game, in Jackson's Hole and the Green River country, is being overstocked with sheep, and a large portion of the game is likely to starve, should the winter be a hard one. IRA DODGE.

MISS HELEN DUNHAM.

This little lady, although but 8 years old, if an enthusiastic cyclist. She is the daughter of Mr. John C. Dunham, secretary of the Buffalo Wheel company. She rarely allows a pleasant day to pass without riding five or six miles and, with her elder brother, frequently takes a spin of 10 or 12 miles. She, of course, rides a Niagara, and says she considers it about the best wheel in the market.

Newburyport, Mass.

Editor RECREATION :

An amusing incident occurred here recently, in which a small red fox played a prominent part. A man, while passing along one of our principal streets, saw the fox come up off one of the wharves, and being a sportsman, could not resist the temptation to chase him. The wind was blowing a gale, and it was snowing hard. The weather was anything but agreeable for a fox hunt, but the man started for the game, and was joined by about a dozen other men and several boys. The fox took to the street car track, and was leading well, with the "pack" in full cry, but was pressed so hard that he turned into a side street and, frightened and bewildered at the strange sights about him, took refuge in an open hall way, and was captured by means of a coat being thrown over him. He proved to be a tame one, that had escaped from his owner. He disturbed the Sabbath, and caused considerable excitement for the time being.

E. W. TILTON.

M. W. Miner, Baker City, Oregon, whom many of the readers of RECREATION already know as a contributor thereto, is planning to spend next summer in the Wind River mountains, and says if he does so, he would be willing to show a few eastern sportsmen one of the finest summer resorts on the continent. He has spent many months in that range, and knows where all the big trout hide and where the elk, deer, bear and antelope most do congregate.

HUNTING JACK RABBITS AWHEEL.

J. H. Jones.

"Hold on! You see that faint, indistinct, whitish spot off to the left?"

"What! That a jack rabbbit, in that short growth of buffalo grass, where a quail could scarcely find cover? Impossible!"

"May be so, but try it."

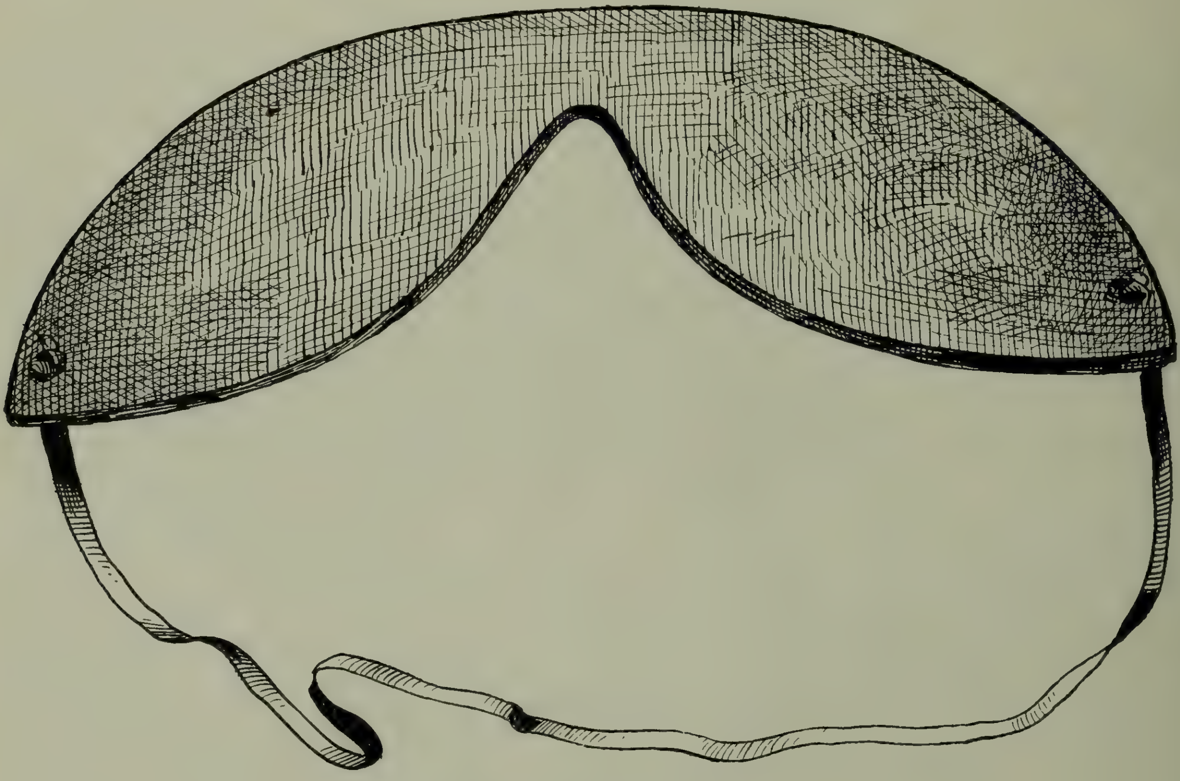
You walk carelessly toward the object. Aha! Like an explosion, he breaks cover; eyes starting from their sockets and ears in the wind. When his feet touch the earth again he has covered fifteen feet—yes, twenty-five, if badly frightened. *Bang!* What? *Bang!!* Well, I'll be hanged! Ha! ha! You who boast of your ability to stop the blue wing teal in his swiftest flight, and the crazy woodcock as he jerks himself this way and that, like a dry oak leaf in a gale—yes, and you have missed a plain, common Dakota jack rabbit, right and left, fair and square. He hops serenely away with those characteristic, springy bounds, that lead you to think India rubber enters largely into his composition, and at a distance of two hundred yards, he suddenly halts, sits erect, and with ears that suggest two huge interrogation points, he takes a good look at you; while you long for a Winchester. Now he is beating tan bark again, with that spasmodic bound which soon carries him out of sight. A mere snowy speck, he disappears over the farthest swell in the prairie, a good mile away.

A NEW USE FOR THE WHEEL.

This is the experience of the average novice with his first jack.

If he has not yet become wild from being hunted, he bounds away from the intruder at a leisurely gait, with a peculiar sidewise motion, turning first one way and then the other, that he may the better observe your operations. But when once he makes up his mind to get out of your vicinity as quickly as possible, and starts with that end in view, it is time to begin hostilities, if you wish to get him, for he is out of range of shot almost instantly. As soon as he is thoroughly satisfied of this, he coolly sits up and indulges his curiosity by scrutinizing you thoroughly. At your first movement he is off again, and this time for good. It is simply wonderful, considering their bulk and size, in how slight a cover they will effectually hide. Flattened out with those ridiculously long ears pressed tightly back on the neck, you will pass within a few yards of them, in grass that barely reaches your ankles, and never dream of their close proximity. Spying them thus, I have often approached and by closest attention, tried to note their first movement. Perhaps you have seen the pike, as he lay in some quiet pool, lazily moving his gills in gentle respiration, his eyes turned up in serene content and apparently seeing nothing. Did you ever notice the first movement of alarm? No! Like an arrow fired from the bow he is gone; and as he left, he resembled nothing so much as a yellow streak. So with the jack; when once he has become wild his swiftness is amazing, and is proven by the fact that four, six, and even ten feet, is none too much lead to give him at forty yards. It was a beautiful day late in November, when my friend and I first conceived the idea of a rabbit hunt on bicycles. With the bluest of skies, such sunshine as is found only on the prairie, and a crisp frosty air, we yearned to go; livery was expensive, and walking on the vast expanse of prairie decidedly discouraging. Why not ride our wheels?

Armed with ten gauge guns and plenty of goose ammunition, we rode out amid the jeers and sarcastic comments of our friends. Once out of town we left the road, and at the risk of puncturing our tires on the villainous cactus, we pedaled rapidly through the grass. The ball was soon opened by a vigorous and thoroughly alarmed "John." Somewhat rattled by the sudden dismount, I missed with my first barrel. The second caught him amidships and broke him up in business completely. A circuit of eight or ten miles sufficed to load us down. The accompanying picture was taken after our return. With an even dozen we quit the hunt, having demonstrated the utility of the bicycle in an entirely new direction.



THE ROBINS EYE PROTECTOR.

AN EPISODE OF THE BUFFALO DAYS.

E. W. ROBINS.

SOME years ago, when nearly blind, and suffering intense pain, I made a discovery which has been of great value to me. It was in February, 1882. I had been riding nearly all day. The snow was pure, light and feathery. Had each tiny flake been a diamond, of the first water, the effect could not have been more beautiful, nor yet more terrible. The sky, too, was pure and blue as only a mountain sky can be. During most of the afternoon the trail of the game I was following had kept me facing the sun. The signs were fresh; I needed meat and was loth to quit the trail. The pain in my eyes became intense. I blackened my face and did what else I knew to alleviate my sufferings, but to no purpose. The aching in my head became unendurable, and my swollen, blood-shot eyes would serve to me no longer, so I was forced to camp.

Sitting by the camp fire, with my eyes tightly bandaged, the outlook was anything but pleasing. I must abandon the trail and return without my meat. But to reach my cabin on Clear creek (in the Canyon, four miles above Ft. McKinney, Wyo.,) would require at least two days. I firmly believed that two hours more of this terrible sunlight would render me totally blind.

Racked with pain and depressed by gloomy forebodings, I sat and thought until dying embers and falling mercury reminded me that it was time to act.

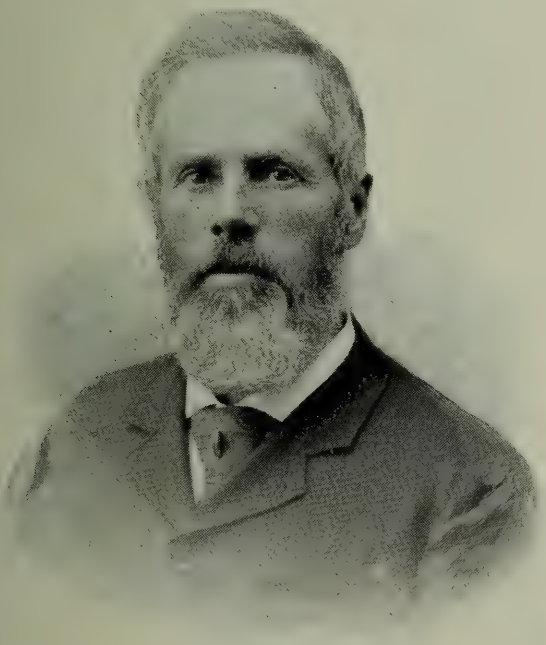
Late in the evening of the second day following I arrived at my cabin with both horses loaded with meat and myself well and happy. All this was due to my having made the best possible use of two chews of fine cut and a small bit of leather. The tobacco was used as a poultice for the eyes, being frequently removed and cooled in the snow. (There is nothing better for reducing inflammation.) By morning my eyes were much more comfortable, and though very sensitive, I was still able to bear a little light.

The bit of leather did the rest. Since that time it has made just as many trips into the mountains as I have. Here are the instructions for shaping it: Select a heavy piece of leather. (That's what's the matter with my saddle skirt.)

Cut it to about 2 x 6 inches. Whittle one of the long edges until it will touch every point in a line drawn from just under and a little back of the outside corner of your right eye across the face to a corresponding point under the left eye. Now round the opposite edge until it comes to a line just under each eye, leaving something like one-quarter of an inch of leather over the nose. Finally connect the two ends with a piece of elastic cord sufficient to go around the head.

This simple contrivance, worn edgewise under the eyes, will intercept all the reflected rays of sunlight and will not distort nor discolor the direct ones. Neither will it dim your vision by overheating the eyes. It will not only prevent, but speedily cure snow blindness and the terrible headache which accompanies it. The above sketch is from the original, and is nearly life size.

E. W. ROBINS is dead. The dear, good old man was killed in the terrible explosion of giant powder, which occurred in Butte, Mont., on the night of January 15th. He was bravely aiding in rescuing others, who had been killed or wounded, when he, himself, met a sudden and violent death. Readers of RECREATION will remember a letter from him, printed in the February number, in which he outlined the plan of a bear hunt, he intended to make, in the Salmon River Mountains, in April and May. Another short article from his pen is printed in this issue, in which he describes a device for preventing snow blindness. Still others are in hand for future publication.



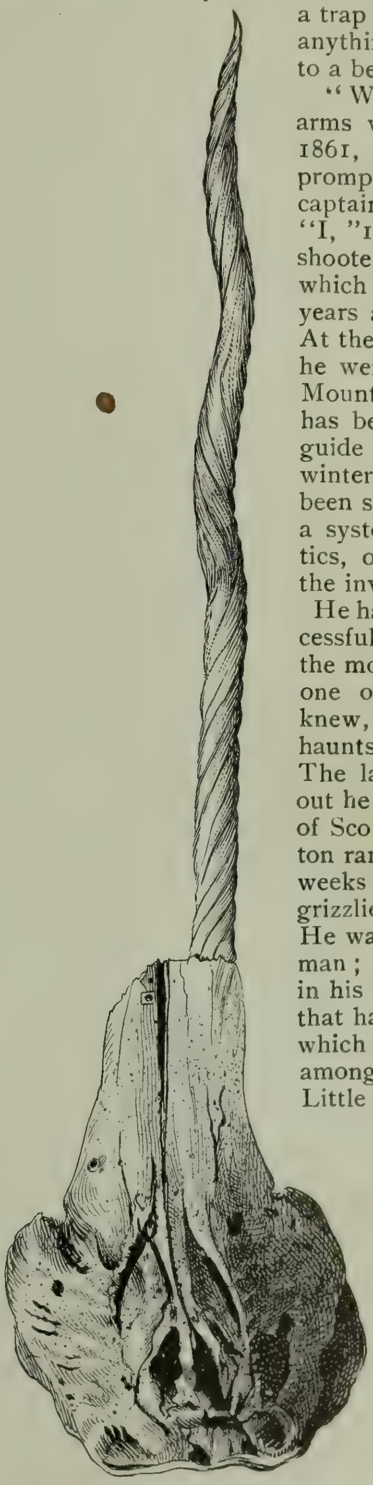
I had known Mr. Robins but a few months, but in that short time had learned to love him as a brother. His letters breathed the spirit of the typical mountaineer. It was easy to read, between the lines, of the large heart, the simple nature, the honest, frank, open mind, the modest, affectionate disposition that went to make this rare man.

Mr. E. S. Paxson, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Robins, writes :

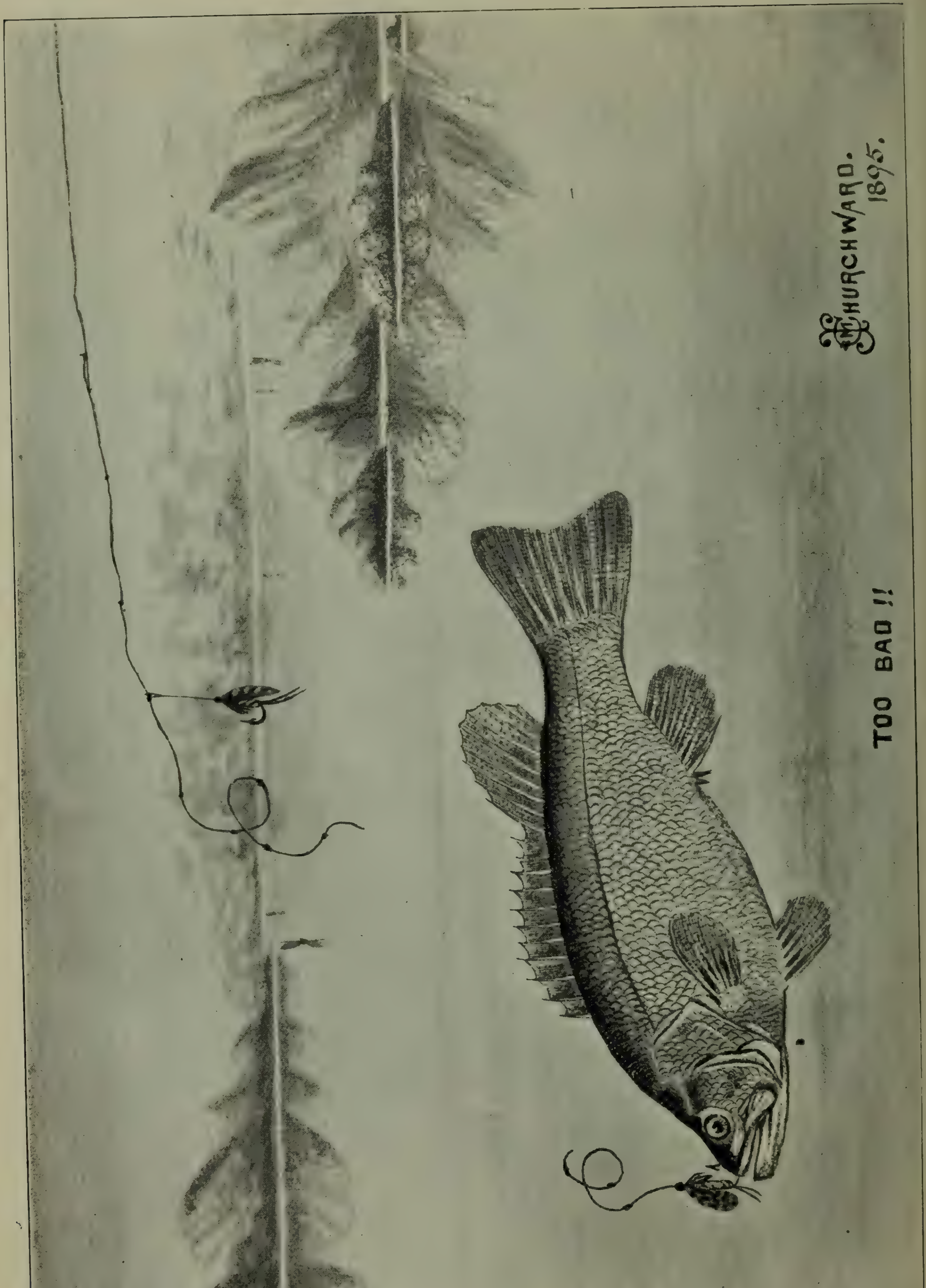
"Edwin W. Robins was born in Newark, N. J., in 1842. During his boyhood he spent three years trapping in northern Michigan. His only weapon, while there, was a hatchet, and I have heard him say that with this he could build a trap that would catch anything from a mink to a bear,

"When the call to arms was sounded, in 1861, he responded promptly. He became captain of Company "I, "1st U. S. Sharpshooters (Berdan's) with which he served three years and six months. At the close of the war he went to the Rocky Mountains, where he has been a scout and guide ever since. His winters, of late, have been spent in teaching a system of mathematics, of which he was the inventor.

He has led many a successful party through the mountains and was one of the few who knew, unerringly, the haunts of big game. The last time he was out he took Mr. Ilgies, of Scotland, to the Teton range, and in four weeks they killed three grizzlies and two elk. He was a quiet, genial man ; plain and simple in his habits, devoid of that habit of boasting, which is so prevalent among mountaineers. Little is known of his varied experiences in the mountains, except by a few intimate friends. To these he was always ready to talk freely. He leaves a wife, three married daughters and two sons.



LIEUTENANT PEARY has given the New York Yacht Club the head and tusk of a narwhal, which he captured in the Arctic sea. The club sent it to W. W. Hart & Co., taxidermists, 16 North William street, where it has been macerated and handsomely mounted on a heavy oak panel. This curious relic, a cut of which is shown above, will hereafter occupy a prominent place in the club rooms.


CHURCHWARD.
1895.

TOO BAD !!

NOTICE TO QUIT.

MYRA EMMONS.

The southeast corner of New Mexico is part of the great American desert *de facto*. Burning sands, bristling cacti and ragged clumps of dwarfed mesquite stretch away in every direction, and furnish a limitless home for the prairie dog, the tarantula and rattle-snake. Along the water courses there are hints of vegetation, and fifteen or twenty years ago the valleys yielded a heavy growth of bunch grass. This was long since eaten off and trampled out by the innumerable herds that formed the pride and wealth of many a " Cattle King." To-day the barren wastes will scarcely support the jack rabbits ; and the cattle industry, having overreached itself in its greed for gain, has been practically forced to leave the country.

In the days when it flourished along the valley of the Rio Pecos, an old stone ranch house, near the river bank, was the home of a prominent cattleman, whom we will call Mr. Yeddo, because that was not his name. He and his cowboys were nearly always on the best of terms. The only point on which he had difficulty in maintaining his authority, was that the boys would not bury the Mexicans they killed.

The unwritten law of that genial land made it certain death for a Mexican to be caught stealing cattle. No thoroughbred cowboy would hesitate an instant to shoot a Mexican when caught in this alluring pastime ; and the average cowboy was not rigid as to the proofs. He would often shoot on suspicion. To this practice Mr. Yeddo had no objection. He only insisted that the dead bodies should be buried. But this was too much like work. Besides, an occasional dead Mexican left on the range, gave forth a delicate yet penetrating hint to live intruders that safety lay in absence.

One day three Mexicans were killed, and their bodies lay around awhile spoiling in the hot sun. After repeated urgings on the part of Mr. Yeddo, the boys finally set off, with a good-natured whoop and yell, to perform the interment.

Several days later Mr. Yeddo, in riding over the range, came upon the graves. The Mexicans had been buried, sure enough ; but the jolly cowboys, determined to use the bodies in some way as a warning to evil-doers, had left the arms of each corpse sticking out. Three pairs of gruesome hands pointing up at the sky gave warning to Mexican cattle thieves, and proof to the world that the hardened and woolly cowboy may possess the ghastly imagination of a Poe.

MY FIANCEE.

Philip C. Reilly.

She smiles ; the cruel world seems bright,
The sun is ever shining ;
Each bird has anthems new to me,
Each cloud a silver lining.

She laughs ; the very heavens seem
Transported here below ;
And winter seems like gentle spring,
The earth devoid of snow.

She weeps ; the world is cold and drear
And darkness reigns supreme ;
The sun-light falls on others but
On me it casts no beam.

She sings ; my very heart stands still ;
Perhaps you've heard her sing?
I softly steal a while away—
I can't stand everthing.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The Forks, Me.

Editor RECREATION :

Last fall I was in the woods with Mr. Robeson, of Springfield, Mass., and Mr. M. H. White, of Vernon, Ct. While they were waiting at the Forks for me to join them, they went out with "Bub" Durgin as guide, and got two deer.

We started for the Spencer for moose, intending also to kill deer and carribou in case we saw any. On December 3d, as we were crossing the new burnt lands near Spencer stream, we met with an accident that came very near proving fatal. We saw a great many fresh deer signs and thought we would try for a shot. I sent Mr. Robeson on one side of a little clump of green timber, while Mr. White and I took the other side. Just as we were getting around the timber we heard Mr. Robeson's gun crack. At the same time I felt a slight shock at my back. Mr. White said, "Look out, Robeson has started them." I said, "No. He has fired at us, and his bullet hit my pack."

On examination we found that the bullet had gone through the centre of my pack, through frying pan and everthing in the outfit.

This was the first ill-luck of the trip. Next day we started a big buck carribou, but did not get a shot. Tuesday, December 5th, we reached Tommy Gerrard's camp, at Spencer lake, having traveled some 60 miles without seeing a moose track. Wednesday Mr. White and I started out for a deer, Mr. Robeson having sprained his ankle the day previous. We succeeded in getting a large buck, with a fine set of antlers, one of the largest heads that has been taken in this vicinity this year. Thursday we came to The Forks and Friday they started for home.

On Saturday, December 8th, I started out with Mr. William McKay, of Nova Scotia, on another moose hunt. This time we went to Moxie pond hunting grounds. The first day out we came on the tracks of 12 carribou, which we followed for about 60 miles before we came up to them. Mr. McKay succeeded in bringing down the leader of the band, which was a fine buck. His antlers spread over 2 feet and had 12 prongs on one side and 9 on the other—the finest carribou head taken in this vicinity in a year.

We next discovered a yard of five moose ; but as it had rained and made the snow crusty, we did not try them that day.

We started on another trail of four carribou which we came up with in one day, where they had joined another band of ten. They were on a large bog, and were in a fine place to get at. Mr. McKay had but one more to shoot, as the law only allows one person two carribou. I told him I had killed no carribou this year, so we had a right to three more. We opened fire on them and succeeded in getting three, one good buck, but not so large as the first one.

On this trip we saw 20 carribou and the signs of more than 30 ; also the signs of 9 moose.

I persuaded Mr. McKay to stay and try for a moose. So we again started for the yard which we reached the first day out.

"Now," said he, "if there is any science in still-hunting moose, do your best."

I told him, if he would do just as I told him I would show him a moose. So we began to "work up" the yard. I soon found there were five moose in it. The underbrush were so thick that it was difficult to go fast, but finally I saw a moose. We had found that there was a large bull in the yard, and we knew they had heard or scented us, for we could hear them getting up all around us. Some of them were not more than 150 feet away. I told McKay he would have to shoot at what we could see, as we dare not try to go any closer, to make sure of the old bull. So we opened fire and, on rushing in found two moose badly wounded, one a three-year-old bull—not the old fellow—the other a fine large cow.

Thus you see that in little more than one week we had killed four caribou and two moose, being all the law allowed us. Still some people claim the large game of Maine is being exterminated. There is more large game in the state to-day than ever before

GEO. C. JONES.

PROTECT THE GAME.

Boise City, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION :

You deserve the thanks and the patronage of every true sportsman, every lover of the gun and the mountains, in all these Rocky Mountain states for your efforts to have the Indians prevented from slaughtering game all over this section, and particularly in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone Park.

Every one who has visited the region mentioned by Hon. B. M. Webster, in his letter published in January RECREATION, can corroborate what that gentleman says as to the depredations of Indians on the game.

In August, 1892, Rev. D. M. McReynolds, Mr. S. D. Wester and myself, went from here to the Yellowstone Park, and from there to Jackson's lake, where we spent a month hunting and fishing. We crossed the Teton mountains into Jackson's Hole, September 5th, and found that the whole country south of the Park was full of Indians. There were hundreds of them, from both Forts Hall and Lemhi agencies, and the evidences of their slaughter of game could be seen all through the mountains in that section.

Mr. C. Ellsworth, of this place, and Mr. N. F. Kimball, of Weiser, Idaho, spent last September in that same country, and they report a similar condition as existing at that time. They told me the game had nearly all been killed or driven out of that region by the Indians. Another year or two will finish it up.

The officials try to make it appear to you that the Indians have permits to visit other tribes and reservations only. It can be proven that hundreds of these Indians have had permits to camp and hunt, at certain specified places in the mountains, for months at a time. I have read such permits myself ; and Mr. Ellsworth read one last fall, that stated that the bearer (a chief) and his band were permitted to camp at a certain creek, on the Gros Ventre river, and remain there until October 15th.

All our Rocky Mountain states have stringent game laws, and you can easily imagine how keenly we feel the injustice of allowing those red brutes to wander unmolested over the country and exterminate our game. Who can blame the whites for occasionally breaking the game laws, when they know that it is only a question of a short time when the Indians will have left no game for our laws to protect.

The Secretary of the Interior writes you that the Indians are not alone to be blamed for the destruction of our game. They are responsible for at least nine-tenths of all the game that is killed each summer and fall in the Teton mountains and the mountains just south of the Park.

Mr. Editor, you have a wide experience in hunting in the Rockies, and you know that only in rare cases do white men kill females, of any of our large game. They go for big heads, and seldom shoot a female, unless absolutely necessary to provide meat for camp. Not so with the Indians. They want the hides for buckskin, and the females and young are their special victims, as they prefer the lighter hides and as it is so much easier to find and kill females than males.

We would like to know who gets the provisions, groceries and clothing the government furnishes for these Indians, while hundreds of them are away from their reservations, for months at a time, hunting in the mountains. It is generally believed here that the answer to this might explain why they so readily obtain these permits and leaves of absence.

R. F. Cooke.

Dawson, N. D.

Editor Recreation :

Mr. S. S. Lyon, of Fargo, N. D., was with me last fall, and in four days we killed over 600 ducks on the Lake Chase pass.* The first day out we had only about four hours shooting and got 297 ducks. Mr. Lyon is one of the best shots in the state and he finds that shooting on this pass is the hardest he ever had, for the birds come fast and on one side they cannot be seen until within about 80 feet of the shooter, and when only 10 to 15 feet high. You know about how fast a duck can fly, and if you can make a double on that kind of shooting you may call yourself a good shot.

About a week after Mr. Lyon left, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Claflin, of New York, went out with me to the same place, and I was astonished to see Mrs. Claflin shoot. She made some of the best doubles I ever saw, and could put to shame some of the best shots in the country. A good many ladies come here to shoot, and most of them will keep a man looking for a stone or some large stump to get behind, when they see the birds coming. They get to pointing the gun wild, and the chances are that the gun is toward you most of the time ; but Mrs. Claflin handles her gun in a way that will make a man feel perfectly safe in her neighborhood.

The Lake Chase pass is reached via the Northern Pacific railway, to Dawson.

[*There should be a law in North Dakota, and in all the other states, for that matter, that would send a man to State's prison for about a year, for killing that many ducks in four days.—Editor.]

Marysville, Wyo.

Editor Recreation :

John and George Wilson, neighbors of mine, while hunting, saw a grizzly bear and her cub run into a bunch of willows, and sent their dog in after them. The old bear chased the dog out. The boys shot at it, one of them breaking its lower jaw, but still it came on after the dog. He went straight for John and ran between his legs, just as the bear made a grab for him. The bear's tusks struck John on the leg, by mistake. If its jaw had not been broken it might have been a serious bite. The bear still chased the dog, till the men succeeded in killing it. The cub got away.

We have had some cold weather, but a light snow fall so far. Elk have not made their appearance in the valley in any great numbers yet, but in the foot hills, bordering the valley, they have run in great droves, one bunch of 3,000 having been reported. The indications now are the game here will winter usually well. We elected a justice and constable this fall. Next summer we shall make an effort to keep the Indians out of here.

S. N. Leek.

Baltimore, Md.

Editor Recreation :

My son, who is 12 years old, has done some remarkable shooting with a 44-gauge, single-barrel Davenport shot-gun. He kills squirrels in the tops of the tallest trees, and ducks at good ranges. He killed two mallards a few days ago, one of which dropped dead at a measured distance of 46 yards, and the other at 37 yards from his blind. He has broken 18 out of 20 clay pigeons with this gun at 18 yards rise. I doubt if there is another boy in the country who can show as good a record, made with any high-priced gun.

A. G. Wells.

Haines Falls, N. Y.

Editor Recreation :

Have been very busy hunting during the past few weeks. Two feet of snow now on the Catskills. Foxes are so plenty that a bounty of $1.00, each is offered for scalps. The varmints are destroying the ruffed grouse and hares, and it is almost impossible to keep poultry.

John W. Rusk.

Editor Recreation :

The winter range of the large game, in Jackson's Hole and the Green River countries, is being overstocked with sheep, and a large portion of the game is likely to starve, should the winter be a hard one.

Ira Dodge.

Charles A. Alley, Walter Hale, Charles Hodgdon and William Potter, of Lynn ; B. F. Robinson and Charles Collins, of Saugus, and William Peabody, of Salem, Mass., hunted near New Market Lake, Maine, last fall. They killed 16 deer and a moose.

Caribou are plentiful near Lower Caledonia, N. S. Eight or ten were killed in that vicinity last fall, and a number of others seen. Two are all the law allows one man to take.

BICYCLING.

THE NEW YORK CYCLE SHOW.

This exhibition was a success in every way. Manufacturers were surprised at the large attendance and the people were astonished at the number, the novelty and the beauty of the exhibits. Such intercourse, between makers and riders of wheels, as these shows afford is of great benefit to both parties. This, I presume, is why the shows are held. The maker receives many valuable suggestions from his patrons, and the riders grow exceedingly wise from seeing all the wheels and all the accessories at one look, so to speak. Riders heads are now so full of ideas that they are all eager for the snow to go off and the mud to dry up, in order that they may apply their knowledge on the road. The manufacturers have gone home determined to outdo their neighbors in applying "selling points," and in pushing their goods. A trade exhibit, such as the cycle show, is a great stimulant to business.

Many society people attended the show, among whom were Eugene Lewis, S. D. Schuyler, C. K. Wilmerding, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, E. P. Fowler, W. P. Taber, Mrs. E. S. Taber, Mrs. E. S. Winthrop, F. K. Pendleton, Mrs. G. Hoffman, Miss Effie B. Barrowe, A. B. Twombley, Dr. C. M. Heredia, Gen. J. W. Kearney, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bronson, Stanford White, H. H. McAllister, S. A. Coates, C. B. Alexander, Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Piffard, Eugene Kelly, Jr., Eugene Robinson, F. A. Otis, B. F. Foulke, Mrs. George Gould, Dr. Forest Manice, Addison Cammack, Col. William Jay, the Misses Leigh, Miss McAllister, Charles Gould, Dr. L. O. Vanderpool, W. F. Burden, J. B. Townsend, Elisha Dyer, Windham Quin and Miss Virginia Fair.

Among the novelties of the show were the pretty girls who were employed by some exhibitors to show off their wheels. Graceful men might ride round the ring all day and few people would notice them, but let one of the girls spin by, in up-to-date costume, and every man in the garden would watch her as far as he could see her.

Thousands of people who have never owned or ridden a wheel attended this show. Many of those caught the fever and bought wheels. They are now in the schools learning to ride. This is another phase of the good done by these great fairs.

Some people who have heretofore ridden quietly alone, caught the *esprit du corps* when mingling with the jolly throng, and have now gone off to join clubs. Next summer they will ride in the procession.

There are over 100 bicycle factories in the United States ; more than $20,000,000 invested in the industry, and over 50,000 men employed. Each year doubles the investment and the output.

The straightaway mile record has again been lowered. This time W. J. Edwards, of San José, Cal., did it. His time was 1 m. 34 1-5s. The best previous was 1 m. 35s.

The retail dealer is a prominent figure at the show. He examines every wheel exhibited with a critical eye in order to be able to meet competition intelligently.

The National Cycle Board of Trade has decided that hereafter the annual show shall be a fixture.

CYCLING NOTES.

Chicago makers say their local show was more valuable to them than that held in New York. Another exhibit will be held in Chicago next December.

An expensive three-lap track has been built at Salt Lake, Utah, and application has been made for dates on the National circuit.

The Lincoln Cycling Club, of Chicago, received the Century Road Club Medal for the greatest number of centuries ridden by any one club in '94.

The American racing team which went to Mexico reports success, and the members are highly pleased with their reception.

Many woman riders are using men's machines. The rational costumes render this practicable.

A small, but successful cycle show was held in St. Louis, last month. It was the first ever given west of the Mississippi river.

During the recent Brooklyn strike bicycles were put to good use. They were numerous during the tie-up, and the possessor of a wheel suffered no inconvenience.

The Pope has decided that priests must not ride bicycles.

The salary of the secretary of the L. A. W. has been reduced to $2,000.

One of the remarkable performances of 1894 was that of Dr. Milton Keim, of Philadelphia, 56 years old, who has been officially credited with 18,538 miles.

Ziegler, the principal of the Falcon team, is training on the Pacific coast. The team will come east in April and enter the circuit.

King Leopold, of Belgium, is an enthusiastic cyclist and attends many of the races.

Johnson has built what he calls a skacycle and has done some speedy work on the ice. The machine is a bicycle fitted with a runner, attached to the front fork, and a belt of spikes on the rear wheel.

The *Bulletin*, the official organ of the L. A. W., has ceased to exist. Trouble with the post-office authorities was one of the causes.

Asbury Park gets the racing meet.

FISH AND FISHING.

Professor Samuel Kayzer and Mr. Riebe, of Chicago, caught 16 muskalonge, ranging from 8 to 14 pounds each, in four hour's fishing on Rice lake, Wis., on November 4th, and shot a fine string of patridges on the trail. J. B. Mann, of Trout lake, caught a muskalonge weighing 22 pounds and several smaller ones, on November 3d, in the same lake.

Editor RECREATION :

A 5¼ pound pike, caught by Dr. Pankhurst and me, had swallowed a bass about nine inches long but could not conceal it all. The tail stuck out about two inches. What he had in ahead of the bass we did not look for. We hooked this pike with live minnow bait.

BLINN SMITH.

Colorado Springs, Col.

Editor RECREATION :

The 10 pound trout you refer to as caught by Mr. Shove, in the Gunnison, I had on my line, only a few days before, for 27 minutes, when he broke away. I, however, caught two of over 6 pounds each and several between 3 and 5 pounds.

ROBERT MEADE SMITH, M. D.

Williamsport, Pa.

Editor RECREATION :

Last year I landed some 90 salmon, weight from 2 to 8 pounds. These were landed with light steel rod, No. 19 Natchaug waterproof line and Expert reel. I use single gut. I don't keep count of the bass. This year I expect to land at least 100 salmon. FRED. H. SWEET.

La Grange county (Indiana) contains 51 beautiful, clear lakes, nearly all of which abound in black bass, blue gill perch and crappies. There are also a goodly number of small brooks. There is no trouble in securing a plentiful supply of chubs and shiners for bait. A good place to go in April or May.

TEXAS NOTES.

During the early autumn an English vessel, of light draft and capacity, came into Matagorda bay for refuge from rough weather. While at anchor near Pass Caballo several of the seamen whiled away the hours by fishing. One of the sailors, observing what he believed to be a monster fish of some kind, securely fastened a huge hook to a chain and, baiting it with about ten pounds of salt beef, dropped it overboard in about 18 feet of water. The chain was made fast to a spar. In a short time the monster was hooked. After some two hours of hard work the head was brought up level with the deck of the vessel, and a few well directed blows with an axe reduced the great creature to submission. When landed on deck the shark, for such it proved to be, had broken off many of his teeth on the chain. His mouth, when opened to its full capacity, was nearly two feet in diameter.

BROWN.

Along the Texas coast the sting ray, starry ray, *Raia radiata*, locally pronounced sting-a-ree, assumes mammoth proportions. Specimens having a lateral diameter of three feet have been found, and, while most people believe that they are serviceable solely for stinging qualities, some dwellers along the coast claim that no chowder nor stew is complete which does not contain some of this slimy denizen of the deep.

Recently, Tony Demetrio caught, in a seine, a saw fish, *Pristis cirratus*, which measured, exclusive of the saw, a little over 12 feet in length and 8 feet 4 inches in circumference just behind the front fins. The saw measured 4 feet 7 inches in length. The saw fish, a member of the shark family, is native to the gulf coast, but this size is rare.

The shrimp crop, during September, was the largest ever known here. Fishermen claim to have caught many which measured nine inches in length and weighed fully a quarter of a pound each.

The fox shark, *Squalus vulpes*, abounds along the Texas coast, but does not usually grow very large. The oil from the liver is good for leather that is exposed to salt water, or even to salt air.

Sword fish, small both in number and size, are beginning to make their appearance along the Texas coast.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard," by Joe De Barthe, formerly a New York newspaper writer, is full of thrilling interest. Grouard was captured by Sitting Bull when nineteen years old, and lived among the Sioux six years. He suffered tortures innumerable, but finally regained his freedom and became General Crook's most valued scout. In writing his history, Mr. De Barthe has avoided sensationalism. None is needed. The facts of Grouard's life are more dramatic than romance could possibly be. Sportsmen will be specially interested in this book because of its vivid pictures of life in the far West. It details many battles between white men and Indians, and gives a new version of the Custer massacre.

Combe Printing Co., St. Joseph, Mo. 550 pages. Nearly 100 illustrations. Price $3.50.

An interesting and timely volume is "Tobogganing on Crooked Runs," from the pen of Hon. Harry Gibson, and the press of Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London. It treats comprehensively of this thrilling sport as practiced on the steep, curving runs of the Swiss Alps ; the development of the science ; the famous Cresta, Klosters, Buol and other runs, and the great races which have been made over them. Detailed instructions follow as to dress, the choice of toboggans, position and methods. Every tobogganer should have a copy of this book.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

As an outgrowth of the movement for a great exposition of sportsmen's goods, to be held in New York next spring, there has been organized and incorporated the "Sportsmen's Association." Its objects are the study and promotion of field sports, the holding of expositions, the establishment of assembly rooms, or headquarters, in New York city, where those interested in field sports may assemble, and incidentally, the founding of a sportsmen's library for the use of members and visitors. The principal office of the corporation is to be in New York city. The incorporators are Charles Daly, John S. Wise, J. A. H. Dressel, Jacob H. Studer, Frederic S. Webster, and others.

Among the trustees for the first year are Charles Daly, J. A. H. Dressel, John S. Wise and Jacob H. Studer. An effort will be made to enroll every sportsman in the United States as a member.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Mr. F. S. Webster, Secretary.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your circular letter of 19th, announcing the incorporation of the Sportsmen's Association and stating its objects. I am deeply gratified that you and your colleagues should have taken this step and you may count on me to do all in my power to forward the interests of the Association.

I tender you hereby, for the library, a full set of my books, and bound volumes of Recreation, as fast as completed, until further notice; the books to be delivered whenever you are ready for them. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields.

Mr. G. O. Shields, Editor Recreation.

Dear Sir:—I am instructed by the Board of Trustees, representing the Corporation of the Sportsmen's Association, to tender you our sincere thanks for your very acceptable and valuable contribution to our library.

As soon as we areready for their delivery I will promptly notify you of the fact, and they will be deposited as the first contribution to the library of the Association.

We heartily thank you for so generous a gift, and trust that your example may be followed by others.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Frederic S. Webster, Secretary.

The April Number of Recreation will be a beauty. It will be filled with tasty pictures representing field sports and outdoor life, all of which will be framed in appropriate descriptive matter.

Professor L. L. Dyche, author of "Camp Fires of a Naturalist," has written a charming story of "Life in a British Columbia Wilderness," which will open the number. Dr. Edward J. Tucker has written a serial, entitled "Gautemotzin, a Tale of the Aztecs," which deals with the life story of that strange people and with the travels and adventures of a young college student in Mexico and Yucatan. It will be published in Recreation, the first chapter appearing in April. Another section of General Gibbon's book, "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains," will form a pleasant feature of that issue. Other prominent articles are; "A Cat-boat Race off Larchmont," a beautifully illustrated poem, by D. B. Keeler; "A Leaf from a Fly-Book," by Horace Kent Tenney; "Huckleberries or Fish," by Frank H. Sweet; "A Sportsman's Reverie," by E. P. Jacques; "Life in the Canadian Woods," by Joseph W. Howe; "A Sunday Constitutional," by R. C. W. Lett, and several shorter sketches. The various departments will be well filled with choice notes and items.

The January and February numbers of Recreation are out of print. One thousand extra copies were issued of January, and 2,000 of February. This is was supposed would be ample to meet the rapidly increasing circulation, yet both editions were exhausted within 10 days after coming from the press.

I regret, deeply, my inability to supply these numbers hereafter, as they begin the second volume, and the loss will be felt by subscribers, as well as by myself. However, it is unavoidable, and while the greatly increased demand is a compliment which I thoroughly appreciate, yet it is unfortunate that I could not have foreseen it and provided for it more fully.

I should like to buy 500 copies of each of these numbers, at 10 cents each: Persons having copies which they are willing to spare will kindly send them to this office. On receipt, I will promptly remit.

Editor Recreation. Reading, Pa.

Can you not give me some detailed information about the Pecos Valley of New Mexico?—J. G. R.

Answer.—Here is some that may interest you. A farmer who has lived there many years writes to a friend in the east as follows:

"In the lower valley the soil is made up from the scourings of the bleak, barren sides of the Guadalupe mountains, where scarcely a spear of any kind of vegetation is to be found. This soil, when irrigated by the Pecos river water, strongly charged as it is with alkali, soon kills out any vegetation, and makes it easy to solve the problem why so many pieces of property are offered there at tax and forced-sales."

The Caribou, shown on the cover of this issue of Recreation, was killed by Mr. George H. Clark, Bingham, Me., November 7th, 1890, near Enchanted pond. The animal weighed 370 pounds; his antlers spread 3 feet, and have 27 points. The gentlemen whose portraits appear in the picture are Mr. Harry Foster, Skowhegan, and Mr. Frank Hooper, Warren, Me. Mr. Clark stood at the right of the group (looking from the front), but unfortunately was out of focus, and his portrait was so unsatisfactory that it was thought best to omit it.

A Trap Tournament will be held at Cincinnati, May 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, in the interest and under the auspices of Messrs. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. Liberal cash prizes will be added to the purses.

THIS NUMBER OF RECREATION is the best yet issued, but there are many better ones in preparation for the near future. The present number contains 600 square inches of cuts. This is a greater space than was ever before given to illustrations in a single number of any periodical devoted to outdoor sports, yet some of the numbers of RECREATION, during '95, will contain twice as many cuts as this one. RECREATION will deserve all the good things that its friends have said of it, before the year is out.

INTEREST in the forthcoming Exposition of the Sportsmen's Association is daily increasing. The spaces are more than half taken by the leading manufacturers and dealers. Many of the exhibits will be unique and attractive. Historical and educational features enter largely into the character of the displays. Arrangements will be made with all railways in the United States for one and one-third rates for the round trip. This should insure a large gathering of sportsmen from all parts of the country.

IF YOU HAVE a friend who has some time done you a service, and whom you would like to reward, send him RECREATION for a year. It will cost you only a dollar, and he will take many an hour's comfort with it when you are asleep. Remember your guide, your farmer friend, or the ranchman, who was kind and hospitable to you. He will always be grateful for such a token of your appreciation.

THE MANAGERS of the Sportsmen's Association have honored RECREATION by appointing its editor to a position on the press committee. I have, however, been compelled to decline. I work all day and most of the night, in order that others may have plenty of RECREATION, and can not possibly assume any other duties at present.

RECREATION now has over 2,800 bona fide paid subscribers. Any advertiser who doubts this is at liberty to examine my subscription books, to copy therefrom the names and addresses of 100 people and to write each for verification. The American News Company is buying 2,600 copies a month, and returns less than 15 per cent. of these. Write the manager and ask him if this is true.

THE PICTURE on the cover of the February number of RECREATION has called out a great deal of flattering comment. It was engraved from a photo bv Mr. J. W. Rusk, Haines Falls, N. Y., and the beagles shown are representatives of his kennel.

THE SECOND annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides Association was held in Saranack Lake, N. Y. After the transaction of routine business a camp fire and banquet was held in the town hall.

MR. GEORGE R. McCHESNEY, of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance Company, has gone to Florida for a much needed rest. He will do some shooting and some fishing, and will no doubt have some big stories to tell when he returns. Those who know him will readily believe them, too.

IF EVERY READER of RECREATION could have the opportunity of looking over that magnificent work "Sport; or Fishing and Shooting," the entire edition would be sold at once. The artists employed to produce these grand, colored plates have done their best work. Their names are familiar to all lovers of art and include Frost, Remington, Zogbaum, Sandham and others equally prominent. They have here portrayed the delights of the chase in a manner which must fill the soul of every sportsman who sees these beautiful pictnres with rapture.

The plates of Salmon Fishing, Moose Hunting, Black Bass Fishing, Wild Turkey Shooting, Antelope Hunting and Deer Hunting are especially to be commended as worthy a place in any gentleman's house. The work can now be had on very favorable terms. Write the publisher, Mr. Bradlee Whidden, of Boston, for a circular. May you never have to say, again, that you do not own a set of this most beautiful and valuable exponent of field sports.

I HAVE BOUGHT out *The Club*, a magazine formerly published in New York, and have merged it with RECREATION. All unexpired advertising contracts, made by The Club Publishing Company, will be filled by RECREATION, and this magazine will be sent to all subscribers to *The Club* for the term for which each has paid. This purchase gives RECREATION 3,000 new subscribers, nearly all of whom are wealthy society people of this city, and it now goes into all the best residences and all the prominent clubs of New York and Brooklyn. *The Club* has been in existence four years. RECREATION having absorbed it, with all its good will and emoluments, may now be considered four years old. Advertisers who wish to reach the best people will do well to make a note of this.

YOU ARE now planning your next summer's vacation—that is, if you are wise. Why not include in your prospectus a trip to the Yellowstone Park, Puget Sound, or even to Alaska. It is worth thinking of. Write Mr. Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A. Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, for a copy of "Sketches in Wonderland." In this book you will find a great fund of interesting information and many beautiful pictures.

MR. D. G. CAREY-ELWEES, a prominent sportsman, of Orlando, Fla,, writes that, in making some repairs on one of his outbuildings, he stepped through an opening in the floor and sustained a painful injury to his shin, from which he is confined to his room. If he had been more charitable to himself this would not have happened. At least, we read that charity covereth a multitude of s(h)ins.

IF A SAMPLE copy of RECREATION has been sent you it is by request of some friend of yours, who likes it and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

RECREATION started out with 56 pages. It now has 80. Before the end of the year it will have 120.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

How much does a threshold?

Did you ever eat any door jam?

Did you ever hear a door step?

You may always know it's cold weather when you look up at the eaves of a house and see the corn ice or the Roman frieze.

In some boarding houses you can live fairly well; in others you can get only base board.

A man called to look at a house that was offered for sale, and went down in the basement to find the seller. He asked the servant how the stove pipe came to be so badly dinged and she said it got stove up when the men put the stove up.

Modest women, when they want to peep out at their neighbor's washing, prefer a window to a stare way.

Some people think it a great misfortune for an American to loose his eye sight, yet seem to have no sympathy for a Venetian blind.

I once knew a little girl, who, every morning, straightened out her flaxen tresses with the comb of the roof.

A boy once tried to trap some swallows in an old chimney, but the birds escaped and the chimney flue. The creosote in the chimney did not soot him.

Upon her wheel a maiden prim
Along the street did swiftly skim
In search of a directory.
The night was dark, the way was dim,
The curbstone touched her cycle's rim

And this was her trajectory!

GEORGE L. THURSTON.

How oft in the past have the thoughts of the wildwood
With fond recollection returned to my view;
The patch on my trousers, the camp 'mong the fir trees,
The bear steaks I broiled and the hunger I knew.
Those rugged old mountains I climbed o'er so often,
And slept on the pine boughs, all covered with dew.
I'd give a whole fortune for rifle and pack mule
And away on the blazed trail to camp hustle with you.

M. W. MINER.

If Richelieu had lived in this age he would have said: "In the hands of men entirely great the typewriter is mightier than the sword."

Smith—There is no doubt that something will have to be done to make foot-ball less dangerous.

Jones—How would it do to make it *more* dangerous by adding the possibility of the penitentiary?

Tommy.—I should think the kangaroo would be a cold country animal.

Papa.—Why do you think so, Tommy?

He has such nice breast pockets to warm his paws in!

I told her that I had been dabbling in stocks.
"What were you" she queried "a bull or a bear?"
That I had been neither a grizzly nor ox,
But an ass, pure and simple, I had to declare.
—*W. P. B.*

Married Man—Why dont you get married, Miss Perkins? You are getting to look like a "back number"—you will soon be an old maid.

Miss Perkins—If I were as easy to please as your wife was I would have been married long ago.—*Boston Home Journal.*

Mr. Anicede—Do you know anything of the game laws, Miss Kennard.

Miss Kennard—Oh yes, Mr. Anicede.

What, for instance?

You should never trump your partner's ace.

City Sport—Any objections to my hunting on your farm?

Farmer—No, not now.

Any game on the place?

Not now. City fellar through hyre last week 'n killed all the sheep.

How dear, oh how dear, are the scenes of my childhood?
One hundred per front foot, and possibly more.
But they passed long since from my family's possession,
And that, let me tell you, is why I feel sore.—
Detroit Tribune.

"I wouldn't smoke those nasty, vile smelling things, dear boy." "Why not? Robert Louis Stevenson smoked them." "I know it, but he had humanity enough to go to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to do so."—Atchison (Kan.) Patriot.

Missionary (out west)—Did you ever forgive an enemy?

Bad Man—Wunst.

Missionary—I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?

Bad Man—I didn't have no gun.—*New York Weekly.*

Your Eastern girls in the ball room's light
Are neatly attired and sweet,
But for nautical flight "just clear out of sight,"
Are the Oregon girls with web feet.

"Does she love music?"

"M—yes. But not enough to keep away from the piano."—Iowa Falls citizen.

Charley Cumso—Why are girls called misses?

Freddie Fangle—Did you ever see 'em try to hit anything?

PUBLISHER'S DEPT.

THE PLANT of the Gas Engine and Power Company at Morris Heights, New York city, is the largest of its class in the world. The buildings cover four acres of ground, besides which there is a large storage basin, dry docks, yards, etc. The company employs 150 to 200 men, all through the year. A look into the main storage house will convince any man, in two minutes, that a naphtha launch is a good, safe, and in every way desirable craft. Here you will see 100 to 150 of these boats, ranging from 12 to 75 feet in length, worth from $500 to $10,000 each, the lot aggregating in value more than $150,000. They are set up in rows just as the bottles are in a—that is—in a drug store. If this style of launch was not safe and popular, no sane man would ever build so many of them in anticipation of a possible demand.

These people consider it a dull day when they book less than three or four orders. They will take your measure for a yacht, fit it up while you wait, launch it and send you home in it. They have lately sold a 65-foot twin screw cruising launch to Charles Ulrich, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company; a 53-foot 16 horse power cruiser to Frederick Mason, of the Mason Locomotive Works, Taunton, Mass.; another to C. H. Northam, of Hartford, and many others to people whose names I have forgotten.

You will never be properly equipped for entertaining your best girl until you own a naphtha yacht.

THE QUESTION of the best foot gear for hunting and fishing, is one that has been discussed more than perhaps any other connected with sportsmen's dress. M. A. Smith, 25 North 13th street, Philadelphia, has come as near solving this problem as any man ever did. He makes a lace boot, of horse hide, tanned after the manner of buckskin, with a sole of a similiar leather, only heavier, that is as near water proof as any leather boot can be. Men who have given them severe trials in wet snow and wet grass, say they are absolutely water-proof. This horse hide does not dry hard, after being wet, as does cow hide. The soft velvety quality of the leather renders the boot almost as nearly noiseless in the woods as a moccasin. A talk of ten minutes with Mr. Smith will convince any man that he is honest and his hunting boot reflects this characteristic. If you expect ever to need a pair of good, comfortable, roomy, quiet hunting boots, write Mr. Smith and ask him to make them for you.

EVERY TIME I go into a fishing tackle factory or a gun factory, I am astonished at the evidence it affords of the great number of sportsmen in this country. No factory gives a more striking indication of this than that of the Naugatuck Silk Company, at Willimantic, Conn. Hundreds of men and women, and thousands of dollars worth of machinery are here employed in making fine fishing lines. Where do they all go?

Speaking of the quality of these lines—a man is said to have lifted a 100 pound sack of meal off from the ground, with one of them, the other day. The 51 pound salmon illustrated in December RECREATION, was killed on a Naugatuck line.

ANGLERS should write C. B. Fitzmaurice, 297 Broadway, New York, for catalogue of fishing tackle. His "inimitable" flies are said, by experts who have used them, to be the best imitation of the natural fly ever produced. They are sure killers, never failing to help the angler fill his creel. If there is a wary old trout in any secluded corner of the pool these flies will bring him out.

They are waterproof and are made on genuine Milward hooks.

NOW IS THE time of all times to go to Florida, and the palatial hotels owned and operated by the Plant System of railway and steamship lines, and illustrated in this issue of RECREATION, offer luxurious homes for those who would escape the execrable weather that prevails at the north in March and April. Call on J. J. Farnsworth, 261 Broadway, New York, for full information.

MR. H. A. HANNAM, Austin, Tex., writes to the Hannaford Ventilated Boot Co., Boston, as follows:

The ventilated rubber boots I ordered from you last fall have given great satisfaction. They do not sweat the feet. I have worn them a great deal this winter duck and snipe shooting, wading in water knee deep, and returning to camp at night with dry and warm feet. No sportsmen should be without a pair of your rubber ventilated water-proof hip boots.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of Bristol, Conn., is one of the healthiest tackle factories in the country. I don't know how many steel rods it sells, in a year, but it keeps 20 to 25 skilled mechanics busy, winter and summer making them; and with the fine machinery employed these can turn out a great many rods each day. It is safe to say that the rods are sold or they would not be made. A Bristol Steel Rod is a delightful little implement.

"THE RED MAN'S GREETING," is a tiny booklet printed on birch bark, and was called forth by the Columbian Anniversary. In its rusticity it is characteristic of the child of the forest. Professor Swing termed it the "Red Man's Book of Lamentations." Pokagon, the author, is a full blood Indian, and is the chief of the Pottawatomie tribe. He is a scholar, a poet and a philosopher. The book is published by C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., has placed on the market a new 25-20 repeating rifle that is sure to become a favorite with sportsmen. For such game as squirrels, rabbits, foxes, ducks, etc., it cannot be excelled. This company is also making a gun grease, called the Marlin rust repellant, that is highly recommended by those who have used it.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO. sends out a new catalogue of cyclometers, lamps and other bicycle accessories, that is a work of art. Every wheelman should have a copy. Write for it, 315 Broadway.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Enclosed find money order for $1, for one year's subscription to RECREATION, to be sent to Milford Bray. I let Mr. Bray have a copy of the magazine to look at, and he was so well pleased with it that he feels he cannot be happy without it. RECREATION is a grand magazine. It hits me in the right spot. I am a lover of hunting and fishing, and although I have read many publications devoted to field sports, I have never seen anything in that line which pleased me so well as RECREATION does. It is interesting from cover to cover.

G. W. SHAMPANORE.
[Editor East Bangor (Pa.) Press].

Since I got into daily newspaper life, ten or a dozen years ago, I have had scant opportunities to enjoy the real life in the field. You know how a man is bound sometimes, when his heart longs for green solitudes and the pungent smell of the camp-fire smoke. I have "eased my bosom's pain" a trifle by reading of what the other fellows have done—and you have for years been one of my favorite "other fellows." I hope sincerely that RECREATION will be a full success. Your books have given me much pleasure, and your articles on field sports have a charm I cannot resist.

W. J. HUNSAKER.
[Managing Editor Detroit Journal.]

Having run across a recent number of RECREATION I was both surprised and delighted at its contents. The name of its editor is an assurance to sportsmen that the editorials, at least, will be true to nature and correct in every particular as regards the natural history of the big game of the United States. Your works are favorites with my partner and myself, and being big game hunters, we think we are capable of judging as to another's knowledge of that kind of sport.

Have you ever hunted in northwestern Wyoming? I don't refer to the National Park. If so, a short article on that part of the country, written by the editor himself, could not be equalled.

D. L. MECHLING.

Since my experience in the West I have been searching through papers and magazines for news and accounts of adventure pertaining to that very interesting and fascinating world—for it is a world in itself. When reading the first number of your bright magazine it almost appeared like a dream, for there was one story after another, short but covering much ground, compiled in some fifty pages, and edited by an old friend. It seemed as if it has been published expressly for me.

Wish you abundant success in your undertaking. Here is my dollar.

HARRY L. SUYDAM.

The magazine is both interesting and creditable, and in every way appeals to the higher sentiments of sportsmen. It seems to me that its prosperity must be beyond doubt.

HON. THOMAS A. LOGAN.
[Gloan.]

I am more pleased than I can say with RECREATION. It has improved greatly since the initial number, and I feel sure that under your able management it will keep right on improving. No one who loves out-door sports ought to be without it. I have now sent you more than 60 subscriptions, and intend to send you many more during the year 1895.

C. H. DOUGLASS.
[Asst. Manager R. G. Dun & Co., Chicago.]

Of all the writers on field sports you are my favorite. I have "Hunting in the Great West," and "The Big Game of North America," and have read all of your articles in various periodicals during the last ten years. I always feel that I should like to meet you, have a handshake, and thank you for the pleasure your writings have given me. E. S. ELLITHORPE.

I must congratulate you on RECREATION. I think it the best in its line of anything published. Its contents are choice, and the letter press a work of art. I do not know when I have been so pleased with and interested in a new publication. H. S. BULL.
[Angling Editor, *Times-Union*, Albany, N. Y.]

January number of RECREATION duly at hand. You have indeed done yourself proud. It is certainly a neat, clean, spicy magazine, full of interesting matter, not only for the sportsman, but for the home table. May you live long and prosper.

J. H. BARLOW.
[Manager Ideal Manufacturing Co.]

A friend has just called my attention to your admirable magazine. I believe it fills an ever-increasing want, and I prophesy for it long life and success. It is wide in its scope, artistic and attractive in form, and should appeal to all true lovers of sport. Enclosed find $1 for a year's subscription. ARTHUR F. RICE.

I wish to tell you how well I like RECREATION. It is *the best* of the several of its kind. The October number alone is worth more than the year's subscription, and the succeeding numbers are equally good. The illustrations are beautiful.

B. W. EVERMANN.
[Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission.]

RECREATION is a beautiful work of art. The illustrations are excellent and the reading matter most interesting. [HON.] JOHN S. WISE.

How glad I am you have started the neatest, best journal in America on our favorite topics.

WM. VAN ANTWERP, M.D.

RECREATION is the brightest of all our reading matter. IRA DODGE.

I think RECREATION is the finest magazine in America. WILL CLAPP.

In answering advertisements, please mention RECREATION.

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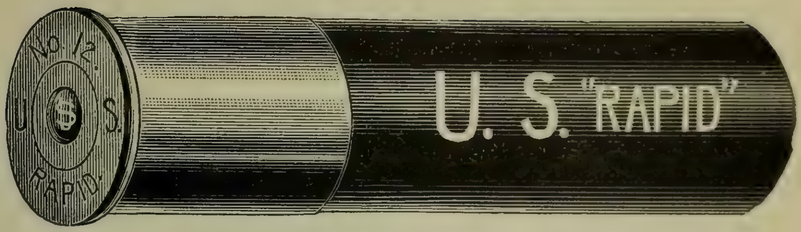
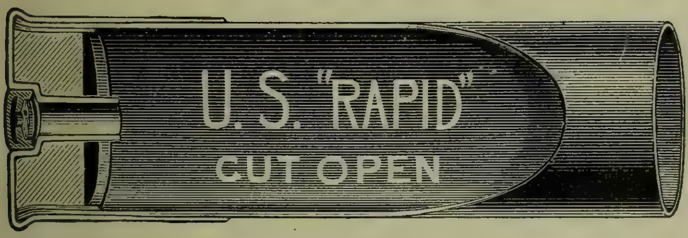


RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



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AMATUER PHOTOGRAPHY.

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH BIG GAME.

New York.

Editor RECREATION.

Photographs of big game, except such as have been taken of animals in captivity, are extremely rare, and only the most patient photographers have been able to secure good picture of large game in its native haunts. A great advance in photography of late has made it possible to secure that, which only a few years ago would have been considered beyond the reach of the amateur.

It was my good fortune, some few weeks ago, to see one of these new pieces of apparatus first from the optical works of Ross & Co., London. It consisted of a twin lens camera, the lenses being fitted with telescopic attachments, so that objects a mile away could be rendered perfectly distinct. With such an instrument objects at a distance of half a mile, or a mile can be rendered as minutely as with the regular camera at a distance of a hundred feet. The telephoto lens, which has only been a practical success the past two years, renders all the qualities of the telescope photographically, multiplying the size of the image wonderfully.

I have seen pictures made with an ordinary rapid rectilinear lens, at a distance of 100 feet, and compared them with the telephoto picture, taken at a distance of a mile, the difference being so slight as to be hardly noticeable. Of course the field of vision of the telephoto lens is small, and it cannot be utilized for general photography, but if you are desirous of photographing wild animals, which would otherwise be unapproachable, the value of this lens becomes apparent.

BRAINS.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN A SCHOOL CLUB.

Springfield, Ill.

Editor RECREATION.

The "Springfield High School Scientific Association" was organized by our esteemed professor of sciences, who had the knack of making all of the various branches of science, in which he instructed us, interesting in the extreme. He filled the hours allotted to him with pleasure and profit, never to be forgotten.

"I firmly believe," he said one day, as we were out on one of our photographic rambles, "that every man should have a hobby—something he is a crank on—and to me photography is as good as anything I have ever investigated."

Our association was divided into four parts, namely, the geological, the meteorological, the electrical and the photographic. By paying a small initiation fee any one could join any two of the divisions.

I took the electrical and the photographic, and at our first meeting was elected president of the photographic section, which redoubled my interest in the art, immediately. The dark room erected in the basement of our high school, by members of our association, stands a monument to our genius and industry. It is 8 x 16 feet with a door at one end and lockers for our private plates, holders, etc., at the other. At right angles to the door is the big sink, six feet long and two feet wide, with movable slop drains on which to develop our plates. Three two-candle power incandescent lights hung over this sink: a white light, to get ready and clear up by, and two red lights to develop by. A dynamo up in the manual training room furnished us electrical power. These lights were perfect when properly colored globes were used, but we covered them with red paper to insure non-actinic light, and a scare was one day occasioned through the carelessness of one of our fair members. She, with two other girls, entered the dark room during school hours to develop some plates. After getting all ready they closed the door, shut off the white, turned on the paper covered red lights and proceeded to disclose the mysteries of their plates. Soon the rolls of red paper on the lamps began to smell and then to smoke. So engrossing was their task that they did not at first notice the smoke, but when the fumes began to choke them, they started to go out. They tried the door but it was locked, the key on the outside. A scream of terror pierced the air of that gloomy dungeon, but no one heard. Another and another; but they were only mingled with the voices of the merry makers on the campus. The fumes were by this time alarming. The girls ran about like rats in a trap, but did not think of tearing off the burning paper.

After recess the old janitor, while passing through the basement was attracted by groans to the spot, and with the prayers and entreaties of the prisoners to uphold him in the deed, broke open the door with an ax. There, on the floor, lay two unconscious girls, while a third, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair embraced him as her rescuer! PAUL A. ULRICH.

NOTES.

MANY would like to print from their negatives on plain paper, fabrics, wood and other porous surfaces. This can easily be done by the "blue process." All that is necessary is to make up the sensitizing solution—of which I give formula below. Spread it evenly on the surface to be printed, with a soft flat brush, or wad of cotton in a dark room, or by gas light, drying in the dark.

Print strong in shadows and fix by simply washing in water.

Sensitizing Solution.

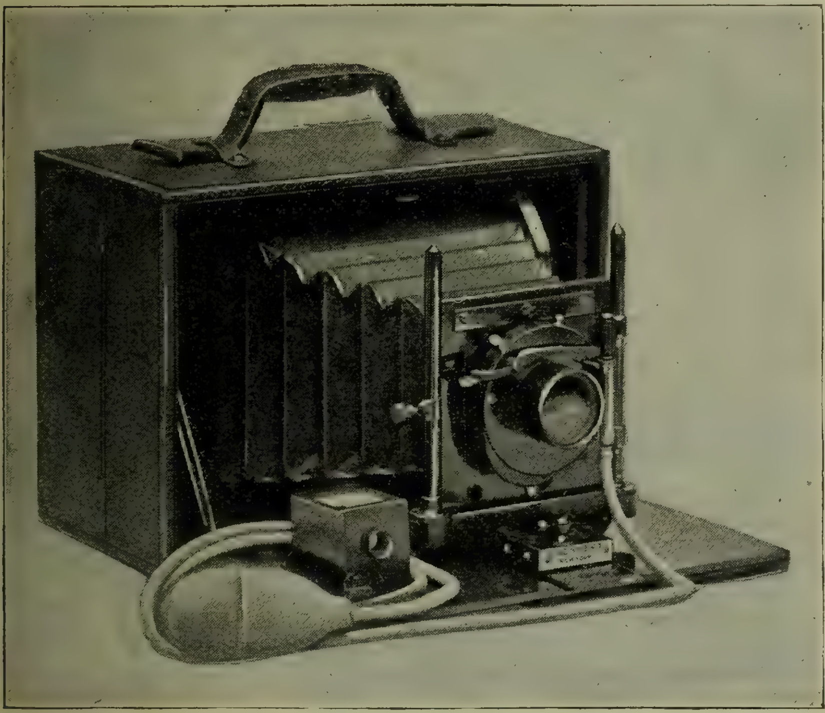
No. 1.	Red Prussiate Potash	60 grains.
	Water	1 ounce.
No. 2.	Citrate of Iron and Ammonia	70 grains.
	Water	1 ounce.

Nos. 1 and 2 should be dissolved separately and mixed in equal parts just before use. Keep solutions in the dark.

One of the best methods in filling in defective skies, or printing in clouds, is to apply blue oil color to the back of the negative, with a little pellet of cotton, or the tip of the

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. **'95 Prizewinner.**

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

finger. Keep dabbing with the cotton and grade off the color so the clouds look natural. By studying clouds from nature, their forms and colors, with practice you may learn to produce good imitations in this way. Get a tube of Prussian blue and try it.

Select a good dry plate and stick to it. Don't be tempted to try every new brand brought to your notice. If you have a plate you know to be good you will use it with confidence and know where you are at, while with new ones you are never quite sure of results.

Always try to give your plates the correct exposure. Make it a study. One can remedy, to a limited extent only, in development, a poorly exposed plate. Err on the side of over exposure, if at all. JNO. W. RUSK.

PROFESSOR G. NORDENSKIOLD has been photographing snow flakes. Writing in the *Photographic Times*, he says: "The best way to obtain a good photograph of a fine snow crystal is to place it quickly on a glass slip, put a small drop of colored liquid on it, and lay a thin over glass on it. The liquid must have a low freezing point. I used aniline oil, in which an aniline color had been dissolved. In this liquid the most delicate star would remain unaltered for hours."

He uses a microscope in connection with the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHS taken at the bottom of the sea, by means of electric and magnesium lights, are revealing to science facts hitherto unknown.

THE SEVENTH Annual Competitive Exhibition of the Boston Camera Club, will be held in the club rooms in April. Six diplomas are offered for excellence in photographic art. The officers of the club are: George M. Morgan, president; William Sumner Briggs, J. P. Loud, and Charles Sprague, vice-presidents; Wilbur C. Brown, secretary, and Owen A. Eames, treasurer.

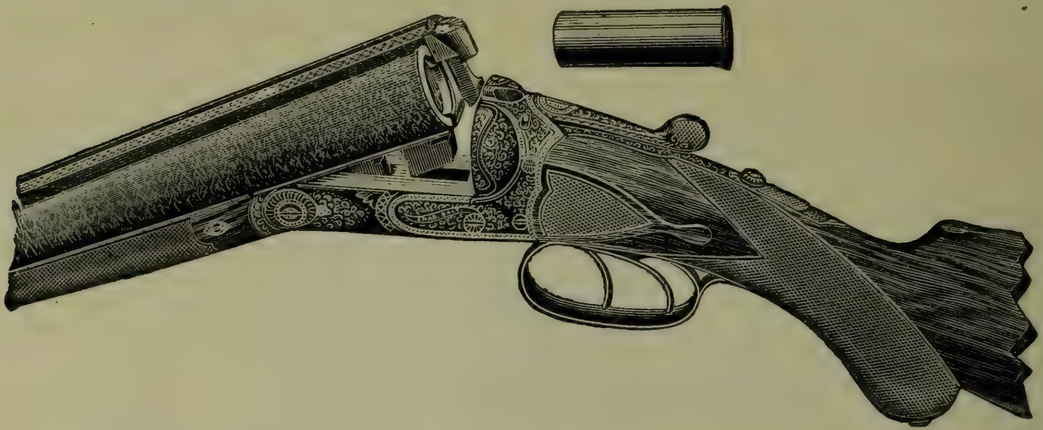
HECTOR MACLEAN, F. G. S., writing in the *Photographic Times*, mentions, among other causes of failure, plates of films or films not firmly fixed in dark slides; dry plates not kept perfectly air-tight and damp-tight; vapor condensed on lens; and dust. Be careful to keep your lens perfectly clean.

EVERY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER should see the cover of the April number of RECREATION. It will have a picture that none of you will ever be able to equal with a camera, yet it tells a thrilling story of your favorite pastime. Look out for it.

AMATEURS should strive for simplicity. A single object, well defined, with good effect of light and shade, is far more artistic than a multiplicity of imperfect details.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS are invited to send specimens of their best work to RECREATION. Samples will be published from time to time, and full credit given in each case.

CHARLES DALY



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BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED. HIGH GRADE ONLY.

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With regard to the Daly Gun I can only say that I have had Purdeys, Lancaster, Westley Richards, Agnew, Williams & Powell, Lloyd, Greener, Jones, and L. C. Smith, and for Shooting Qualities, Pattern, Finish and Balance, I have had none that can possibly compare with my little Daly.

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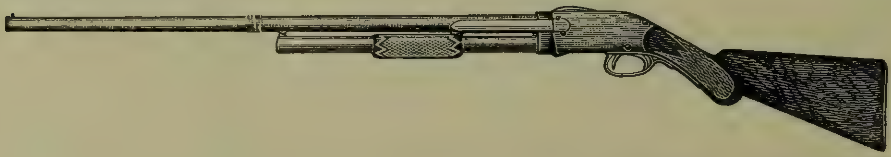

Lincoln, Neb., May 21, 1892.

Dear Sir :—I have used a Spencer Repeating Shot Gun for eight years. I have fired many thousands of shots with it, and it is apparently in as good condition to-day as it was when I purchased it. Several years ago a friend of mine, now residing in this city, stood by my side and saw me kill six prairie chickens out of a covey that arose simultaneously, shooting each bird separately. For any kind of shooting from jack snipe to geese, I prefer the Spencer to any gun I have ever used.

Yours very truly, J. E. HOUTZ.

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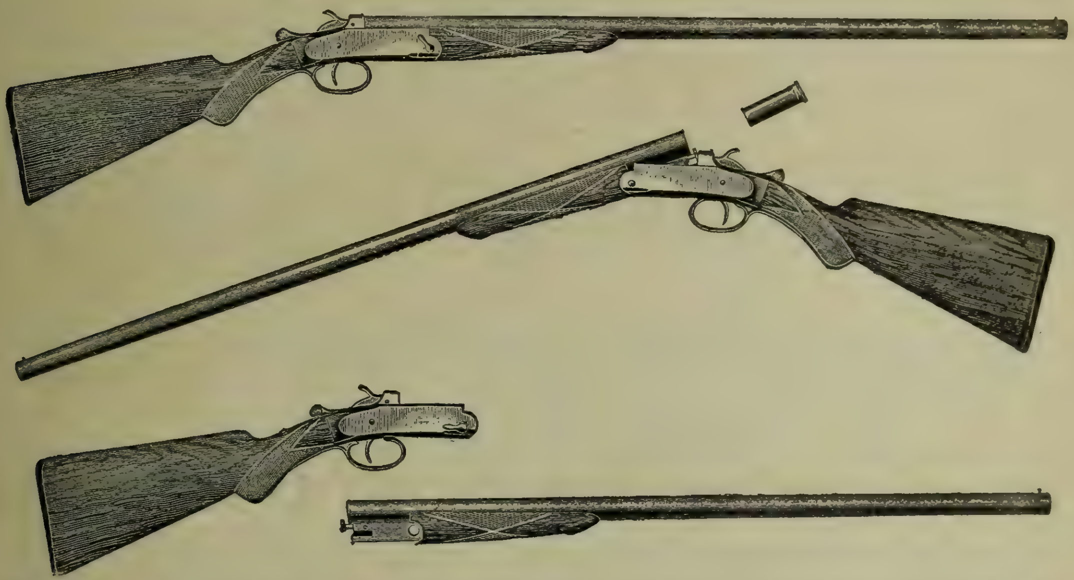

Has detachable barrel, with heavy lug securely bolted, and having extra strong screw key fastening with stop frame either nickel-plated or casehardened, top snap action, rebounding lock, automatic ejector positive in action and perfectly reliable, drop forged steel parts, extra heavy fine steel barrels, 30 inch, carefully choke bored, finely checkered pistol grip stock, rubber butt plate and fancy checkered fore-end. Thoroughly high grade in finish and detail. Furnished in 12 16 and 20 gauge. Weight, 5¾ to 6½ lbs.

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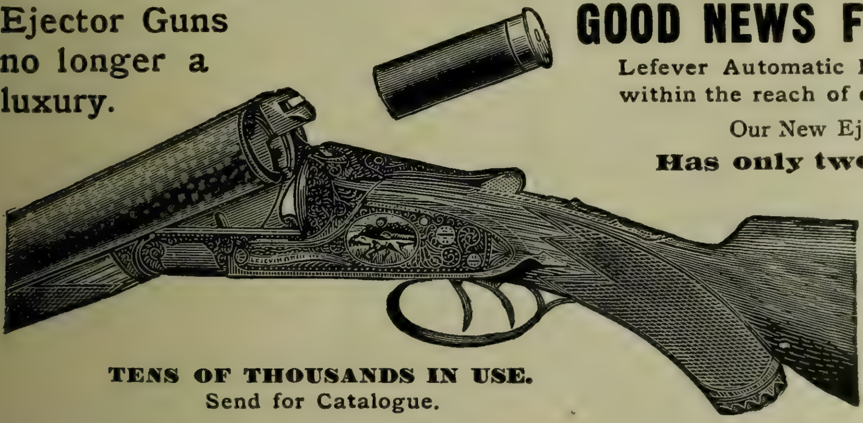

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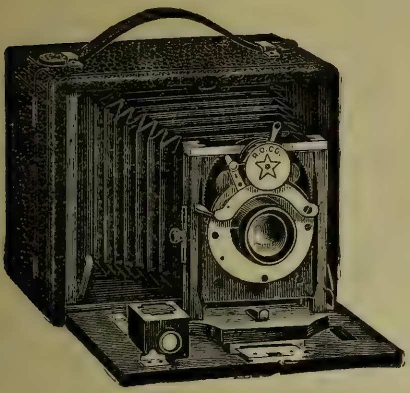

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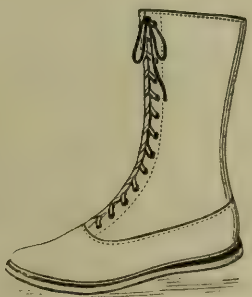

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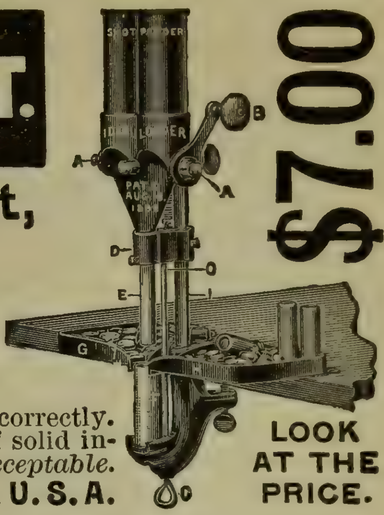

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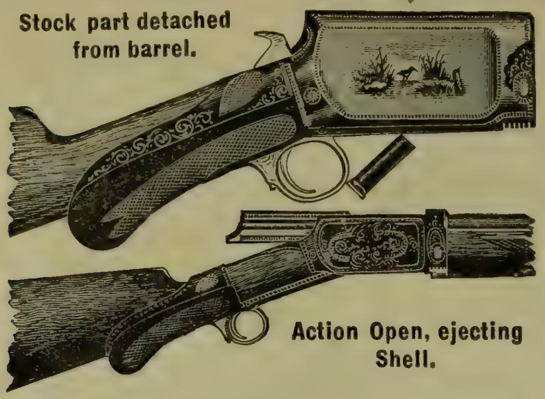
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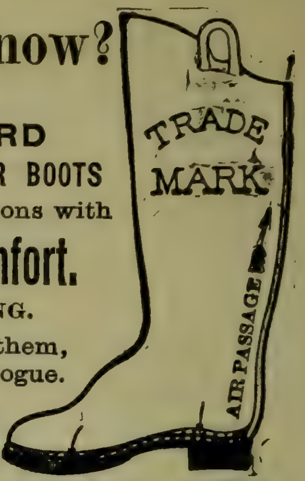

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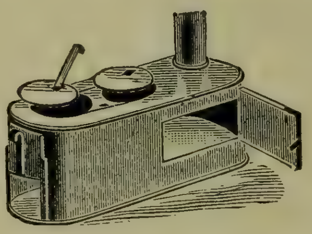

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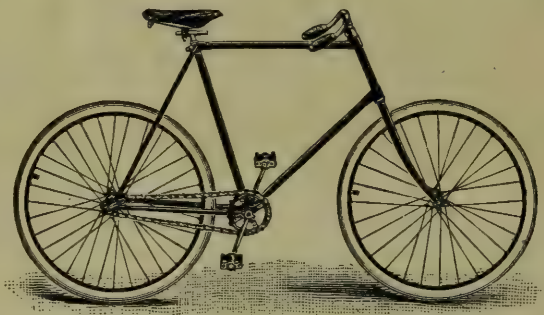

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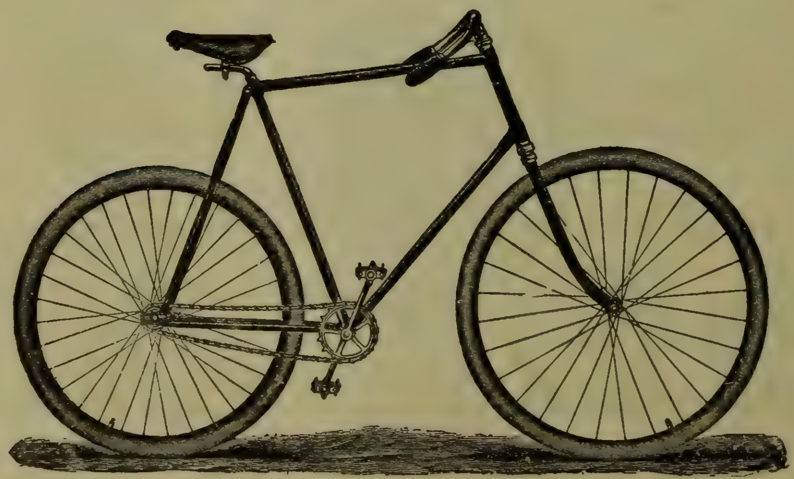

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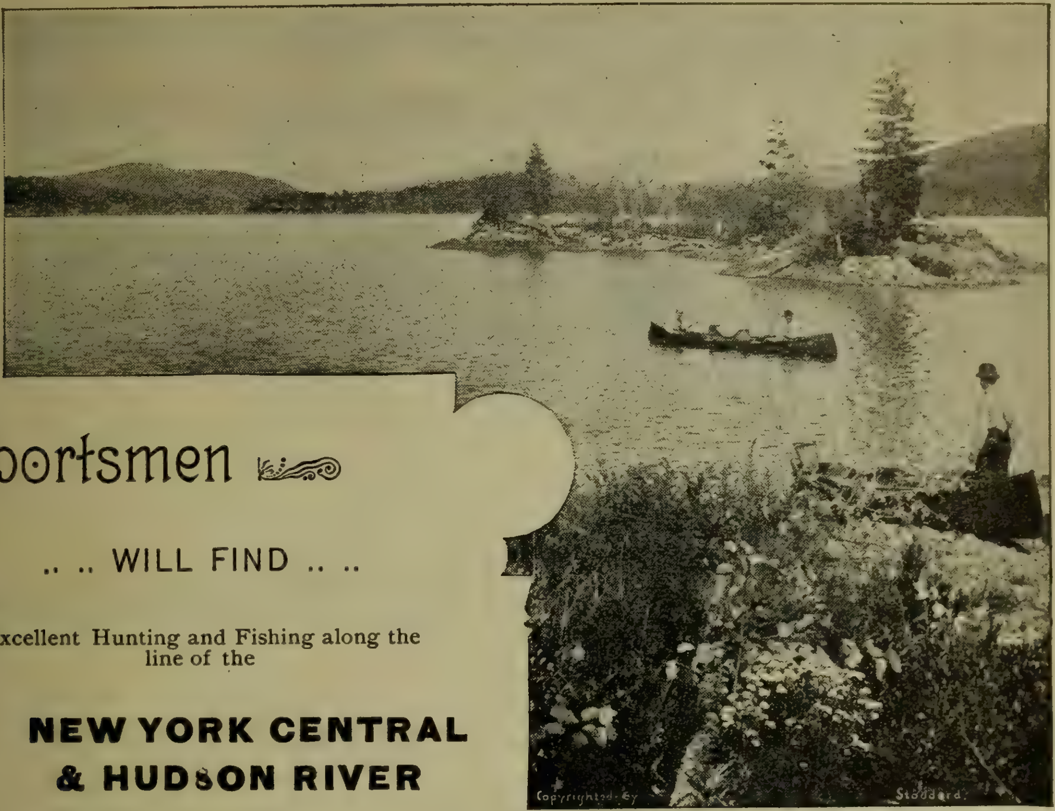

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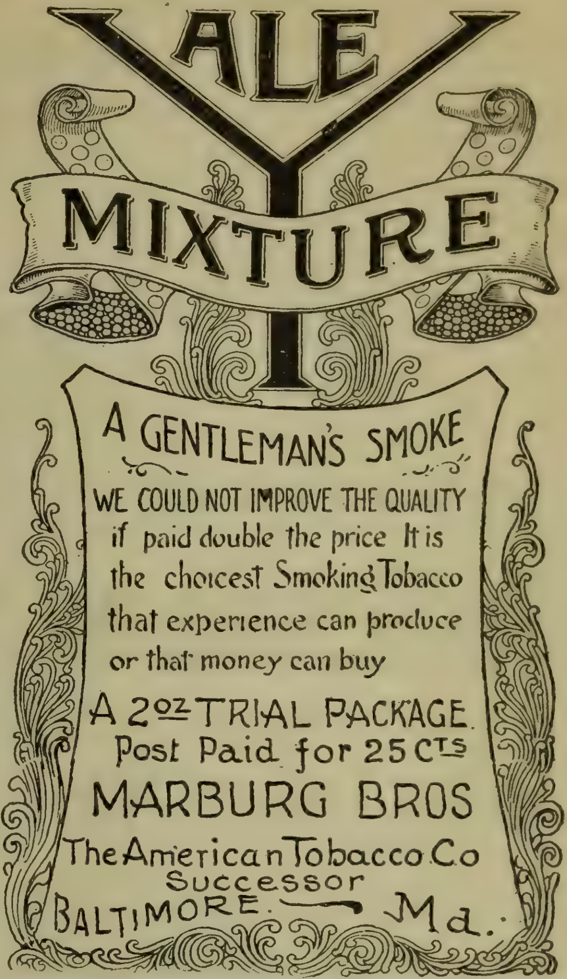

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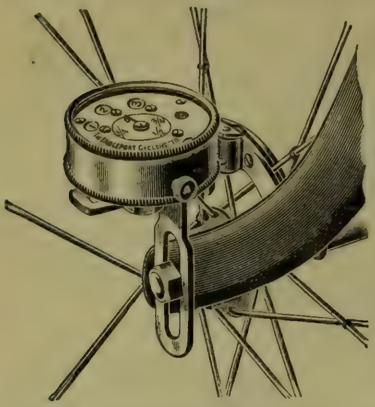

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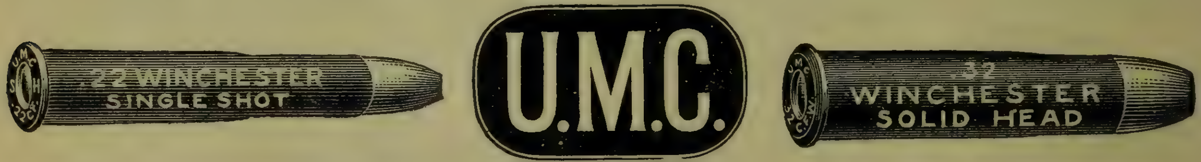

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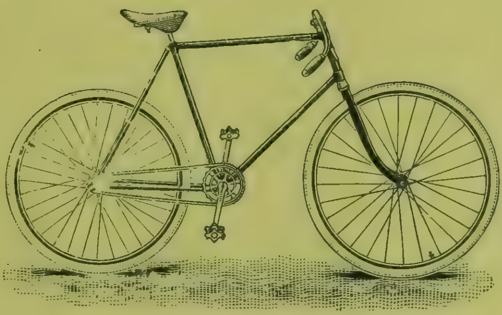

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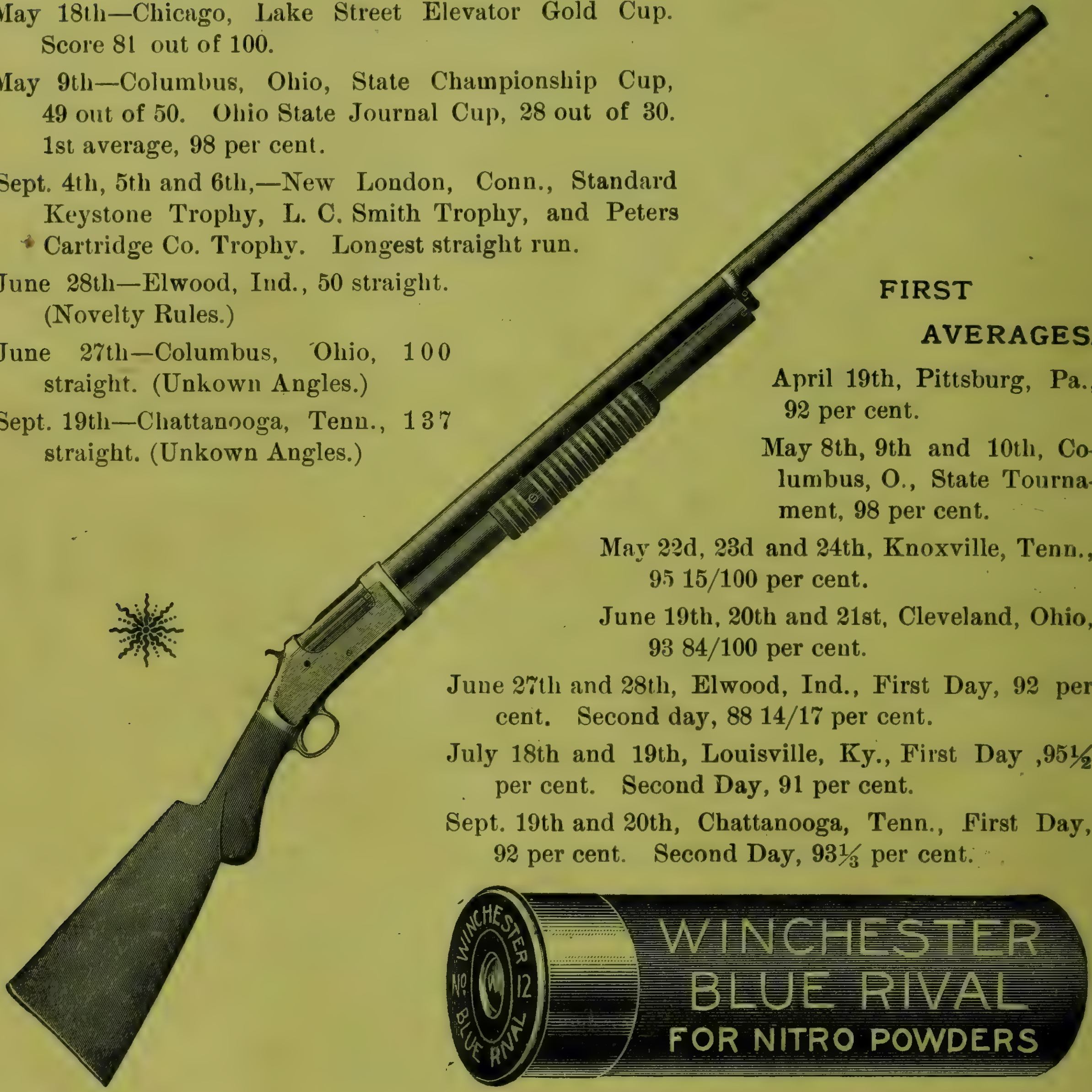

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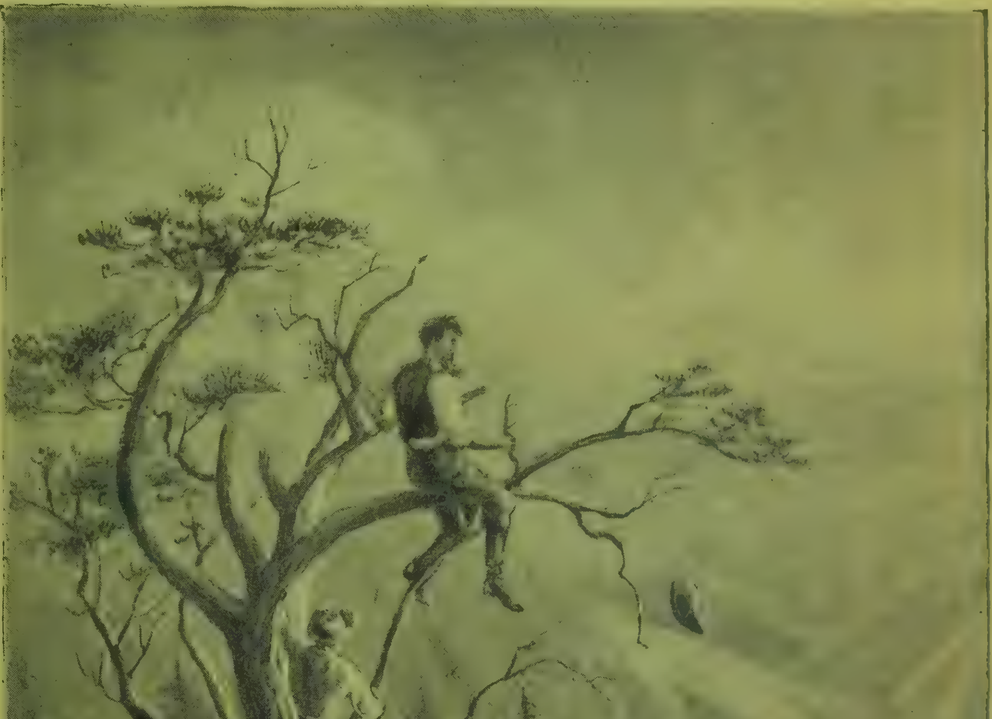

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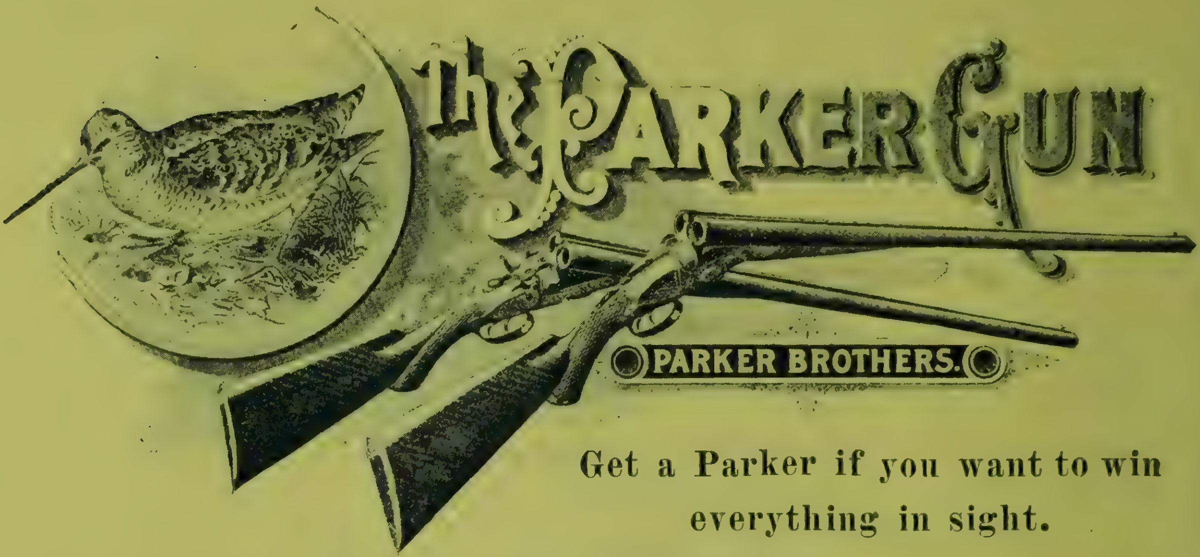

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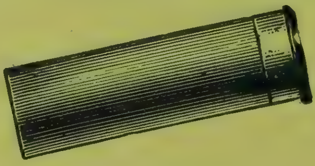

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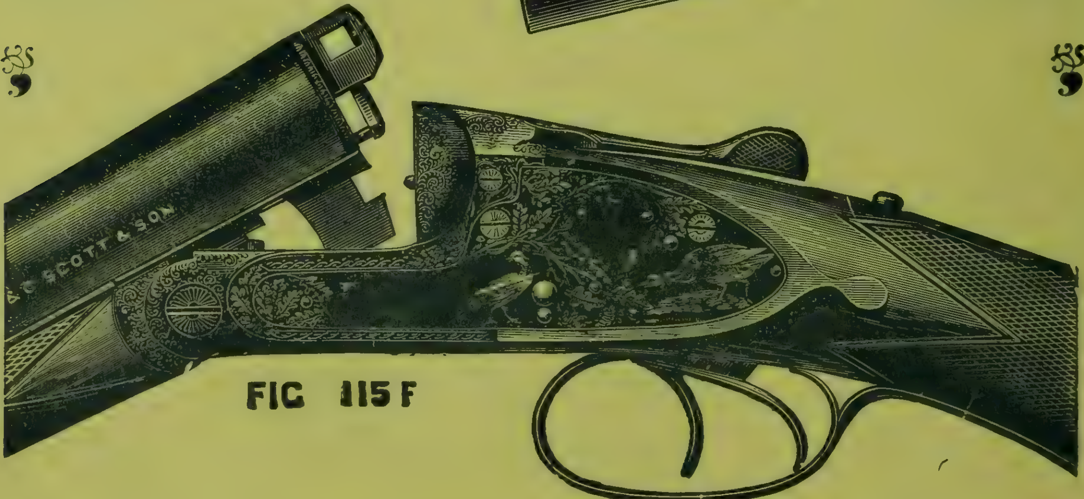

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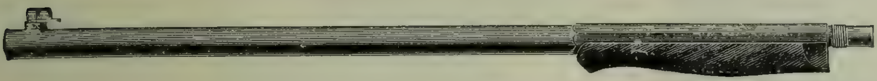

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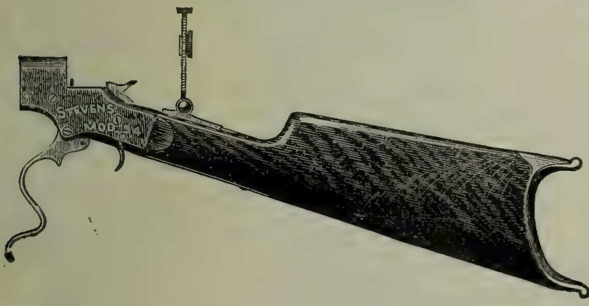

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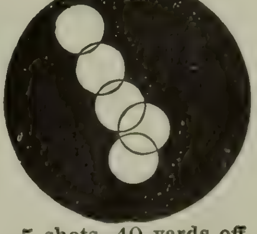

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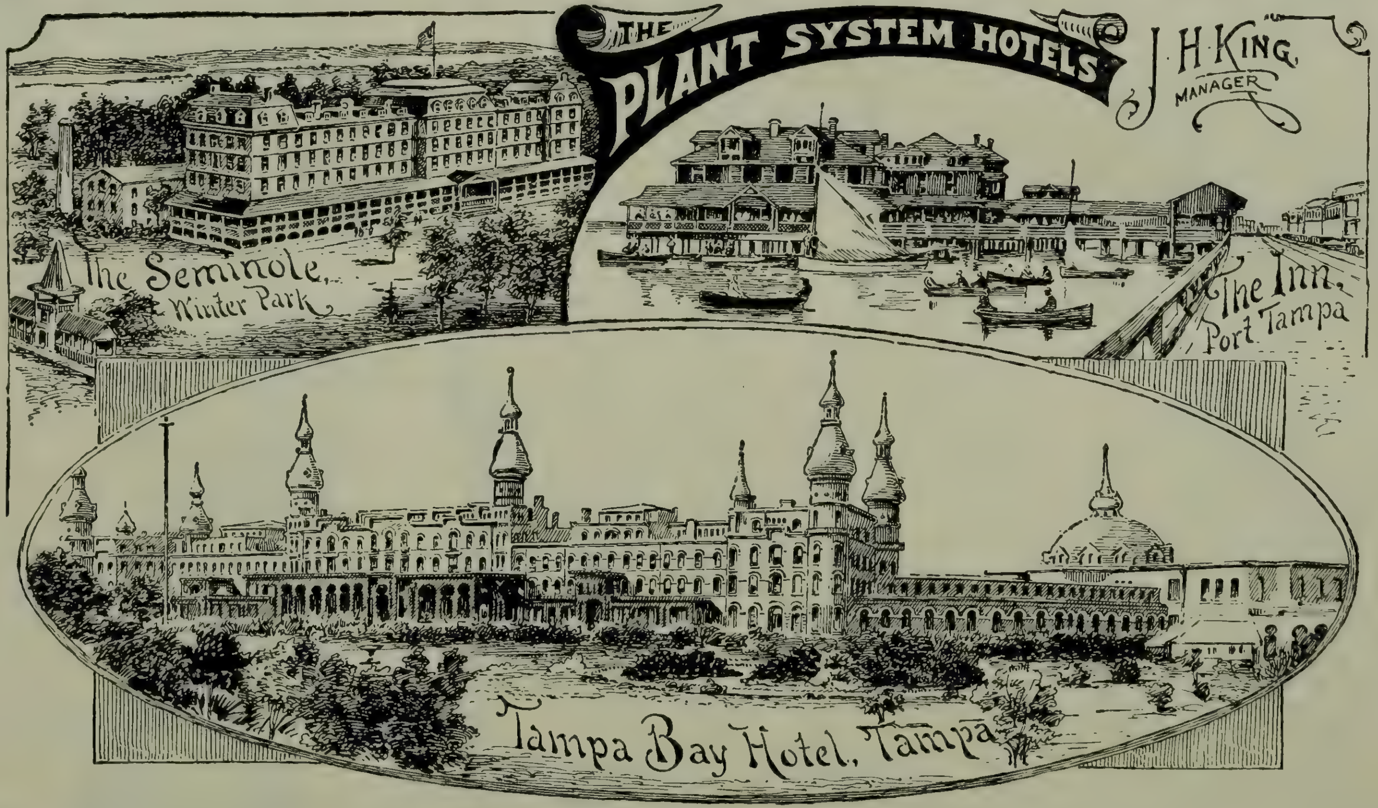
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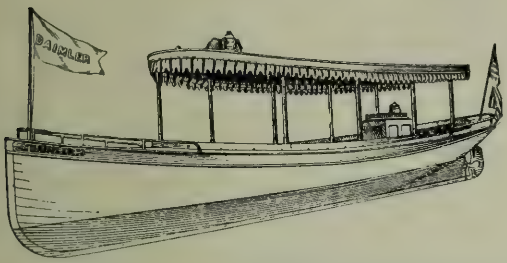

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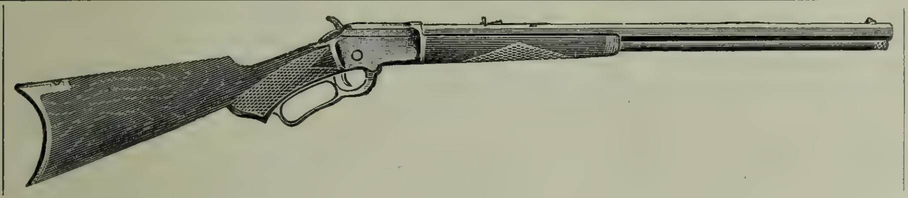

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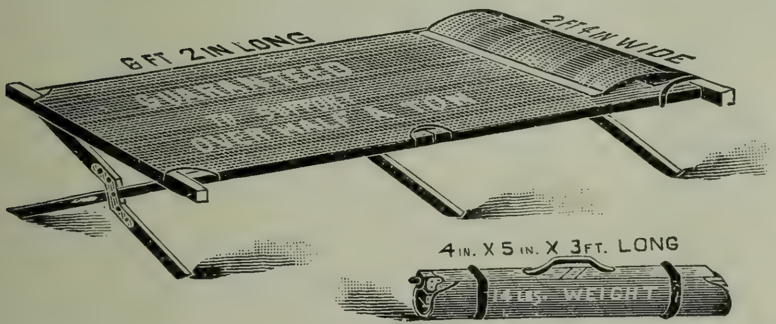
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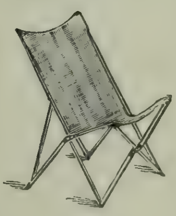

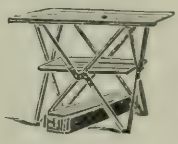

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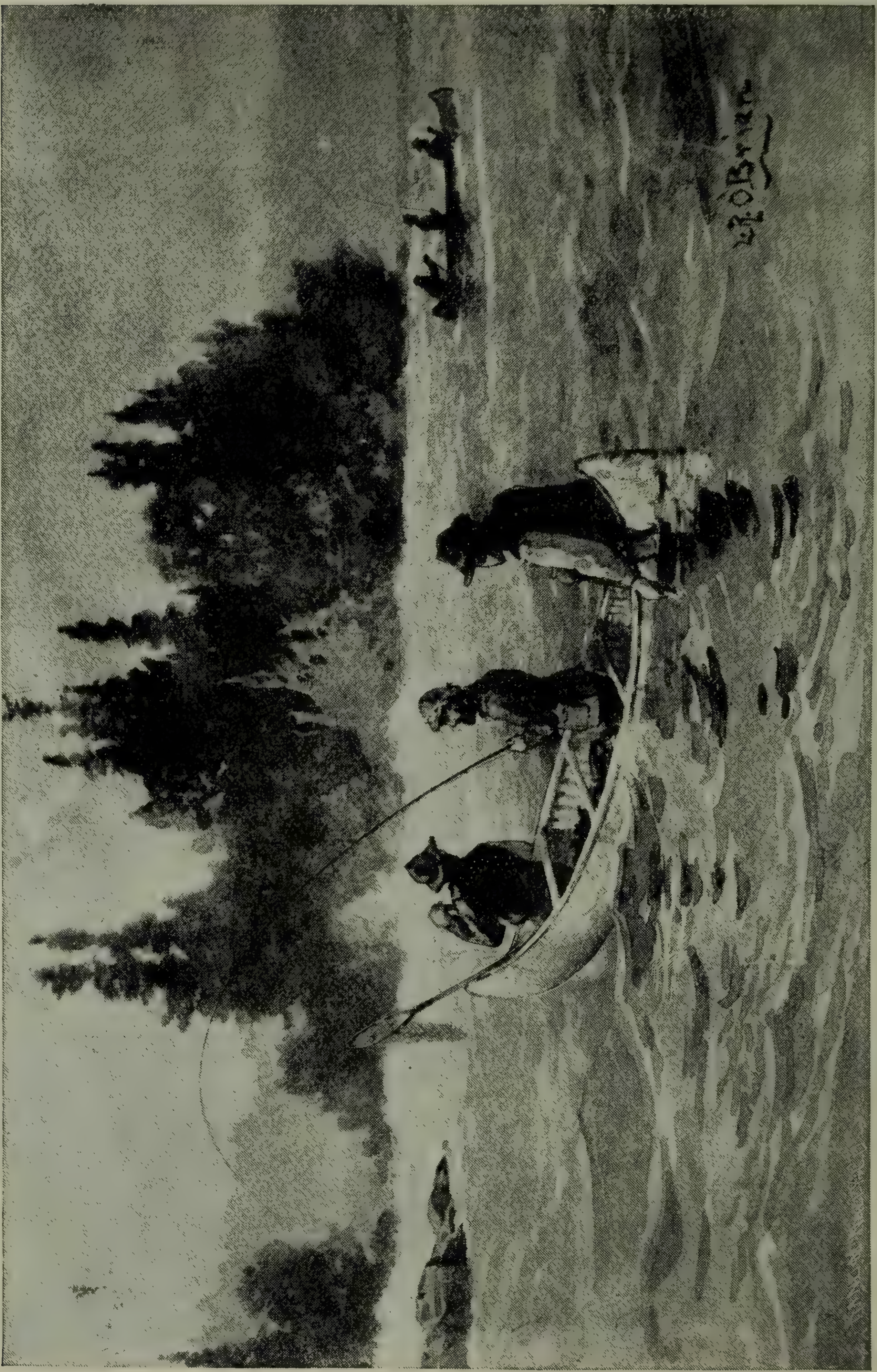

SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION FROM "AMERICAN GAME FISHES."

— WRITTEN BY —

A. N. Cheney, J. G. A. Creighton, W. N. Haldeman, Francis Endicott, Prof. G. Brown Goode, F. H. Thurston ("*Kelpie*"), Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Rev. Luther Pardee, S. C. Clarke, W. D. Tomlin, Fred. Mather, and others.

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Author of "Cruisings in the Cascades," "Rustlings in the Rockies," "Hunting in the Great West," "The Battle of the Big Hole," "Camping and Camp Outfits," etc.

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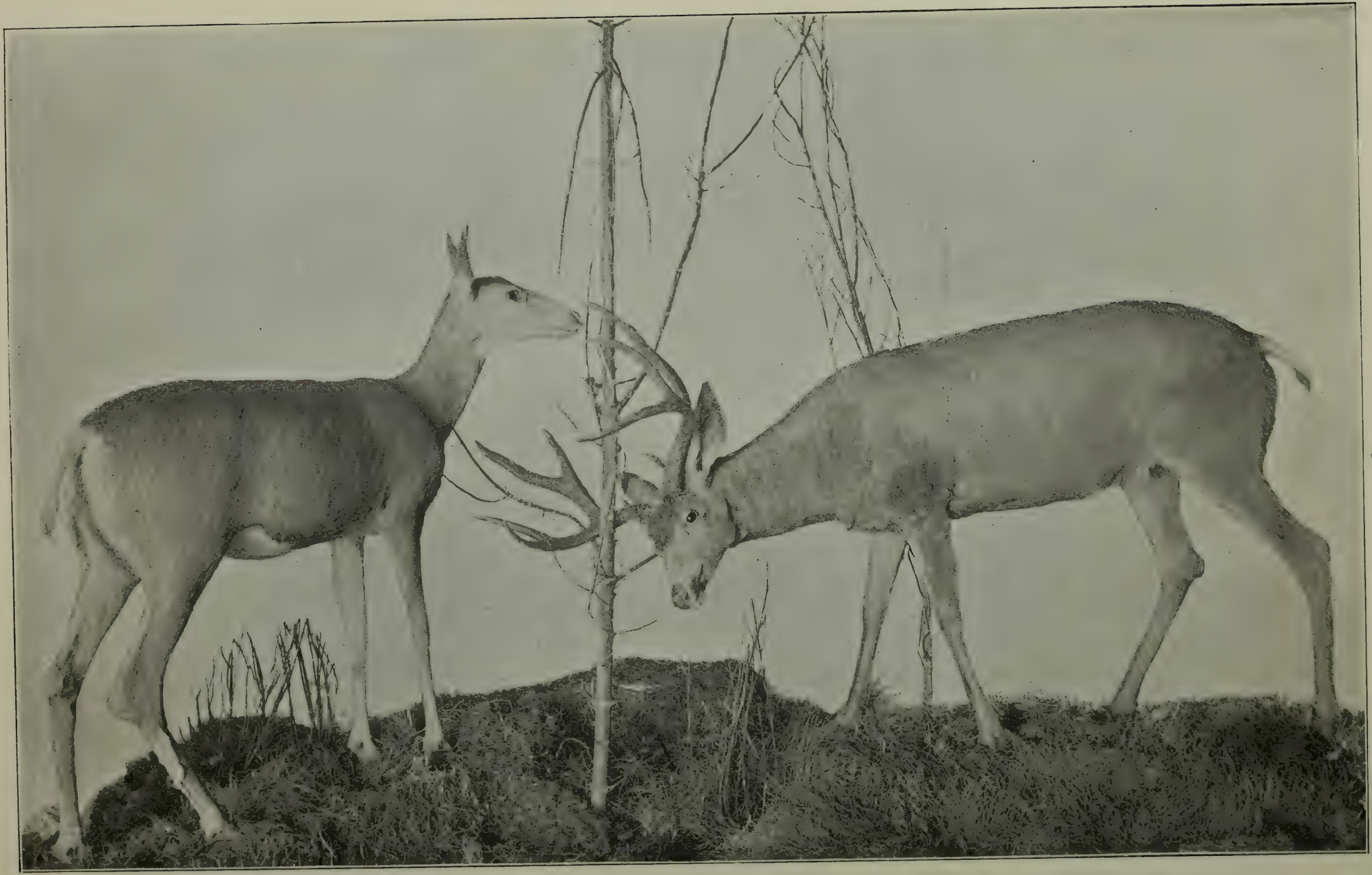

BURNISHING HIS WEAPONS.

RECREATION.

VOLUME II. APRIL, 1895. NUMBER 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

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THE KETTLE RIVER WILDERNESS.

L. L. DYCHE.

I HAVE just finished reading Charles Greenwood's interesting articles on the Kettle river country, and feel as though I would like to shake hands with him and exchange a few stories. How my blood tingles, and what a thrill of pleasure passes through my mind when I think of my own experiences in the Kettle river country.

"Len Armfield" sounds a little strange to me. When I was there, in the fall of '89, he went by the name of Len Armstrong. He had just built a small log cabin, about 7 x 9 feet.

"It is big enough for me and the Klootchman," said Len. "I did not want a house large enough to admit any Indians who might be passing through the country. What they did not steal, that old gal of mine would give them. That's the way with these Siwashes—you have to watch them." Thus Len spoke as he sat on a pile of deer skins, in our rancheria, puffing a pipe of "good old cut plug" which Maurice had just given him.

Maurice Farrell and George McLaughlin were my guides and companions on that trip. It was November and the ground was covered with snow. We did not have to hunt deer for meat. They came to us, and we seldom passed a day without one or more opportunities to kill them within 100 yards of the tent. They were leaving the higher mountain ranges and passing down the valleys, in bands of from two or three to a dozen, or twenty. It was possible to see from a dozen to 50 in a day. In an hour and a half, one evening, while traveling up the river, I met 35. On another occasion I saw 65 in one day.

Nevertheless, we hunted deer. I wanted some of the very largest bucks. We each killed two, and I had eight as fine specimens as could be found anywhere. I have them now in our collection of large North American mammals. On this particular evening, Len and Maurice had each added a monstrous buck to the collection. Len had left his Klootchman (squaw) at the cabin, cutting wood.

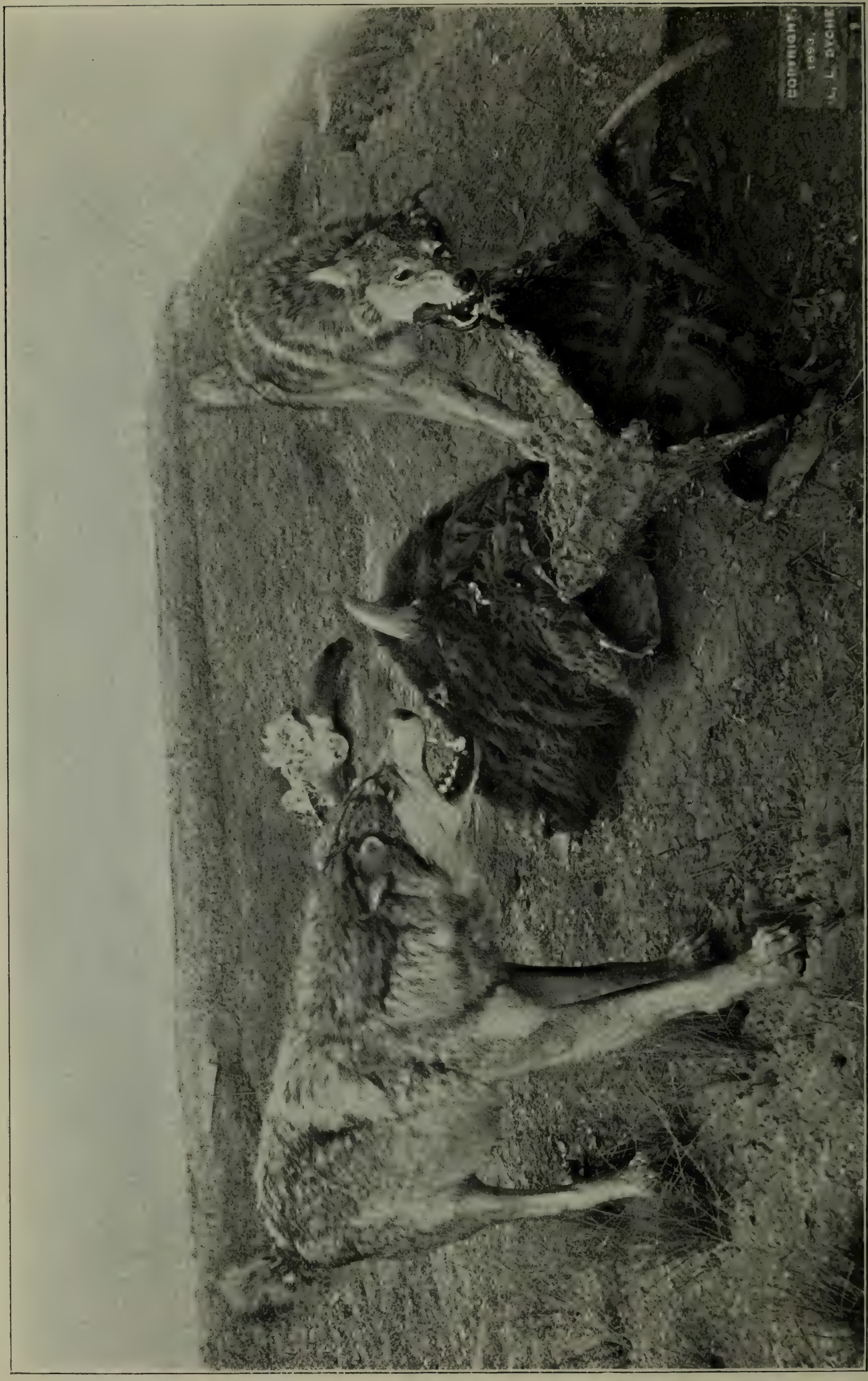
"I come a sneak on the old gal," said Len. "I have been out hunting all day and that Siwash has not cut a stick of wood. That's the way with these Indians; they soon get like white women and won't do a lick of work unless they have to. I don't mind cutting wood when I am laying around doing nothing, but when I hunt she must cut wood. She can swing an ax equal to any man in this country. I just thought I would fool the old gal once."

Here I remarked to McLaughlin that squaw-men seemed to have as little love for work as the Indian bucks themselves. At this Len chuckled good naturedly, and Maurice said:

"Yes, even less. They become too lazy to even haul wood to the wigwam for their klootchmen to cut," pointing, as he spoke, to Len's Siwash carrying some dry poles to the cabin. Len chuckled again and said, "It is the nature of the squaw; she would go and gather up sticks if there were 10 cords of wood piled up about the cabin."

"Just the same," said Maurice, "there isn't any wood piled around your cabin."

Len soon retired and returned, later in the evening, with his squaw wife and little half breed son to our rancheria. He brought a black wolf skin to show us. He had killed the wolf a week before our arrival. His dog had ventured some distance from the house one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A FAMILY JAR.

moonlight night, and was barking, which seems to have vexed the wolf which was prowling around. The wolf drove the dog to the house and made a vicious attack on him, when Len shot it within 20 feet of the door.

On different occasions we saw tracks of the large gray wolves near our camp. They actually stole venison from the corner of Len's cabin ; but would not touch meat that had been left for them in the mountains. They were seldom seen by day, but frequently made the hills echo with their weird howls at night.

I preserved the skull and skeleton of Len's wolf for the museum. The skin was spoiled for mounting when removed from the body. I have regretted since, that I did not save it for a study skin, as it was the blackest wolf I have ever seen. The back was a dark iron gray, while the legs and belly were full black.

My first trip up Kettle river was made in August and September, '89. Leaving Al Thorp's ranch, near the Loomis trading post, which is only a few miles south of the British line, I travelled northeast with four pack horses and one companion. The first day out we made 18 miles, crossed the Okanogan river and camped at Okanogan Smith's ranch. The second day we held our course nearly east, over a low divide or table land, until we reached Rock creek, which we followed down to Chinatown. We were now on Kettle river, and followed up the west fork about 50 miles to "Trappers' Cabin."

This was a good sized log house. It had been built and occupied the winter before, by Maurice Farrell, George McLaughlin and a man named Dore. With a good supply of provisions, these mountaineer trappers went into this wild place and built the log house for their winter home. It was a warm, well built structure, with a large fire-place in one corner. Later in the season, an addition had been built for the storage of skins and furs.

A heap of five or six bushels of charred bones, mostly skulls, which had been burned a few rods from the cabin, to keep down the odor, as spring opened, testified to the skill of these men as trappers and hunters. The country had been thoroughly worked for 10 or 15 miles in every direction. From this cabin over $1,000 worth of fur had been taken out, in the spring, on pack horses. In the swamp, that extended for a mile or two to the east of the cabin, 53 beavers had been caught. Martens, fishers and lynxes were taken in numbers ; wolverines, otters and gray timber wolves were not rare in the catch.

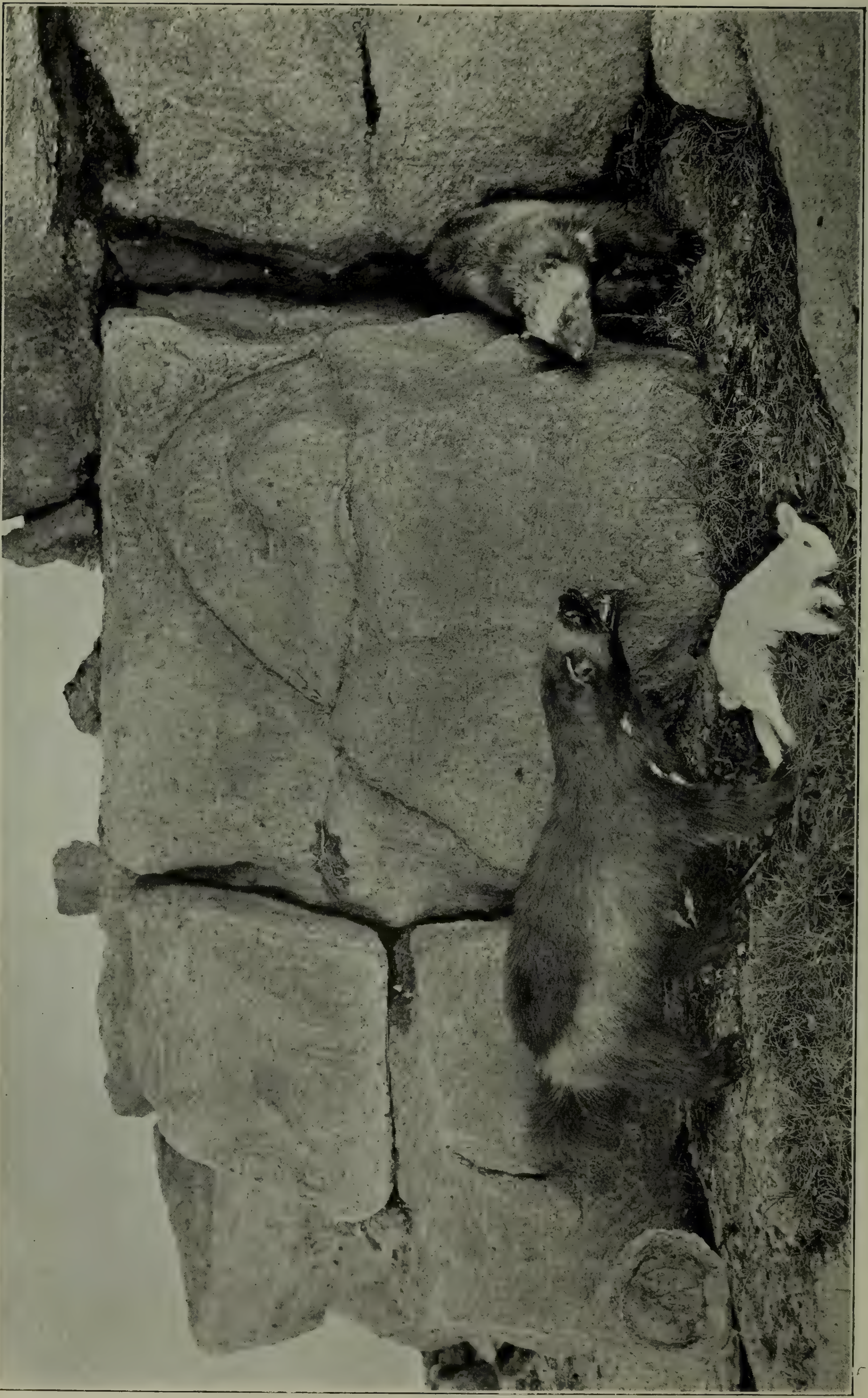
The stories the trappers told me about their operations in this locality would fill a volume. They were all expert trappers. Dore seemed especially gifted in his understanding of the instincts of the otter ; and seldom missed his game. McLaughlin took good care of the wolverines, and Maurice saw that no "amphibian," as he called the beaver, ever got away. Maurice had a way of making a beaver tail soup that would almost make a fellow's palate melt. He was the best all-around camp cook I have ever met. He had several specialties, among which were pancakes and beans. The latter he would bake all night, in what he called a "bean hole." This was out of sight—under the hot ashes at night, and always on top at breakfast time, Sunday morning.

On one occasion, in March, McLaughlin saw where three otters had crossed the swamp and gone over a divide northward. He proposed to Dore that they follow them, as the snow was in good shape for tracking. Dore objected.

"Just wait," he said. "They will be coming back, in a week, and I will fix them."

He arranged his traps about the old beaver dams, where the otters had spent more or less time, as they had passed through. In about 10 days the otters did return, and Dore caught all three of them in one night.

A wolverine got away with one of McLaughlin's traps. Some two weeks afterward he saw where the animal had gone through the snow, still dragging the trap. About this time another wolverine got away with a No. 4 trap and a piece of a green pole, a few inches thick and over two feet long. The animal had actually cut the pole completely in two with its teeth. McLaughlin could no longer put up with such performances. He put up a few days' rations in a pair of blankets, picked up his rifle and started, saying he did not intend to allow the wolverines to start a line of traps of their own at his expense.



WOLVERINES AT HOME.

After three days of hard tramping, he returned to the cabin well nigh exhausted. He said the wolverine, after dragging the trap and clog some 15 miles, had made a bed by digging a hole a foot deep under some large spruce trees. He had evidently spent the first day chewing the stick loose from the trap. He left his card, with compliments, and the stick chewed into splinters, for McLaughlin, who camped under the same spruce tree his first night out. After another day and a half of ardent pursuit, McLaughlin was compelled, from weariness, to give up the chase and leave the wolverine with his No. 4 trap, to work out his own peculiar destiny.

"I have lived in the woods for twenty years," said McLaughlin, "all the way from Maine to Puget Sound, and I had always supposed I could, when I had my own time for it, run down any thing that made tracks in the snow. If this rascally glutton had left the trap somewhere on the route, I shouldn't have felt so badly beaten. The broad trail made by the trap and chain spurred me on. I kept thinking I would soon come up with the beast. I have no idea how far I walked after that brute, but I do know that I followed him, in a fast walk, from 5 A. M. to 6 P. M. the second day out. The trail seemed fresh enough, but I could not get a glimpse of the beast. I kept thinking he would go to some hole, but he kept clear of all such dangers. If he had not been going straight away from camp, I should have followed him to the jumping off place."

On another occasion, McLaughlin followed a wolverine that had eaten some poisoned meat, which had been left in the woods for the wolves. After going a mile the wolverine had thrown up his supper, poison and all, apparently, for McLaughlin followed his trail enthusiastically a whole day, but saw no farther signs of weakening on the part of the wolverine.

McLaughlin said he intended to take a winter off, sometime, and follow a wolverine. Maurice suggested that he had better get more than one trap fastened to each animal before starting after it.

It was here, at "Trappers' Cabin," that the boys, as they called themselves collectively, killed between 90 and 100 deer within a quarter of a mile of the cabin's door. Over half of them were killed within gunshot of the house, and many from the very door itself.

One of the chief objects of this particular trip was to secure specimens of caribou, or American reindeer, as they are sometimes called. Caribou were reported by the trappers as having been rather common in the neighborhood of their camp. However, they did not see them before December, and killed their first old bull December 15th. Their tracks showed that they came in bands of about a dozen each, from the north. They remained until spring, and went north again about the time the deer began to return. A few days spent hunting, within a radius of six miles of the old camp, revealed nothing except some old tracks and shed horns. I decided to go north, to the high mountain ranges, the supposed summer home of the caribou. This route took us up toward the head waters of Kettle river. For nearly a week my companion and I travelled with our pack horses. We took turns at chopping trail, which led us through some dense thickets. Sometimes these were composed of long, slender trees, growing close together; at other places there were dead poles and small green trees mixed. Further on we met great stretches of down timber, not quite so large as telegraph poles, but of great length and criss-crossed beyond anything I had ever met in many years of mountain travel. We kept doing the "chopping act," as we called it, most of the time for four days. There was little sign of game in this jungle. Occasionally, we would find a small flock of "fool hen" grouse, and would kill them with sticks.

We travelled some 75 miles through a country that bore no sign of ever having been trespassed upon before, either by white men or Indians. There were no trails except game trails; no blazed trees, no old camp or axe marks, in short, no anything to indicate that a human being had ever before penetrated the country. To me such a trip is always fascinating. The discovery of an old camp, a bottle or tin can, or anything to indicate that the country had been previously penetrated, would have robbed the expedition of much of its charm.

The river bottom and lower grounds once behind us, the country was more open and travelling much easier. This was especially true as we passed up a slope leading to a mesa or table land, which stretched 15 or 20 miles between us and the snow covered range. This flat stretch of country was covered with a dense forest. After travelling through it for two or three miles, we were compelled to stop on account of the many large fallen trees. Swampy places added much to the difficulties of our progress. Our horses had jumped logs until they were unable to go farther. In this locality there was an abundance of signs of large game, and a deer was soon killed for our camp supplies. A little reconnoitering convinced me that it would be simply impossible to get our horses through such a tangled mess of fallen timber. It was possible to walk for miles on the trunks of fallen trees, many of which were 100 to 150 feet in length.

Years ago a forest fire had done its dreadful work in this region. A second growth of small trees and underbrush covered a ground which was well coated in many places with moss and huckle, or blue-berry bushes, now loaded with ripe fruit. Bears had made trails here, there and everywhere ; and the ground was cut up with deer tracks Here I saw my first fresh caribou tracks.

After a day's prospecting, we retreated and tried to get through by entering at other places. We finally spent a day trying to find a way around this forest, but there seemed to be no possible show to get through to the snow covered peaks, which were not more than 15 miles further to the north. We finally made camp, at a place where our horses could feed on swamp grass, and started at daylight, next morning, on foot for the snow covered peaks, blazing a trail as we went. During the afternoon we reached the peaks and climbed to the top of one of the highest. Here we rested, ate our lunch of venison and biscuit, and took a look at the surrounding country. Looking to the north, the great Frazer river country stretched out before us. To the south, down the Kettle river basin, toward the great Columbia, there was a wilderness of gray and green, a vast stretch of dead and living forest. Within this great stretch of country, and to the south-east, was an extensive area of comparatively level forest land, near the centre of which were several lakes. I determined, there and then, to visit the lake country on my return, if possible. Away to the east was a ragged looking range of snow covered mountains. More than a 100 miles to the west the great Cascade range loomed up in solemn grandeur. It was one of the most impressive views of nature it has ever been my privilege to enjoy.

I was many times reminded while I stood on the coast of Labrador and Greenland, during the summer of 1894, of what I saw from that mountain at the head of Kettle river. Standing on its summit, I looked out upon a vast ocean of mountains. The white peaks of the snowy ranges glistened in the blue sky, above a sea of mist and smoke which half veiled the surrounding country. Standing on the coasts of Greenland, I looked out upon the real ocean. The icebergs, some small, others large ; some near, others far away, appeared as isolated snow-white mountain peaks. Some rose hundreds of feet above the gray mists of the sea and gleamed in the cool, gray sky. There are many things in these two scenes that might be compared, one with the other, and yet they were altogether unlike. I felt as far away from everywhere and as near nowhere in the one place as in the other. One was no more lonesome or inviting than the other. There was something grand and inspiring about both, which produced a sensation of pleasure that can never be experienced again unless under similar conditions.

A hurried survey revealed the fact that there was plenty of game about the base of the peaks. Several deer were seen, but no caribou, though their tracks were not uncommon, and some were evidently but a few days old.

It was now late in the afternoon and our little camp was miles away. We made haste down the mountain and struck our blazed trail on a run. It was well on towards midnight when we found that place of all places, dear to a hunter's heart, the camp. Boiled venison, hot biscuits, with blueberry sauce and tea, repaired the impoverished condition of our blood, and we were soon at rest in our sleeping bags.

It seemed next to impossible to get our horses to the range where the caribou could be found, and beside my companion had grown sick and tired of the country. We finally decided to give it up and go south, which we did, following our old trail down the river for three days. We then turned east in search of the lake country which I had seen from the mountain peaks. From a high ridge we located the lakes—at least two or three of them—but it took an entire day's wandering through the thick woods before we found one of them. It was a small one, a few hundred yards wide and twice as long. Grass grew about its shores, which supplied our half-starved horses.

The beavers seemed to have things their own way here. They had built dams and many pole houses. I arose between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and in the moonlight could see several swimming about and working on their houses. The noise made by them in their gnawing and other work, could be heard distinctly.

The next day we moved camp to the shore of a lake more than a mile in diameter. It had an island in its centre, covered with evergreens. I christened it "Island lake." There were not so many beavers in this lake, although there were a number of pole houses, and a dam several hundred feet in length, around the marshy outlet. The sandy beach was patted down by the feet of lynxes, wolves, wolverines and various other animals. A rather fresh carcass of a deer was found in the brush which bordered one of the little bayous. The animal had evidently been devoured and perhaps killed by wolverines. There were a few fresh bear and caribou tracks about the shore. Fish showed themselves by jumping out of the water. It seemed an ideal place for a hunter and naturalist collector.

During the first night of our stay at this island lake it snowed about five inches. What an opportunity for hunting, and for finding out what there was in the country! But, alas, for my companion—a local taxidermist, from Denver—when the snow began to fall, "the winter of his discontent" set in, and by the time the snow had ceased to fall he had completely soured on the country and was as fussy as a wounded bear. He had no use for Island lake, or any other lake, and proposed to get out of the country immediately, lest he should be snowed in for the winter. He brought his horses in and began putting on the packs. I reluctantly did the same, vowing, however, that I would at some future time return to Island lake with a companion possessed of at least an atom of the staying quality.

After a week's traveling we were again at Thorp's ranch. Thorp had lived in the country 30 years. His advice contributed much to the success of my five months collecting trips in the country. His hospitality had become proverbial. His house was open for my personal comfort and his barn for the storage of my baggage and specimens.

After a few days rest and a month's successful Rocky mountain goat hunting, I prepared for a second trip up Kettle river. This time Maurice Farrell and George McLaughlin, the men who had built and occupied the Trappers' cabin, the winter before, were my companions. Not finding any caribou in the neighborhood of the old cabin, we proceeded, with our pack train, northeast across a divide, leaving the Island lake country which we could plainly see to our left. After a three days journey we made camp on the middle fork of Kettle river. Our plans were to go up this fork, but after one day's journey it was found to be even more utterly impassable than the west fork. There seemed no possible way to get along with pack horses, except to follow in the bed of the river. In places the water was deep and the river bed full of boulders. After one half day's effort we gave it up. A two and a half days' journey down the river brought us to an open meadow, on the edge of which a new log cabin stood near the bank of the river.

Len Armstrong, an old friend of Maurice and George, had just located there. He had visited Trappers' Cabin during the summer and had thought of locating at that point, but finally decided that his present camp afforded better range for his herd of snow storm horses.

On our way up, Maurice saw Len at Chinatown. He reported fresh caribou tracks near his ranch, and said that the Indians had seen them a few miles northeast of his place. This information is really what led us to his ranch, at which we remained nearly three weeks.

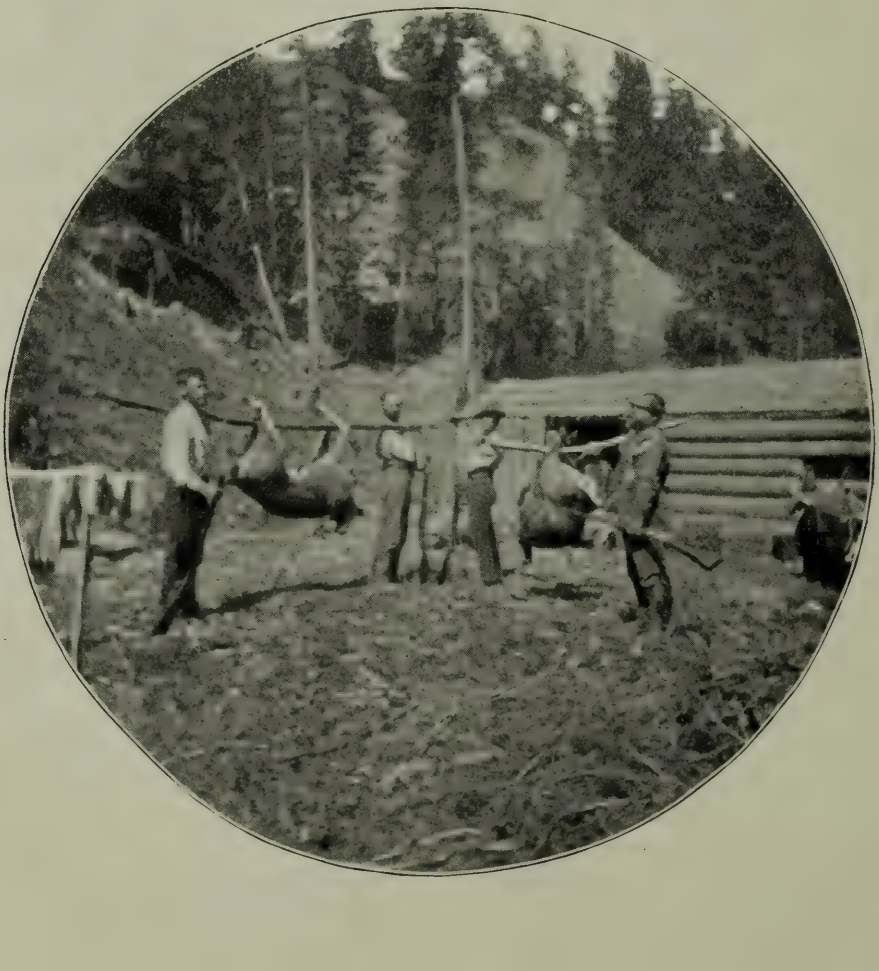
McLaughlin and I made a trip some 50 miles to the northeast to "Bald mountain," where the Indians said the caribou spent the summer. We went on foot, with our blankets on our backs. We found some old caribou tracks, but the snow continued to fall until it was two feet deep on the top of the mountains. We returned to the rancheria, where the snow was only six inches deep. We were out just a week.

It was December, now. Snow was burying the mountains deeper and deeper every day, and ice was closing up the rivers. We made haste to get out of the country with our 13 pack horses. The ice on the river and divide made the task a trying one. However, we reached the Loomis trading post, without serious mishap, and with a fine collection of deer, some wolves, wolverines, martens, lynxes, fishers, etc.

A year later, in the fall of '90, McLaughlin followed my old trail, up the west branch of Kettle river and killed caribou in the very locality I had visited. His camp accidently caught fire and all the specimens burned, except the skin of one old bull, which he brought out and sent to me. It was mounted and helped fill out my collection of large mammals in the Kansas building at the World's Fair.

At some future date, perhaps, even this coming summer, I expect to return to the Kettle river country and get satisfaction, if possible, out of the country at the headwaters of the forests and swamps which surround Island lake.

If there is any spot on this continent where a sportsman can go and kill a mule deer, 50 years hence, I believe it will be on the head waters of Kettle river. There, if anywhere, he will find a great wilderness of rough country. There are no trees of value to attract lumber-men. The grass is too scattering and hard of approach to ever attract stockmen ; and unless mines are discovered and opened up, I see no reason why this may not remain a wilderness of rough waste land,—a natural home for many of our indigenous animals for many years to come.



A SUNDAY CONSTITUTIONAL.

R. C. W. Lett.

CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in August—a charming day for a walk—that is, on wheels—for what's the difference? Has any one ever given you a "Glad I'm not such a sinner" look as you went rolling silently by on your wheel? If so, perhaps you have noticed the same person, the same day, driving a poor horse, wet to the hoofs, and all the family in the rig. Which looks the more like work, the man on the wheel, or the horse before the wheel? Which of the two men is the worst Sabbath breaker? But to my story.

A friend called for me, and we decided on a little spin to Chelsea. Passing out of the city we crossed the Ottawa river at the Chaudière Falls. Although we had seen this noble cataract a thousand times, we stopped again to enjoy the picture and the cooling spray rising from the ' boiling kettle," for such is the name, Chaudière meaning caldron. What a great pleasure it is, on a hot day, to watch a mass of broken water!

Passing on, we left the bridge and were in the Province of Quebec. Then through the city of Hull, and out on the smooth, but up-and-down hill road of the Gatineau. This road leads to many good lakes for fishing, and to a good deer country. It traverses a beautiful range of hills called the Laurentian mountains. These form the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the St. Lawrence river, the highest peak being about 4,000 feet.

I remarked to Harry that I never knew how long Chelsea Hill was 'till I rode up it on a wheel. Really it is just a mile, but is not steep. One must keep a sharp look-out for the smallest pebble. From the top of the mountain the view is grand. The eye first rests on the Gatineau river, said to be the roughest in Canada. It seems a band of foam. Far in the distance to our right, rising from among the trees, are the spires of the parliament buildings.

Passing on, we soon reached Chelsea, but not until we had run the gauntlet of a gang of small boys, who nailed us with green apples. However, no tires nor eyes were punctured. At Chelsea Grove we stretched out on the grass for half an hour ; then called on Mr. Moore for a glass of water and a smoke.

While sitting on his veranda we noticed five or six Ottawa wheelmen coming down the road on the home stretch. As near as I could judge, they were going about 14 miles an hour, and of course, we were all out to see them come in. As they neared the house, a hen, fluttering past the man in the lead, just managed to land under the wheel of the second. For a moment we saw only a cloud of dust; then we made out man, wheels, and good clothes sadly mixed up—then feathers. Mr. Rosenthal picked up his wheel as though nothing had happened and walked quietly in. The hen, needless to say, turned up her toes. The owner not being on hand, Mr. Rosenthal got off with a scratch on the arm.

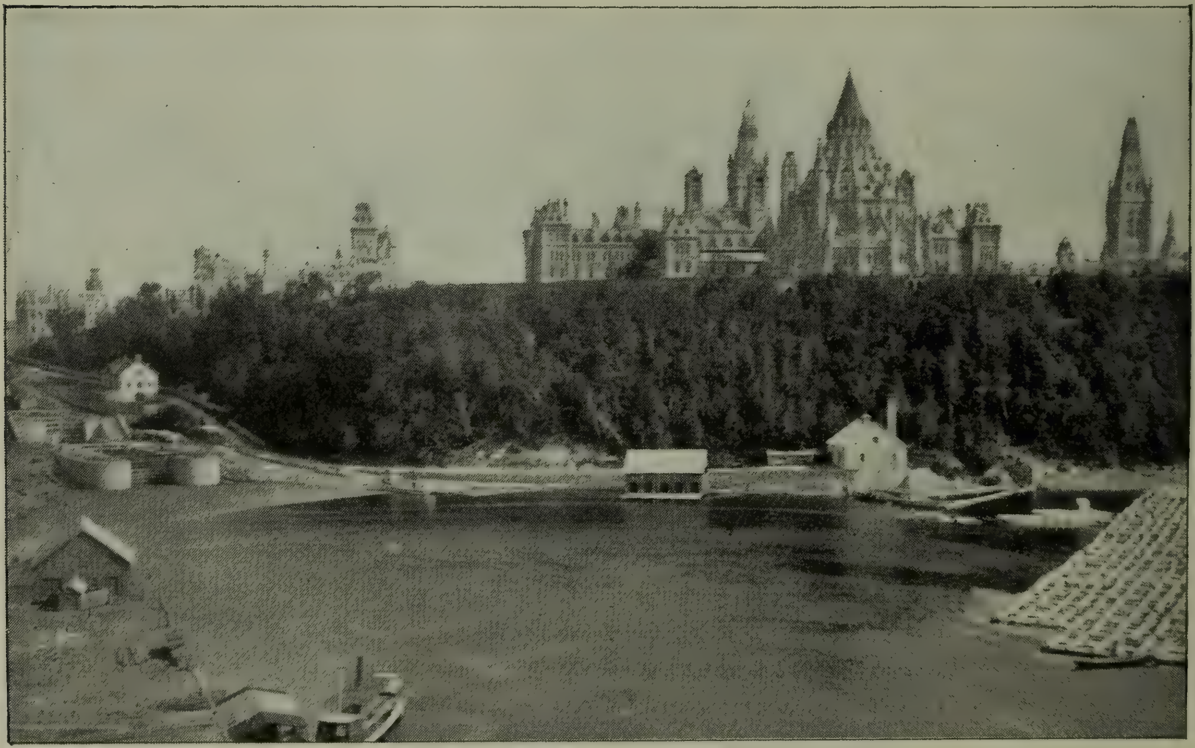
The wheels were stacked by the veranda, when an elderly tobacconist of our city stepped up to examine them. By the way, an extra good cigar can be bought from this gentleman, just by saying "wheel," before you ask for it. Picking out one which seemed to please him, Rosenthal remarked, as he tossed his right leg over the saddle :

"Der ish no drouble a dall."

We stood admiring the graceful sweeps of his marrows and the wing-like motion of his trouser-legs, as they flapped to and fro.

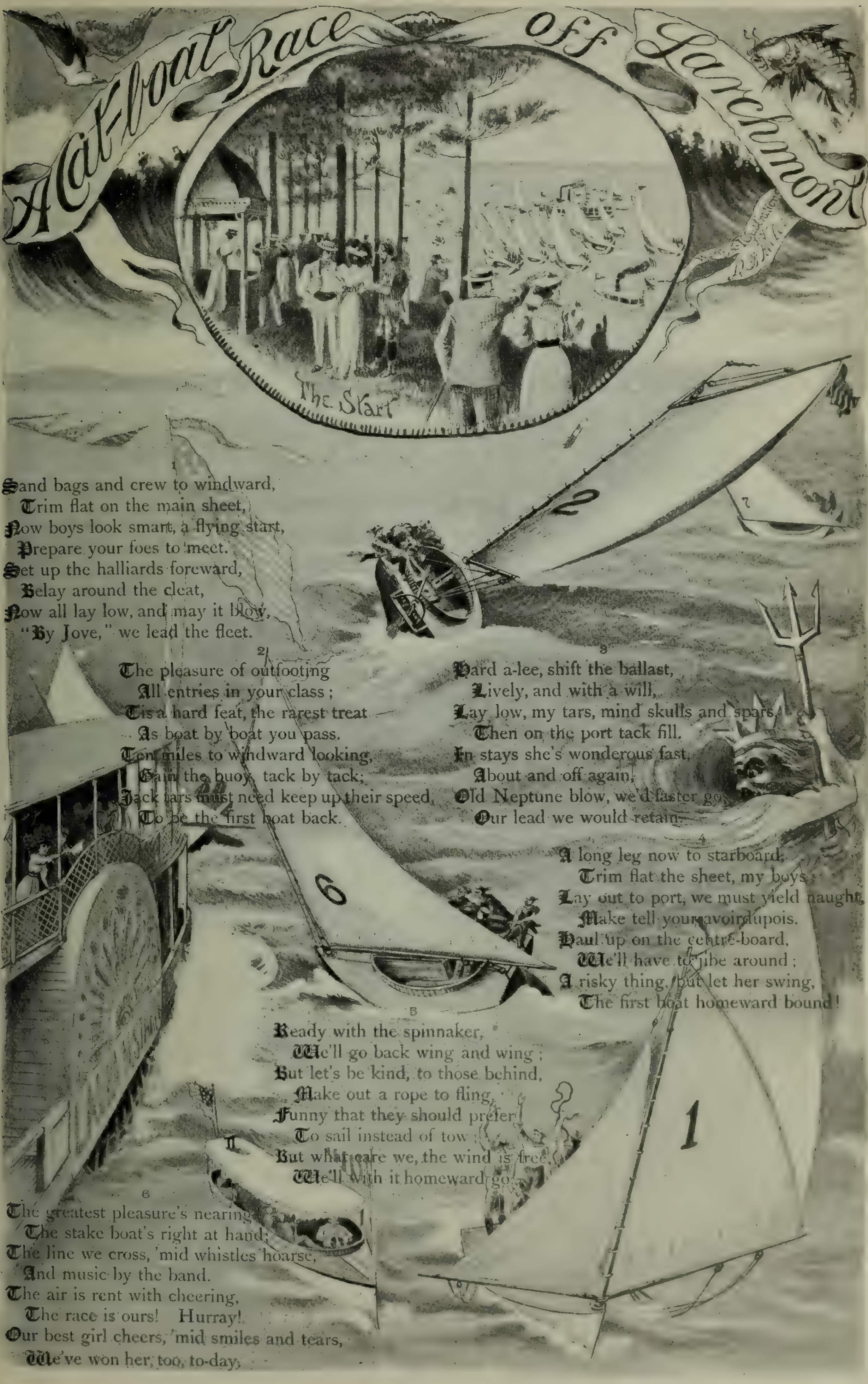
Just to show us how much at home he was, on the wheel, he turned his head clear around to say good-bye. At the same time he came to a dead stop, threw his hands behind his back to save himself and landed with a crash on his back in the middle of the dusty road, the wheel on top of him. It seems the right leg of his trousers caught in the pedal crank and (being of good Canadian tweed) pinned him to the wheel. No bones broken.

Our trip home was delightful, and I think we took in about a month's supply of health and energy to be used at our desks.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

A Cat-boat Race off Larchmont



1

Sand bags and crew to windward,
Trim flat on the main sheet,
Now boys look smart, a flying start,
Prepare your foes to meet.
Set up the halliards foreward,
Belay around the cleat,
Now all lay low, and may it blow,
"By Jove," we lead the fleet.

2

The pleasure of outfooting
All entries in your class;
'Tis a hard feat, the rarest treat
As boat by boat you pass.
Ten miles to windward looking,
Gain the buoy, tack by tack;
Jack tars must need keep up their speed,
To be the first boat back.

3

Hard a-lee, shift the ballast,
Lively, and with a will,
Lay low, my tars, mind skulls and spars,
Then on the port tack fill.
In stays she's wonderous fast,
About and off again,
Old Neptune blow, we'd faster go,
Our lead we would retain.

4

A long leg now to starboard,
Trim flat the sheet, my boys,
Lay out to port, we must yield naught,
Make tell your avoirdupois.
Haul up on the centre-board,
We'll have to jibe around;
A risky thing, but let her swing,
The first boat homeward bound!

5

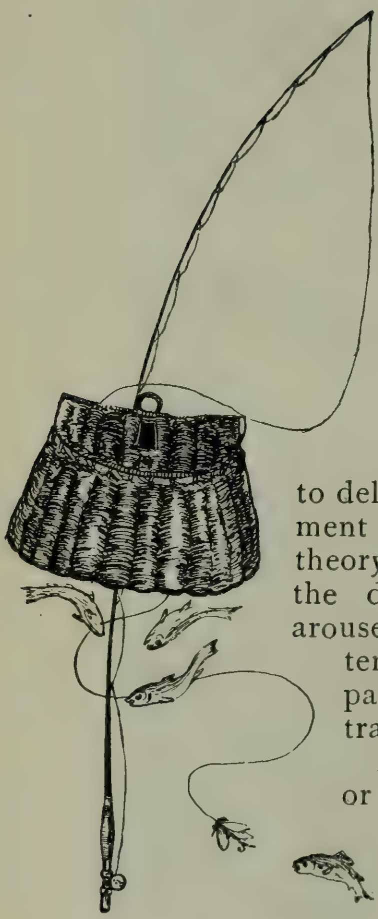
Ready with the spinnaker,
We'll go back wing and wing;
But let's be kind, to those behind,
Make out a rope to fling.
Funny that they should prefer
To sail instead of tow;
But what care we, the wind is free,
We'll with it homeward go.

6

The greatest pleasure's nearing,
The stake boat's right at hand;
The line we cross, 'mid whistles hoarse,
And music by the band.
The air is rent with cheering,
The race is ours! Hurray!
Our best girl cheers, 'mid smiles and tears,
We've won her, too, to-day.

A LEAF FROM A FLY-BOOK.

HORACE KENT TENNEY.



It is a rule of the profession whose members are said by Rosalind to "sleep twixt term and term," that a witness testifying in court may refer to written memoranda for the purpose of "refreshing his recollection." A memory thus assisted is commonly supposed to deliver an accurate statement of the facts; for, in theory, the writing by which the dormant memory is aroused, contains a contemporaneous and impartial record of the transaction.

By analogy to this rule, or perhaps by a relaxation of it, a sportsman should be allowed in relating his experiences, to refresh his memory from the pages of his fly-book. It contains the journal of his wanderings, and though its entries are rather disjointed, and legible only to the owner, they are surely sufficient to refresh his recollection, which is all the law contemplates. It is true the book cannot be effectually used against him on cross-examination: for its most suggestive entries consist only of scratches, water stains, old-flies—kept as patterns—frayed leaders, and such like trumpery, which would puzzle Scarlet himself to use against a witness. Yet every angler can, from each page of his fly-book, read stories of the lakes and streams, and illustrate them with pictures "from the sweet face of nature." If he can do this, his testimony is admissible, and I will maintain it in court.

The credibility of his story, however, is to be tested by the credulity of those who hear it. If they believe it, and try to do likewise, so much the better for them, even if they do not succeed. That is exclusively their affair; for it is another rule of the common law that a witness cannot be held responsible for the effect which his testimony may have on the bystanders.

My fly-book has journeyed with me, lo! these 13 years. Between its covers I find the following tale, and no one can disprove it from the book.

The first trip this fly-book made was in the summer of 1882, and it went with a party of four: Colonel B , his son Charles, George C., and the writer. Our objective point after leaving Florence, Wisconsin, was a mining camp on the west shore of Chicagon lake, where the Colonel had some men prospecting for iron ore. It was in July, 1882, and the railroad was being pushed through the woods north-west from Florence. As this was the general direction in which we were headed, it gave us what I at first thought was the advantage of walking about 12 miles on the "right-of-way,"—as it was called—a name both technically and practically appropriate. A mile or two of walking, however, showed us that the only advantage which this road possessed lay in the fact that, like the road to destruction, it was so broad and obvious that the wayfarer had no difficulty in keeping in it. Yet it was a toilsome thing to walk on. Regarded as a piece of engineering it probably had many fine points; but from the standpoint of the pedestrian—if one has a standpoint while walking—it was simply a long, uneven sand pile, which grew longer and more uneven and more exasperatingly remote from water as the sun journeyed higher.

We had been told that the trail to Chicagon lake crossed the "right-of-way," about 12 miles from our starting point, and that there was a saloon at the junction of these two thoroughfares. So when we had plodded through the sand for about four hours, we began to look out for the saloon, which, from familiarity with urban customs, we assumed would be a gilded palace of iniquity, sufficiently prominent in a howling wilderness to be readily distinguished. No such place appeared. At last, however, we came to a trail, which, from its trend and position, we knew must lead to Chicagon lake. Nailed to a blackened pine stump was a tin sign flaunting in the clear sunlight the words, "Val. Blatz, Milwaukee Beer."

A little way off in the woods we saw a small log shanty, and assuming that this banner on the outer stump had some reference to it, we invaded its doorway. It was indeed a saloon, but one whose insidious allurements could hardly be classed as dangerous. There was but one room; that was about 12 feet square, and floored with a portion of the broad bosom of Mother Earth. Near the door stood two beer kegs, one on top of the other, and from the upper one, extending to a chink in the wall, there was a rough pine board, on which were some tin cups, ready for a bacchanalian orgy. Behind this bar stood the bartender. He did not wear diamonds, nor a white apron; in fact nothing that he wore was, at that time, white. But he knew how to fill tin cups with beer, and put them where weary men could get hold of them. And he did it. Selah!

"HE PICKED UP HIS RIFLE AND FIRED."

At the head of Chicagon lake we got dinner, at a sort of half-way house—half way between Crystal Falls and Iron river, between civilization and savagery, between comfort and misery—and then visited an Indian village near by. I was deeply interested in the work of an old sachem, who was building a birch canoe. His tools were the simplest—an axe and a knife—and all his materials were such as could be gathered within half an hour's walk in the woods. With these he built the craft which, of all others, is most thoroughly adapted to its purposes and in sympathy with its surroundings. It is built in the woods, of the woods, and for the woods. Its owner is completely independent; for where it cannot carry him, he can carry it, and he can thus travel both by flood and field, guided only by his wishes. This independence, however, comes only from thorough familiarity with his craft, meaning both wood-craft and water-craft; and this embodiment of forest life is fickle, and decidedly

"KNEE DEEP IN THE SWIRLING WATER."

restive under the touch of a 'prentice hand.

The Colonel's camp was near the lower end of the lake, and to get there, we had to overload a small, flat-bottomed skiff with ourselves and our baggage. On the way, I had my first sight of a deer in his native haunts. When we first saw him he was doing his best to get out of the native haunt in which he was then situated. He was in the lake, swimming for dear life, with a brawny Indian, about a hundred yards astern, in a birch-bark canoe. The savage was standing up, and putting his heart and soul into the paddle in a way that drove his canoe through the water at a most surprising rate. As the deer was rapidly nearing shore, so that overtaking him in the water seemed hopeless, the Indian dropped his paddle, picked up his Winchester, and fired twice, with no other effect than to splash water on the deer and make him go faster. So he took to paddling again, but in a few minutes the deer reached shallow water and began to wade ashore. A few shots from the rifle hastened his movements, but he went off apparently uninjured, for his white flag was flying defiantly at his spanker peak as he bounded into the woods.

We spent the night at the mining camp, and the next morning packed up blankets, provisions, etc., and built ourselves a bivouac on the lake shore. It was a very attractive place. A little point, covered with birch saplings, jutted far enough into the water beyond the general shore line to catch the breeze on both sides. There was a handy little cove in which to stow the boat ; a fine swimming place, about two rods from the tent, and a choice collection of shady spots scattered around, where you could sit and think what a good time you were having.

From our camp we made various expeditions in search of fur, fin and feather. In the lake we caught perch. This statement will, no doubt, cause a turning of the noses of the sportsmen who never use anything but a fly and a split bamboo. But *nota bene*, there are perch, and there are also PERCH. It was the latter that we caught. These fellows were perfect studies in green and gold, weighed about a pound and a half each, and were almost oppressive in the attentions which they showered on even the most indifferent bait. Our boat was a rickety, cranky affair, and not at all adapted to carrying four men during the excitement of a perch soirée. So we built a raft out of cedar logs, and anchored it with a stone and a long strip of bark at the edge of the bed of rushes, where the fish most did congregate. By putting two men on the raft we were able to keep right side up in spite of the perch.

The Brûlé river, a famous trout stream, ran close to the railroad "right-of-way" at the point where we took the trail to the lake. So it was an easy matter for us to show a sportsmanlike appreciation of the presence of *salmo fontinalis* by going there. We made several trips, each time with gratifying results. I remember one day in particular, when three of us stood about 20 feet apart, knee-deep in the swirling water, with the bright sun on our backs, and in defiance of all precedent, caught a score of fine troat, almost within reach of the tips of our rods. The fish did not seem, in their eagerness to catch the flies, to mind our presence any more than if we were so many logs, or bumps on logs.

The episode of the deer and the Indian, on the day of our arrival, had filled us with a desire to have the chance the Indian had had, with a view to more successful results. I was particularly anxious to see how a deer looked through the sights of a rifle, never having observed one under those circumstances. We had with us one of those lethal devices known as a headlight, and we were not above using it. The flies were very bad in the woods, and every night the deer were down among the lily pads, cooling their slim legs in the water, and enjoying a pleasant *siesta*. It is a simple matter for a man with a headlight, and with no respect for the higher rules of the sportsman's code, to get into very close relations with the "dappled fools," while they are in or near the water. It is rather a weird business, paddling for deer in this way, and very tiresome withal, for you must keep perfectly still, and cannot stretch your legs and give a good hearty yawn as you are con-

ON THE BRÛLÉ.

tinually tempted to do. There is, of course, no light, except that which comes from the cyclopean eye of the inanimate bull perched over your left eye. With this circle of light you carefully sweep every foot of the shore line, even though it were better unswept, while the canoe slips silently through the water and the lantern burns your forehead.

The first time we went out George embarked with an Indian, while Charles and I took our chances together, he courteously giving me the rifle and lamp. We paddled clear to the outlet without seeing or hearing a thing. But as we got near the creek we heard a great splashing ahead. We worked cautiously forward, throwing the light all around, but without seeing anything, though the noise continued. When we reached the outlet we found that the deer—there were two or three of them—were in the creek and hidden from our light by a bend. They were only a few rods off, and we could hear them walking about in the water, stamping and blowing, and making merry. Charles gently swung the canoe around, headed it straight into the creek, and let the current carry it. I was all ready to open fire as soon as we should pass the bend, and it began to look blue for the deer, when the canoe ran bump ! into a sunken log. The next thing we heard was a skurry of hoof-beats, mingled with the sound of a word which rhymes with ham.

A few days after this deer hunt we pulled up our tent pegs, tied our baggage up in the pack-straps, and took again the long tramp over the trail and the sandy "right-of-way." With the memory of a happy outing green within me, I vowed that each succeeding summer of my life should find me in the woods. So far the vow has been broken but once. May the future record keep as good.

IN CANADIAN WOODS.

JOSEPH W. HOWE.

WE HAVE a camp, 80 miles north of the St. Lawrence river, on the shore of a large lake in the Canadian forest. It consists of a log house, a bark shelter for guides, and a bark kitchen. No road leads to it—it is in the wilderness.

On the 21st of August, after three days of travel over portages and lakes, accompanied by six French Canadian guides, laden with blankets and provisions, our canoes touched lightly the little landing in front of the cabin.

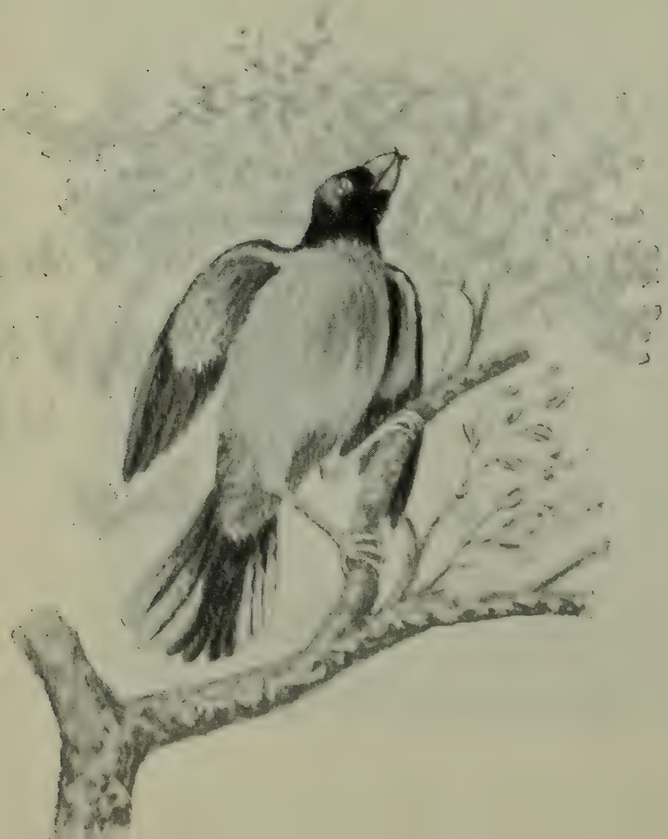
Old Felice is the guardian. He made the camp and the log-house, the beds, the table and the chairs. He is a Frenchman—a trapper, skillful in all manual labor within the range of his experience; a good cook, in the manner of forest cookery; wise in every kind of woodcraft—a veritable growth of the forest. His features are large and homely. His speech is quaint and simple. He knows the dim trails through the wilderness as we know the familiar streets of the city we live in. He traps the bear, the otter, the beaver and the mink; he hunts the caribou and the moose. When we set foot in our camp, Felice becomes a part of our life, together with all the wild creatures that live in the woods.

No visitor had been at the camp since the season of 1893, and the denizens of the forest had been undisturbed by man. The camp clearings in these wilds are frequented by flocks of crossbills. These birds are quite tame, and seem to have no knowledge of the insincerity of man. They appear suddenly on the trees, and flutter down to the ground to get the bits of food, which are always scattered about a camp in the woods. On our arrival, we found them hopping in and out of the space under the cabin, like wood mice. One day I saw Felice, who must look and seem to the birds to be a part of the wild woods, carefully approach a crimson-tinted male cross-bill, and, stooping slowly down, pick him up. He brought the bird to me. It scarcely struggled, but turned its little head and looked at

THE CAMP.

THE TRAPPER AT HOME.

me curiously, showing no fear. On being released, he flew to a near branch, and in a minute or two was back again, picking up the crumbs at the kitchen door. Afterwards, I saw one of our French guides pick up one of the birds. I tried to capture one in the same way, but just as I touched his back, he slipped away, with a soft whirr of wings.



On the morning after our arrival we saw a woodchuck sitting at the mouth of his burrow, a few feet from the bark kitchen. He was not pleased to see us there, for he scolded and stamped his feet vigorously, and in a day or two abandoned his burrow and went into the thickets, adjoining the little clearing, where we afterward caught an occasional glimpse of him.

One day we set fire to a batch of felled trees near the house, whereupon a rabbit leaped out through the smoke in a panic. During that day he hopped about the clearing, in the rain, apparently amazed, and certainly very wet and forlorn. Doubtless, it was his first experience of a landlord's summary proceedings for the dispossession of a tenant.

The great northern divers, or loons, were daily visitors. One bright morning I counted seven in front of the camp, on the lake, and every one of them was talking incessantly. Another morning eight loons met near the centre of the lake. They kept up a prodigious clatter of voices, until they separated and retired towards the shores. We never pointed our rifles at them. We much preferred to have them on visiting terms with us.

Large hawks and small hawks were numerous, and sailed in wide circles over us. They doubtless preyed on our smaller feathered friends, and would gladly have dispatched them, but they seldom gave us a chance for a shot.

One evening, about sunset, as I was returning in my canoe from the evening fly fishing, I spied a fat, hearty looking beaver in front of the canoe. He had pulled up the root of a water plant, and it lay exposed on the surface of the water. On my approach he swam gracefully away, his flat, black tail stretched out behind him on the lake. We followed him, with soft stroke of the paddle, until he glided in among some low bushes that fringed the shore.

Brook trout! What shall I say of them? The lake was full of them. We took them by the hundreds, and ate them for breakfast, dinner and supper. They never criticised our flies, as to color, size, or form of hook. With them a fly was a fly, although from long experience on the Canadian lakes, we did, perhaps, offer them what we were sure they would like.

HUCKLEBERRIES OR FISH?

FRANK H. SWEET.

" Oh, now, ma, it's awful hot!
I'd jest soon ter go 's not,
Only—I don't—feel 't my best,
'N' I thought I'd go 'n' rest
'Side ther brook—'N', oh, say, ma!
They 'm bitin' like all p'sess't;
'N' 'taint far,
'N' if ye'll only let me go
I'n git 'n awful sight I know."

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.

The passenger who to-day crosses the continent, seated in a luxurious Pullman car, surrounded by all the conveniences of the age; and traveling at the rate of 30 miles an hour, has little idea as to how the journey was made 35 years ago, when the distance now passed over in three days required nearly three months to accomplish. What to him is a deluge of rain, a hail storm, or a sand blizzard? He is comfortably housed, warmed and fed, and his horses never give out or drop down in their harness. What is it to him whether wood, water and grass are plentiful—whether he be passing through a desert or a Garden of Eden? But these were all important, and sometimes vital questions, to the traveller of three decades ago.

I recently came across, among some family papers, a package of old yellow sheets, which turned out to be the journal kept by me when crossing the plains in 1860. It was written for the gratification of friends in "the states" and was sent, leaf by leaf, as the various stage stations along the road were passed.

Although not as ancient, nor as interesting as the old Knickerbocker manuscript, immortalized by the genius of Washington Irving, yet it seems to me to contain some things which might interest the present generation, especially as marking the immense stride which has been made in the development of our country during the past 35 years. The vast country lying between the Missouri river and the settled valley of Salt Lake, was then little better than a wilderness, with but three army posts to serve as sort of rallying points, or resting places, along the emigrant road to Oregon. These were Fort Kearney on the Platte river, Fort Laramie on the Laramie river, near its junction with the north fork of the Platte, and in the midst of the Sioux country, and Fort Bridger, near the eastern part of Utah territory, named after the celebrated guide and scout, "Jim" Bridger, and rendered famous by the fact that here General Albert Sidney Johnston spent the winter of 1856–7, with his little army, before entering Salt Lake city. With the exception of these posts, the stage stations along the road, and now and then a sod house, occupied by a waif from civilization, at the risk of his life, and living, Gods knows how, there were actually no inhabitants other than the buffalo, elk, deer, antelopes, wolves, prairie dogs, and a few other and smaller kinds of animals.

It was, of course, the Indian's paradise, for as long as the herds of buffalo existed, the Indian could supply himself with food, clothing and shelter. No wonder he bitterly complained that the white man's road through his country, with its long string of white wagons, and the crack of the white man's rifle, drove away the game on which he depended, not only for his food, but for clothing and shelter. But the white man could not heed the complaint of the poor Indian, for 10 years before gold, in vast quantities, had been discovered on the Pacific coast, and this was then the shortest road to get at it, hence barbarism and the buffalo must clear the track for "civilization,"

In Utah was maintained a small military force to look after the Mormons; and to supply the vacancies occurring there, recruits had to be sent out from the east, making the march of 1200 miles to Camp Floyd. Such a body of recruits was formed at Fort Leavenworth in the spring of 1860, and with it were to go out a number of officers belonging to the posts along the Oregon route. Some of these were to be accompanied by their wives and children.

The resurrected manuscript thus describes our start from Fort Leavenworth:

THE START, June 6th.

We were all packed and got the wagon off by 9, and about 1, bidding our friends good-bye, we entered our ambulances and started on our long trip across the prairies. Fannie and the babies, with the nurse, Mary, and a driver lead off in the large ambulance, drawn by four mules, while Mrs. M.,* child and nurse, brought up the rear in the small ambulance, both being furnished with good drivers as far as our first camp. I followed on a pony and had proceeded about a mile when we crossed the ridge in rear of the post and descended to the valley beyond, along a steep hill. The first ambulance got to the bottom safely and I was near the foot, when turning round to see how Mrs. M. got on, I was horrified to see the mules turning from the road at a rapid pace, totally beyond the control of the driver. I galloped back just in time to reach the place as the team plunged into a deep ditch, falling as they went and almost pulling the wagon on top of them. It partly turned over and was caught by a small tree, the wheel on the opposite side remaining in the air. Both the men jumped out, one before the other, after the wagon came to a standstill, the last springing to the window and, taking out the baby, laid it on the ground where it began squalling lustily. I sprang from my horse and helped Mrs. M. and the nurse out. Both were badly scared, but unhurt. The mules were soon released by cutting a breast-strap, and they scrambled out as if heartily ashamed of their part of the performance. A messenger to the garrison soon brought us help; the wagon was pulled out without injury, and sadder, but wiser, we went on our way rejoicing. We locked our wheels at every steep place thereafter, Mrs. M. dismounting but once.

Such was our departure from Fort Leavenworth. Our return to it sixteen months afterwards (Oct., '61) was very different and much sadder. As we approached the scene of Mrs. M.'s mishap we encountered long lines of freshly made breast-works, thrown up to resist an anticipated attack from our own citizens, and behind these were large camps of volunteer regiments, with strange faces in every direction, and not one of the friendly faces we had left behind, the year before, to welcome us back. All had gone east to join in the great civil war, and every thing which met the eye spoke of war and disorganization. We were glad enough to get away from the post and turn our faces eastward again. The part of the country we were now marching through was afterward to become the flourishing state of Kansas. The journal thus describes the

A KANSAS PIONEER.

FIRST CAMP.

About half past 4, we came in sight of the tents and wagons camped on the side of a hill convenient to a tolerably good supply of water. I found the other ambulance safe and F. wondering at my absence. Our tents were soon pitched, beds made, faces washed, water boiling, and we sat down at our camp table, with good appetites, to cold chicken, ham and excellent coffee. After eating we were as amiable and pleased a party as ever dined at the Fifth avenue.

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* A lady going out to join her husband at Camp Floyd.

Sunset saw our mules brought in, our sentinels set—although we are in a well settled country—our babies in bed and ourselves comfortable and visiting among our neighbors, we men, with pipes in our mouths and correspondingly sociable, considering it was the first night in camp. We got everything in tolerable order, and F. spent her first night under canvas without experiencing any of the various ills which such an experience is usually supposed to bring about.

It is sometimes amusing to remark how those unused to life in the open air anticipate the most dire calamities as the results of the first night spent under canvas. They go to bed expecting to wake up with colds, pneumonia, rheumatism, etc., and are surprised when, on opening their eyes, they discover no traces of any ills, and that they feel clearer headed and fresher than when sleeping in a house. A few days experience in camp, in fair weather, is sufficient to make any one love that mode of living; but neither life on the plains, nor any where else can be all sunshine. Our first night in camp was followed by the usual results, and the journal goes on:

On starting in the morning a wagon-master, at F's solicitation, took charge of her team while I drove Mrs. M. down the first hill and then gave the reins to Sullivan, taking a seat alongside of F's driver. After a few lessons from him in the art of driving four-in-hand, I took charge myself and continued to drive all the rest of the day, very much to the satisfaction of all and more especially of myself, as I was able to demonstrate my ability to drive four animals without the least difficulty. I expect now to drive all the way, and have an idea, should I ever have to leave the army, of turning stage driver in some new country where locomotives are unknown.

We enjoyed the drive to-day very much, passing through a thickly settled and well cultivated country, where five or six years ago scarcely a vestige of civilization was to be met with, and hardly anything to be seen but herds of buffalo, deer, and bands of wild Indians. Now the country is dotted all over with little shanties which are seen as far as the eye can reach from the top of one of the sloping hills which form the surface of the prairie. Scarcely a tree is to be seen, except now and then along the bottom of the valleys where bunches of timber and brush wood mark the positions of streams, in wet weather, or of ponds of water in dry. We camped by 10 o'clock A. M., in a place only about four miles from Atchison, and during the evening received some visitors from the town.

Soon after getting into camp, I took my gun and Mack (a pointer dog) and started out in search of game; for although the partridges are all mated and it looks like a shame to shoot them, our necessity knows no law and we must have some fresh meat. I succeeded in bagging five which furnished us a very good lunch for the next day.

" We had more water during the night than we bargained for, for we were awakened late by the roaring of the wind, the flashes of vivid lightning, and the rolling of heavy thunder. For some time the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew so hard that I was fearful the tent would not stand. I got up and partly dressed so as to be ready in case everything went by the board, as indeed one of the officers' tents did. We weathered it all safely, however, and got off with nothing more than a bad scare.

A storm, such as this, adds not only to the discomforts of camp, but its effects run sometimes through several days, for military necessities are supposed to be inexorable and seldom yield to even the earnest prayers of women and children. In consequence, everything had to be packed in the wagons wet, or at least damp, and if the sun does not happen to shine when the camp is next made, the wives and children are apt to think they are sleeping in damp beds. This idea will prevail until the sun does shine, and during these damp days the military despot who has charge has a good many things said of him that are not complimentary. The camp which follows a rain, if it happens to be a bright sunshiny day, reminds one of a man-of-war on wash day, except that the classes of garments displayed are apt to be somewhat varied.

Our starting hour is about 6.30 A. M., two hours after reveille, by which time most of the men and wagons are on the road. We trot along gaily, passing the wagons, until we reach the head of the column, when we go along more slowly and usually reach camp about 11 or 12, after a march of some 15 or 18 miles. The country passed through on Friday and Saturday was not quite so thickly settled as before, and many of the farms in place of fences have a furrow run around them as a warning to outsiders not to intrude. One man had stuck up a sign where an old road had crossed his field, with "FENCED in," printed with pen and ink, the small letters at the end being rendered necessary by the board on which the sign was painted, not being long enough to carry all in large letters.

A little further on a sign on a tall pole informed us that the road to Pike's Peak and Fort Carney turned sharp round to the right, where some man had set up a grog shop, and adopted this method of getting the travel to pass by his house. Although we cared nothing about Pike's Peak, we concluded the other name must refer to Fort Kearney, for which we are bound ; and so, turning to the right, we patronized the establishment, so far as to water our mules at the well and buy a tin cup at the store. Friday night it rained most of the time, but not hard, and we had some difficulty in getting dry into the ambulances in the morning. The rain rendered the roads somewhat heavy, but as it was cool and there was no dust, we came along in good time and reached, about 12, a good camp, with tolerable water, six miles beyond Walnut creek, where we lie by to rest to-morrow.

BIG NEMEHAW, Tuesday, 12th, 7.30 A. M.

We had a rest, such as it was, all day Sunday. It rained and stormed heavily all the afternoon, as well as all last night. We got off yesterday morning feeling as if we had lain out all night, but the sky cleared up before we had been long on the road. We arrived at a camp in the open prairie, with no wood within half a mile and no good water nearer than a mile and a half. Both had to be hauled to us. I managed to get some birds along the road to-day, so that we had fresh meat for dinner, and this with soup, made of dessicated vegetables, and fresh biscuits, furnished us a good dinner.

13th.—We made an earlier start than usual, and have just reached the city (I suppose it would be called by the inhabitants) of Seneca. It consists of some dozen cabins and something which looks like a saw mill. Here we are promised ice, which wonderfully improves bad water. F. is just about getting on horseback, to vary the trip a little, and has so far outraged public opinion, as to actually remove her hoops. We are now about one-third of the way to Kearney. The travelling is delightful, and the roads the best natural ones I ever saw—hard and smooth, and of any width we choose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SPORTSMAN'S REVERIE.

E. P. Jaques.

On a western prairie in a lonely tent,
Far from the haunts of men,
I listlessly lie as the breezes drift by,
And as listlessly think, and then,

I think of the mission that brought me here,
From my home in the distant east,
I think of the sad condition of man,
His perversity passeth belief.

For I'm out in pursuit of birds of the air,
And the fishes that swim in the streams,
Yet to-day they are safe from my gun or my snare,
For to-day I'm a dreamer of dreams.

My gun in a corner is leaning,
My fish rod lies down by the stream,
Where I flung it this morning while gleaning
From nature, the source of my dream.

The birds sing sweetly just outside my door,
The grass plover twitters of love,
While the mate whistles back his assurance
As he floats, a mere speck, far above.

A king bird chatters so blithely,
The willet is screaming with joy,
The sounds on the breezes drift lightly
To him who has come to destroy.

The squawk sounds a discord completely,
To the raven's cry, loud and harsh,
But the whistling widgeon chimes sweetly,
With the voice of the teal on the marsh.

The curlew is sounding defiant,
His note far reaching and shrill,
And is answered in a voice self reliant
By the marlin just over the hill.

But what sound is that comes to me?
'Tis clear, musical and free;
Look out now old grouse, for I see thee
On that Balm of Gilead tree.

My rifle comes out of the corner,
And bang! 'Twas surely an excellent shot;
Full forty yards, and the head off;
My reflections completely forgot.

I draw a bead at the top of a weed,
And again at a distant flower.
From the weakling's remorses I'm quickly freed,
They have come and are gone in an hour.

I hark to the cry of the sand-hill crane
Out there on that low browed hill,
The thought of destruction gives no pain,
I gloat o'er my power to kill.

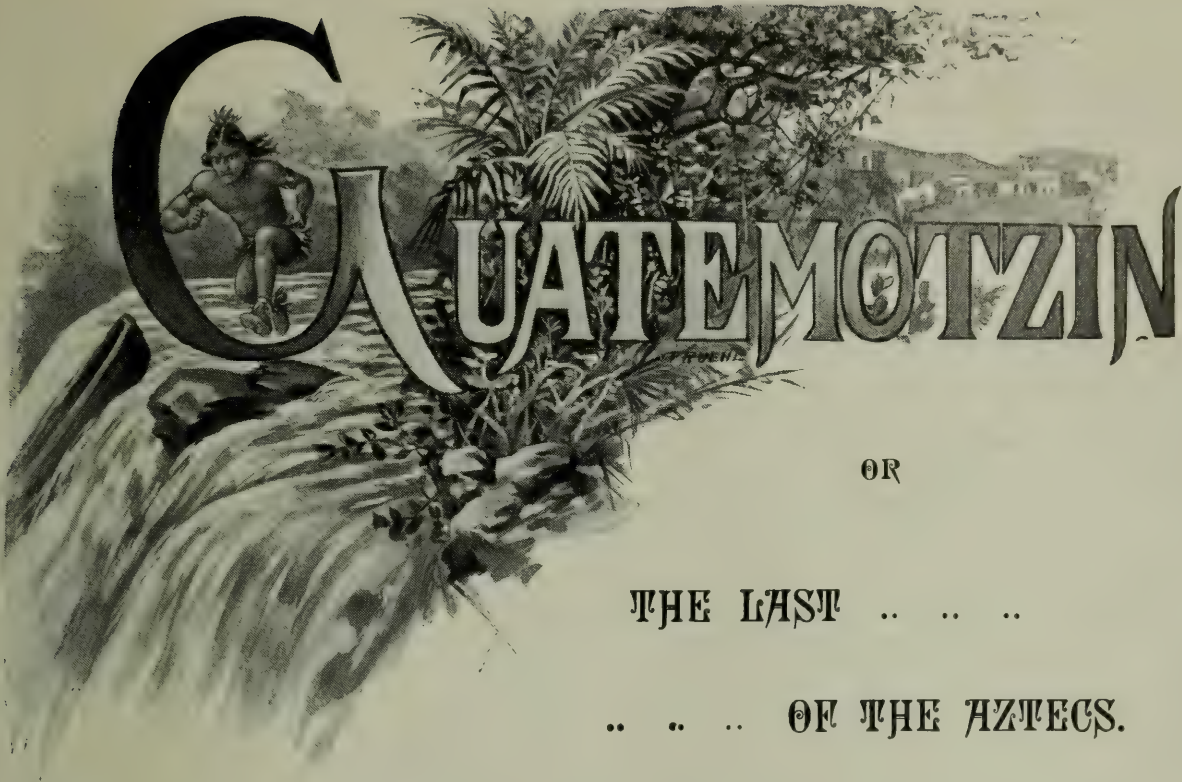
Anon I hear the wild goose hail
To her mate, as they swiftly pass;
Proud in their strength of wing they sail
Far above the nodding grass.

Again that rifle leaps upward,
And again that whip-like sound
Rings keenly forth on the evening air,
One fowl lies dead on the ground.

With a startled cry, the mate wheels on high,
And her voice is the voice of sorrow,
I fondle my rifle and softly sigh,
As I lay it away for the morrow.

For I'm out in pursuit of the birds of the air,
And the fishes that swim in the streams,
Yet to-day they are safe from my gun or my snare,
For to-day I'm a dreamer of dreams.

And I dream of the lives to be blighted,
With these engines made by man,
Shall I wake on the morrow benighted?
Shall I ever pursue them again?



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J Tucker.

Introduction.

I am not committing a breach of confidence in relating an incident that occurred during the latter part of the last year of my college life, as the man chiefly interested has disappeared from the theatre of civilized life, and is now immured in the glades and mountain fastnesses of Yucatan, from which escape is hopeless.

There are others, beside the exile, interested in the tale, who, perhaps, will not thank me for relating the story, especially with proper names and places. I am under no obligation to any one, and justice demands that I should right the wrongs against which the exile was too proud to protest.

The pent-up energies of the class of '85, toward the last month of the year culminated, during the five minutes intervening between lectures, in passing obnoxious students up and down the amphitheatre, shying cushions from one to another, and even in passing around expensive tables, which seldom made the circuit intact.

At times, when confusion reigned supreme and excitement was at its highest, a terrific yell would be emitted, like the whoop of Indians on the war path ; that would instantly silence the excited revellers and restore quiet. On previous occasions, when a professor would grow tiresome, and I would dream of green fields and running brooks, I would be startled by a hiss, as of a snake beneath me.

I attributed these unearthly sounds to a dark, sad-eyed student who sat behind me ; one who was rarely seen to smile, and who never associated with other students. In fact, he was shunned, and was regarded as uncanny. Yet there was something infinitely tender and mysterious in his manner that attracted me to him, and though he never repelled, he did not encourage me in my offers of friendship, and ere long I became convinced there had been a passage in his life that had blighted his existence.

He was a tall, thick set man, about 40 years old, with a swarthy complexion, such as is produced by exposure to the weather. His deep sunken eyes, bushy black beard, and melancholy countenance, produced an impression that made the students wonder what his life story could be.

I had mentally noted his characteristics, and, as I was busily preparing for the examination about to take place, made no attempt to penetrate the veil that masked the physiognomy of Olney. I should, in the hurry and bustle of college life, have passed out into the world without further knowledge of him, but for a peculiar accident which threw me into his society considerably for a few days following.

You can conceive how naturally a junior desires to induce a senior to enter the dissecting room for demonstrative purposes. On the day in question, I had been inveigled by a student who had made a strange find in the dissecting room, which he wanted demonstrated before Professor Weisse obtained it to lecture on.

The cadaver had been a young woman, upon whom Olney was at work dissecting an upper extremity, when we entered. I had dissected another part, laid my scalpel on the table, and was proceeding to point out the arteries and veins to my protegé, when suddenly a cry startled us, and, looking up, I beheld Olney holding his hand, from which the blood was oozing. It appeared that he had become interested in my demonstration, and approached, unnoticed, to observe the subject more closely. He leaned against the table on which I had lain the scalpel. As he did so, the table moved under his weight, he threw out his hand to steady himself, and fell on the scalpel.

We gazed a moment in horror at the bleeding hand, as the subject we were dissecting was "fresh," and had not been "in pickle," nor treated with chloride of zinc to render it antiseptic. We tied a ligature above the wound and thoroughly washed it in a solution of bichloride of mercury, after which it was cauterized. Happily, nothing serious resulted, although he was confined to his room, by a general disturbance of the system, until after examination had passed. The accident gave me a long wished for opportunity to become better acquainted with this mysterious man. At his request, I called several times to see him, bringing, each time, a few delicacies. At length my visits seemed to break through his reserve, and he became more communicative. At times he would fall into retrospection ; his mind seemed far away, and he would become oblivious to his surroundings. Groans and sighs would shake his powerful frame, while hot, scalding tears would course down his cheeks.

I respected his emotions, and on these occasions would softly steal from his room. The night before commencement, I called and found him reclining on a lounge, still feverish from the effects of his wound.

"Olney," I said, "I have come to say good-bye. To-morrow I graduate, and will leave the city. As you have not accepted my invitation to visit me at my home, I may never see you again."

He clasped my hand warmly.

"I congratulate you on your success, boy," he replied, "and wish you the prosperity the Almighty has denied me."

"It was rough to miss your examination ; but it is only, I trust, deferred to another year."

"Another year, my boy ! This is not the first examination I have missed in this college. Nearly 20 years ago I was about to enter upon my examination, when an incident occurred that changed me from a happy, careless boy into the most unhappy wanderer on the face of the earth. I will not, cannot endure another year in college. I should go insane, or commit suicide. No, no ; I shall return to Ascan—"

He paused abruptly, and after waiting some moments for him to resume, I remarked, "I surmise some passage has occurred in your life that has greatly troubled you ; indeed, you are regarded in college as a man whose history would be extremely interesting.

"For yourself," he replied; "by your kindness you have almost earned the right to know my history. I have never before unburdened my soul to any one other than those intimately connected with the events of my life. You are of a sympathetic and trustful nature ; much the same as mine, when I was your age. It may be of service to you to hear my story. Not that I seek to extenuate or justify my conduct, but to show how a man, not of his own volition, may stumble over a straw and, figuratively, wreck his whole life. I am a man, like Cain, alone and unhappy, without a single civilized soul to love, though I have innumerable kinsmen."

Upon intimating my desire to hear his story, Olney pushed a decanter, pipes and pouch toward me, and, leaning back, related the remarkable story of his life, which is here given in his own words.

CHAPTER I.

ALLEN MEETS A STRANGER.

The story of my misfortune dates from my birth, as that was the greatest evil that occurred to me. My parents lived on a fine farm of 500 acres in the Wyoming valley of Pennsylvania.

My mother died in giving birth to my only brother, who was 18 months my junior. She was worshiped by my father, who was inconsolable with grief at his loss and he almost hated the sight of his younger son, who was the innocent cause of his grief. My father never married again, and from a happy, prosperous farmer, became an irascible, taciturn, negligent man.

I was a light hearted, careless boy, of an affectionate nature, the terror of the schoolmaster, but a favorite in the neighborhood, and fond of outdoor sports.

My brother, on the contrary, affected, no doubt, by my father's hostility, developed characteristics opposite to my own. He was morose, narrow minded, but shrewd. He early exhibited what I regarded as miserly instincts, though my father declared they were those of a financier. However, I lavished the love on him my father refused ; though he was as indifferent to the love of one as he was to the dislike of the other.

My father's hostility never seemed to distress him and I have often seen him regard our only parent with a sneer of contempt which, as he grew older, was openly expressed. Strange as it may appear, however, the two became almost inseparable, later in life, and the long neglected farm, under the energetic management of Stephen, who had gradually taken hold of affairs, took on a period of prosperity never before equaled.

By the time Steve was 18, he had acquired such an ascendency over my father that I believe the latter feared his younger son as much as he had formerly hated him.

For myself, I was content to let Steve and father manage the farm, provided I had sufficient to eat and decent clothes to wear. In fact, Steve resented any interference on my part, refusing to allow me to assist them in the drudgery of farm work.

About this time an incident occurred that completely revolutionized my habits and changed the bright summer days of my careless, happy life into one long, dreary, rayless night of pain.

One crisp September morning I took my gun and started down the valley with the intention of shooting some grouse. I walked slowly down the road that ran through our farm, thinking of the future, for I had gradually been awakening to the state of things existing at the farm. Like Esau I was being crowded out of my birthright by my brother, who, since he had affiliated with my father, was regarding me with a less friendly spirit than formerly.

"It is time to assert myself and claim my proper place in the family as the elder son," I muttered. "I shall assume, or, at least take an equal share in the work, no matter how distasteful it may be."

In this mood I turned into a path that led to a small creek running through our grounds. I followed this until I was aroused from my reverie by a low exclamation. I paused, and saw a movement in the bushes opposite, that fringed the edge of the creek.

"Some tramp," I thought. I was about to pass on when I determined, owing to my resolution, to assert my proper place on the farm, to order him off.

Crossing the stream I came in the rear of the bushes, and, to my surprise, discovered my brother Steve, lying flat on the bank, gazing into the water.

"What are you doing here ?" I asked. Springing to his feet with a startled exclamation, he confronted me with clenched fists and white face ; while he fairly hissed—

"What are *you* doing here ? you good for nothing idler ! What do you mean by spying on my movements ? Get away this instant, or I will have you thrown off the place !"

As I gazed, speechless with astonishment, at his trembling figure, the Dutch obstinacy I inherited rose within me, and tossing the gun to the ground, I threw off my jacket, rolled up my sleeves, and planting myself before him, said :

"Throw me off the farm, will you? Before you accomplish that, I will throw you into the creek. This farm belongs to neither you or father, but was left to me, by mother. Idler? Yes, I deserve the reproach, but not from you. From this day forward I will manage the farm myself; and when I am of age I shall require a strict account of how my income has been expended."

"There, there! Allen," he replied, regaining his composure, while his pale face flushed crimson; "I was startled, thinking you were one of the tramps that have been infesting these parts lately. Of course, I could not apply such language to you, but as regards the farm being yours, I believe that is a question we had better not debate at present. It is true mother willed it to you, appointing father your guardian, but that was before I came into the world; and, granting I have no claim on it, you forget father has supported you nearly 20 years without compensation. The total value of your keep, at five dollars a week would equal the value of the farm."

"You would make a fine lawyer," I answered with a sneer; too greatly astonished to realize the full import of what I heard. I could not trust myself to say more, so I turned and left him.

As I walked down the path, I repeated over and over his cruel words. "I know now," I exclaimed aloud, "why that ill-mated pair have joined forces. They mean to cheat me out of the farm, which I have never properly valued. Well, they can have it in welcome. To-morrow I will leave the old homestead and seek my fortune in the world." The thought pleased me, and as I was just crossing a small bridge, I sat on a coping and mapped out my future. This was more difficult than I had anticipated, as it was a new experience to me to plan beyond the present. So, after building several castles and then knocking them over, I rose to take a look at the surrounding scene. I am an ardent lover of nature, and never tire of looking on the beautiful hills and mountains that hemmed us in on every side.

As I rose to my feet I saw a straw hat laying on the bank below. I cast a hurried glance around to see if its owner was in the neighborhood, and saw a young girl coming down the road. She was bareheaded and I surmised that she must be in search of the hat.

They say the cackle of a flock of geese in Rome, changed the history of the world. Be that as it may, that small hat, lying there beside the road, changed the whole tenor of my life, and sent me an outcast among savage tribes.

As I gazed on the hat and the advancing figure, my innate love of mischief seized me. I sprang forward and with a kick, sent the feathery bit of finery down the high bank into the bushes. I then secreted myself behind the trunk of a tree to enjoy the girl's consternation when she should discover that her hat was gone. My triumph, however, was short lived, for, as the owner appeared on the bridge, I became lost in admiration. I saw at once she was a stranger in these parts.

She was a slender, delicate girl of 18, with large, clear brown eyes, wavy chestnut hair, a small refined mouth that expanded into the sweetest smile. She wore a tight fitting steel gray dress, with deep white collar and cuffs, which were bodered with a broad band of black. A tiny handkerchief pinned to her belt at the side, also edged with black, completed the prettiest picture I had ever seen.

I could not resist comparing the dainty creature with the dull heavy Dutch girls of the region. I would have given the world to be able to undo my mischief, or even to recover and restore the hat to its fair owner; but, strange as it may seem, for the first time in my life, I was shy. I trembled, lest she should discover me behind the tree, and I know I should have sunk in shame if she had turned those brown orbs on my guilty face.

She stood on the bridge, looking at the spot where she had left her hat, with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Surely," I heard her say, "I left my bonnet on the bank where I rested, watching the running stream. What could have become of it? It was here not ten minutes ago. Probably the wind has blown it into the river."

She gazed at the water. She uttered an exclamation of delight, and hurried to the edge of the bank, down which she gazed ruefully. I was about to step from behind the tree and offer to retrieve the hat, when she looked around to see if any one was within hailing distance, and in that moment I realized how impossible it would be to look into those eyes and not tell the truth. I hesitated, and she cautiously descended the bank.

Suddenly I heard a cry, and in another instant was beside the girl, who was laying close to the hat.

"Are you hurt, Miss ?" I asked.

"No—that is, I don't know—I fear I am, for I am unable to rise."

"Oh, I trust it is not so bad. Do try and get up."

She made the effort, but fell back in a faint. I became thoroughly alarmed, and seizing her in my arms, bore her to the top of the bank and tenderly laid her on the softest and greenest piece of sward I could find. I clapped her hands and rubbed her temples. Then I bethought me of water, and hurrying down to the brook filled my hat, returned, and gently bathed her face. She now opened her eyes and gazed around wonderingly. I was so overcome with joy at her recovery, that I kissed her before I realized what I was doing.

"Prithee, friend," she said, pushing me aside; "not so fast."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," I stammered. "I was so overjoyed at your recovery, I knew not what I did."

"You should be a physician and apply your art to the restoration of all fainting females."

I bowed meekly, but could not reply. She glanced at me from under her arched eyebrows and made another attempt to rise, which drew forth a cry of pain. In an instant I was kneeling beside the wounded member.

"Let me see if your leg is broken ; I have some knowledge of surgery."

She drew back, indignantly. "No, sir ; my leg is not broken, otherwise I should not be able to move it. I stepped on a loose stone and turned my ankle, which is merely sprained. If you will bring some water I will bathe it."

I did so, and stood at a respectful distance. Presently she looked up, and said :

"If you are a doctor, as you pretend, you may bandage my foot. Then I think I can limp home, with your assistance."

I silently obeyed, using my handkerchief for a bandage. She praised the manner in which I did the work, and wondered if she had been one of my dogs if I should have been as long about it.

Then rising, she said, in a dignified tone :

"I am deeply grateful for your kindness, doctor ; I require your services no longer. Send in your bill to my father, please."

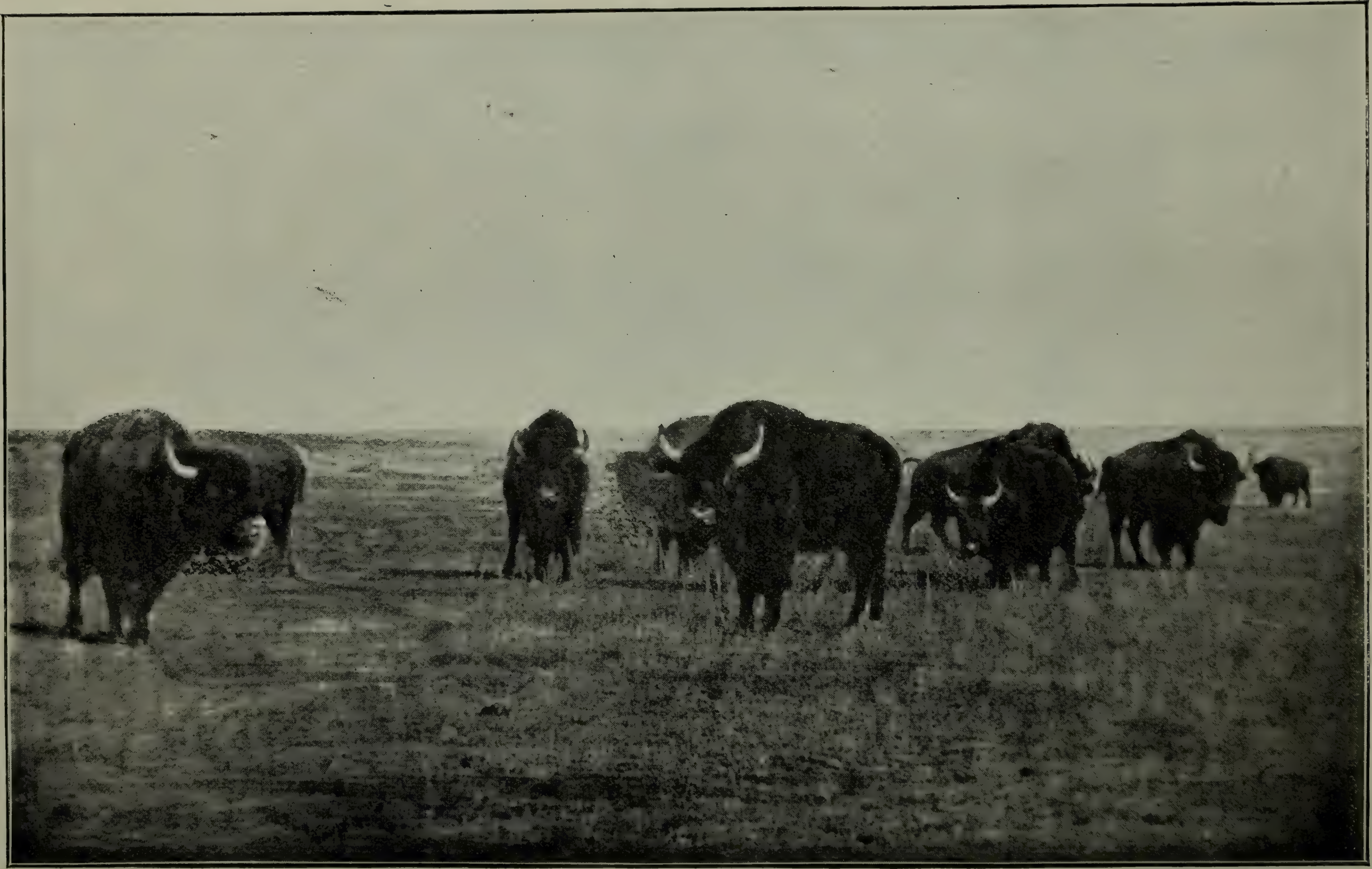
I stood watching her as she moved away, hoping she would recall me. As she crossed the bridge, she paused a moment to look at the turbid waters below, then passed on without deigning to glance in my direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jinx was a clerk in a dry-goods store,
But he couldn't keep the pace,
For a girl who would work for less
Meanly beat him out of his place.

Later on he asked her to wed,
And the girl was nothing loath ;
So now he is even at last,
For she is supporting them both.

G. B.



A BUNCH OF THE BEDSON HERD.

From a Photo. by Mr. C. N. Ayres, Detroit, Mich.

A PRESCRIPTION.

Editor RECREATION ;

Enclosed please find one dollar for RECREATION.

When a boy, my rod and gun were my closest companions, but from 1868 until last summer, I have not hunted nor fished. Business has occupied the most of my time and to such an extent that I supposed I had outgrown or outlived the pleasures of the field and stream. My vacations have been spent at summer hotels in the mountains (?) that is, far enough in the country to see mountains. That is what is meant by "going to the mountains." Now I am almost ashamed to say that I thought I enjoyed those vacations, "in the mountains." As if any one but a sportsman ever actually goes into the mountains and breathes the invigorating air of the virgin forest. No; "going to the mountains" means to take board in a hotel (?) situated on a hill, from which you gaze across a valley at mountains, anywhere from 10 to 20 or 40 miles distant.

Last summer, at the urgent solicitation of a friend (although I assured him, in my ignorance, that civilization was good enough for me), I went deep into the woods of northern Maine. There I met a most delightful and charming company of sportsmen. By-the-way, was there ever a sportsman who was not a capital fellow? At once I was younger by 20 years. Again I enjoyed the divine thrill that comes when the trout jumps for the fly. Again I heard the woods echo the report of my gun in music.

Seven weeks of this life passed all too quickly. No seven weeks' vacation was ever so short before. I returned from those lakes and woods—created by God—to this wilderness New York—made by man—stronger, healthier more perfectly rested than from any former vacation.

One day since my return I chanced to see RECREATION on the news stand of an elevated railway station. I jumped for it as the trout jumped for my flies last summer. The name caught me. That number, together with succeeding ones, has been hooked from me by one of my sportsmen friends, notwithstanding the fact that he is a capital fellow.

I write you this with the hope that some fellow traveler through this busy world, tired in body and mind, may realize that a sojourn at a summer hotel, with big dinners, a piazza constitutional after meals, a sleep in the afternoon and a party in the evening, is not resting, but only tends to dyspepsia and general enervation. If he or she would renew youth and lay up a store of strength for the remainder of the year let him or her go camping in the woods, fishing and hunting, with the certainty that rest, health and strength will come, and come regardless of the quantity of fish or game secured.

Think this over through the spring. Commence now to lay your plans for your next vacation. Then it will be easier to get ready and start.

Where shall you go? The editor of RECREATION will furnish you the names of any number of places, according to your time and means. I shall always go to northern Maine. I take the Fall River line, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, leave Boston at 8 o'clock the next morning and am at Moosehead lake at 5 o'clock the next afternoon, by a special vestibule express, on the Boston and Maine railway. From Granville junction, the landing place for boats on the lake, there are numerous camps in every direction. The particular spot up there, for which I will always have an affectionate regard, is Parlin pond. But one cannot make a mistake by going to any of the ponds or camps up there. "The woods are full of them."

However, I must have RECREATION to entertain me here until I can take my recreation in the woods of Maine, next season. If possible, please send me all back numbers.

Sincerely yours,
T. K. TUTHILL, M. D.

ANOTHER LIVELY POWDER.

Omaha, Neb.

Editor RECREATION :

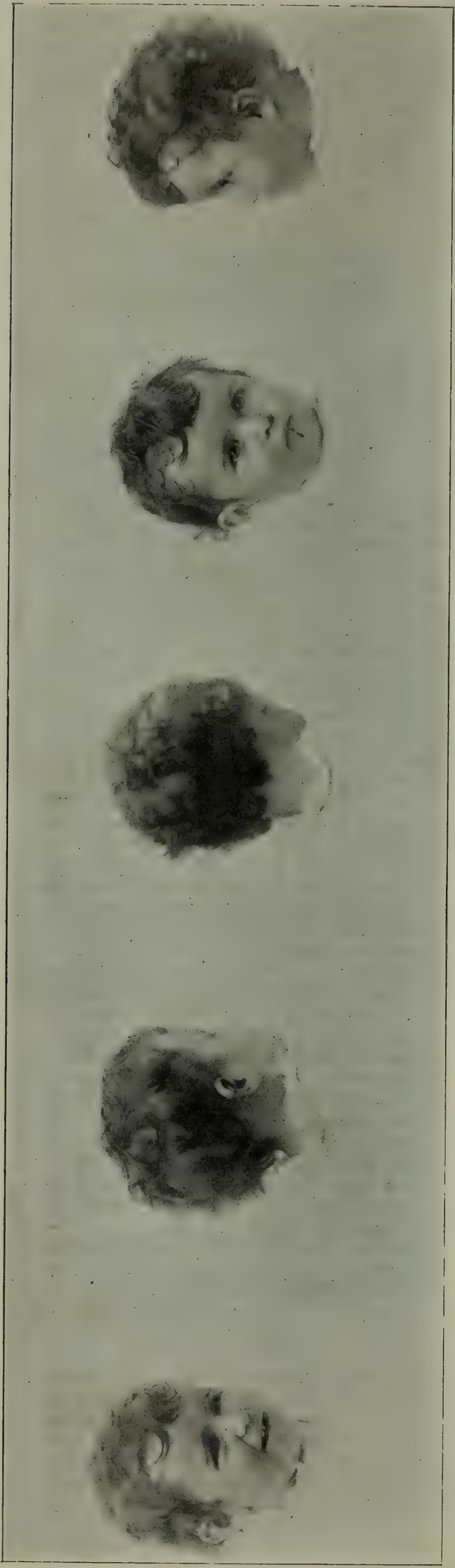
A few days ago, I received, through a friend, a copy of RECREATION and found it a very bright, entertaining journal. In perusing it, I came across a letter from Mr. J. M. Killin, headed, "A Lively Powder," describing Dupont's smokeless, and detailing his experience with same. He claims for it, quickness, penetration, pattern and, above all, scarcely any recoil. My experience with this brand of powder has been limited; in fact, it is confined to one 15 live bird race, and, in all fairness, I cannot criticise it for the first three qualities claimed. I must, however, say that the recoil was greater than that of any smokeless powder I ever used, and that my face and shoulder bore evidence of that fact for days afterwards; I do not write this to detract from the merits of any brand of powder, because the writer of "A Lively Powder" has claimed superiority over E. C. for qualities essential to a sporting powder. After giving all the nitros a trial, I decided, three years ago, that for field and trap shooting, E. C. leads them all, and in reading accounts of all the large tournaments, where the load used is stated, I find my opinion corroborated by those of a great many experts. Frank S. Parmelee, of Omaha, uses E. C. exclusively, and his record of 98 out of 100 live birds, in a match with J. R. Elliott, is hard to beat. I also saw him break 100 targets straight the day after the live bird race. Had I the time, and you the space, I could give you numerous illustrations of the good qualities of E. C. powder, on quail, snipe and ducks, as it has been my good fortune to enjoy at least two weeks each year, for the past five years, with these birds; and while I have fallen far short of making straight scores, I know that it is my "steering," and not the powder, that is at fault.

In conclusion I wish to assure Mr. Killin that this is not intended as a personal criticism, but rather as a defence of my favorite powder.

CHAS. E. JOHANNES.

We have been agreeably surprised at the returns thus far from our advertisement in RECREATION. We have received a great many inquiries mentioning it directly, and expect the returns to continue growing as long as the copies are not destroyed. We are well satisfied with the results thus far.

J. H. BARLOW, Manager,
Ideal Manufacturing Co.



" WE'RE ALL THE SAME KID."

SOME TELLING SHOTS.

Lowell, Me.

Editor RECREATION :

I notice in the February number of RECREATION an article by Dr. J. N. Hall. His points are interesting and correct about shooting big game. A hunter of experience knows where to place the ball, when the game stands out so it can be seen. Last fall I was hunting with a sportsman from Providence, R. I. We were looking principally for moose. My guest had had some experience among elk and bears in the west. The first day out we saw a caribou standing side to, on the ice on a brook. As I did not know how good a shot the sportsman was, I brought my rifle to bear and waited until I heard his report, then pulled. The caribou fell, and on examination we found one ball had gone through his shoulders and one had broken his back. We went a short distance and saw another caribou coming, head on. He fired and broke the caribou's neck.

Then we cruised a while, seeing plenty of signs of moose and caribou, but the snow had melted so that there were many spots of bare ground, which made it difficult to follow game. We got on the trail of three or four moose, but found they were going with the wind. I told my guest that we had better not follow them until a more favorable time, so we started back toward camp. It was some four miles to camp, but we had not gone far when we saw fresh moose tracks on some patches of snow. The snow was soft and still melting, and we could see that the tracks had been made not over ten minutes before. We stopped to look about and listen, and Mr. B. said he saw a glimpse of some animal moving.

Just then I saw a big bull passing an open place, and stopped him by shouting, "Who's there." I again brought up my rifle and held fire until I heard Mr. B.'s rifle. The moose went out of sight the first jump, but we soon heard a terrible crash. I told Mr. B. that the crash was of the right kind. We went about 10 rods from where the moose stood when we fired, and found him dead. He had fallen on a small, dead tree and broken it. We found one ball had made a slit in his heart, and the other had passed within two inches of it.

We dressed him and returned to camp, where we joined the rest of our party. There were six of us—three sportsmen and three guides, my grandson being one of the latter. He was in plain hearing of us that day, with his employer, and we were the last to camp that evening.

Soon as we arrived, they began to question us about what we had killed. We at first told them nothing, but there were no other parties in this section. My grandson said he heard two shots together, twice, during the day, and had told the others that something was dead ; "for," said he, "that old Bullard rifle of grandfather's hasn't gone off twice without something being killed. We finally told them of our day's hunt.

A rain storm that night took off what little snow there was, and we had to hunt on bare, frozen ground the rest of the time, but managed so the party killed one moose, ten caribou and five deer.

JOCK DARLING.

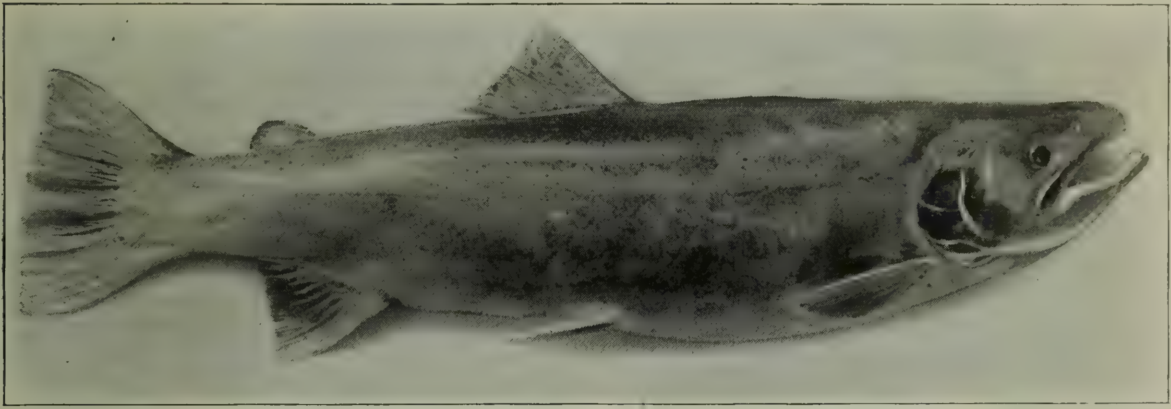
A LUSTY SALMON.

Hon. I. N. Hibbs.

The report came to me that the trout were biting, in the Clearwater, and I knew what that meant. The trout in the Clearwater are very large. They have been taken as large as 32 pounds. They are so large, in fact, that people generally call them salmon. What they really are I do not know. I send you a photograph and request that you give me the correct name of the fish

When the word came that the salmon were taking the bait, I gathered up my neglected tackle. I had only a six-ounce jointed rod, and that was very light for such work. I had used it before and had broken it twice, but hoped I might be more fortunate this time.

I broke it once trying to land a 10 pound bull trout. At the beginning of the battle he headed for an old pine tree, that had fallen into the water. I checked him with the reel and tried to hold him, but he went right on. He turned around a limb, and broke my silk line after breaking my rod.



A TWENTY-SEVEN POUNDER.

On another occasion I was fishing with a fly, for small brook trout, when a big bull trout took my dropper. I struck, not dreaming of such weight and power, and broke both rod and leader in the flurry.

So, you see, I went out this time with some misgivings as to the rod, but none as to the balance of my tackle. I had a Limerick triple hook, with the best snell, and a line that would make a good *lariat.*

I jumped into my skiff, about ten rods from my door, and rowed out into the current. Who ever heard of sport so near home? Then, with wife and children watching from the windows, I took my seat in the stern of the boat and cast, while I floated with the stream. For bait I used salmon eggs. The line ran out 50 feet and sank in 10 feet of water, moving near the bottom as it moved with the current. Within one minute I felt a surge. The reel sang like a rattlesnake. The water foamed, and the boat turned and followed the taut line. A silvery beauty, three feet long, sprang far out of the water, braced himself and whipped the air with his tail. He plunged down and beat the water into foam. He made a dash up the river and took out a hundred feet of line—50 more at another spurt. Then the line dropped limp in the water. I reeled in rapidly. What a suspense! I continued to take it up, to be stopped with a tremendous pull that staggered me. I caught the side of the boat.

My little girl, who was watching from the shore screamed, "Look out, papa. He'll drown you!" and then clapped her hands when she saw me safe in position to tug at my prize again. Well, after a half an hour, I landed the fish whose picture I send. Its weight (actual) was 27 pounds. What do you call it? Is it trout or salmon? It is supposed to be with us all the year, and I have taken the same species in Kootenai lake, where no sea fish can go on account of the great Kootenai falls.

[The fish is the Steel-head Salmon, or Salmon Trout—*Salmo gairdneri.* See Dr. Jordan's description in October Recreation, page 11.—Editor.]

FROM THE HILLS.

Marysvale, Wyo.

Editor Recreation :

This is the most favorable winter for game we have had here for a long time. Deer and elk are in sight on nearly every hill around the ranch.

In the January number of Recreation, on the same page with "Two Red Letter Days," see your humble servant broiling venison, the table set for two.

The picture was taken by Dr. B. F. Jones, of Ashland, Nebraska. The head of the big buck has been mounted and now hangs on the wall of my ranch house.

I have just returned from a three days' trip over to the Tetons. Saw a good deal of game and made one exposure, with camera, at 46 elk at a distance of 75 feet.

I have a good frame house, with seven rooms, and could accommodate a few sportsmen at the ranch, at moderate prices. Fair hunting and good fishing near by. If you know of any who would like to spend a few weeks, or months, in a healthy country, with fine scenery and good sport at hand, please give them my address.

S. N. Leek.

I have just received a letter from Arthur F. Rice in which he says, "I am stuck on Recreation. Have met 'Coquina,' the editor, and find him a thoroughbred." W. W. Brown.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IX.

HON. I. N. HIBBS.

He was born in Illinois, in 1851, but crossed the plains, with an ox team, when 11 years old. His first experience in fishing and shooting was on that long journey. Fish and game were abundant all along the old emigrant trail, and young Hibbs became expert in the use of rifle, rod and gun ere the caravan reached its destination.

Hibbs settled in the Wallowa valley, in Oregon, where he engaged in farming and stock growing, and where he lived for many years. Ducks and geese were so abundant there that they were a serious nuisance to farmers, and these men gladly furnished ammunition to any one who would shoot on their farms, and thus save their wheat crops. Hibbs here got to shooting geese on the wing, with a rifle, and made large bags in this way. Later he began hunting big game and has killed all the varieties, of both large and small game, known to the north Pacific slope.

He now lives in Lewiston, Idaho. He served his adopted state as a member of the legislature in 1881–2, and was appointed postmaster at Lewiston, by President Arthur, a position he held for many years.

Newton Hibbs is known to the sportsmen of America as the writer of many charming stories of field and stream, of mountain and plain, of camp life and western adventure. He formerly wrote under the pseudonym of Roxey Newton, but latterly under his own name. Notable among his literary work is the chapter on "Moose Hunting in Idaho," in the "Big Game of North America," which has been pronounced by many critics the best paper on that sport ever published.

FISH AND FISHING.

HOW THE LITTLE GIRL CAUGHT THE TARPON.

"While the guests at Hulett's hotel were quietly eating breakfast, one morning last week, a young boy of about ten years, Myron Barnet by name, stepped into a small canoe and started to paddle to the island, in front of the house. After getting several rods from the shore, a large pickerel leaped suddenly from the water near the side of the canoe, and before the fish had time to get out of reach, the boy had him by one of his gills and succeeded in landing him safely in the boat. On measuring the fish it was found to be 41½ inches in length and 20 inches in girth, and to weigh 16 pounds, being nearly the length of the boy who caught it."—*Albany Times-Union.*

I handed this to an old guide of mine who, when he had finished reading it, said : "That's nothin'. When I was down at Punta Gorda, I used to row for gentlemen as was fishin' for tarpons. One day I took Mr. Wood and his little girl out. She were only 11 year old. We fished a long time without gittin' a strike, and jest as we was goin' to take up the anchor and move, a great, crackin' big tarpon come shinnin' across the bay, leapin' and vaultin', like Satan were after 'im. He come strait fer us, and jest afore he got to the boat, he made a great runnin' jump and passed clean over the bow, where the little girl was a-settin'. We hollered to her to lay down ; but do you suppose she done it ? She made a grab for that 'ere fish, and just as he was goin' into the water, she caught him by the tip end of the tail, yanked him back into the boat, jerked her hat pin out of her hat and stabbed him right square between the eyes. She driv' the pin into his brains clear up to the nub and killed him deader'n a smelt. She did, honest! Then we tuck up the anchor, pulled ashore, and measured and weighed the fish. Well, sir ; he was six foot and two inches long, and weighed 187 pound. He did, honest."

"And how much did the girl weigh?" I asked.

"Oh, she weighed about 60 or 70 pound, I reckon."

Princeton, Ill.

Editor RECREATION :

While fishing in the upper part of Senachwine lake, last summer, I noticed a good many dead fish on top of the moss (which, by the way, was more dense than usual). The fish were from two to three inches in length, and most of them were young black bass. At first I was unable to account for so many dead fish, but thought some disease had broken out among them.

Presently, however there was a swirl in the water near my boat, followed by a small bass breaking water. The little fellow landed plump on top of a clump of moss, and all his efforts to regain his native element were fruitless. His struggles became weaker, and it was evident that unless aided soon he never would grow to be a three pounder ; so I placed the paddle beneath him, lifted him into the water and he soon revived and swam away.

Senachwine lake has furnished, in the last 50 years, fish for all comers, and still is the home of thousands of black bass and pickerel. The grave of the Indian chief, whose name the lake bears, is still pointed out on a bluff near the lake.

G. O. GREENE.

FROM THE GAME RANGES.

PROTECT THE GAME.

I have no desire, whatever, to make any one feel uncomfortable, yet I fear certain Indian agents will feel so when they read the following correspondence. I am anxious that the Indians, as well as white men, should be prevented from slaughtering game, in the close season, and from killing it, at any time, for the skins. This is my object in collecting and printing this testimony.

A great deal of evidence has come to me bearing on the question as to whether the Indian Department has been as vigilant as it should be in trying to prevent this unlawful slaughter. In January RECREATION some correspondence was printed in which the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs claimed that the Indians were not allowed to hunt, off their reservations, at any time, and that strenuous efforts were being and would be made to prevent it. The following correspondence proves that such efforts have not heretofore been successful. It is earnestly hoped that the officers and employes of the department will be more vigilant in future.

FROM CAPTAIN VAN ORSDALE.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE.
Fort Hall Indian Agency, Ross Fork, Idaho.
August 27, 1894.

IRA DODGE, Deputy Sheriff, Cora, Wyo.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your communication of the 22d, would say that I have just interviewed a man from Jackson's Hole in regard to the presence there, or in that vicinity, of Fort Hall Indians and he informs me that there are none there.

Fort Hall Indians do not hunt in that section. Probably you refer to Wind river or Lemhi Indians.

Respectfully,
J. T. VAN ORSDALE,
Captain U. S. A., Acting Agent.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF WYOMING.

Executive Office, Cheyenne, Wyo.
W. A. RICHARDS, Governor.
February 12th, 1895.

Editor RECREATION :

I am informed that you are collecting data in regard to the depredations committed by Indians on game, in the western part of the state of Wyoming. I have a personal knowledge of the fact that, beginning in the spring and extending through the entire summer, and until the snows of winter drive them away, large numbers of Indians come into Wyoming, from Idaho and Montana, for the express purpose of slaughtering game for the hides. For several successive years, while surveyor-general of this state, I visited the country lying along Green and Snake rivers, in the extreme western part of the state, and on every visit saw Indians engaged in this nefarious business.

The legislature are very much interested in this subject, and in my message delivered to them at the beginning of the session I alluded to it. I send you a copy of the message with this paragraph marked. I am in full sympathy with you in this matter, and will contribute to the success of the movement in every way in my power.

Very truly yours,
WM. A. RICHARDS.

FROM THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

It is suggested that our game and fish laws should be amended, but it is not possible to prevent the wanton destruction of large game by Indians, by the enactment of a statute, unless special provision is made for its enforcement. More large game is killed by Indians in Wyoming, for the hides alone, every year, than by our citizens for food purposes. The Indians committing these violations of law mostly come from other states, notably from Idaho. Their depredations are not always confined to game, but cattle are frequently killed. When a remonstrance has been sent to the agent, his reply has been to arrest the Indians if they violated the law. As the offences are committed remote from the settlements it has been found impracticable to do this.

FROM VARIOUS SETTLERS IN JACKSON'S HOLE, WYOMING.

We, the undersigned, residents and taxpayers, do solemnly swear that we have resided in the Upper Green river country for several years, carrying on the occupations of ranching, stock-raising and such other pursuits as are conducive to an honest livelihood ;

That we are conversant with the invasions and depredations of the several Indian tribes from reservations adjacent thereto, many having passes from their respective agents, and we do affirm that the country lying between the 42d and 44th parallels, in Uintah and the western part of Fremont counties, Wyoming, is annually invaded by these bands, and that they engage in the slaughter of game during the entire summer season for their hides.

And we do solemnly state that we have assisted in the arrest of such Indians who had in their possession green, domestic calf skins which had been shot in the body.

We do further affirm that the great number of game animals which they kill can only be estimated by the thousands, and that it is a very common occurrence to find female elk, deer, and antelope with their young cut from their abdomens (such young being a favorite dish among Indians) and the carcass left to be devoured by beasts of prey, or to decay ;

That by camping on or near meadows and herding their large bands of horses thereon, and in many cases frightening and intimidating women and children, these Indians retard settlement and the natural development of the country, and destroy an important natural food supply.

Signed by
Andrea Delmue.
Ira Dodge.
John C. Auer.
John M. Van Dervort.

The above statement signed and sworn to before me, this 12th day of February, A. D. 1895.
D. B. Budd, Notary Public,
[seal.] Big Piney, Wyoming.

Marysvale, Wyo., Jan. 24, 1895.

On or about the 27th of August, 1894, I saw five or six lodges of Indians hunting in Jackson's Hole. They claimed that they were from Ross Fork and that they belonged to the Fort Hall agency. I saw elk that had been killed by parties supposed to be Indians, and all that had been taken was the skin, tongue and tusks. I knew that the Indians had been in the same country within a few days of the time I saw the carcasses. The Indians were in here from the 1st of August, 1894, until the middle of September, to my certain knowledge, and I think that from what I have seen that they did a greal deal of damage to the game.

John R. Carnes.

Marysvale, Wyoming, Jan. 24, 1895.

I understand that the Indian agent at Fort Hall says that Indians from that reservation were not hunting in Jackson's Hole last August. The fact is that the Indians were here all through August and until the 15th of September. They had passes from the agents to visit the Crows and Fort Waskakie Indians. They get these passes from the agent, but do not go to the Crows or Waskakies at all. They stay here and hunt, the whole time, and slaughter game by the hundreds, merely for the hides. The Indians from Waskakie were here the 15th of May, lying on the trail of the antelope where they come in through the deep snow, over the mountains from Green river, and slaughtering whole bands of them. They do not use one-fourth of the meat, but leave it to rot in the mountains. If any one will come here while the Indians are here I will show him carcasses, from one to 15 in a place, killed by Indians and only the hides taken.

Frank L. Petersen.

Marysville, Wyoming, Feb. 3, 1895.

I came in here on the 25th of May, 1894. At that time I saw Indians on the Gros Ventre, in Jackson's Hole, and during the summer I saw them on every stream on the east side of the Snake river, until the snow drove them out last fall. I have found carcasses strewn over a radius of 50 miles.

I know the Indians to be Bannocks, from Fort Hall reservation in Idaho ; some of them Indian policemen, who claim to come in here after the Indians. I asked them when they were going back, and they said "in about a month."

J. C. Calhoun.

Marysvale, Feb. 3, 1895.

On the 25th of August, 1894, I saw seven lodges of Fort Hall Indians with 150 head of horses camped on Sheep creek, in Jackson's Hole, where they killed three or four pack loads of hides. On August 27, I saw three lodges of Bannocks camped at Fall creek, where they did great damage to the elk, loading several horses with grained skins. On September 17th, I saw a large party of Bannocks on Fall creek with several horses loaded with elk skins. I am positive that those Indians were all Bannocks from Fort Hall. One was a policeman from Pocolala. There was not a creek, from the National Park line to Graves river, where the Indians did not kill great numbers of elk, taking only the skins.

Frank S. Wood.

Corral, Idaho, Feb. 13, 1895.

I notice in Recreation some discussion as to the Indians hunting in the Jackson's Hole country. In July and August last we were overrun with these Indians. Thousands of ducks and geese breed on the malad, and these red varmints would place a half-dozen or so of their men on each side of the stream with long willows in their hands. Then others would wade up the creek, and those on the banks would kill every bird that was unable to fly. I have seen them with gunny sacks full of the little things, not large enough to be fit to eat.

While this was going on the other men were scouring the mountains for deer and elk, and the squaws were begging at the ranches.

E. G. Burnet.

I saw Bannock Indians from Fort Hall, in Jackson's Hole, in August, 1894. At Mr. Carnes' ranch, about 10 of them ground their knives for a hunt, and I saw these same Indians coming back later with three or four horses loaded down with hides and no meat. Afterward two of these same Indians wanted to swap buckskin for sugar at my place.

Adolph Miller.

Marysvale, Jackson's Hole, Jan. 25, 1895.

I saw two or three different outfits of Fort Hall Indians here last summer. On or about the 15th of August, I saw the first outfit, and about the 25th I saw the others.

James Lanigan.

DUCKS, GEESE AND A WOLF.

O. D. Lyon.

During our stay in the country, near Camp Clarke, Neb., the game of this region has had reason to know that its usual unmolested quietude was at an end. My wife knows how to cook game, and our table is seldom without a roast of duck, goose, grouse or rabbit.

The North Platte river supplies water for numerous irrigating canals and reservoirs, which afford excellent and inviting places for the migratory fowls of the northwest, so that here is fair shooting during the entire year ; and in the spring and fall seasons it is simply immense.

On January 24th, I had a remarkable experience while hunting grouse on the brushy islands in the Platte river. A heavy snow was falling, and as I neared the river bank, I noticed a small covey of grouse fly out on to the island. I at once followed them. Crossing a few narrow channels on the ice, I stepped up on a large island, only to see the grouse rise, 150 yards away. I crouched in the brush, thinking perhaps I could get a shot at a straggler, but was disappointed. They flew down the river nearly half a mile. Noting the location, I was about to follow them, when I heard a slight noise to my left. I glanced around and, to my surprise, there was a gray wolf, watching me closely, with apparently no intention of moving on.

I was armed with only a 12-gauge shotgun, loaded with 31 grains Walsrode powder and No. 4 Raymond chilled shot. Without a thought of the killing power of my gun, it went to my shoulder, and I fired at the rapacious animal's face. Had I waited to think that this savage carnivora successfully attacks full grown cows and horses—being of the species *canis occidentalis*, or American gray, I perhaps would have made tracks for the river, with Mr. Wolf's consent. But the shot was fired, and that at 36 yards. I afterwards measured the distance.

The effect of that shot was truly wonderful. The wolf immediately commenced a series of the flightiest leaps and jumps I ever saw. He invariably struck plum brush, which retarded his progress in an aimless set of movements. Suddenly, however, he plunged off from the island on to an ice channel where, in six inches of snow, he began running at reckless speed, switching his bushy tail, growling and snarling. With open jaws he came right past me, at about 18 or 20 yards. Having reloaded the empty chamber, I now gave him two broadside charges of Walsrode and Raymond, which made him stagger perceptibly. Here he again took to the island, and after going pell mell over the brush for about 40 yards, I found him dying. I then fully understood the cause of his frantic demonstrations. The first shot had put out one eye entirely and injured the sight of the other. Securing a team, I took him to the house, where, with the assistance of a friend and "kindred spirit," I carefully skinned the wolf and held an autopsy. We discovered that two pellets had reached the heart, which were, of course, fatal. The shot in the face struck against the skull. Some of them were mashed as flat as if they had been fired against a plate of steel. I consider the penetration of the 31-grain charge of Walsrode extraordinary, and could I not prove the facts as above set forth, would hesitate to give them publicity. My gun is a Remington, with decarbonized steel barrels, and I doubt if there is a better in the market.

I am tanning the hide of the wolf with a view to having it mounted for a rug, and I need not say that I am proud of it.

During the season for goose shooting, which is at its best here in November, I enjoyed the association of numerous friendly sportsmen, two of them being Messrs. Mechling and McKenzie, of Denver, Col. We had some fine sport indeed, and bagged several dozen of the wary Canadians. Special features of that hunt were Mechling's perfect manipulation of a Spencer repeater with which he did some remarkably good shooting, killing ducks and geese at very long ranges, and McKenzie's killing three geese at one shot with his new ejector gun.

While it seems odd to be away out here, 40 miles from a railroad, I confess that I hesitate to rejoin the rushing business world, with only an occasional outing, and to leave this beautiful valley, with its game.

GAME NOTES.

UNWELCOME CAMP VISITORS.

Allegheny, Pa.

Editor RECREATION:

Most men who have hunted in upper Michigan have had visits to their camps from the solemn porcupine. These often eat pack straps, moccasins, shoes, etc.; but their greatest delight seems to be to sit in an old box, at night, and gnaw away so that no one can sleep. Then you rise, in your indignation, seize a club and knock him into the middle of last week.

A more frequent visitor is the skunk. When you find him in your tent you vacate at once, and begin to plan how to get him out without raising an odor. I remember when five of us were hunting deer. We had pitched our tent at the base of a hill and made a back log of a great pine that had fallen. We were sitting in front of the fire taking our night cap smoke, when we heard something rattling back of the tent, and to our amazement, a tin can came walking round toward the fire. It made our eyes stick out, for a moment; but we soon saw the cause. A skunk had got his head in the can. He headed towards the fire, but passed it safely, struck the big log and crawling up on it made towards the hill, but turned and ran back on the log until he reached the fire. Then he got confused, and after whirling around a few times, fell into the fire. In a minute the air was full of a terrible odor of musk and burnt hair. Out of the fire came the skunk and made straight for the tent. We all took to the swamp, Fortunately the skunk missed the tent again; then we got a gun and finished him. K.

New Whatcom, Wash.

I expect to make another trip into the mountains this coming spring, after goats, in order to obtain a hide in prime condition. The hair is very long at this time of year. There will probably be only two of us, and I think that, on account of snow, we will have to be our own pack horses. Pretty tough work, but the appetite it gives one makes up for the hardship. Have done considerable packing in this country during the past seven years, and am growing accustomed to it, although I dislike to go above 50 pounds, and think I prefer 40. I use a sleeping bag altogether when in the mountains, and I have fallen in love with it. Mine is the kind, I believe, you recommend—sheep's wool inside and waterproof canvas outside.

J. S. STANGROOM.

Mr. H. T. Folsom and party, Orange, N. J., got four moose in Nova Scotia, in November last.

Nacogdoches, Texas.

About 100 miles south of this place is a strip of country, lying between the Trinity and San Jacinto rivers, called "the big thicket." It is probably 200 miles long and 50 wide, It is an almost impenetrable jungle. I am figuring with a party who owns about 2,000 acres there, with a view to buying and establishing a rendezvous for sportsmen. Bear, deer, turkeys, wildcats, etc., are plentiful. Then there are numerous large lakes and the San Jacinto river hard by. Do you envy me any? I will take my trusty darky, and with my dogs, guns and fishing tackle, together with my taxidermist's tools, will live happy. Capt. H. H. Cooper.

Marysvale, Wyo.

The snow is nearly 15 inches on the level here in the valleys, and the elk are coming out of the mountains in great herds, and feeding along the foot-hills. There are at least 500 in sight at this writing. It would surprise most of the sportsmen that hunt here in the early fall, to get a bird's-eye view of this country in winter. There are a good many mountain sheep coming down on the rocky ridges along the foot-hills, and some fine heads can be seen by taking a two or three hour's spin on snowshoes. This would give you an appetite, known only to men who have tried the skis in the mountains. Elk and sheep are as fat and fine as they can be, and I think the loss from winter killing will be light this year. Frank Petersen.

Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. J. S. Brown, of Montreal, while crossing a lake in the Mattawan district, Quebec, last September, shot a hare, that was swimming across, and was then about the middle of the lake, which is about two miles wide. He could not tell what it was until he had killed it. I know Mr. Brown, and you can rely upon his statement as being true. I never knew a hare would take to water, especially to swim so long a distance as the one in question did, and it seems to me most unusual. W. P. Lett.

Marion, O.

My wife is greatly interested in Recreation, and I am of the opinion that if she continues to read it, she cannot be kept at home next fall, when we go on our hunting trip.

Last fall a party of us were in camp for two weeks, at Corinne, Mich., about 100 miles northwest of St. Ignace. We found deer and smaller game a little scarce, but no wonder. Three hunters were running hounds there, all of last summer, and we were told they had slaughtered 300 deer near our camp. Next year, our club intends to try northern Wisconsin.

J. W. Thew.

Parma, Idaho.

More than 2,000 elk have wintered in the Jackson's Hole country, in western Wyoming. The scenery there is a grand—waterfall of 4,500 feet, caves, game and fish, besides a canyon as deep as that of the Colorado, and 40 miles long. F. R. Fouch.

Biscatasing, Ont.

I have just returned from a tour of inspection of the trading posts in my district, having made at least 400 miles on snowshoes, within the last month. If you are a deer stalker, and will come up here next fall, I think you will have no trouble in getting a caribou. The woods are full of them at present, and the light snow of this winter, so far, will not permit the Indians to kill many—hunting them on snowshoes.

T. C. Rae.

Editor Recreation. Lay, Colo.

I have been home since the 25th of January from the lion hunt. Mr. Wells came over to get bobcat and cayote photos. We are riding every good day for them. Our hounds ran down a cayote the other day, in about three or four hours, and by accident my negatives were all spoiled. We have caught five cats and have three or four photos. We killed seven lions on our trip. Had good luck in every way—good snows, good light, lions plentiful, no foggy nor broken plates. We have 15 to 20 lion negatives. Have one of a beast in mid air, leaping from a tree. She lit within six feet of me

A. G. Wallihan.

Editor Recreation. Rochester, N. Y.

Among the numerous descriptions of good country for ducking, which have come under my notice, I have never seen anything relating to the shooting on the St. Lawrence river, where, with a party of friends, I recently spent three very enjoyable weeks. Having reached Alexandria Bay, via steamer from Clayton, we at once took possession of our snug quarters in a house-boat, and made sail for the lower river. Coming to anchor some 18 miles below the bay, we enjoyed some of the rarest duck shooting I had ever participated in. Mallards and redheads, with a few canvasbacks, afforded us the most sport. For persons of moderate means this trip is an exceptionally attractive one, and any one taking it will find an abundance of good shooting.

Fred McGuire.

Greenbrier, Ala.

Quail are abundant here. This is a wonderful game country, considering the number of years it has been settled. Deer are fairly plentiful; a few turkeys; squirrels and ducks in abundance. The land is owned in large tracts. Posting is unknown, and the planters regard the visits of true sportsmen as a favor conferred. One of my neighbors was complaining this morning of a fox chase being spoiled by having four red foxes on foot at once. Wm. H. Hundley.

Fifteen Mile Stream, N. S.

This present winter has been one of great interest to sportsmen in Nova Scotia. About 100 bull moose have been killed in the vicinity of Halifax and Guysboro counties; some of them having magnificent heads and antlers. The game laws prohibit the killing of cow moose for three years. Don. F. Fraser.

Have just returned from a ten days' trip into the Wallowa country, where deer, elk and mountain sheep are plentiful. J. R. Fowle.

Colby, Wash.

Last night (January 3d) I returned from a three months' cruise up in the Gulf of Georgia. There is no great sport to be had unless one goes far north—at least to Queen Charlotte Sound. Even deer are scarce on the islands and along the coast, for market hunters, and still worse, Indians and half-breeds, supply Nanaimo, Comox, Vancouver and other places with venison, and shooting can be heard, all day long, around the inlets up the coast.

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

Winston, N. C.

I wish there was some way of procuring the passage of a law which would not only forbid, but stop the netting and trapping of quails. The "Old North State" has been described as the bird shooters' paradise, bur this practice of trapping birds, for sale, is rapidly exterminating them. Market hunters catch the whole covey and leave none for breeders.

ELLIOTT WARREN.

Eufala, Ind. Ter.

Dr. G. O. West, Dr. G. R. Rucker and I went across the Canadian into the Choctaw nation, some time ago, to take part in a deer drive. Our dogs started several, but we bagged only one, a fine doe. Game is more abundant this fall than usual, especially deer and turkeys.

JOHN W. MCGEE.

The Flathead Indians (in Montana) are reported to be playing havoc with the deer—hounding both in and out of season—and far out of their reservation, at that.

R. W. PATTON, of Chicago, is showing his friends the head of a mountain sheep which he shot in Montana.

Mr. George C. Jones, of The Forks, Me., has for sale a large, healthy two year old bull moose.

Sweet RECREATION barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy—
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?

A BOY'S LETTER.*

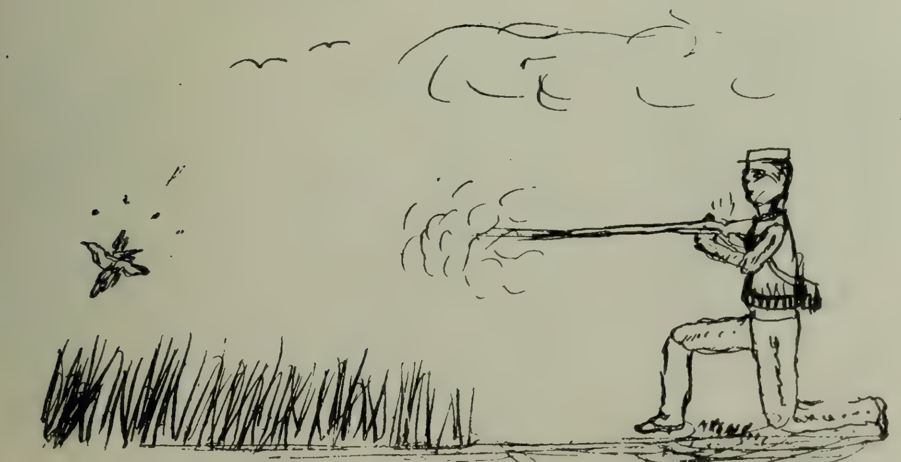
Ocean City.

MY DEAR FATHER.—I have had more sport with my new gun than in any other way. After you went home I was so impatient for Monday to come, that I did not know how to occupy myself. At last Monday came, and getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, I set out for the point, with Harry Canfield. We could not get any shots for some time. I thought I would let Harry shoot first, to see how he handled the gun. Pretty soon we neared a flock of snipe. Harry placed a shell in the gun and approached, crouching behind the tall grass and bushes, picking out a concealed spot, he went down on one knee, cocked the gun, aimed and fired, wounding one bird. Harry said that snipe always return to the same place when one of their number is shot, so he reloaded the gun, gave it to me, and told me to wait till they came back, which they shortly did. Harry told me to hold it as tight as I could. He meant, to hold it tight against my shoulder, but I misunderstood him, and simply held on tight, as if it was going to run away, and the consequence was that when I fired, I would have been kicked, as flat as a flounder, if Harry had not grabbed me. That was my first experience, and after that I was all right. We each fired again, and then started for breakfast.

After breakfast, I cleaned my gun and took the Boyd boys out. We had been out some time without getting a shot, when two gulls came along. I fired at them and missed. Then Culver fired at a board stuck in the sand and hit it squarely. Just then I saw a large snipe light on the beach. I followed him up and he flew, twice, but the third time I was afraid he would not light again, so I cocked the gun and waited until he should fly over the water; then, as he was skimming along over the breakers, I fired and killed him. Pretty soon we came across another running on the sand. It was Albert's turn now; so, instructing him how to hold the gun, he was ready. Waiting till the snipe stood still, he fired and killed his bird. I think the gun a beautiful present, and intend to go out again to-morrow. I have gotten entirely used to the "kick" now, although my shoulder is black and blue from my first day's experience.

I must close now, because it is past bed-time, and I am so sleepy I can hardly see. With much love from everybody, your loving son,

LEWIS.



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* [Lewis G. Wilson, who wrote this letter and made the drawing, is but twelve years old. He is a student in the Adelphi Academy, Philadelphia. There are good things in store for him.—EDITOR.]

When dressed for the evening the girls nowadays
Scarce a vestige of dress on them leave!
Why blame them? For what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited to Eve?

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

V.

Here are two of them, Philip G. Lauff and Edward Beinke, of St. Louis. Dr. Joseph Whitaker, writing of Philip, says:

When an old sportsman is invited by a school boy to go shooting, it makes him look back 40 years or so. In those days the schoolmaster had to be consulted first, and parents afterward. The school boy of to-day, just says "Papa, I want to go shooting to-morrow." The father puts on a stern look, yet, in his heart feels proud that his boy should love the noble sports of the field, and gladly gives his consent with the admonition to "be very careful and not hunt any person."

Last fall I had the pleasure of such an invitation from one of St. Louis's youngest sportsmen, a school boy. Philip is a genuine sportsman, yet a hard student. He is nearly 14 years old, and is an expert shot with his little breach-loading gun. Due east of the northern portion of our city, on the Illinois side, is a large tract of bottom land, also two islands called Cabaret and Cheautau. These islands were known in former years to abound in all kinds of game, such as deer, turkeys, pheasants, ducks, snipe and quail; now we have nothing left but ducks, snipe and quail. All that country is private ground, and as a rule, no one is allowed to hunt there. Young Philip, however, by reason of the respect that the farmers have for his father, has a roving commission for himself and any friend he may take with him.

We had but just left the team and started across a field when an upland plover took wing. Philip says "There goes a bird;" and almost before the last word was out of his mouth he had dropped it. An hour later we met and counted up to find that Philip had killed eight birds to his older brother's one.

On another occasion, Philip persuaded his father to drive him to the shooting grounds, promising that he would kill more birds than his father could carry on a string. Arriving on the grounds, "Rosa," Philip's Gordon setter, soon made a point. A large bevey of quails was flushed. Philip dropped one on the first rise, which made his father feel proud of the boy's skill. After five hours of good sport they returned home with 17 quails. Usually Philip and Edward hunt together, but on the two days I have mentioned the latter was unable to go.

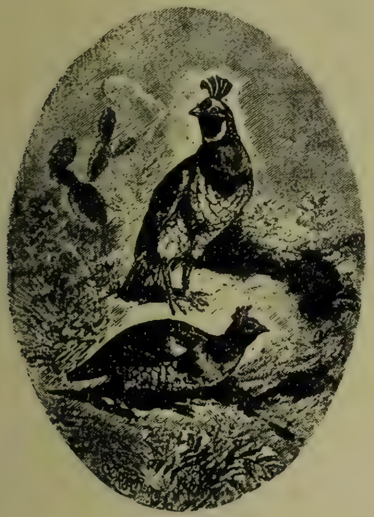
Who would not be proud of such boys? I know I am proud to claim them as my friends.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

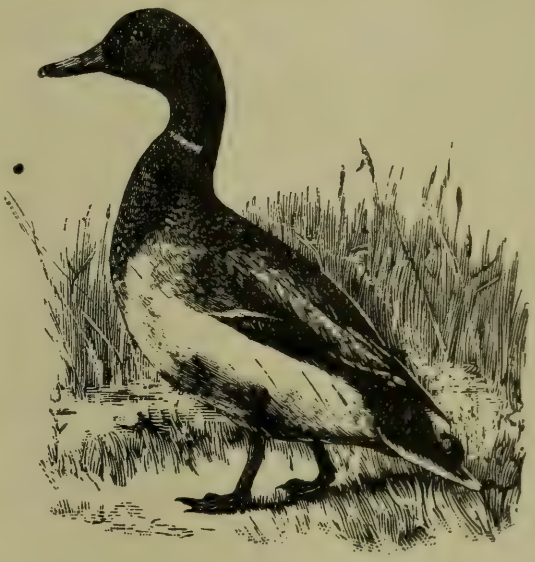
EDWARD W. WILD.

It was the writer's privilege to accompany Manager Robinson, of the big San Diego flume, on a carriage drive through construction camps and along the unfinished grades and tunnelings of that gigantic monument of engineering skill, even to the head waters of one of the two confluent streams from which the supply is taken, 60 miles from the city, in the heart of the Cuyamacas (Quéamackas). It was a beautiful trip in every respect; the rugged scenery changing now to the picturesque, now to the calmly beautiful, and the charm and the glamour of the California climate and atmospheric effects ever enhancing the delights of our week's experience, At night we rolled ourselves in our blankets, in the engineer's tent, at whatever camp we found most convenient, and in the morning rode away briskly behind our handsome sorrels, or strolled along the grade in the way of inspection to the next camp beyond, an employe always being detailed, in the latter case, to drive our team on ahead.

In this way the most excellent opportunities were afforded for quail shooting, and as Mr. Robinson is one of the recognized crack shots of the golden state, there was ample sport for two—for Mr. R., with his double barrelled breach loader, and for myself, as retriever. The flocks of valley quail were very plenteous all along the route, and it was no trouble for us to bag a score of the birds in an hour's shooting, not to mention those occasionally lost in the sagebrush. These birds are only about one-third the size of the mountain quail, but are the most delicious eating, and broiled quail on toast (mountain fashion) was an every day feature of our menu. Occasionally a handsome mallard duck would fall a victim to my friend's prowess, as it rose from the water, but the quail were our chief source of inspiration.



It had been our desire, however, to bring down some of the mountain quail, which are almost as large as the grouse and very handsome. They are usually the acme of plumpness, and have beautiful, though subdued plumage; the males being especially handsome with their tufted crests. But we had been disappointed until the morning of our departure from the summit house for home. We were just entering a closely wooded spot, when a peculiar "clucking" sound a little in advance of us, at the right, attracted Mr. Robinson's attention. It was a matter of a moment only to stop our horses and creep into the brush, where a handsome flock of mountain quail were soon discerned, strutting about and clucking, all unconscious of danger. It was impossibe to enjoy the view more than a moment, through our peepholes in the thick underbrush, for fear of alarming the birds, and the work of destruction was soon begun. Half a dozen of the birds was our reward.



Our trip was fruitful in ducks of various kinds, shot at the little lake nestling in the basin of the hills at the terminus of our route, and but a short distance from the famous "Stonewall" gold mine of ex-Governor Waterman. A gaily plumaged, long legged road runner was also added to our bag before we again sighted the placid waters of the "Silver Gate."

OUR ARMY RIFLE'S PENETRATIVE POWER.

A test of the new Krag-Jorgenson rifle has been made within the last few days at Willet's Point, the United States engineer station, under the direction of Captain W. M. Black.

In order to ascertain the penetrative ability of the bullets, pine boards were fastened together until a thickness of 50 inches was obtained. Two of the shots fired at this target at short range went entirely through it, and none of them penetrated less than three feet. Into oak planks the penetration was 32 inches, and iron plates two-thirds of an inch thick were also pierced. A bullet fired at thin iron plates an inch apart passed through one plate after another until it melted.

DON'T FORGET that you can make your friend happy a whole year by having RECREATION sent to him. How else can you give him so much pleasure at so small an expense?

BICYCLING.

Chairman Waldon, of the Roads Record Committee of the Century Road Club, announces the following successful contestants for prizes offered in 1894: Dr. Milton Keim, of Philadelphia, winner of the individual average medal, with a record of 18,533 miles; Dr. Milton Keim, of Philadelphia, winner of the individual century medal, with a record of 78 centuries; Lincoln Cycle Club, of Chicago, winner of the club century banner, with a record of 373 centuries.

Five miles—W. A. Parker; time, 11m. 18 1-5s.; American record

Ten miles—W. A. Parker; time 24m. 16 1-5s.; American record.

Fifteen miles—C. M. Hendrickson; time 44m. 24s.; New York state record.

Twenty miles—W. A. Parker; time, 50m., 8s.; American record.

Forty-three miles—L. C. Wahl, Baltimore to Washington; time, 2h. 49m.

1,000 miles—J. F. Gunther; time, 4 days, 17h. 45s.; American record.

18,538 miles—William Keim, during 1894; Pennsylvania state record for individual mileage for calendar year.

21,053 miles—A. A. Hanson, during 1894; American record for individual mileage for calendar year.

Seventy-eight centuries—M. N. Klein, Jr., during 1894; American individual century record for calendar year.

The annual report of the Century Road Club of America, showing the number of centuries made by each member during the past year, has just been issued. In the list are the names of five women, who rode in the aggregate 8,300 miles. The list includes: F. F. Gunther, 70; C. M. Fairchild, 51; R. P. Searle, 59; Mrs. C. M. Fairchild, 28; Miss Lizzie Heggerty, 11; Frank J. Ashton, 20; Miss Lucy Porter, 11; Henry R. Geer, 39; V. M. Keim, 78; Miss Margaret Kirkwood, 13; Mrs. M. J. Kelley, 20; Milton Keim, Jr., 51; W. A. Ruby, 30; John A. Graham, 26; August A. Hausen, 46.

Titus says: "In training, do your work about two hours after eating—10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Be careful not to overdo in the beginning of the season. Work into your sprint slowly, in order that you strain no ligaments. The great secret in becoming a great rider, is to have plenty of rubbing with liniments. The position a rider occupies on his wheel is important. Many wheelmen ride too low a reach, or too long or too far forward, or too far backward. There is a happy medium—viz., turn the cranks of the machine so that they are parallel with the top of your saddle. Then take a plumb line and move your saddle forward so that the peak is about two and one-half to three inches forward of the pedal.

The National Cycling Union has sent the following resolution to all racing men: "If any two or more riders who have entered for any cycling competition shall, after the same competition has been advertised to the public, combine for any purpose, and if any rider or riders shall in pursuance of such combination, decline to ride in such competition, the general committee of the National Cyclists Union will, under the powers vested in them by the rules, forthwith revoke the license of each and every such rider, and such revoked license or licenses will not, under any circumstances be renewed."

Chief Consul Potter, of the New York state division, L. A. W., has mailed a circular, protesting against the passage of the bicycle bills now before the legislature, to every cyclist in the state. Mr. Potter has received word from Albany that the sign board bill, advocated by the officers of the New York division has been favorably reported and will in all probability pass both houses.

Ziegler, the California cyclist, will come East in May and compete in all the L. A. W. meets. He says he will prove, before the season ends, that his victories over Sanger, Johnson and the others at Denver, were not scratches. After the season closes he will challenge Zimmerman.

The L. A. W. is seriously considering the advisability of relinquishing all control of racing matters. It would serve its own best interests by doing this.

In order to encourage long distance riding the Manhattan Bicycle Club has decided to award mileage medals to all members who ride 2,500 miles or more this season, and a special medal will be awarded for the highest mileage.

The New York Tourist Wheelmen have elected the following officers: President, Dr. F. A. Myrick; vice-president, Dr. W. K. Doty; secretary, I. Eckstein; treasurer, A. Prebil; captain A. De Julio; lieutenants, W. H. Burton, and A. Shumway.

It has been decided to have the headquarters of the L. of A. W. in Boston. Sterling Elliott, chief consul of the Massachusetts Division of the League, will be made editor of the official newspaper.

The Associated Cycling clubs of New Jersey will hold their annual century run in June. It will, in all probability, be from Newark to Princeton and return. Arrangements are also being made by the Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs for a century run in July.

President Willison, of the L. of A. W, has appointed H. E. Raymond, chairman of the rules and regulations committee; W. Brewster, chairman of the transportation committee; I. B. Potter, chairman of the highway improvement committee.

The members of the cycling division of the new Manhattan Athletic Club have notified Chief Consul Potter, of the New York state division of the L. of A. W. that they have decided to join the League. There are 150 riders in the cherry diamond organization.

Chief Consul Potter, of the New York state division of the L. A. W., has appointed the following consuls: E. J. Muller and James Thompson, Brooklyn; Bernard Schmidt, Jr., Howard Watson and John D. Chisin, Jr., Albany, N. Y., and E. F. Roy, West Troy.

Carl Hess, the German rider who was seen here a few years ago, languishes in prison. He never became a citizen of this country and on returning home for a visit was seized and imprisoned for not having served a term in the German army, as required by law.

A southern circuit is talked of, to comprise Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Memphis, Nashville and Louisville.

The world's cycling championship races will be run this year at Cologne, Germany. France expected to have the meeting, but will be compensated by having it in 1896.

The New England circuit includes Waltham, Worcester, Providence, Rockville, Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, Willimantic, Norwich, Brattleborough, Barre, Keene and Portland.

The officials of the L. A. W. are talking of instituting proceedings against the owners of the Indiana pike roads, who are imposing excessive charges on bicycle riders.

Waller is training for an attempt to lower the outdoor 24 hour record. He already holds the indoor record.

Fred. Titus says he will not do much sprinting next season, but will confine his work on the track to long distance racing.

John S. Johnson has decided not to go abroad. He will remain in this country and compete in class B events.

Titus intends to start for all long distance records early in April.

George Banker is said to have made more than $6,000 last summer in Europe.

Hurst rode 100 miles in Paris, in 4h., 7m., 47 3-5s.

"If bread is the first necessity of life, RECREATION is a close second."

WILL SOME ONE who has a January RECREATION in good condition, send it to me. I will send him a large lot of sportsmen's reading in exchange. BLINN SMITH, Woo Sung, Ogle Co., Ill.

AMONG THE PINES.

Trout Lake, Wis.

Editor RECREATION:

"I hear the musical drip
Of the rain from the cabin eaves."

I intended, when I took up my pen, to make a little rhyme on the October rain and the falling leaves, but there were such unmistakable signs of disapproval of the weather, on the part of the sportsmen and guides lingering about the office of this woodland "inn," that I find it best to postpone the poem, put on a cheerful but sympathetic face, go in and condole with my guests and promise sunshine for the morrow. If any one who reads this has ever visited a sportsmen's inn, he will remember how the proprietor was, by some of the guests, held responsible for the weather, the shooting and the fishing, as well as for sweet bread, juicy steaks, neatly broiled fish and mealy potatoes.

But, after all, it is only good folks who go fishing, and grumbling is rare. If the logs in these rugged walls could only speak, many a good story of rod and gun, days a-field and afloat, would find its way to RECREATION.

For in the glow and warmth of these great, open fires, gray haired bankers and dignified judges forget the burdens and restrictions of city life, and tell such wonderful tales of the day's sport with the gamy bass, the wolfish muscallonge, or the beautiful land-locked salmon, that they must needs call on Billy or Jack to corroborate their statements. They are loyal, these sturdy guides, and it is only occasionally—in the long winter, when they come in to smoke a pipe and chat over old times with their chiefs—that the real facts come out. Even then they never really betray a trust. They simply hint at some slight lack of skill, or at too great excitement on the part of a sportsman in some trying moment.

But "into each life some rain must fall," and sometlmes it comes when people are taking their outing, as it did to-day. Yet I like this sad, sweet autumn weather, and so do innumerable little, busy, gray birds, that are flitting about among the fallen leaves outside my window, disturbed, now and then, by the frantic rush of an industrious squirrel, intent on storing up a plentiful supply of acorns in his winter home.

There are other good things here besides acorns and cones, for a noble stag was brought in yesterday, shot over in the "windfall," by a guide, who was coming in for fresh supplies for his party; and I saw a fine string of wood ducks last night, the reward of a day's sport on the river. Occasionally a bear is met in the deep woods; there are beavers, otters, mink and fishers about the lakes and on the streams. Heads, horns and skins resting on the log walls suggest many a pleasant reminiscence of the great forest. All around me, as I write, are trophies gathered in days of "recreation."

"The pine trees cast their shadows,
On the cabin roof as of yore.
And the waves are softly lapping
The waiting boats on the shore."

MARY REID MANN.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

THE GREAT SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION to be held May 12th to 18th next, at Madison Square Garden, New York, is attracting the attention of sportsmen and manufacturers of sportsmen's goods throughout the country. Calls for information are so numerous that the management has been compelled to issue a weekly bulletin, instead of a monthly as heretofore. Many manufacturers, who at first took no interest in the proposition, are now among tbe most prominent workers in the interest of the great show, and are making strenuous efforts to put their exhibits at the front. Up to this time 34 firms have taken space, among whom are:—

Winchester Repeating Arms Company, E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Company, Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Forehand Arms Company, Hardware Publishing Company, Union Hardware Company, Colt's Fire Arms Company, Herman, Boker & Company, Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Company, Weibusch & Hilger, Limited, *Forest and Stream*, Von Lengerke & Detmold, *American Field*, Maine Central Railroad, William Lyman, Lefever Arms Company, Tatham Brothers, A. G. Spalding & Brothers, *Shooting and Fishing*, Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, Remington Arms Company, Spratt's Patent (America) Limited, Schoverling, Daily & Gales, United States Cartridge Company, Gas Engine and Power Company, Parker Brothers, *Sporting Goods Dealer*, T. W. Fraine, The Webster Studio.

Other applications are being made daily and the secretary, Mr. F. S. Webster, 106 E. 23d street, is kept busy day and night answering the large volume of correspondence that comes to him. Write him, get a bulletin and then make your plans to attend the big show.

HON. B. B. BROOKS, of Wyoming, has written the best bear story I have ever read. It deals with the life, and describes the killing of a monster grizzly that lived in the Caspar mountains and fed on range cattle for years. The story will be printed in the May number of RECREATION and will be illustrated with three full page drawings by the celebrated artist, Mr. W. M. Cary, who spent many years on the frontier, and who has himself had some fun with grizzlies.

From among the many other excellent stories now in hand I have selected the following for the May number: "A Night on the Seneca," by Captain Harry P. Bigelow; "A Mountain Torrent," (poem,) by Francis P. Owings; "The House-warming," by Zelle Emmons; "The Methow Country," by Guy Waring; "Moonlight Yachting," (poem,) by Elizabeth A. Vore, and "The Pointer, Past and Present," by the Hon. John S. Wise. This latter article will easily take rank as one of the ablest and best productions of its class in modern times.

All of these papers will be handsomely illustrated from original drawings and from photographs. Then there will be the continuation of Dr. Tucker's story of "Guatemotzin, the Last of the Aztecs;" a clever little poem entitled "A Common Foe," by Aileen Marie McDonald, and several short sketches under the various heads of "Bicycling," "From the Game Fields," "Amateur Photography," etc.

THE OTHER DAY a tall dark man came into the office and said he wanted to subscribe for RECREATION. I was just putting on my overcoat to go home, but hung it up, took his dollar and asked him his name and address. He said he would write it. I passed the blank over to him and he wrote:

"Kit Clarke, box 1248, New York."

Instantly there began to float before me visions of deep clear lakes; great, rapid rivers; cool, shady brooks, in which were dark holes "Where the Trout Hide."

I grapsed the hand of the big dark man and we sat down and talked. He told me more fish stories in half an hour than I ever heard before in a whole day, and had I not kept in mind the fact that all anglers, and especially angling writers, are truthful honest men, I must have doubted some of them. As it is I would vouch for the absolute truth of all of them.

Kit made me miss my train, but I was mighty glad of it, and would be willing to miss it again to-morrow for the sake of another such "wah-wah."

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY bought 2300 copies of each of the first five numbers of RECREATION. Of the October number 75 per cent. was returned; of the November number 60 per cent.; of the December number 40 per cent., and of the January and February numbers, less than 15 per cent. With the March number the company increased its order to 2600 copies. These were delivered to it on the 28th of February. Since that date the company has bought 625 copies of March, making 3225 in all. Write the manager and ask him if this is true. Also ask him what his first order will be for April number.

Nearly all the copies returned by the company have since been sent out to subscribers. I have less than 100 copies of each issue on hand. A healthy showing for a six months old magazine.

MR. J. G. MESSNER, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., has been doing some remarkably good shooting, of late, at the trap. On the 20th of February he shot a match with Mr. Ralph Lovett, at 25 live birds, killing 24 to Mr. Lovett's 17. On the 28th of February Mr. Messner shot another match with Messrs. Greener, Lovett and Jones, of the Wilkinsburg Sportsmen's Association, at 12 birds, each. Mr. Messner killed 11, Greener 8, Lovett 4 and Jones 6. Mr. Messner is comparatively new in match shooting, and at this rate great things may reasonably be expected of him in the future.

CAPTAIN H. H. COOPER, Nacogdoches, Tex., sends RECREATION the chin whiskers of a wild turkey gobbler he lately killed, and which he says "weighed 24 pounds, dressed, and was fat, juicy and tender." I am sorry I could not have camped with the captain that night. "Fat, juicy and tender!" Yum, ye-*um*.

Sportsmen are cautioned against sending money to Charles Hibbard, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who advertises fishing tackle. I am in possession of information which leads me to believe that he is a dead beat of the worst character.

If a sample copy of Recreation has been sent you it is by request of some friend of yours, who likes it and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

Since the last issue of Recreation, its subscription list has grown to 3700—an increase of 900 in 30 days—an average of 30 a day. If you don't believe it, come in and I will show you my books.

If you want all the best people to read it, put it in Recreation; for all the best people read Recreation.

GET RELIABLE GUIDES.

Editor Recreation: Chicago, Ill.

Having followed the unfortunate Carlin-Colgate affair through all its details, I was led to believe that it had, like the sufferer of the party, passed into history; yet the article in your February issue brings it again before me.

Why is it that the promoters in all expeditions of this kind fail to see the necessity of having old and tried backwoodsmen to act as guides and hunters. I mean by the term "backwoodsmen," men who have been reared in the woods, who are always at home in the pathless wilderness, who cannot be lost: men who are equal to every emergency, trial or danger; men to whom the wilderness is as an open book, and who care little whether they see civilization once a year or once in five years. Such men are the old Hudson's Bay trappers.

Some 15 years ago I went on a trapping expedition to Northern Canada, 150 miles north of Lake Nippissing. That country is a wilderness in every sense of the word.

From November 3d until April of the following year, we never saw a white face, and but few red ones. Often storm bound, snow five feet deep on the level, thermometer 40 degrees below zero, we suffered but once during the five months. We ran out of venison, and our diet was skunk and muskrat, without salt. However, the storm passed, and we soon had venison and bear again.

I felt no concern, however, as I had every confidence that we were safe in the company of such men as Ned Owen and Jake Boulter. They needed no compass to guide them, and if overtaken by storms could hastily construct a shelter.

I would like to advise city sportsmen, as one who has hunted all his life, to procure the right kind of guides. Then we shall read of fewer mishaps to hunting parties. J. W. Millar.

The success of the Westminister Kennel Club's show, at Madison Square Garden, last month, was largely due to the excellent work of Spratt's people in benching and feeding the dogs. Several of these objected seriously to being taken out of the building after the show was over, seeming to realize that on returning home they should sadly miss the paternal care of Spratt's trained nurses, and the delicious angel food biscuits that were so liberally issued to them there.

BREEDING MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Tacoma, Wash.

Editor Recreation:

The mongolian pheasant is a hardy bird, but a difficult one to raise. In fact, it is almost impossible to breed and raise him in captivity.

Last fall Mr. W. A. Eberly, of Tacoma, got three hens and two cocks, from Oregon, for the purpose of introducing them into this state. One of the cocks, a young bird, died early. The other, being full grown, lived. From the three hens Mr. Eberly obtained over 300 eggs and distributed them among his friends. Domestic hens were used for hatching them. Over 200 birds were hatched and of that number only three are alive to-day and these were raised by Mr. E. after a great deal of care and trouble.

It seems that the young birds get lousy in confinement, and these insects kill them. Mr. Eberly has turned his birds out and will let them shift for themselves.

Mr. Frank Alling is another gentleman who has made an effort to raise these birds. His stock, consisting of silver, golden, copper and mongolian pheasants, was imported direct from China. His young birds all died, and a few weeks ago, two dogs got into his large aviary and killed every bird he had. The dogs still live.

Later Mr. Alling received a new lot of 14 hens and four cock mongolians, from China, and has begun his task over again. It is earnestly hoped that he will be more successful this time.

Mr. Alling is not a sportsmen, but he deserves the thanks of the sportsmen of this state for his efforts to place the gamiest bird that flies, within their reach. If any of the readers of Recreation know anything about raising these birds, I feel sure their views would be gladly received by those interested in the matter here.

John Leasure.

Baker City, Ore.

Editor Recreation:

That's right, warm up the Indian agents. I fear it will not do much good, but the question of game protection will soon be settled if the Indians are not restrained. I could fill many pages of Recreation with straight records of summer game butchery by the Flat Head, Pend D'Oreille, Kootenai and Nez Perce Indians. There is no use talking game laws to white men who want a deer, now and then when within sight are a lot of red whelps drying a year's supply of venison.

M. W. Miner.

Tacoma, Wash.

Editor Recreation:

The state legislature is considering a bill for removing all protection from trout, of all kinds. The argument advanced by the friends of the bill is that trout are of no commercial value, that they destroy millions of eggs of the salmon, following the latter on to their spawning beds and taking the eggs as dropped and the young salmon when hatched. There is great difference of opinion as to the result of such a law, depending on who's foot the shoe pinches. Q.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Mr. J. G. Messner, a prominent sportsman and trap shooter, of Pittsburg, writes: "I see the Parker people have the good taste and judgment to advertise their guns in Recreation and I want to tell your readers something about them.

I bought four Parker guns in 1894. Had each one fitted to me, and before shooting it many times, some friend would get stuck on it and buy it of me. Then I would order another. The last one I sold was to a friend up in Venango county, while shooting grouse with him in December. He took a fancy to the gun and nothing would satisfy him but to have it. I have now ordered my fifth Parker and hope my friends will let me keep it awhile. I think the Parkers make the best gun in America, or any where else for that matter."

---

297 Broadway, New York.

Editor Recreation:

Please change my advertisement. I don't want to sit up all night answering letters, as I have been compelled to do since I commenced to advertised in Recreation. As a rule I don't sell at retail. Please tell your readers to ask local dealers for the "inimitable" flies, and to accept no substitutes. If they fail to get them in the tackle stores then let them write me for a sample dozen, inclosing $1, and I will ship them.

My advertisement in Recreation has brought me answers from every state in the Union, and from all over Canada. C. B. FitzMaurice.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport, Conn., is now making the new 25-20 Marlin Cartridge, loading it with smokeless powder. The result is, that the velocity has been increased about 125 feet a second. With this high velocity the bullet will, of course, hold up better at long range than with the powders formerly used for this class of cartridge, and it is claimed that it will shoot about six inches higher at one hundred yards, than heretofore. At 200 yards nitro-powder cartridges will shoot about 12 inches higher than if loaded with black powder. The accuracy of this new cartridge is said to be remarkable. At 100 yards 10 shots have been grouped in a circle two inches in diameter; at 200 yards 10 shots have been grouped in a four inch circle. These cartridges will be ready for the trade shortly, and are likely to prove popular.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company has bought the sole right to make the Spangler Crimper, and dealers desiring to handle it are required to order from the I. M. Co., or from the jobbing houses. The tool will hereafter be known as the Spangler Ideal Closer. The same company also makes the Ideal High Grade Closer, which has been popular for years, but which has recently been greatly improved.

The Pope is in big luck. Not the one in the Vatican, but *the* Pope—Colonel Pope, who makes bicycles. He has sold all the wheels he can make up to August 1st, and is running his factory day and night. He advertises in Recreation because he thinks he may have a few machines to sell late in the season and don't want the people to forget that the Columbia is the boss of the road.

Missoula, Mont.

Editor Recreation:

Please tell your readers that when going on a western trip, on horseback, the proper scheme is to slip a Bristol steel fishing rod in the saddle rifle scabbard, as it will not be in the way and is always ready when wanted. Put the reel in the saddle bags. That's the way I have carried my reel and steel rod for the past four summers.
W. M. H.

The attention of sportsmen is called to the advertisement of the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Company in this issue of Recreation. I have used these goods for many years and have long since learned to regard them as absolute necessities of camp life.

Their bed folds into a package 6 inches in diameter and 3 feet long. Then at night it opens out so as to furnish a luxuriant couch for a 300 pound man. You can carry a bed, a table and half a dozen chairs under your arm, or on your back, and not be badly loaded either. The company's address is Racine, Wis. Send for a catalogue. Mention Recreation.

The Daimler Motor Company, Steinway, Long Island City, New York, turns out a novel kind of boat. It appears to run of its own accord, entirely, yet it gets over the course as swiftly as any of them. It has a little vest pocket engine down in the hold, that works a long time on a gallon of gasoline. It makes no steam, no smoke, and has not even a smoke stack. It is something like one of those patent cook stoves you have all heard of.

It would be a good scheme to get a catalogue of the Daimler Yacht and learn all about it—especially if you are thinking of buying a yacht.

The Bridgeport Brass Company, Bridgeport, Conn., makes a bicycle lamp that almost turns night into day. People who were wheeling and wearing one of these lamps on their main-top-mast on the night of March 10th, say they forgot to look for the eclipse on the moon—that it was so light where they were that it would have been all the same to them if the sun and moon had both been eclipsed at once. Send a few dollars and sixty cents to these people, get one of their lamps and quit cutting cows and horses in two with your wheel.

H. Boker & Co., who handle the entire crop of Spencer Repeating Shotguns have a surprise in store for sportsmen. You will probably learn all about it in the next number of this magazine. Or, possibly you may get the particulars now by writing the house and telling them you read Recreation. Their address is 101 Duane street, New York.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Professor Felix L. Oswald, the eminent scientist, sociologist, and traveller, author of "Physical Education," "Summer-land Sketches," Days and Nights in the Tropics," "The Preservation of the Forests," and many other good books, writes, under date of March 5th:

"I do not hesitate to pronounce Recreation the best antidote for the evils of our national blue pill and blue law epidemic thus far evolved by the press of the western continent.

"In a recent communication to an English reform journal, a clear-sighted traveler mentioned 'Timber-laws, Temperance and Deliverance from Dyspepsia,' as among the chief desiderata of the United States; but could have summarized his comments in the remark that America needs a Gospel of Recreation. It is an open secret that the owners of game preserves (rather than the government climate-menders) have saved the forests of northern Europe, and no intelligent observer can doubt that the suppression of healthier pastimes and the deadly tedium of our American quaker sabbath have driven millions to drown their ennui in alcohol. Thousands of incipient topers, whom ordinary camp meetings fail to bring any nearer to heaven, might be redeemed in higland-camps—those of the Tennessee moonshine districts, perhaps, excepted. As a specific for the marasmus of city life, and the after-effects of mediæval unnaturalism, too, outdoor exercise is worth shiploads of patent nostrums.

"Every lover of nature, every health seeker, every convert to the gospel of physical reform, ought to read Recreation."

We have received the sample copy of your new magazine, and enjoyed it very much. Have had it on our tables and shown it to many of our friends, until Mr. M. P. Gray took it away and said he was going to subscribe for it at once. We certainly wish you all the success in the world, and know you will make a leader out of your magazine, judging from the past, as all your books and writings have been of the first order. Please find enclosed $1.00 for one year's subscription to Recreation.

B. C. Milam & Son.

I received the January No. of Recreation and can scarcely tell you how well I am pleased with this magazine. It is the cleanest, newsiest publication I have seen. It is a genuine pleasure, I assure you, to have a sportsmen's magazine that is healthy in tone and pure in morals—one that I am not afraid to take into my family and allow my children to read. May Recreation live and prosper. I am sure all of its readers will try to aid in building up its circulation, and I wish you abundant success in this very meritorious publication. Enclosed please find one dollar.

Ad. Moreland.

Yesterday the February number of Recreation came, and I think it is better, if possible, than any previous one. Recreation comes to me as an old friend, for I was brought up in a fishing and shooting atmosphere. In your magazine I already find names of men who were friends of my father's when I was a little girl, and many times I have heard them "swap fish stories" around our home table, just as they are now doing across the clean pages of your magazine.

Margaret Gray Brooks.

I could not pick out, from the vast number of standard magazines, even though many have had years of experience, one that surpasses, or equals Recreation in a majority count. It has sprung into popularity because it merits it, in reading matter and pictures. I judge a magazine somewhat by the quality of its illustrations. I trust the future of Recreation will be as brilliant as the beginning.

W. R. L. Dwyer, M. D.

I received the December copy of Recreation, and like it very much. I have always been partial to a little recreation in a reasonable way. You gave me a little; now I want more. I like it so well I wish you would send me October and November copies, so I may have it complete. I send you herewith check for one year's Recreation, which I consider is the best and cheapest recreation I have been offered for years.

C. B. Fitz Maurice.

I received the copy of Recreation, and am much pleased with it. I congratulate you on giving something to sportsmen of which they have long been in want, and a magazine which compares favorably with much higher priced ones. I hope to send you a number of subscriptions before the close of the month.

Edw. W. Tilton.

(He has since sent in 17 subscriptions.—Ed.)

I want to say that Recreation is simply a grand, beautiful magazine. Here is my subscription, and I shall add a few of my friends to your list within a few days.

J. G. Messner.

(He has since sent in 22 subscriptions.—Ed.)

The first three numbers of Recreation to hand. I have looked them over very carefully. The magazine is a gem, all the way through. The make-up is neat, the engravings are beautiful, and, in fact, Recreation more than meets my expectations. I hope you may have the success you deserve.

Wm. H. Steele, D. D. S.

I have received the two copies of Recreation and like the magazine very much, because it is so entirely different from other publications. The illustrations, alone, are valuable studies. I do not care greatly for the papers published for women. So much of their space is occupied with silly fiction or, worse still, with endless discussions as to how "John" is to be treated. I shall always read Recreation.

Mrs. M. C. Sherwood.

I am very fond of the gun, rod and wheel, and in Recreation I find most delightful reading on all these charming sports.

R. C. W. Lett.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

SOME THINGS AS WERE.

There was a bay cayuse named Dot,
That had a white eye and got hot.
When the boys tried to ride him,
But they fell off beside him,
And just wanted to die on the spot.

There was a red-headed young maid,
Who of cows and mice was afraid,
But she died and went up
With St. Peter to sup,
Where no bovines or rodents e'er strayed.

A wealthy young man with a gun,
Traveled out in the west for some fun,
But the game he did get,
Was the dealer's own pet,
And he lived a whole week on a bun.
—M. W. Miner.

The Indian, with his pipe of peace,
Will soon have passed away;
But Paddy, with his piece of pipe,
Has come, prepared to stay.—*Truth.*

Mr. Decker had been entertaining a party of his friends in the parlor and the aroma of their Perfectos still lingered in the curtains. Mrs. Decker was properly disgusted as she came into the room. She threw the windows wide open and remarked:

"It's all very well to talk about this new smokeless powder, but I don't see why some body hasn't gumption enough to invent a smokeless tobacco."

Mr. Wearie—Have you any magazines published in Kamschatka or the South Sea Islands?

Newsman—N-o. Won't you have one of the American or European magazines?

Thanks; no. I am getting a little tired of Napoleon Bonaparte.—*New York Weekly.*

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth—I knew not where,
Till a neighbor called and raised a row,
Because I'd shot his Jersey cow.
N. Y. Herald.

A Game Leg—The Quarter of Venison.

A sleigh ride to my girl I gave,
And as the horses flew,
I could not help but think how fast
My cash was flying too!
—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Whur ye bin?" asked one rural sportsman.
"Fishin'," replied the other.
"Git a bite?"
"Yep."
"Ketch anything?"
"Yep."
"Whatje ketch?"
"Ketched the mosquiter thet gimme the bite."

The man goes walking down the road.
Hipity hop, flap doodle!
His heart seems bowed with a heavy load,
Slipity slop, kadoodle!

Ah! what is the poor man going to do?
Flipity flop, befuddle!
He's got a loose sole down under his shoe,
Flipity flap, bespuddle!

The sole and the mud get awfully mixed,
Whipity whap, kewaddle!
He's bound for the shoe shop to have it fixed,
Whipity whop, skedaddle!
—*Calhoun Times.*

"Well, sir, the people had better look out five years from now."

"Why, what will turn up then?"

"The year 1900 is going to be a bad year."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because it will be so naughty."
—*Atlanta Journal.*

"Why," growled the large raw-boned man who was hanging on to a strap; "why do we permit the minions of this transportation corporation to pack us in here like a lot of sardines?"

"Because we are suckers," replied the little weak-eyed man.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Two soles with but a single thought
Two feet that slipped as one;
And when at last he reached the earth,
The meeting jarred the son.
—*Boston Courier.*

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Are freely used by the milkman,
The grocer, baker and,
Cost the rest of us
A lot of money.

P. S.—This don't rhyme very well, but it gets there just the same.

Digley—What did you do with the check your father-in-law gave you?

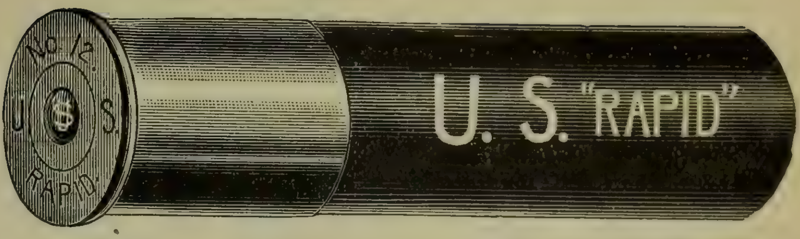
Gagley—Had it framed; no one would cash it for me.

As down the village street he walked,
A barber shop he spied—
Sauntered in, sat down in chair,
And had his whiskers dyed;
Then hurried home to his dear friends,
Made his will and went to bed—
Alas! next morn when he awoke,
His whiskers—they were *dead.*
—J. S.

Digley—Does Howler's wife practice her pieces at home before singing them in church?

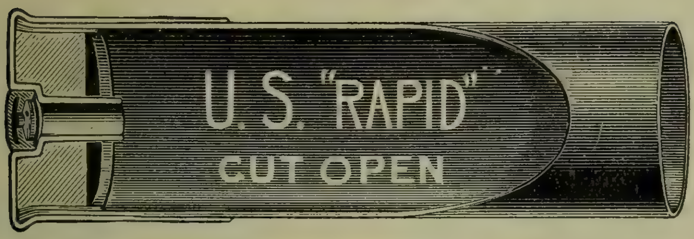
Gagley—I imagine so; Howler never goes to church.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

Nitro

Powders.

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS:
U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers St., N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

HOW TO DEVELOP.

New York.

Editor RECREATION :

A prominent photographer once remarked, when asked what he put into his developer to obtain such perfect results.

"Ten grains of brains to every ounce of solution." Only too many amateurs forget that these ten grains are essential to success ; many do not even know what the solution which they pour over their plates contains, relying on the dealer who puts up this "stuff," and when they make a dismal failure of negatives which have cost them much time and trouble, they take the philosophical excuse offered by the hardware man or sporting goods man who sold them their material. "Plate was under-exposed," "Plate was over-exposed." Did it ever occur to you that "ten grains of brains" would have remedied this defect ?

The first rule that every amateur should be governed by is to find some dealer who understands his business and has a knowledge of photography. That is the man to get your supplies from. Then tell him what you want to do and take his advice. If you find his advice good, stick to him. Never accept a plate or piece of material of any kind because it is cheap. Cheap material and good results never go hand in hand. Never use a solution when not aware of its contents. Developing solutions are mostly made up of the following agents, Pyro, Metol, Hauff, Glycin Hauff, Eikonogen Amidol or Hydro Chinon.

Metol Hauff is very energetic, with little inclination to fog, and can be recommended for under-exposed plates. It is at present considered the best all-around developer, and as it does not stain, can be recommended for amateur use.

Glycin Hauff is slow in its action, and gives snappy contrasty pictures, so if some users of Metol find that they do not get density enough, in their results, or like black and white pictures, a solution of equal parts of Metol and Glycin Hauff can be recommended.

Pyrogallic acid though not very much used by amateurs, is extensively used by professional photographers, some of whom even prefer it to Metol; but its unpleasant feature of staining the hands makes it a disagreeable solution to use. With pyro it is necessary to use so much soda to accelerate its action in case of snap shot pictures, that it has a tendency to vail the plate. Eikonogen is a rapid developer, and before the advent of Metol was largely in use. It works rapidly and clearly, but does not give much density on account of the bluish color of the deposit. This can be remedied, however, by the addition of Hydro Chinon or Glycin. So now, we stand as follows : Pyro Glycin, Hydrochinon, give density and snap ; Metol and Eikonogen give great detail. If you are careful in the selection of a developer, suitable to the work you are doing, you will find it much easier to succeed. Do not forget that brains may also be used in making exposures. Do not try to make instantaneous pictures in-doors, or late in the day, or in a dark street, or in the woods. Do not make broad exposures in broad sunlight, and remember, that on the water, where light has free sway it takes only half as long to make an exposure as on land.

BRAINS.

Boise, Idaho.

Three of us amateur sportsmen. F. R. Fouch, Dr. O. W. Hall and I, intend to make a trip during the coming season, either into the country surrounding the headwaters of the Boise river, or into the Teton country. The after enjoyment of our several previous expeditions of this kind has been materially lessened by the fact that our neighbors wink significantly when we dilate on the wonderful views we have seen, the great catches of trout we have made, and the gigantic size of every "monarch of the forest" that our unerring rifles have lain low. In fact, it has become an absolute necessity that we bring them ocular proof of our prowess, in order to preserve our reputation for the imperial virtue—truth. This being the case we have decided to buy a camera, and we want one which will make a photograph worthy of being reproduced in RECREATION.

M. A. BATES.

Springfield, Ill.

Some of my best photos of groups have been taken under the trees, as late as four o'clock in the afternoon. I always avoid sky or an open lawn for a background, as they give the faces a hazy, blurred look, and as faces need a reflector to strengthen the lights, it is best to get where one can utilize the side of some building as a reflector.

PAUL A. ULRICH.

In making photographs in winter it is important to consider the influence of heat and cold. If a film be gradually heated before exposure its sensitiveness is increased. If a developing solution be heated the development is more rapid. It should not, however, be allowed to reach a temperature of over 80 degrees Fahr.

THE next exploit to engage the attention of amateurs and experts will be the photographing of a falling drop of water, a prize having been offered by the *Revue Suisse*, for the best picture.

Photography has become so important an agent in the detection of crime that every large police bureau has its own photographic department.

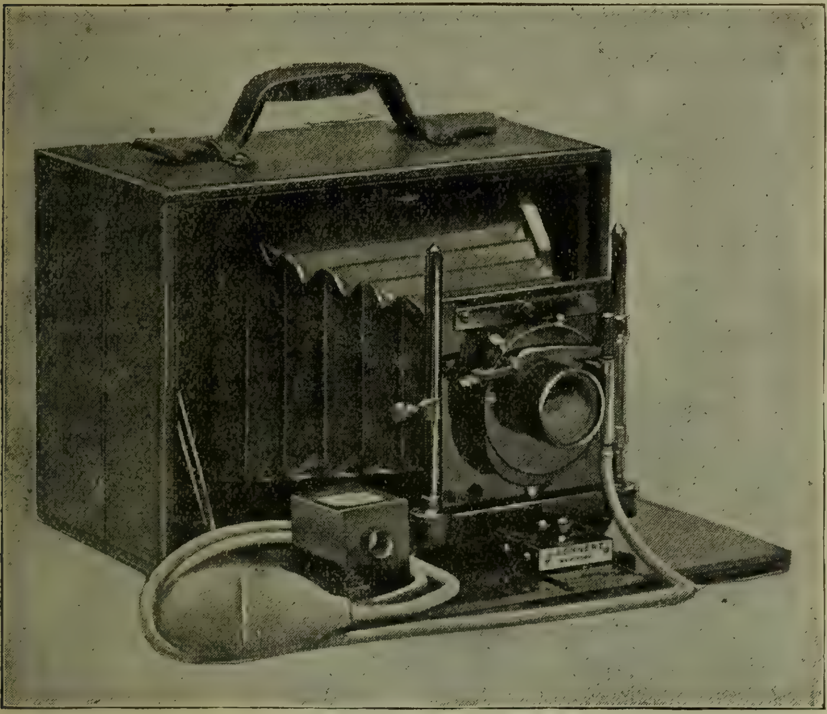
On slightly under exposed plates details can be brought out with a solution of carbonate of soda.

A new instrument has been invented for surveying by the aid of photography.

FOR photographing snow scenes slow, thickly coated plates are best.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. **'95 Prizewinner.**

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

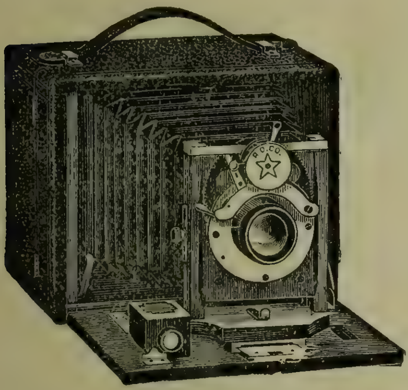
Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.



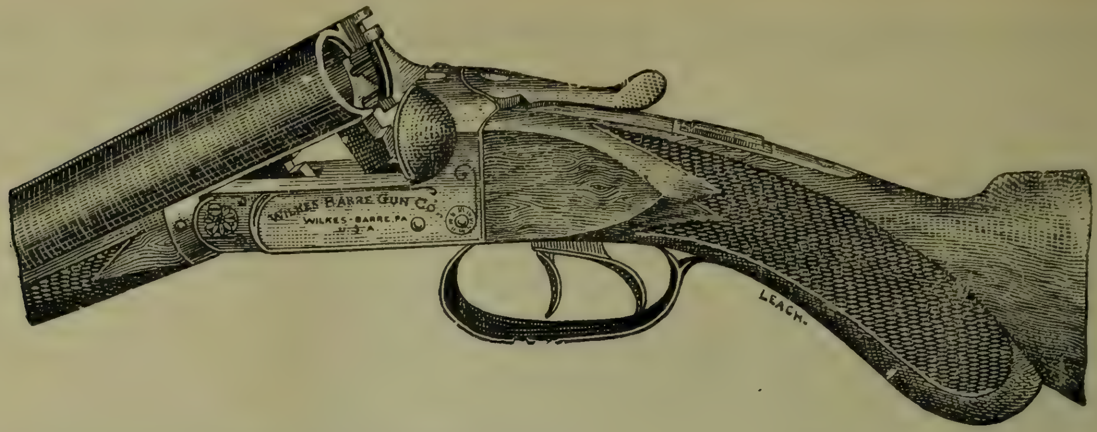
PREMO CAMERA

BEST FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

SEND FOR
PREMO PAMPHLET
Giving Full Particulars.

Rochester Optical Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.


WILKES BARRE GUN CO.
WILKES-BARRE PA
U.S.A.
LEACH.

Having purchased the entire stock of Guns of the

WILKES-BARRE GUN CO.,

we offer them at the following low prices:

Hammer Gun, Fine Twist Barrels	List, $35.00;	our price,	$17.50
Hammerless Gun, Fine Twist Barrels	" 50.00;	"	31.50
Hammerless Gun, Damascus Barrels	" 60.00;	"	35.00

All guns latest model, 12 gauge, 7 to 8 pounds, bored for Nitro Powders.

EVERY GUN FULLY GUARANTEED.

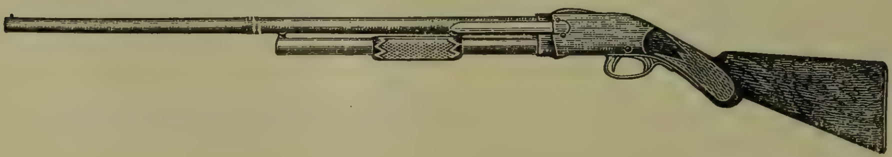
If in need of a gun it will pay you to buy one of these and order at once.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,
302 Broadway, New York.

Spencer Repeating Shot Gun.

BEST IN THE WORLD. **SIX SHOTS IN THREE SECONDS.**

Twist Steel Barrel Case Hardened System.



LINCOLN, NEB., May 21, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I have used a Spencer Repeating Shot Gun for eight years. I have fired many thousands of shots with it, and it is apparently in as good condition to-day as it was when I purchased it. Several years ago a friend of mine, now residing in this city, stood by my side and saw me kill six prairie chickens out of a covey that arose simultaneously, shooting each bird separately. For any kind of shooting from jack snipe to geese, I prefer the Spencer to any gun I have ever used.

Yours very truly, J. E. HOUTZ.

H. BOKER & CO., Wholesale Agents, 101 Duane St., New York.

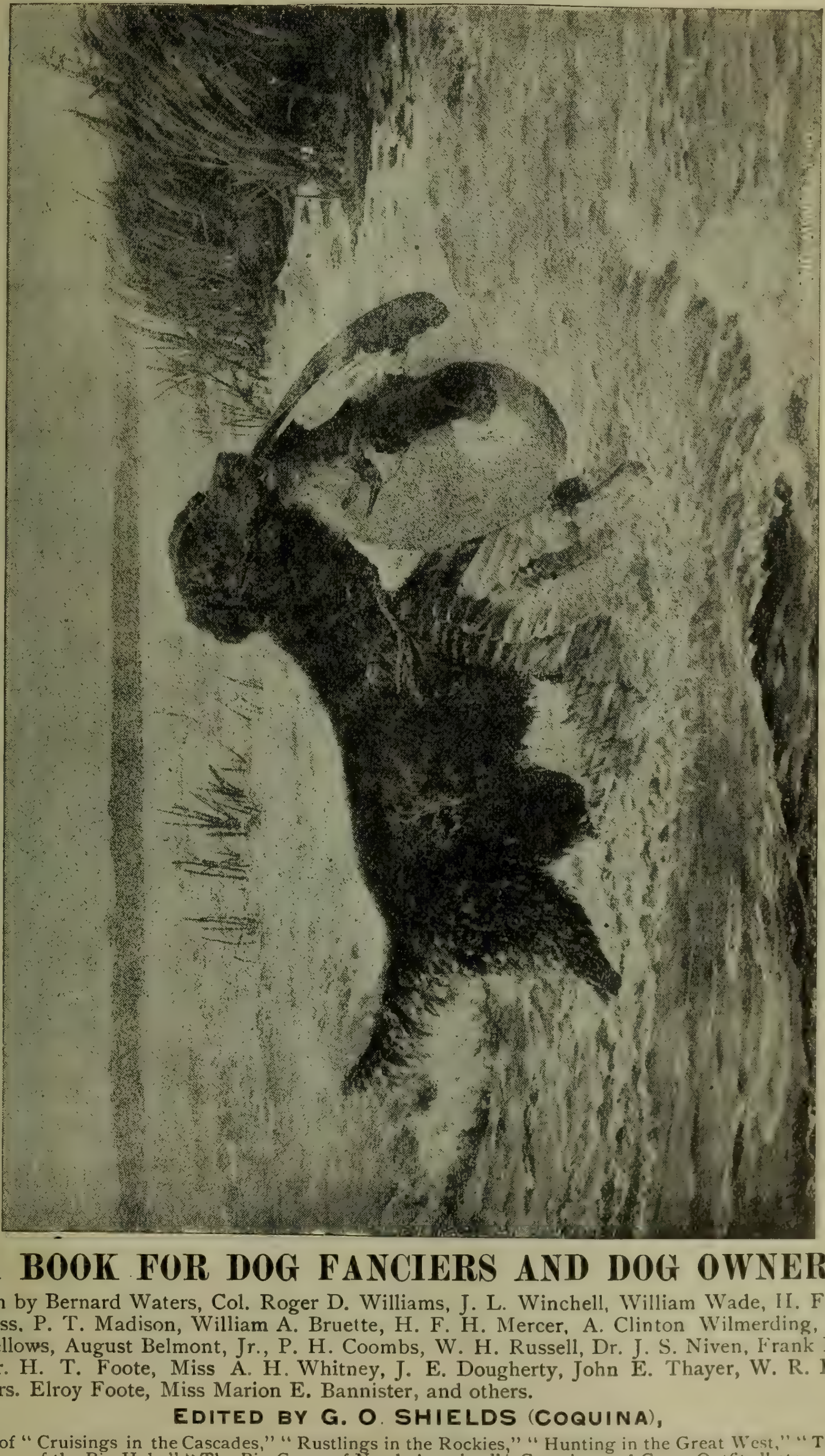
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR

Mention RECREATION.

The American Book of the Dog.

The Origin, Development, Special Characteristics, Utility, Breeding, Training, Diseases and Kennel Management of all Important Breeds of Dogs.

8vo, 700 Pages, 85 Illustrations. Cloth, $3.50; Half Morocco, gilt top, $5.00; Full Morocco, gilt edges, $6.50.



SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE AMERICAN BOOK OF THE DOG."

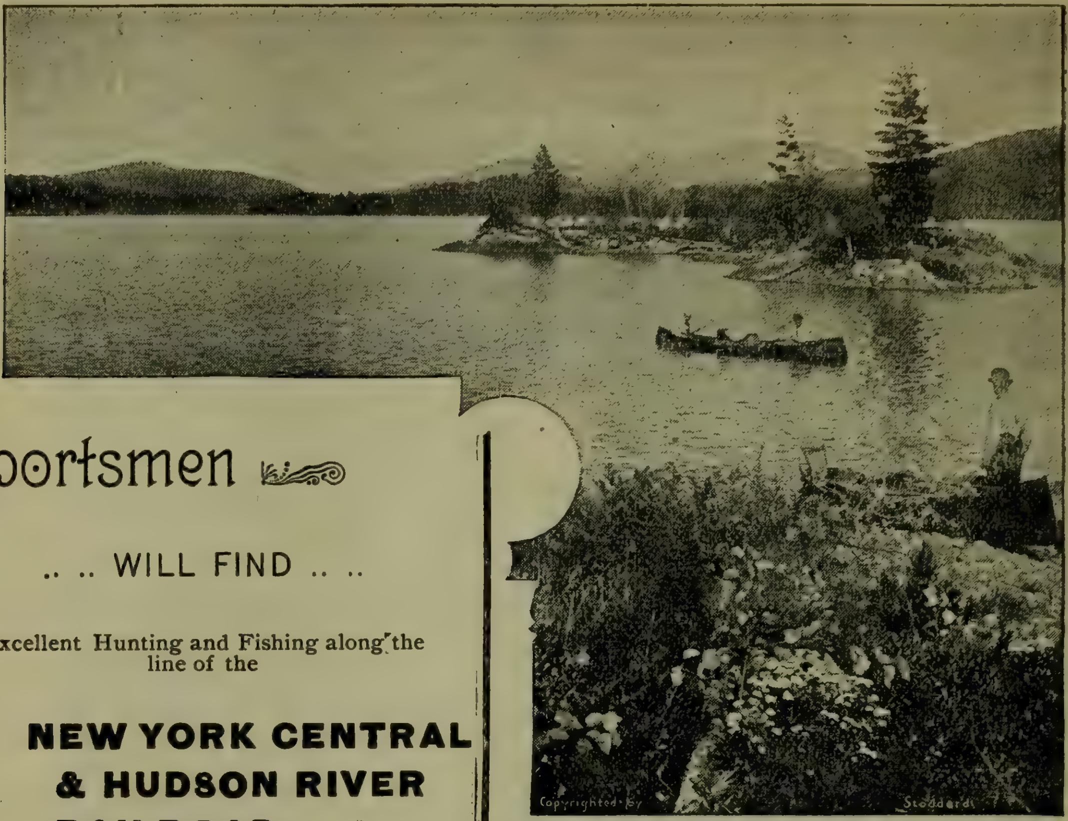
A BOOK FOR DOG FANCIERS AND DOG OWNERS,

Written by Bernard Waters, Col. Roger D. Williams, J. L. Winchell, William Wade, H. F. Schellhass, P. T. Madison, William A. Bruette, H. F. H. Mercer, A. Clinton Wilmerding, J. Otis Fellows, August Belmont, Jr., P. H. Coombs, W. H. Russell, Dr. J. S. Niven, Frank F. Dole, Dr. H. T. Foote, Miss A. H. Whitney, J. E. Dougherty, John E. Thayer, W. R. Furness, Mrs. Elroy Foote, Miss Marion E. Bannister, and others.

EDITED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),

Author of "Cruisings in the Cascades," "Rustlings in the Rockies," "Hunting in the Great West," "The Battle of the Big Hole," "The Big Game of North America," "Camping and Camp Outfits," etc.

Address, 216 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.



Sportsmen

.. .. WILL FIND .. ..

Excellent Hunting and Fishing along the line of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

SARANAC LAKE, ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS—ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

"The Nation's Pleasure Ground and Sanitarium."

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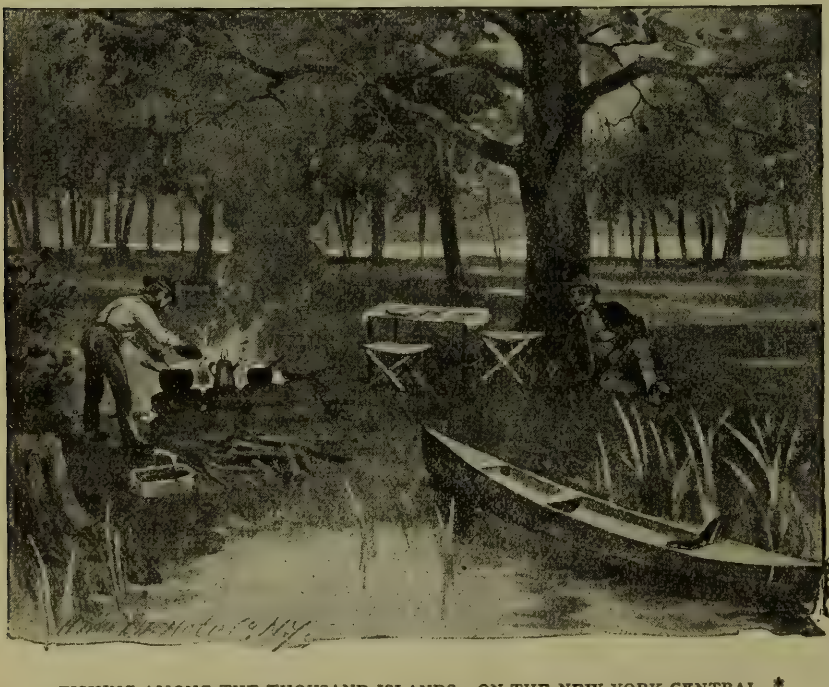

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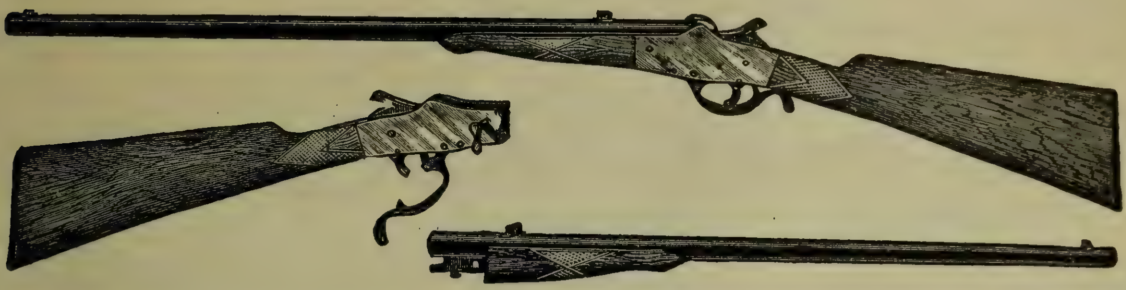

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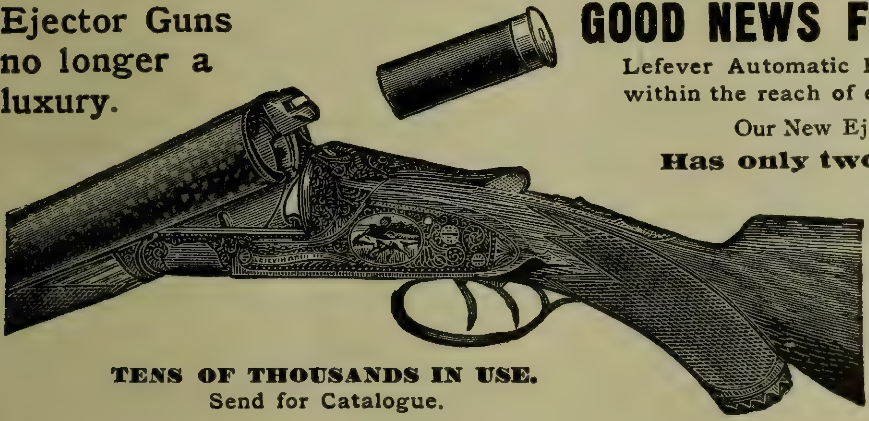

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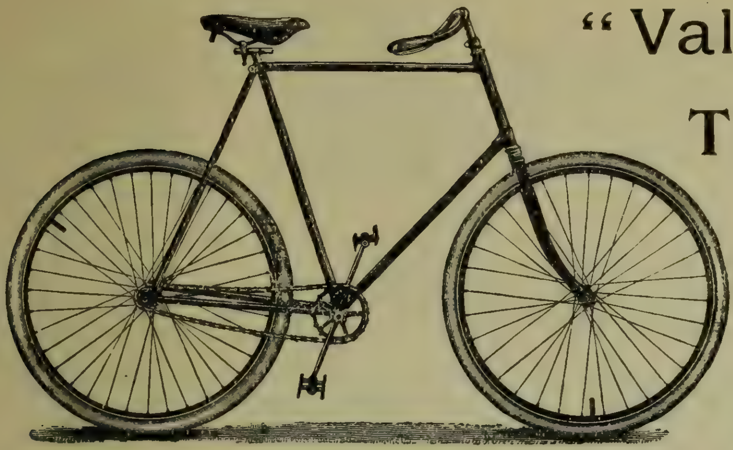

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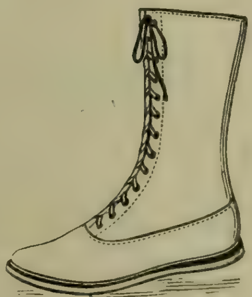

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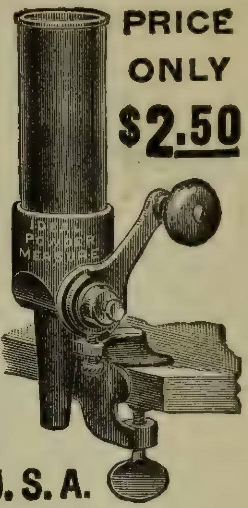

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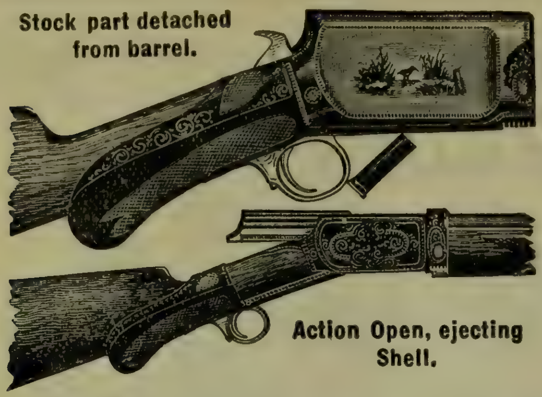
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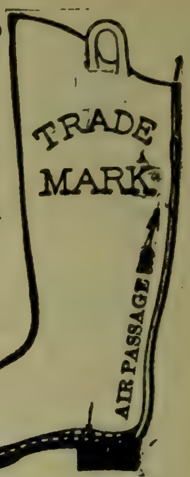

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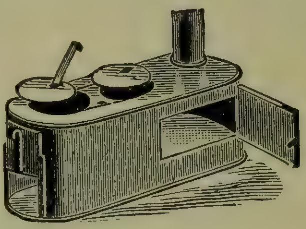

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Editor RECREATION:

For many months deer have been slaughtered in the Adirondack wilderness, in the region of West Canada creek. The offenders are said to be a Frenchman, known as "French Louis," and "Lief," a half-breed Indian renegade from the St. Regis reservation. The latter is said to have averaged a deer a day for several months past; while the former has killed, since September 1, no less than 27 deer. Most of this venison has been disposed of at the lumber camps, while some has been left to decay or to be devoured by wild beasts. Protector Kenwell and Special Officer Lobdell, after tedious drives and a long tramp, with snowshoes, found the two culprits together, and secured from Lief a confession as to one offence, so that he was sentenced to 40 days' imprisonment in the Hamilton county jail. There are several other clear cases against him that will keep him there several months. French Louis denied all the charges, but it is expected that sufficient evidence will soon be obtained to convict him, unless he speedily leaves the country. Both of these men have been following this illegal occupation for about four years, sometimes killing deer only for the hides, which could not always be proved to have been recently taken off. But it is hoped soon to get rid of these desperate characters, who have been doing so much mischief.

JOHN L. MITCHELL.

I have received the copy of RECREATION for December, and am highly pleased with it, and all it contains. The illustrations are all works of art. This number and those previously received are gems from cover to cover—including the covers. CAPTAIN D. ROBINSON.

I have read the October, November and December numbers of RECREATION, and to say I am well pleased does not begin to express my admiration. I do hope all lovers of nature will appreciate your efforts, and render you substantial aid. [Hon.] C. H. WOOD.

I hand you herewith check for $2, for which please send RECREATION to my two friends named below. I will do all I can to get the other sportsmen here to subscribe for RECREATION, as I do not see how they can do without it. DR. R. A. TRIPPETT, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find my check for six subscriptions. I predict for RECREATION one of the largest subscription lists of any publication of the kind ever issued. I shall probably send you more subscriptions later. I only asked five men, and they all subscribed. CHAS. RASBACH.

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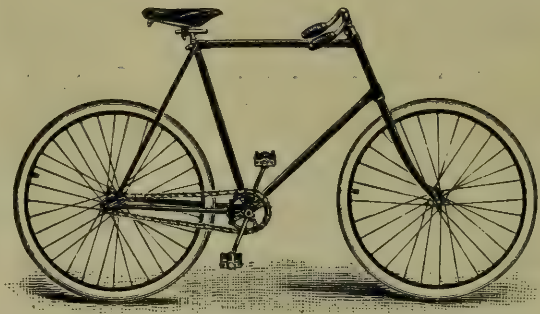

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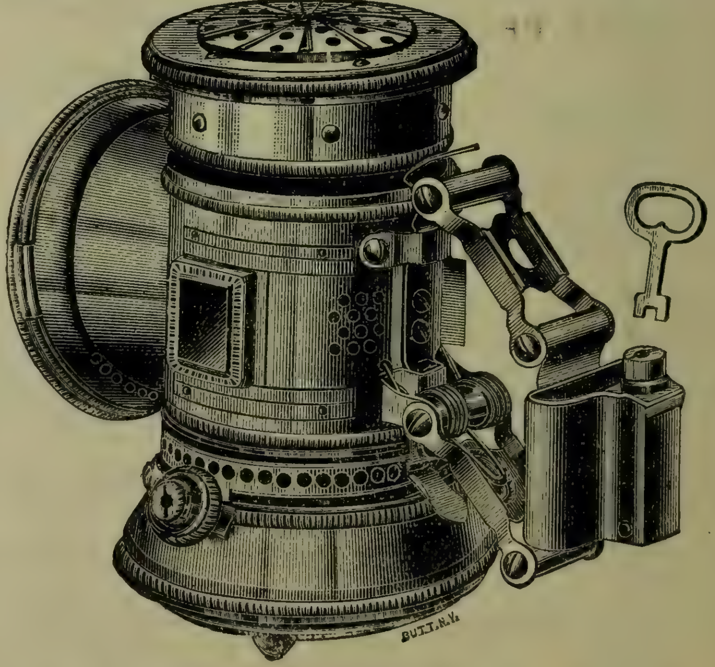

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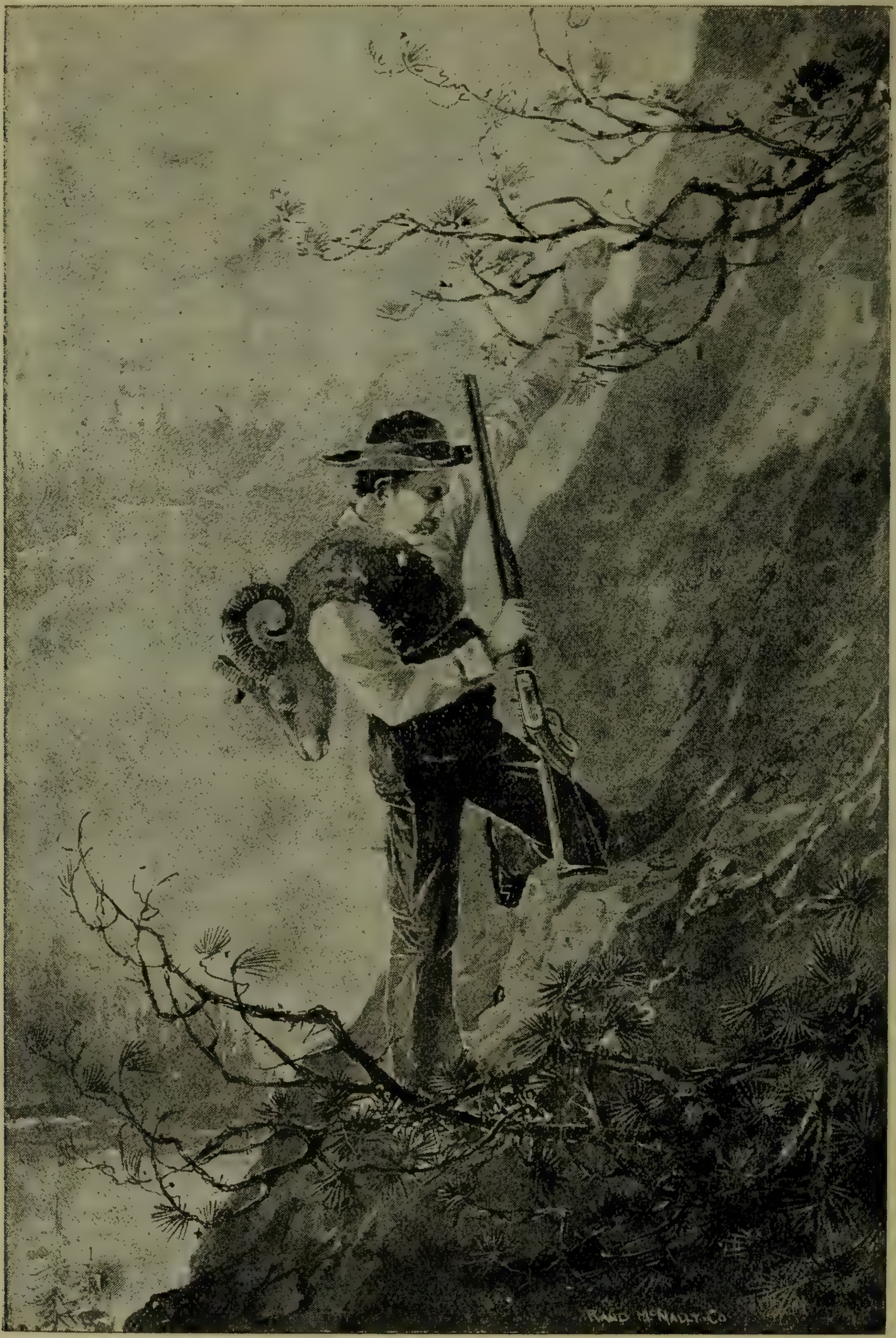

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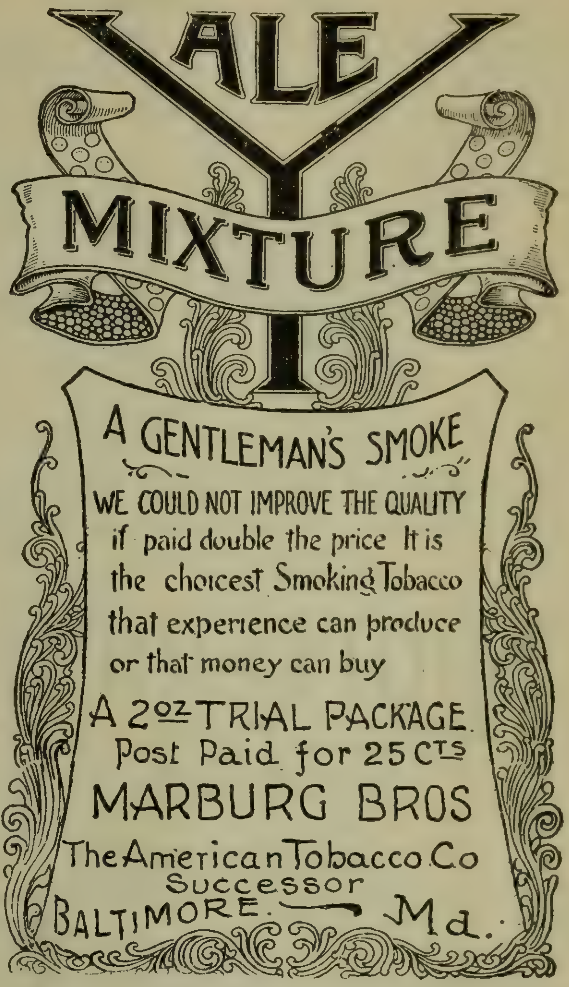

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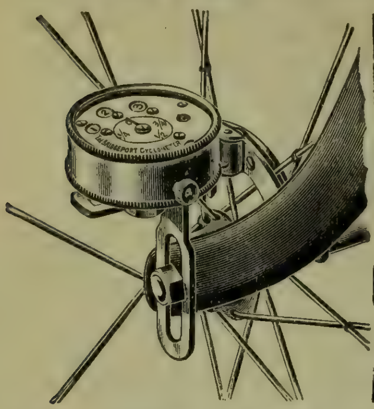

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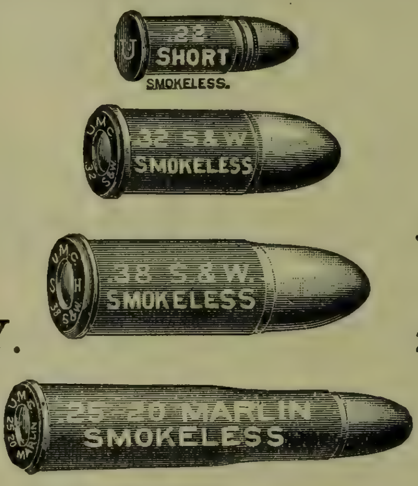

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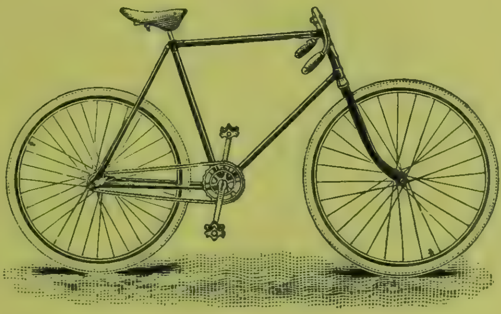

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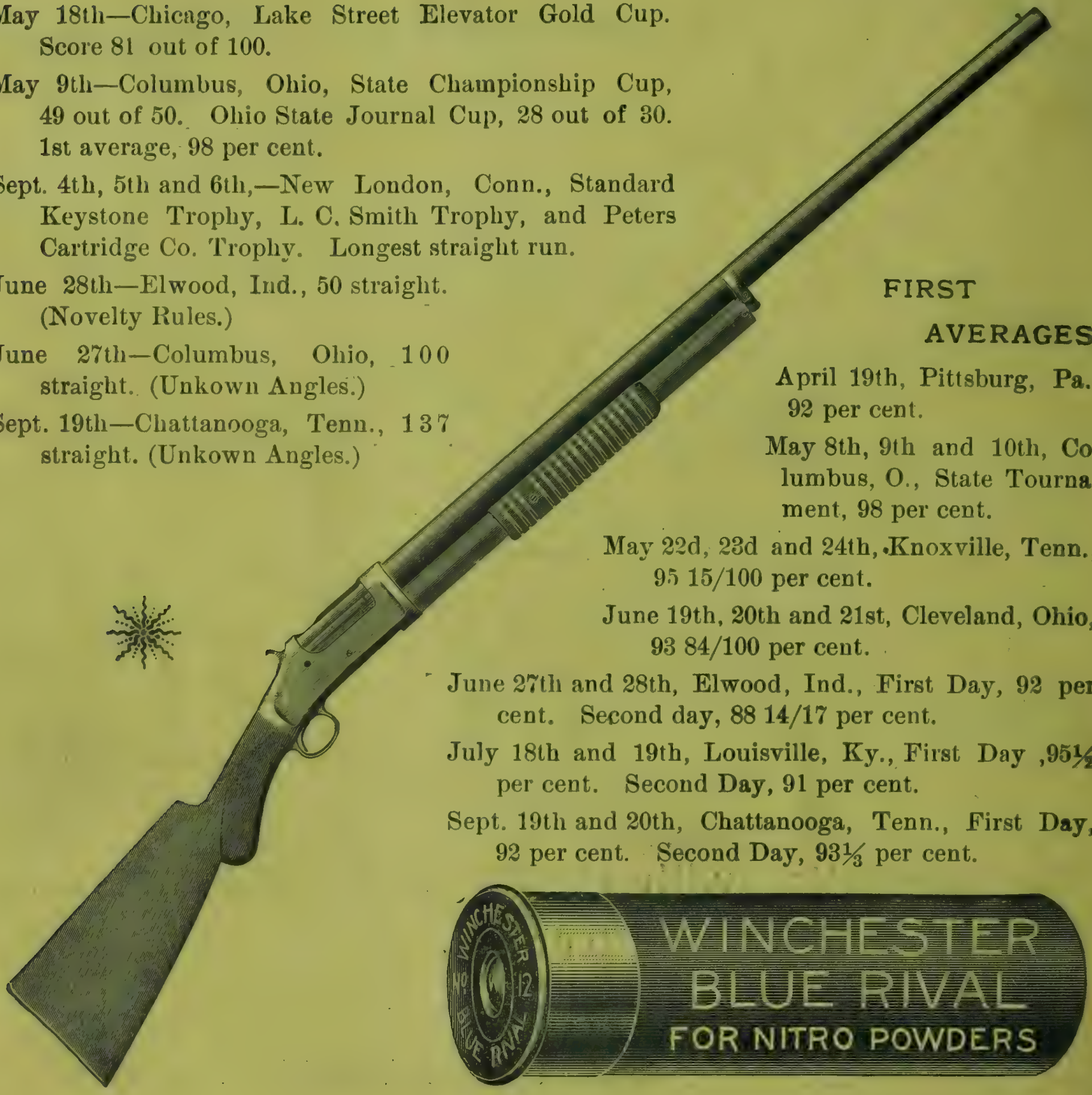

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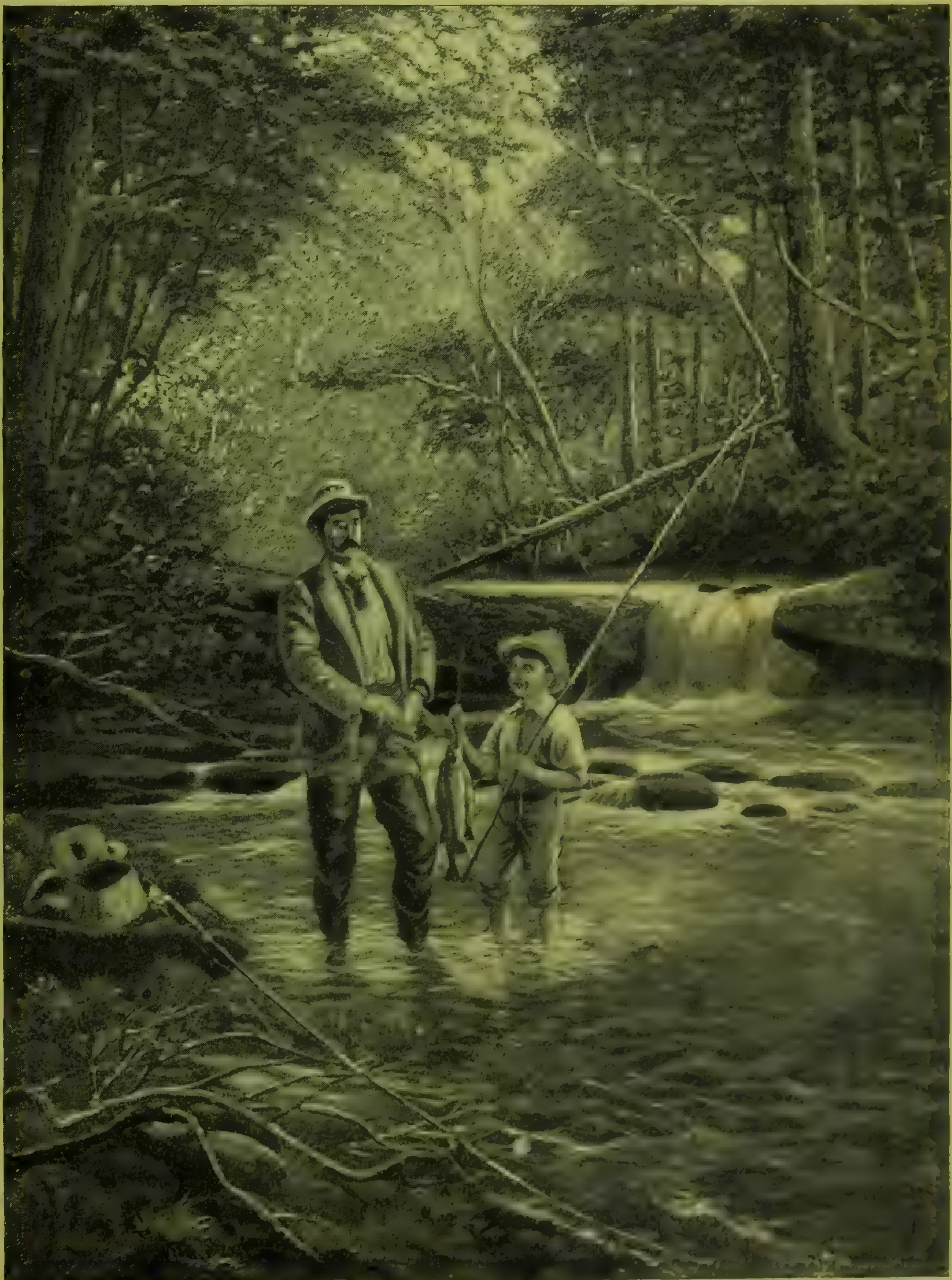

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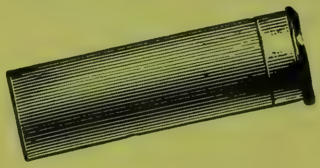

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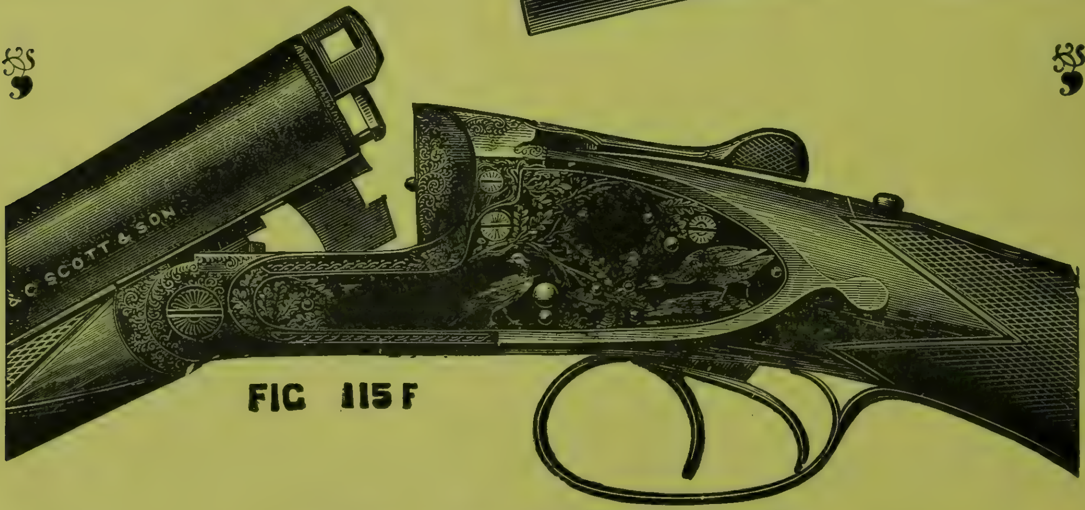

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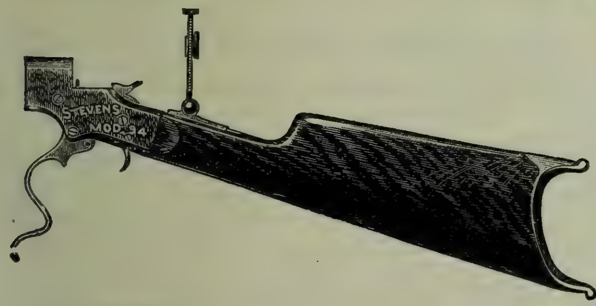

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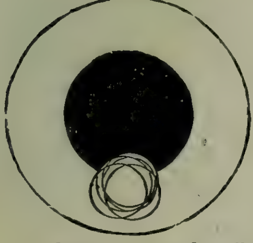

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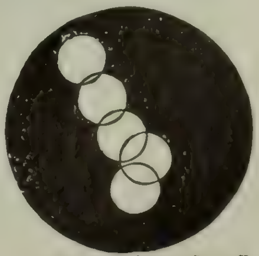

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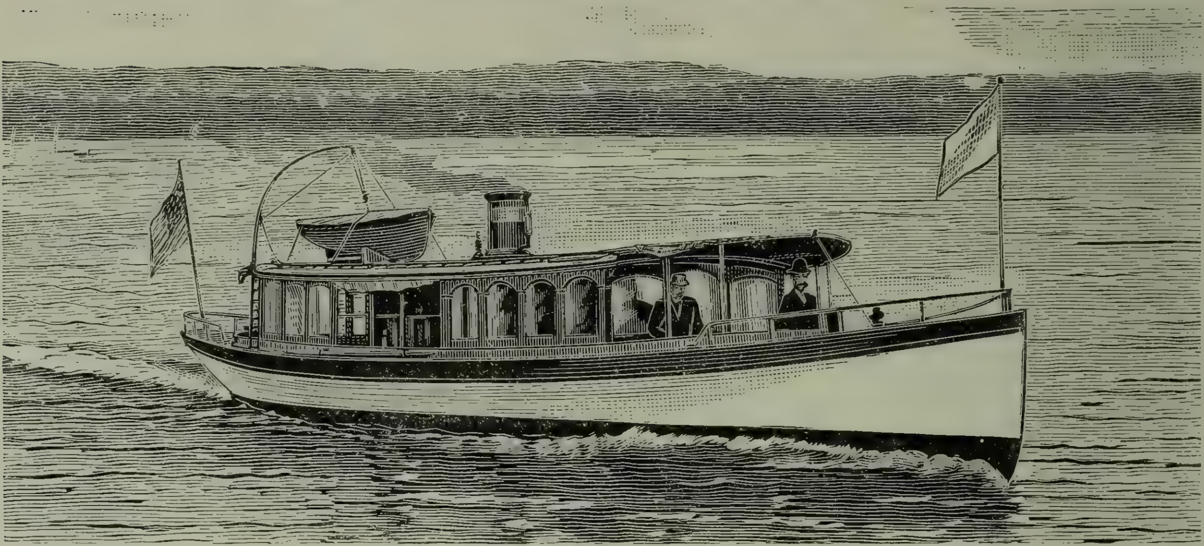

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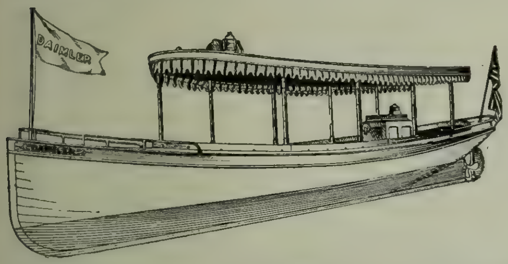

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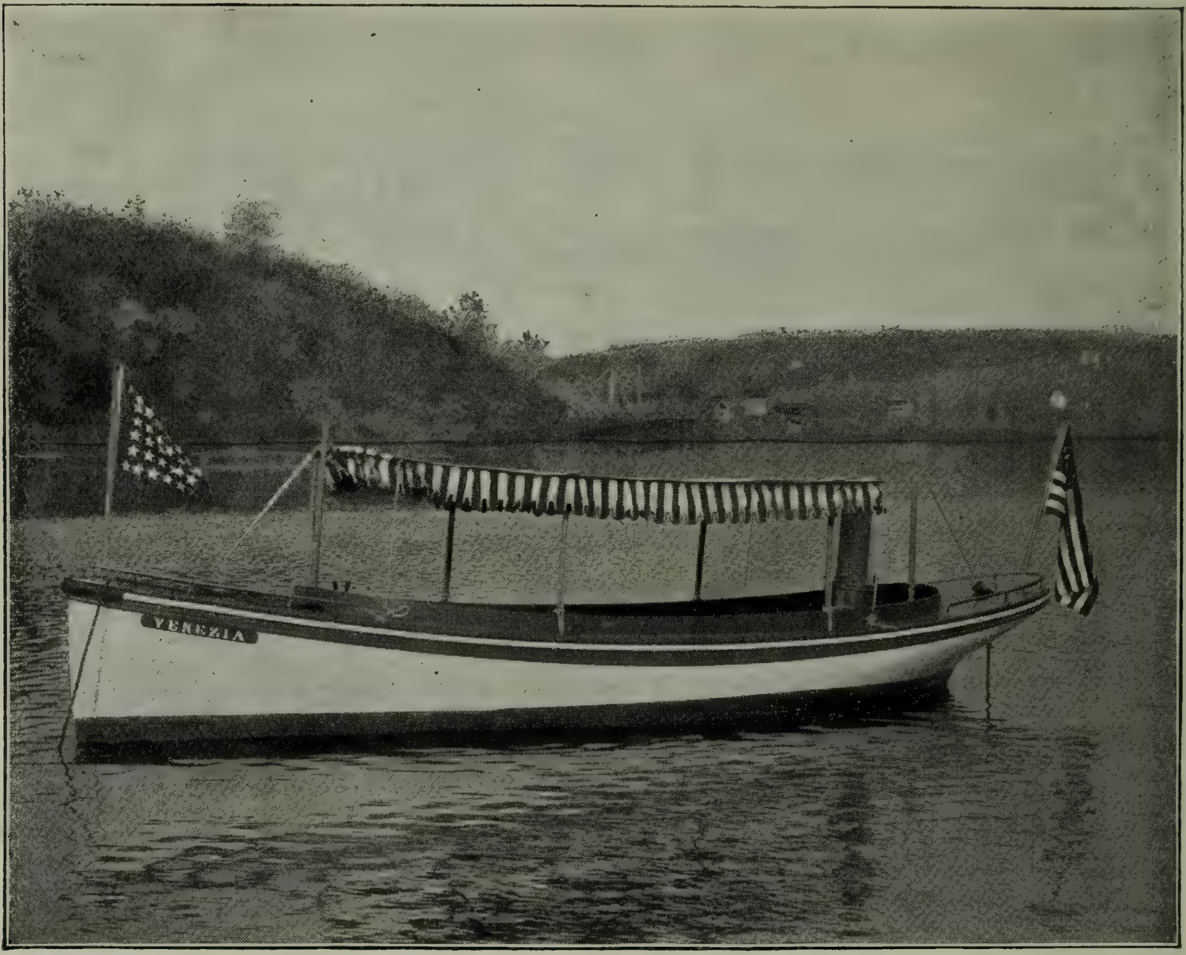

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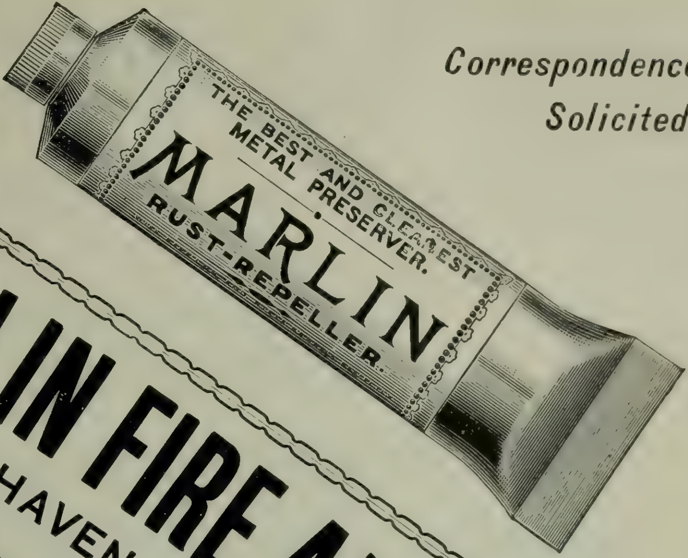
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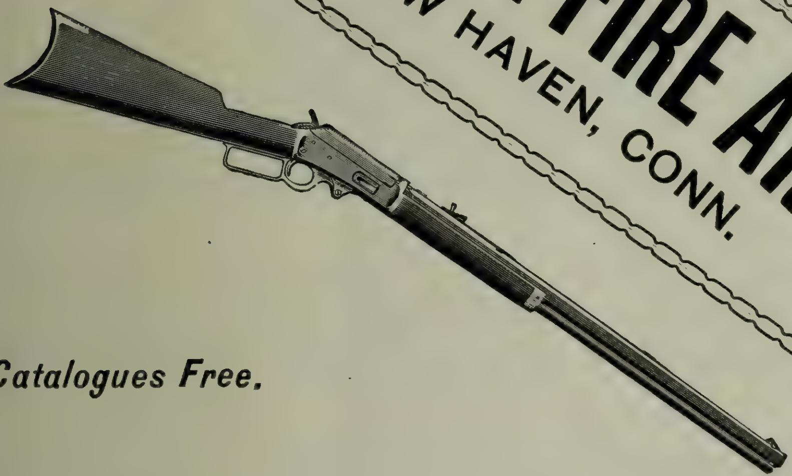

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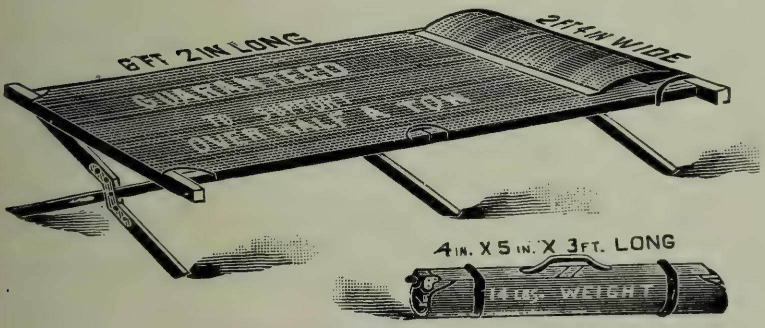
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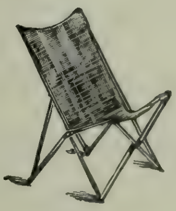

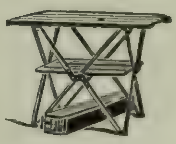

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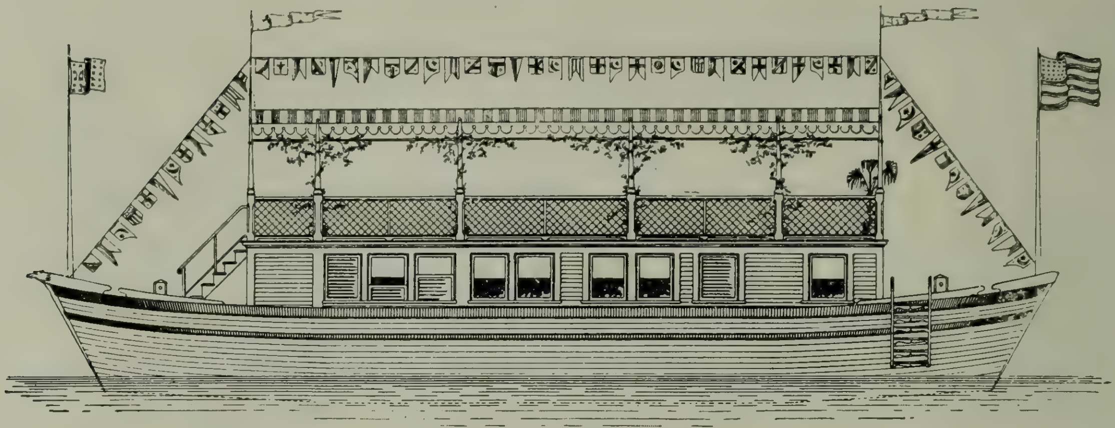

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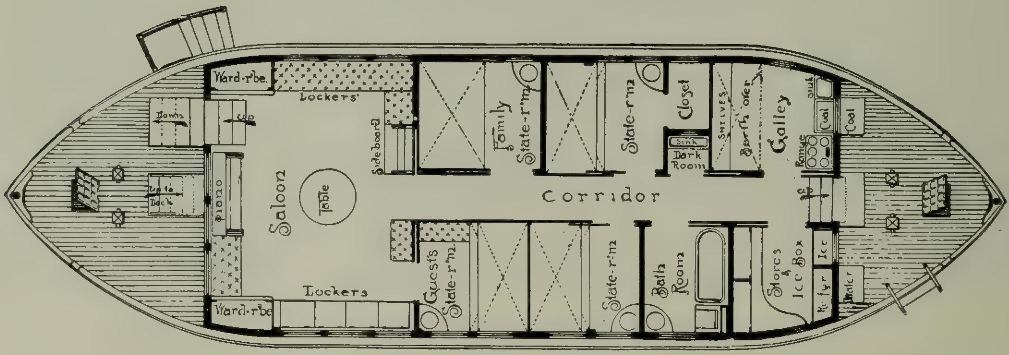
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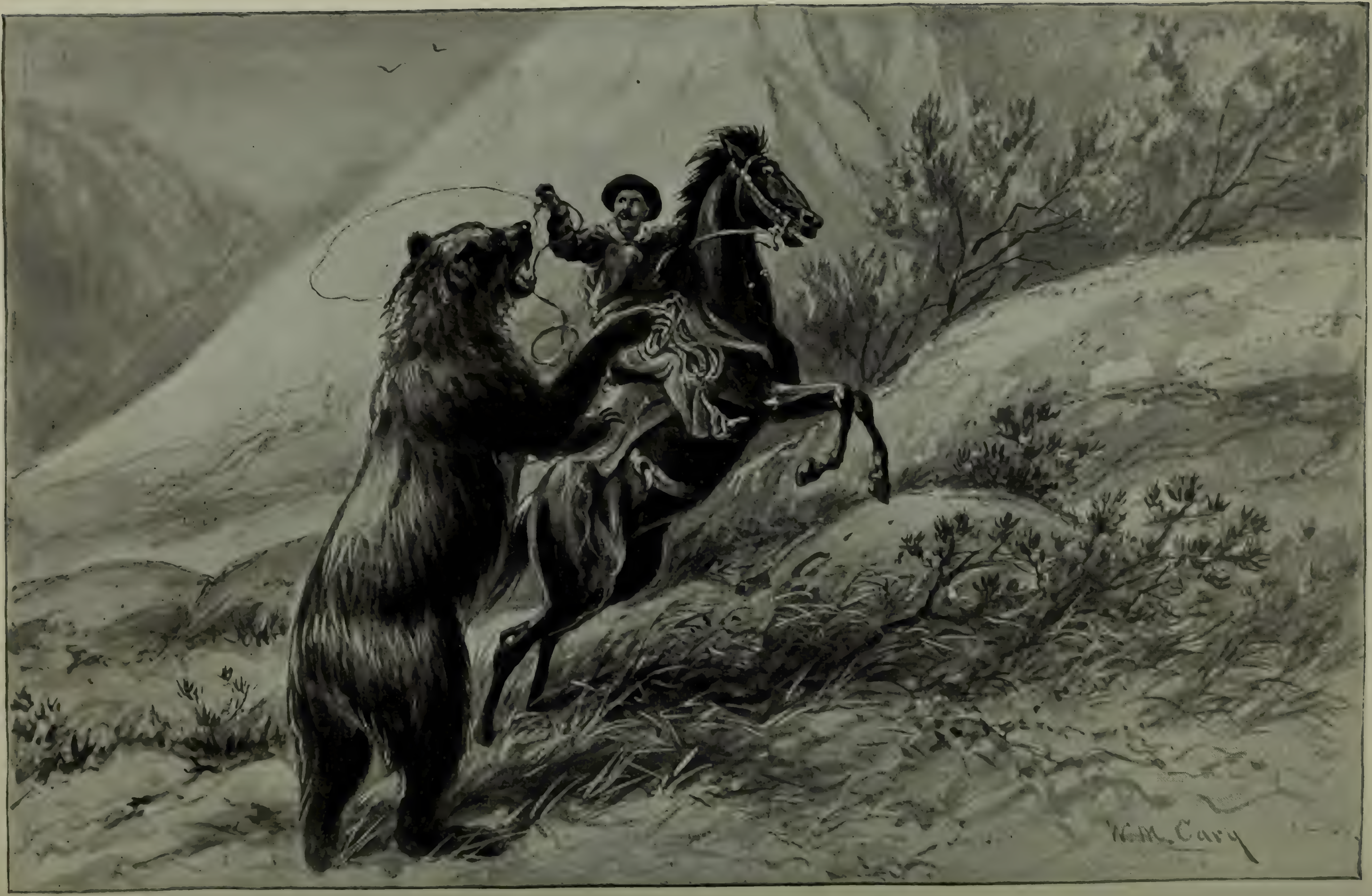

"THE BEAR STRUCK BOTH HORSE AND RIDER WITH HIS PAWS."

RECREATION.

VOLUME II. MAY, 1895. NUMBER 5.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

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BIG FOOT WALLACE.

HON. B. B. BROOKS.

IN THE spring of 84, as the Platte valley round-up was working down the south side of the Platte river, about eight miles west of my ranch, three of the C. Y. cow-boys, making a circle after cattle in the foot hills of Casper mountain, encountered a large silver-tip bear, that was slowly making his way up a shallow ravine. None of the boys were armed, so they decided to rope him.

Now, lassoing a bear may seem a rather hazardous undertaking, to people not familiar with cow-boy sports, and so it proved on this occasion; yet it is a feat frequently accomplished, on our yearly round-ups, and with comparatively slight danger to the boys. Usually, as soon as the rope tightens about the bear's neck, he begins to tug and hang back; the long hair about the neck prevents the noose from loosening, after once being tightened, and in five or ten minutes the bear chokes to death. A buffalo will do the same thing. I have known several instances of cow-boys roping and killing, in this manner, full grown bear and buffalo.

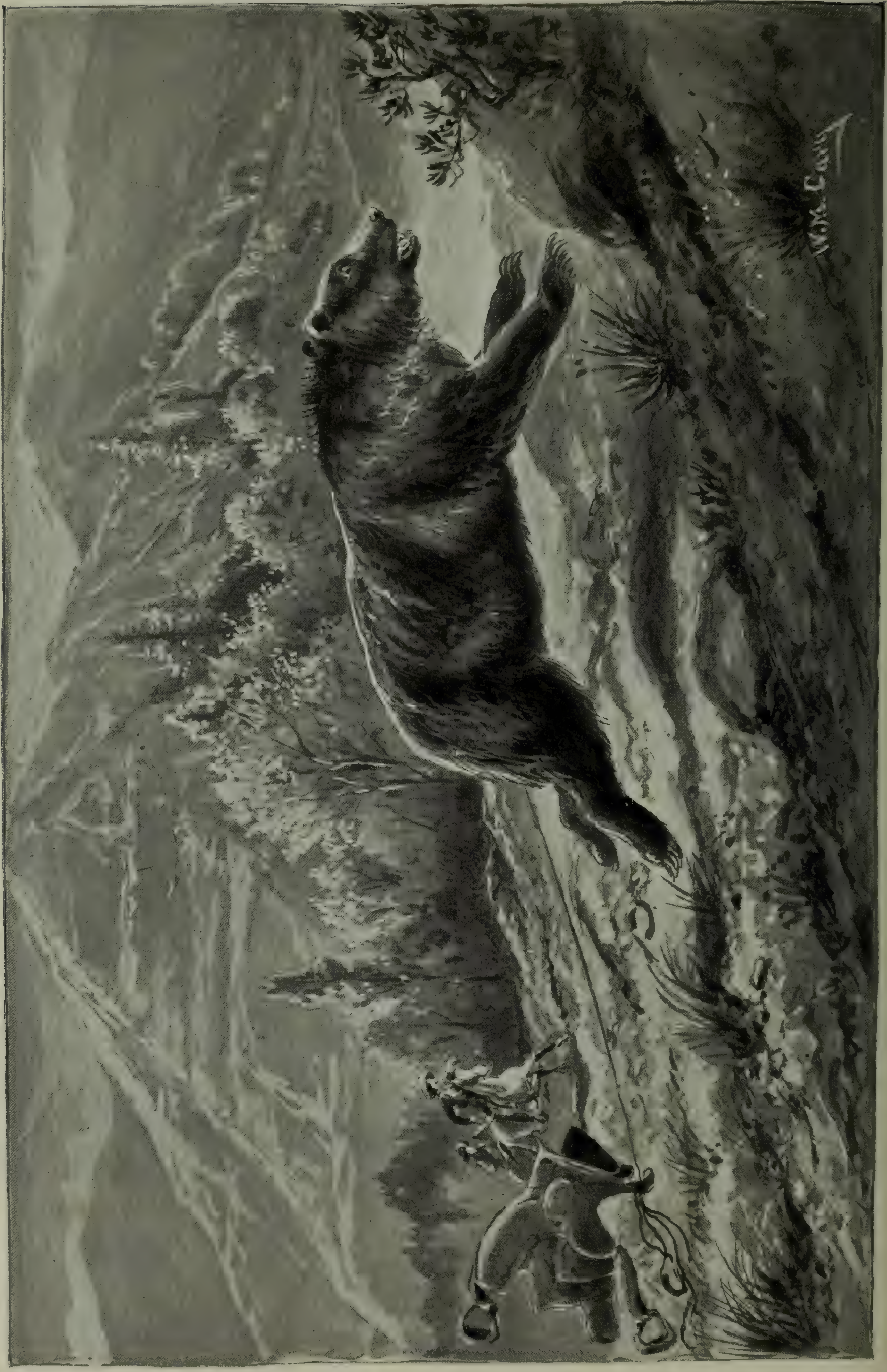
In this case, two of the boys were riding well trained cow ponies. As soon as they saw the bear they made a dash to head him off from the mountains, uncoiling their long grass ropes as they went. The third boy, named Wallace, was riding a large half-broken colt, and had to stop and get his rope uncoiled from the saddle before starting. By the time he was ready his companions had turned the bear down a gulch, so Wallace struck out diagonally down another gully, which joined the one the bear was in, about a quarter of a mile below The colt got rattled at the free use of the spurs and at the dangling noose which Wallace held in his right hand, and made extra fast time down the gulch. In, fact, Wallace was scarcely able to control him at all.

Rider and bear reached the point where the two gullies joined at the same moment. Both gulches were narrow, with steep banks. Wallace tried in vain to check his horse. The bear reared up on his haunches. Horse and rider shot by and turned up the gulch down which he had just come. They passed so close to the bear that Wallace actually struck him on the head with his right hand. The bear struck both horse and rider with his paws, tearing the horse's flank with one, and the boy's leather chaps with the other. In striking at the bear's head, Wallace had unintentionally dropped the open loop about its body.

When the bear struck the bronco, he commenced bucking, and threw Wallace off. The boy was unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet, made a dash up the side of the gulch; while the bear turned up the ravine which Wallace had just ridden down.

The other end of the rope was, of course, made fast to the horn of the saddle, and when the bucking horse ran out on it, the weight of the bear threw him. In struggling to get up, he broke the front cinch of the saddle, and soon bucked through the flank cinch. Away went the bear up the gulch, dragging the saddle behind him. The other two boys met the runaway horse and roped him. Wallace explained as rapidly as possible, and held his own horse while the other two boys went after the grizzly.

Going up the gulch about half a mile, they found the saddle wedged in between two boulders. The bear had bitten the rope off, and was gone. They carried the saddle, which was somewhat



"AWAY WENT THE BEAR UP THE GULCH DRAGGING THE SADDLE BEHIND HIM."

in need of repairs, back to Wallace. In looking at the bear's immense tracks in the sand, they noticed that two toes of the left fore foot were missing. Evidently, the bear had been in a trap at some time. In rehearsing the story at camp some one named that bear Big Foot Wallace.

Two years later, I had a man herding my cattle, back in the mountains, where he lived alone in a tent, some 10 miles from the ranch. One day he came in to get provisions. In coming over, he tried to turn a bunch of cattle, and, in some way, crippled his horse ; so he took a little Spanish mule, that I had at the ranch, to ride back. Behind his saddle, he tied a miscellaneous assortmont of grub, such as potatoes, bacon, canned goods, sugar, coffee, baking powder, etc.

When about half-way on his return, he rode up on a little knoll, and right under him, not 50 feet away, was an enormous bear, eating a calf he had just killed. I had had a number of cattle killed during that year, by wild animals, and this man was carrying a Winchester, slung to his saddle, for just such an emergency ; but on this occasion it was useless.

The mule saw the bear about the same time the man did, and having been previously spoiled by our trying to pack a bear skin home on her, she whirled and bolted for the ranch. The man tried to check her, for a mile or so ; then his arms gave out, and he let her run. She scattered provisions from the brow of that hill clear to the stable door.

The man told his story, and he and I saddled up two horses and started back, hoping the bear had not left. We found my calf half eaten up, but no bear. The tracks led off up the mountain, and in the dust of an old cow trail they were plain. Two toes were missing from the left fore foot, and we knew it was Big Foot Wallace that was doing the killing.

My cattle continued to disappear, and that fall I set two big 40-lb. steel traps, but failed to catch the thief. Once, in an October snow, I followed his big tracks for miles. They led me eventually into a dense grove of Jack pines and dead-fall timber, and I finally came to where he had been lying, under some logs. He had either heard or scented me, and had made off, so I gave up the hunt.

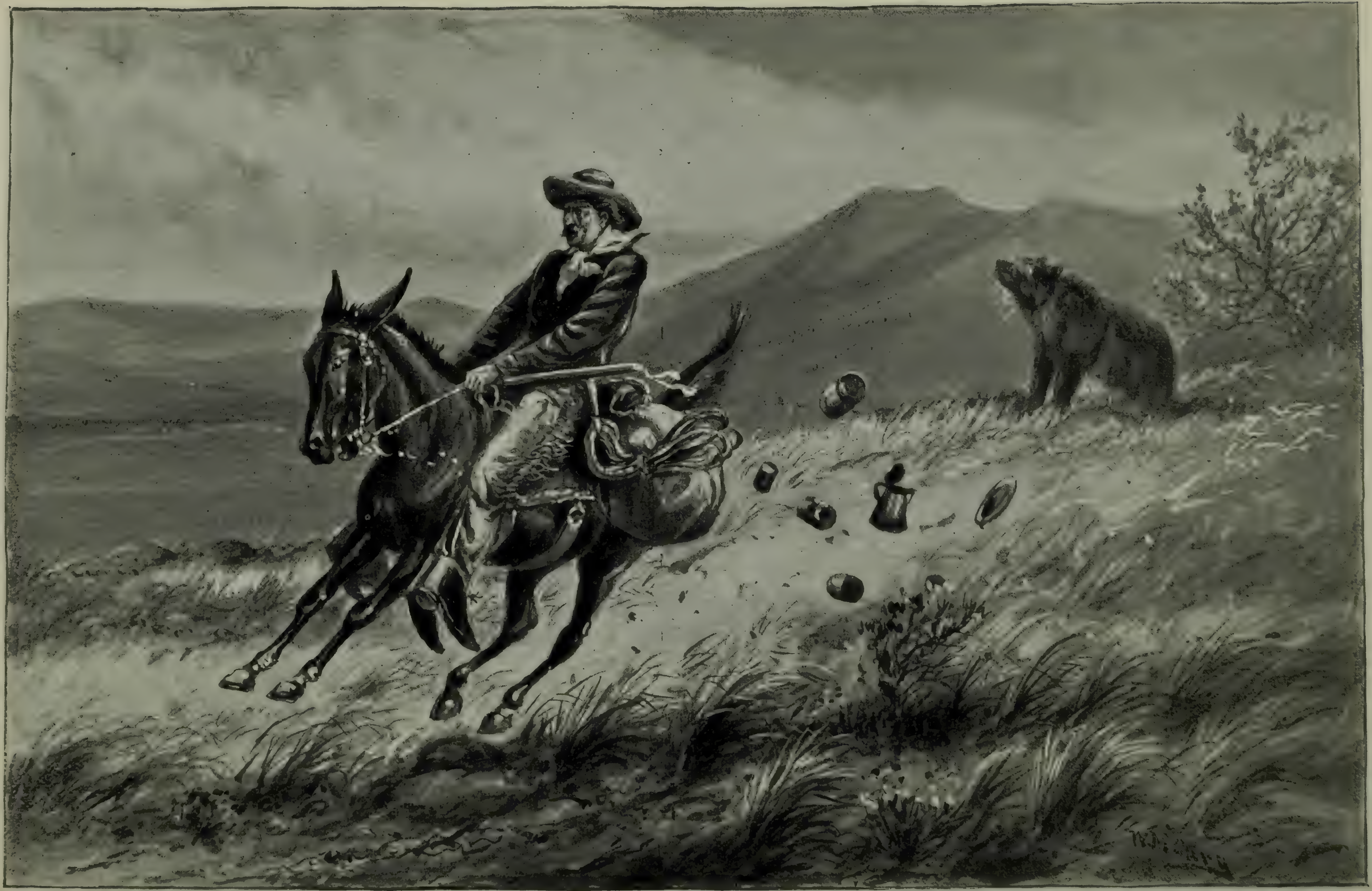
The next year he was worse than ever. There is a small lake that nestles on the side of the mountain, some five miles south of the ranch, and that fall, while up there after geese, I found a two-year-old steer partly eaten up, and the tracks of Big Foot Wallace all about him. I knew it would be of little use to set traps. My cattle were thick about there, and I could not safely set a trap, unless I built a V-shaped pen, as we usually do for bear. This would be useless, for old Wallace was too cute to ever go near a pen. So I returned to the ranch, and that night, Post Hole Jack and I took a few blankets and went up and laid for him.

The night was dark, and we could only watch late in the evening and early in the morning. We kept this up three nights. The second night the bear came and ate his fill, but we didn't get to see him. The wind was usually from the foothills, and our mode of procedure was to ride up to a certain gulch, about 400 yards to the east of the dead steer, leave our horses and blankets and creep over to some rocks about 75 yards from the carcass. Here we would lie and watch till it got too dark to shoot, then crawl back, roll up in our blankets and, at daylight, repeat the performance.

The fourth day was a busy one at the ranch, and Jack and I did not get away until quite late. At the foot of the mountain it commenced to rain, and promised to be such a disagreeable night that we debated strongly about returning home ; but the boys at the ranch had been laughing at us about our bear, and we concluded to stay it out.

Darkness came on early, and we were unable to reach our old camping ground. Finally, when about 300 yards below where we thought the bait lay, it was so dark that we were not certain where we were, and we concluded to camp. We unsaddled our ponies and groped about to find a rock to picket them to. Then we put our saddle blankets on the damp ground, unrolled our bed blankets, and putting rubber slickers over these, we turned in and slept like troopers.

It was broad daylight when we uncovered our heads. The new-born day



"SHE SCATTERED PROVISIONS FROM THE BROW OF THAT HILL CLEAR TO THE STABLE DOOR."

was crisp and beautiful. Our horses had wound themselves up during the night among the rocks, and were standing motionless, apparently sound asleep. We saw we were late and concluded to just saddle up our ponies and ride up to look at the bait. We had finished saddling and were in the very act of mounting, when up the mountain side, not 200 yards away, came our bear. I shall never forget how he looked. The sun was not yet up. The faint wind was in our favor. Everything was still as death. Even our horses, whose heads were turned the other way, seemed to have gone to sleep again ; and there, coming, coming slowly, steadily, noiselessly on, like some avenging monster, was the largest grizzly I had ever seen.

He was moving diagonally toward us and would pass within 40 yards. We had crouched to the ground beside our horses, slipping our Winchesters out of the scabbards as we did so. Old Wallace, for I knew him instantly from his immense size, was walking deliberately up the gradual rise of the mountain, his great head hanging low. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but seemed to think that everything would, of course, get out of his way.

On and on he came! I felt a certain thrill of exultation at the certainty of his death. Here was what we had been waiting and longing and watching for. Here was the destroyer of my cattle. Here was the author of my many troubles, the monarch and the terror of the mountains, marching unconcernedly on and up to meet us on open ground, in battle royal, in the first bright gray of a September morn. Now was to come the test between blind, brute fury and strength, on the one hand, and nerve, skill and improved weapons on the other. At last he was within 40 yards

"Now, Jack ! bust him !"

We dropped our bridle reins, and, stepping to one side of our horses, knelt to shoot. The bear never looked up. Bang ! Bang ! The great brute suddenly leaped into life ! The long hair on the back of his neck stood up like the bristles of an angry boar. He whirled, partly fell, and bit savagely at his shoulder and side where the bullets had struck. Our frightened horses started down the mountains, dragging their bridle reins a trifle to one side to keep from stepping on them.

Bang ! bang ! Another tumble ; and then a terrible half growl and half roar. He saw us now and tried to charge, but the Winchesters talked fast and furiously. The leaden hail was too much for even his big savage hulk to face. He would fall, roll over, bite himself, struggle to his feet, and try to come on, only to fall again.

Finally, he lay still. We advanced and fired one shot into his great head. Not a quiver. He was dead ! Then we both hurried up with the same question weighing on our minds. Yes, there was the left fore foot with two toes missing.

Big Foot Wallace's silver-tipped hide, the long hair on his neck that bristled so at the first fire, his noble, broad, savage head and bead-like eyes, nicely mounted ; his three and a half inches of great claws, with two missing on the left paw, all go to form a superb rug that now adorns a certain house in Chicago, and every fall, when I go East, I sit and look at the great robe and wish I knew the whole of the life story of old Big Foot Wallace.

A COMMON FOE.

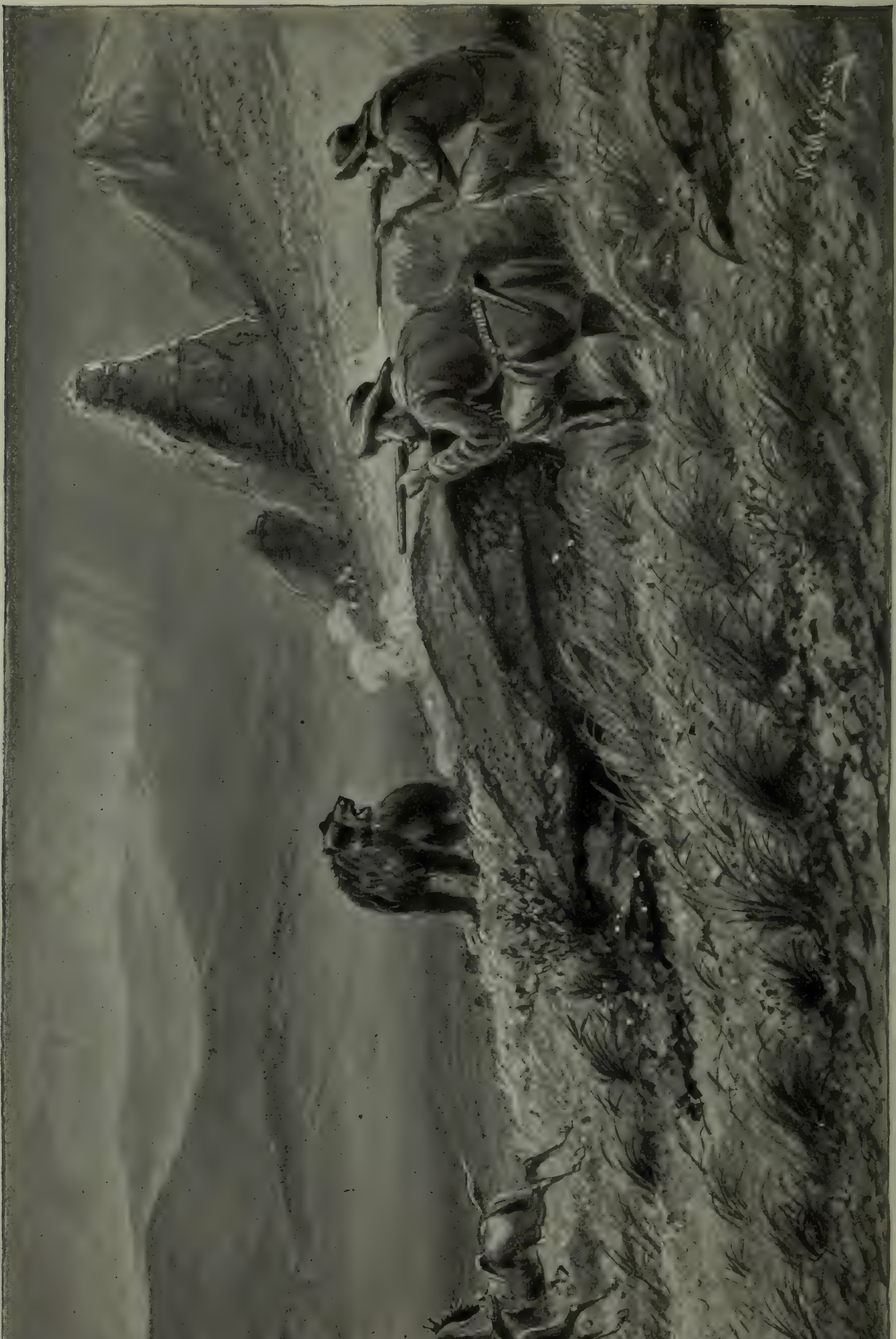
AILEEN MARIE McDONALD.

Oh ! you buzzing, spry mosquito
Working havoc on my nose ;
When I reach my hand to strike you,
You've assumed another pose.

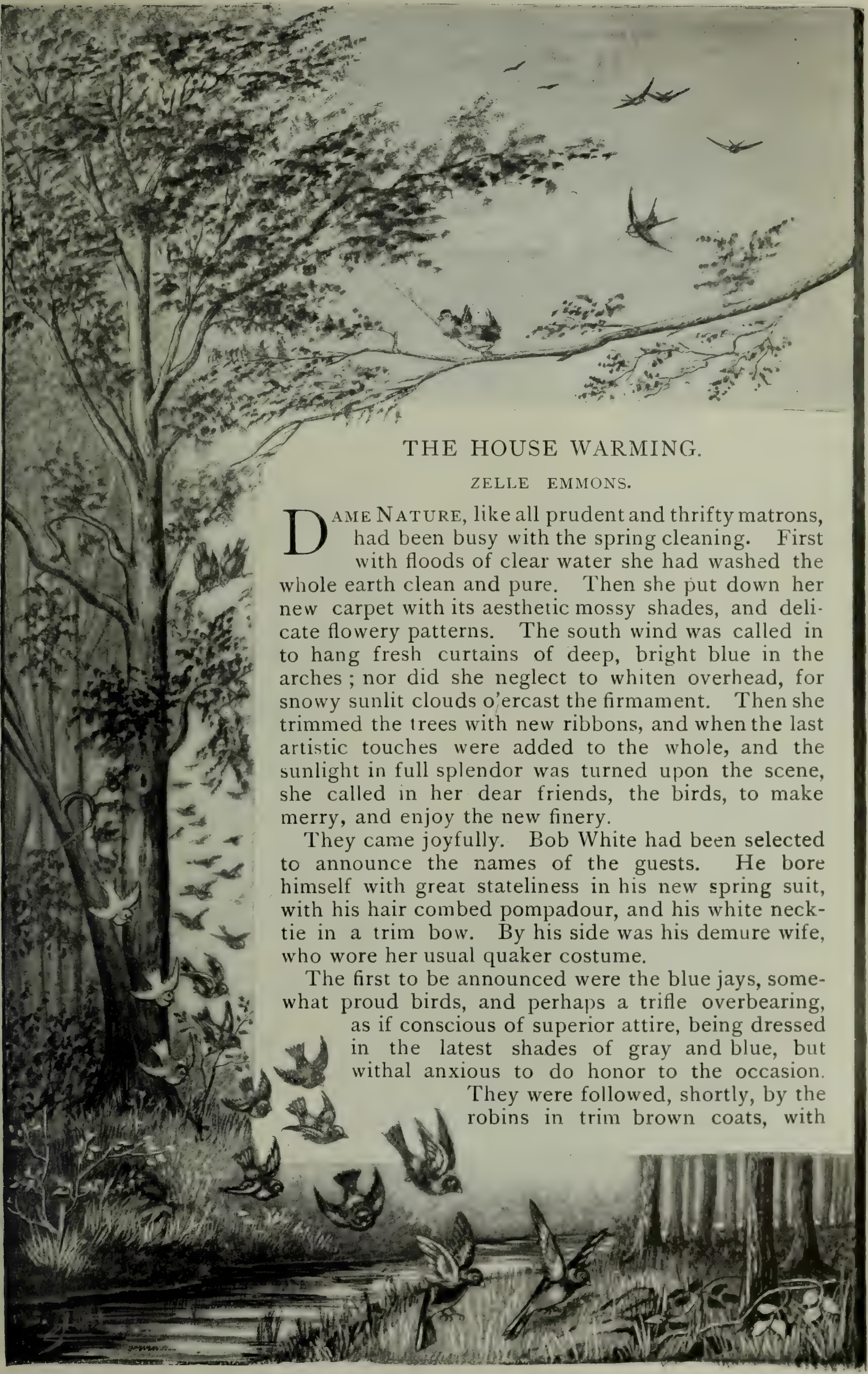
Courting slumber—vain endeavor,
Try my weary eyes to close ;
But behold—you're there perched boldly
Nibbling greedily my toes.

With attacks so oft repeated,
I get not a moment's doze ;
My endeavors all to squelch you,
Have but added to my woes.

Still, success may crown my efforts,
I may slay you yet, who knows ?
O'er you place this terse inscription,
"Here lies one of my worst foes."



BIG FOOT WALLACE. "NOW JACK BUST HIM."



THE HOUSE WARMING.

ZELLE EMMONS.

DAME NATURE, like all prudent and thrifty matrons, had been busy with the spring cleaning. First with floods of clear water she had washed the whole earth clean and pure. Then she put down her new carpet with its aesthetic mossy shades, and delicate flowery patterns. The south wind was called in to hang fresh curtains of deep, bright blue in the arches; nor did she neglect to whiten overhead, for snowy sunlit clouds o'ercast the firmament. Then she trimmed the trees with new ribbons, and when the last artistic touches were added to the whole, and the sunlight in full splendor was turned upon the scene, she called in her dear friends, the birds, to make merry, and enjoy the new finery.

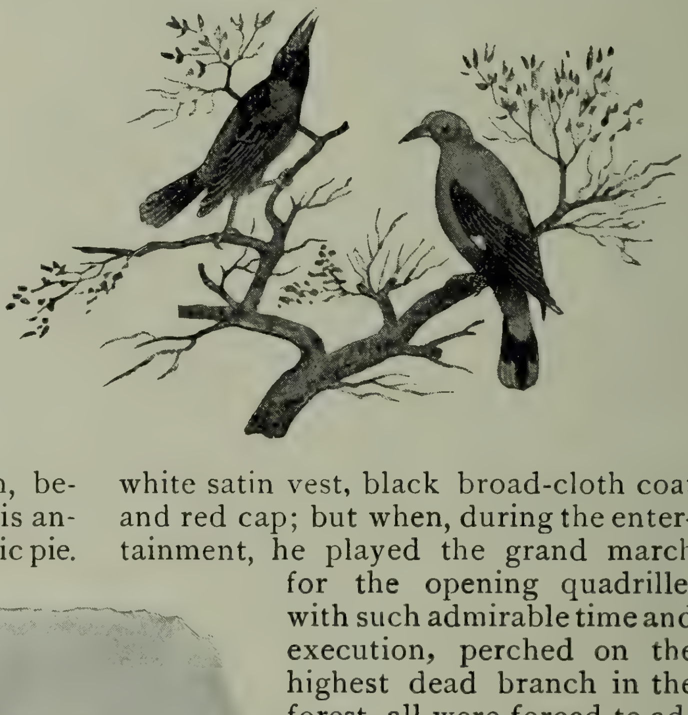
They came joyfully. Bob White had been selected to announce the names of the guests. He bore himself with great stateliness in his new spring suit, with his hair combed pompadour, and his white necktie in a trim bow. By his side was his demure wife, who wore her usual quaker costume.

The first to be announced were the blue jays, somewhat proud birds, and perhaps a trifle overbearing, as if conscious of superior attire, being dressed in the latest shades of gray and blue, but withal anxious to do honor to the occasion. They were followed, shortly, by the robins in trim brown coats, with terra-cotta vests and the neatest fitting boots. The robins were very bright, and although they dressed plainly were always invited with the first, because of their superior intelligence.

Soon after came the timid, diminutive wrens, plain, unpretentious little folk, but being related to the robins, by ties of marriage, they could not be slighted. The orioles, as became leading singers, were dashing in their yellow vests, while their scarlet-breasted brothers, in black side coats, cut a brilliant figure in the assemblage. The beautiful and sweet-voiced blue-bird was hailed with delight by every one. The black-bird came too, for though avaricious and of doubtful character, he had an established claim to social recognition, because of the interesting fact that his ancestors had been baked in the historic pie.

Stately, severe and arranged in a shining robe of black, like the judge on the bench, came the crow, whose solemn notes struck discordantly among the sweet tones of his gay young neighbors. He was followed by the saucy king bird, a mischievous young fellow who delighted to tease the crow by giving the whiskers of that worthy an occasional tweak. Then came the swallows, those cheerful, chirping heralds of spring, quietly dressed in brown and gray; and the bobolinks, looking fat and sleek after their sojourn in the sunny south.

When the red-headed woodpecker appeared all the swallows broke into a titter, notwithstanding the fact that he was so elegantly attired in a white satin vest, black broad-cloth coat and red cap; but when, during the entertainment, he played the grand march for the opening quadrille, with such admirable time and execution, perched on the highest dead branch in the forest, all were forced to admit that he possessed great musical talent.



The owl, looking wise, solemn and superior, retired to a shaded corner and took no part in the festivities, except to wink knowingly to his neighbor, the crow, when some of the pretentious youngsters exploited their fine clothes and to sound an occasional hoot of dissatisfaction at what he termed their undue frivolity.

Each warbler with his quiet-voiced wife, greeted the radiant hostess, and the air was vibrant with musical conversation. Some brought flutes with which to accompany the singers, while others sang unaccompanied, with voices so sweet they must have borrowed the strains of far-off angelic hosts, or kept the melody of the stars on the first morning of creation. Miss Brook, being musical and bright, was also invited and played a dulcet accompaniment for the birds.

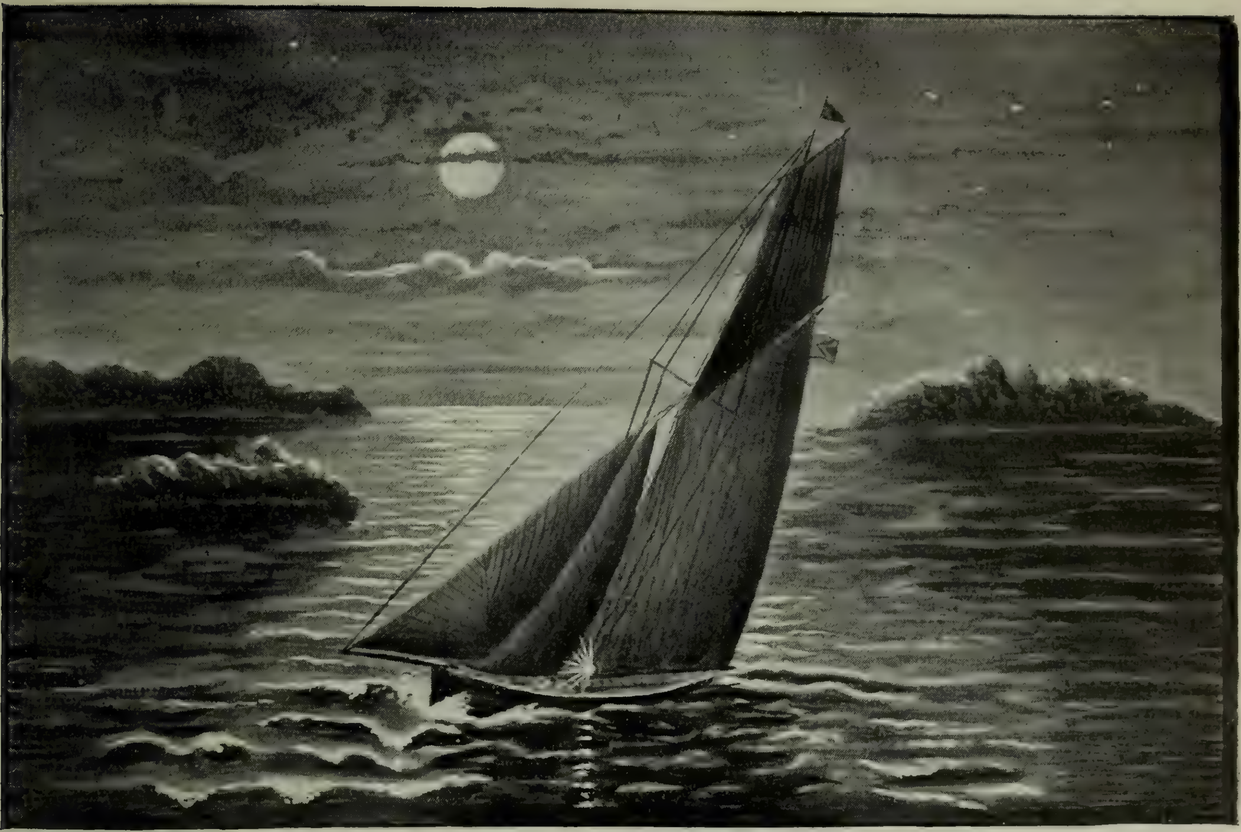
All the flower-children of Mother Nature were allowed to be present, and assisted in serving the refreshments. The daisies, those tender and innocent ones, opened their sleepy eyes and started up from their grassy couches to hear the music, and the violet smiled, though she shed a tear as she recalled scenes and sounds like these in days gone by. The rosy arbutus threw back her white coverlet, donned a green robe and joined the company. The shy little anemone retired within the shade of a great oak and could not be induced to join in the gaieties, but her blue-eyed sisters, the bolder hepaticas, were running about everywhere. The marigolds, in their gorgeous gowns of yellow, quite overshadowed their more modest sisters. Those prim spinsters, the trilliums, daintily dressed in white, still lingered in youthful society (for though a trifle antiquated they did not know it) and devoted themselves to Mr. Bloodroot, the pallid young rector, who was particularly admired for his spotless linen. Little Miss Clover was there too, blushing rosy from the assiduous attentions of Mr. Bumble Bee, while Dandy Lion, a vain-glorious young dude, shook out his golden curls over his green waistcoat and endeavored to make a pleasing impression on Miss White Clover.

For some time the admiring guests flitted through the spacious mansion; then the woodpecker opened the dance with his grand march, and as the birds passed in couples down the great hall, the full orchestra assembled, and, with feet and wings, the company were soon keeping time, in unnumbered fantastic figures, to strains sweeter than those of Strauss or Chopin. A pair of young

bluebirds rested themselves on a twig settee and enjoyed a quiet flirtation during the dance, and many a choice fat worm did the young swain bring from the refreshment room to his fair fiancée. The tables were decorated in pink, yellow and blue, corresponding with the costumes of the flowers, who served them.

The menu, though simple, was of the choicest description, for the taste of each guest had been carefully considered. There were scarlet cherries for the robin, the first in the market ; there were luscious berries of all descriptions, grass seeds and grains, and corn for the crow. There were all the finest varieties of worms, and the flowers had prepared golden honey for bumble bee and humming bird. No wine was served, but cool dew-drops sparkled in delicately embossed acorn cups. When tired with the dance the guests made a merry company at the tables, and the babbling, buzzing, chirping, chattering, cooing, cawing, whistling and hooting would have distracted any other hostess. But sweet, serene and smiling Mother Nature enjoyed it all.

After the repast, bobolink, who had learned the Virginia Reel during his residence in the South, insisted on the entire company joining in this dance, which so wearied every one that they were glad to retire from the floor. Then they thanked their gracious hostess warmly for her delightful reception, and each couple departed to the home nest, where the babies had just waked up. The flower children were soon resting quietly, the sunlight was turned out, only candles being burned during the night, and perfect stillness reigned once more in Dame Nature's home.



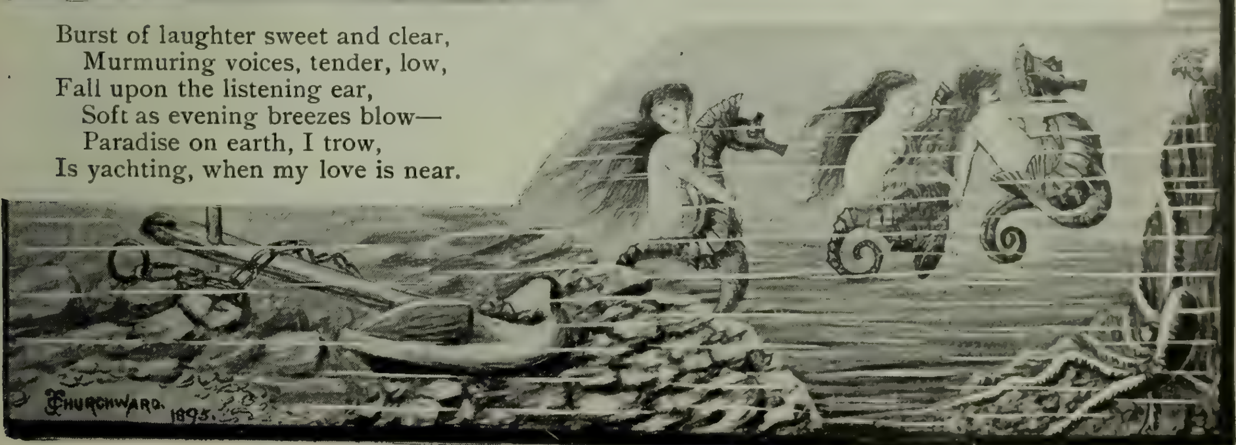
YACHTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Elizabeth A. Vore.

Yachting 'neath the moonlit skies,
  Speeding on, by swift winds blown ;
Gleam of curls, and flash of eyes,
  Jeweled hands that, all unknown,
  In the darkness meet your own—
Yachting sure is paradise.

'Neath the iridescent light,
  Beauty never was so fair ;
Eyes were ne'er so clear and bright ;
  Love was ne'er so bold to dare—
  Life is perfect—without care,
Yachting on a moonlight night.

Burst of laughter sweet and clear,
  Murmuring voices, tender, low,
Fall upon the listening ear,
  Soft as evening breezes blow—
  Paradise on earth, I trow,
Is yachting, when my love is near.



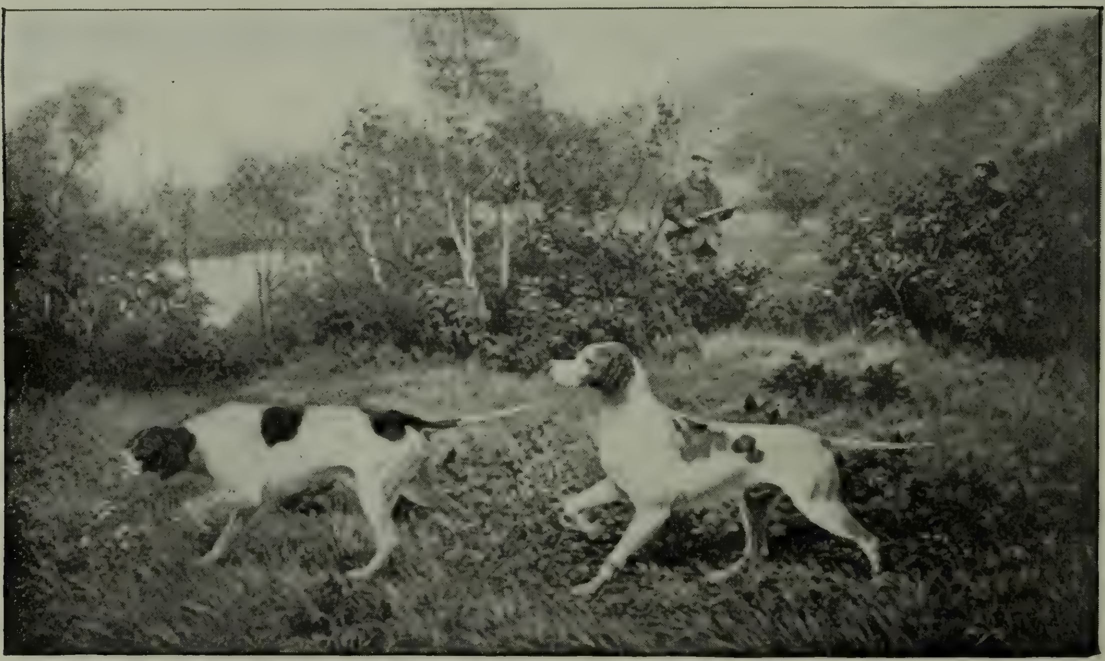
THE POINTER, PAST AND PRESENT.

HON. JOHN S. WISE.

I HAVE been breeding pointers since the year 1859, when I was about twelve years old, and with the exception of the years 1862, 3 and 4, when everybody was man hunting instead of bird hunting, I have been the proud possessor of at least one good dog of this breed.

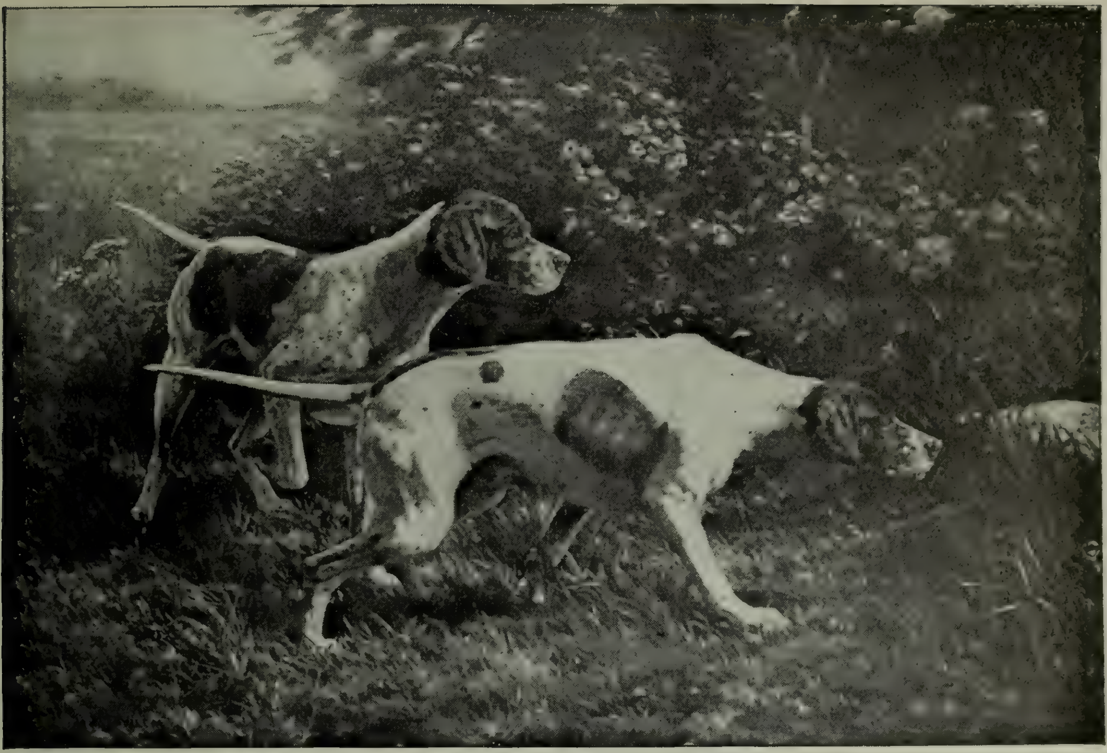
The first pointer I ever called my own, was a dog named "Brack," which, I am forced to admit, I stole from Mr. Charles Darracott, of Richmond. My father was governor, and Darracott was a handsome young fellow, living at what was known then as the old Powhatan House. It was located opposite the Capitol Square, where I played. Brack was an inmate of the Powhatan House yard, and was frequently in the square. Darracott neglected him and he and I became warm friends. Brack was a perfect beauty. He was the very counterpart in form and color of the famous Sensation of later days, and it was Sensation's resemblance to Brack that, 20 years later, made me so fond of him, although he never had half Brack's sense, or nose, or endurance.

In the fall of 1859 I was sent to the home of a relative in the country, to attend a school, where the children of a number of wealthy planters were taught, by a dear old Presbyterian minister. It was 20 miles above Richmond, on the James river. The morning I started Brack showed up. He went with me to the academy and Darracott never saw him again. He was the first dog with which I ever went shooting alone, and there never was a better. His disgust at my efforts at shooting has many a time made me awfully ashamed, when no one else was present. There never was a dog of better disposition or greater intelligence. He knew every covey of birds within three miles of Eastwood. He could find and point them, to the Queen's taste. And there the trouble began. I would bang and blaze and pop and miss. Brack loved me so much, he was slow to wrath, but sometimes the thing would become unbearable. Then



CROXTETH AND SENSATION.

From a painting by J. M. Tracy. By kind permission of Mr. C. Klackner, No. 7 West 28th st., New York.



METEOR AND MAXIM.

From a painting by J. M. Tracy. By kind permission of Mr. C. Klackner, No. 7 West 28th st., New York.

he would stop, look at me with disgust visible in every feature, and trot off home.

A darky named Isaac, owned by the gentleman at whose house I lived, was a pretty fair shot, and by way of inducing Brack to hunt again, I would take Isaac with me. When the boy had shot one or two birds, dear old Brack would accept it as ample atonement for my past delinquencies and go on hunting for me as faithfully and lovingly as ever, until things would again become so bad as to be unendurable.

Oh, that dog! How we did love each other! Talk about human friendship. There are no friendships truer, more tender, or more intimate than was ours. There is no human friend of that period whose memory I cherish more tenderly than Brack's. No one else loved me as he did. He has been dead just 30 years, yet there is not a spot or a scene in the old neighborhood that is not dear to me on account of its association with Brack.

Last November I passed by Eastwood, and there, near the old canal, was the very spot where Brack, after pointing a bird three times, pinned him again. It was on a ditch bank, late in autumn and Brack and I both saw the bird squatting. I had no idea of missing him again. Neither had Brack, it would seem. I stepped back and took a rest on a fence. Brack could stand it no longer. I fired just as he jumped. Fortunately only one shot hit him, and that in the nose. Yet that was nothing to him—we had the bird.

I think I shot Brack 50 times, first and last, but he never seemed to mind it so long as I stopped the birds.

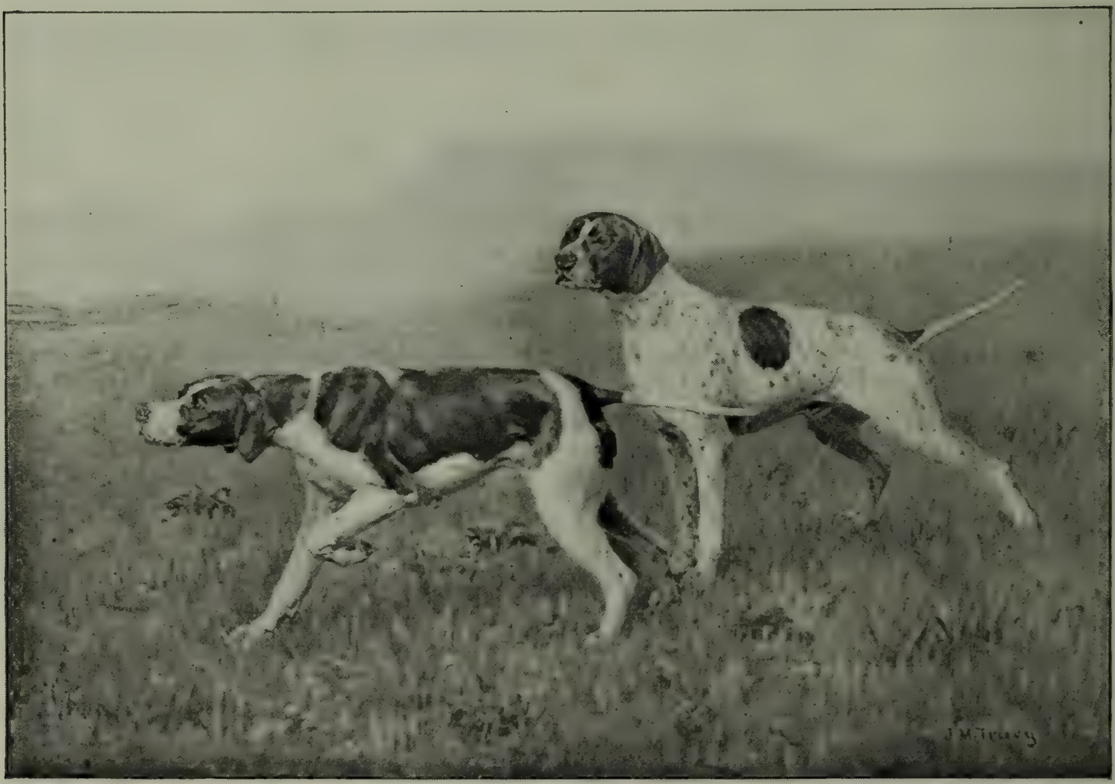
Then in 1860, Mat Waller, of Norfolk, gave me a black and white pup named "Turco," because Louis Napoleon's Zouaves were then the rage. Turco promised to be a good one, but the war broke out and he fell into the hands of the Union troops when they occupied my home, and so exit Turco. The next "grande affaire" I had with a dog was with my dear old "Vic." This was in the summer of 1865, on the eastern shore of Virginia. I was about to start for the University of Virginia. Stopping at a wayside tavern, at Pungoteague, en-route to the county seat, the loveliest pointer pup you ever saw ran out from behind the bar and fondled me. She, like Brack, was lemon and white, and her great dark eyes, and beautifully dappled skin made just the same impression on one as the colors of a fawn, or of a little calf would. Neal Taylor, long since dead and gone, was her owner. Long and vainly did I plead for her. The next day, at court, one of his family conveyed to me a message, from his wife, that the puppy had killed a lot of her fowls, and that if I would stop, on my way down the county, I might have her. Of course I stopped. Wealth never made a man as happy as the possession of that puppy made me.

That was before the day of pedigrees, and I never knew who Vic's parents were; but whoever they were she was a thoroughbred and her descendants, to this day, have no superiors. For over a year she slept on the foot of my bed at the University of Virginia. I could shoot then, and was both student and teacher. Vic was the first dog I ever had the joy of breaking. I was with her the first time she ever scented a bird, and, from that time on, I had the exquisite satisfaction which every teacher feels at watching the development and expansion of a pupil.

Vic was a wonder of intelligence, affection and beauty. She became a famous fielder, and her puppies were sought for far and near. She was very prolific and to this day her descendants may be found in Virginia, West Virginia and Alabama. She and my brother's old Van Dorn were a pair to be proud of.

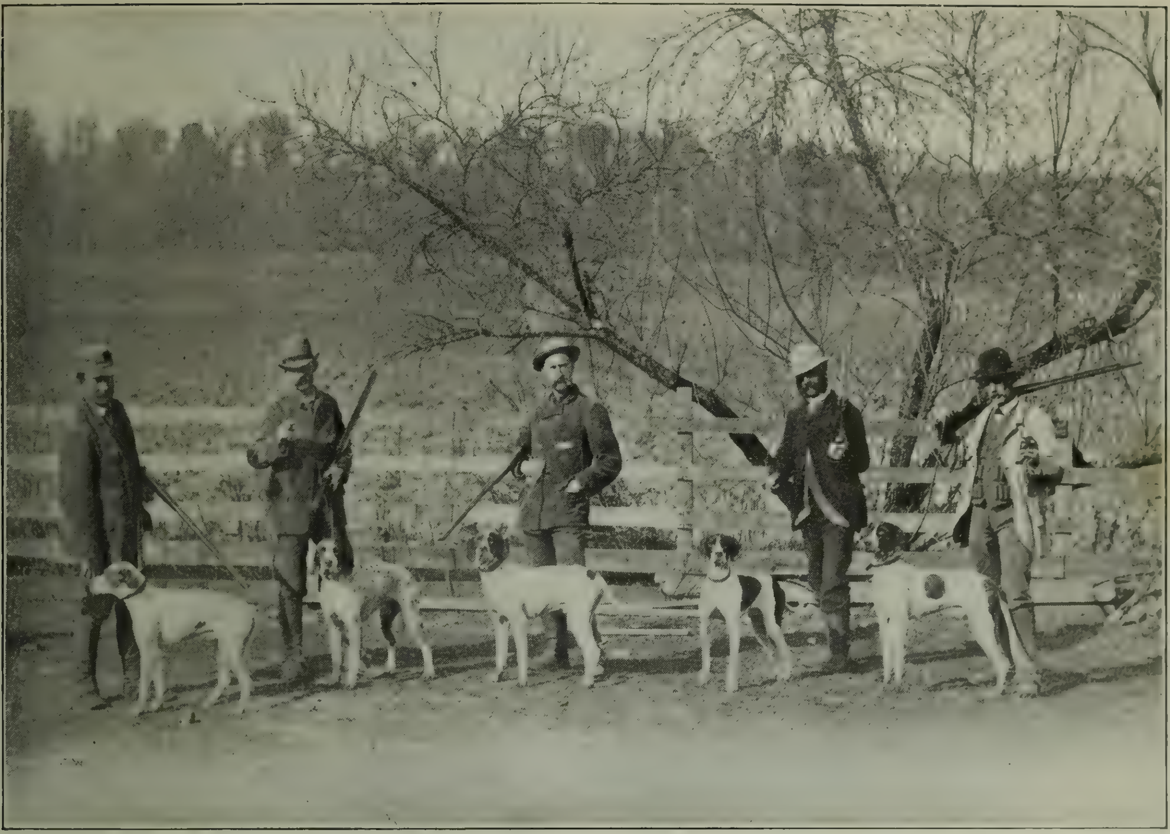
In those days the question of endurance related to the huntsman and not to the dogs. I never heard men ask whether a dog would last. The question was whether the man would last. Now, every one asks, "Will the dog last?" I cannot account for the change unless the latter-day dog is weighed down so by his pedigree that it fatigues him.

About 1870, the dog shows began. At that time I was hunting some mighty good dogs. There was Judge Crump's old Shot, a setter; and John Gill's double-nosed dog; and Tasso, the dog Dick Selden gave me, who would sometimes fight me in the field; but none of them were "pedigreed." The craze for pedigreed dogs struck me, along with the rest, and luck appeased the longing when Mr. A. H. Moore gave me dear old Beulah. Since she came, I have been, what I consider, a conscientious breeder of the best strain of pointers. I do not, however, like to be called "a pointer man." It seems a sort of reflection on the setters, and far



WOOTEN-GAME AND DUKE OF HESSEN.

From a painting by J. M. Tracy. By kind permission of Mr. C. Klackner, No. 7 West 28th st., New York.



Luke White and Bang-Bang. John White and Tammany. Capt. H. McMurdo and Mainspring.
Wm. Tallman and Beaufort. Hart Haight and Donald II.

be it from me to disparage them in any way, for some of the best shooting I have ever had has been with setters. The names of Henry, and Diomed, and Young Di, are second to those of none of the dogs I have owned.

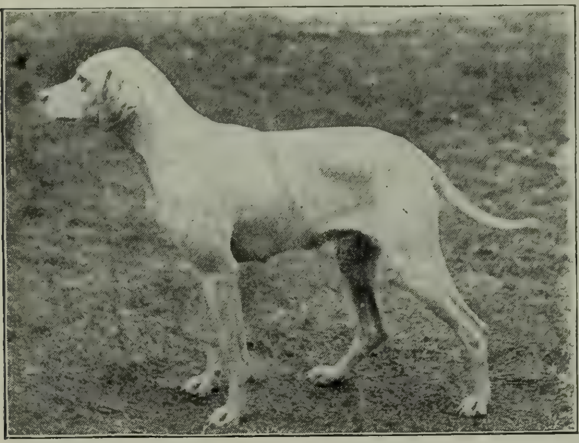
Still, I have always maintained that in hot and dry weather the pointer excels the setter ; that his scenting powers, as a rule, are more exquisite, as well as his bird sense ; and that he retains his breaking and training better. I believe a man is best equipped for shooting when he has a good dog of each breed to work with. This is a mere matter of opinion, however, so let us return to the pointers.

I will not attempt to be oracular ; I doubt whether my judgment is good. All I will do is to tell you what my observation of and experience with these highly bred pointers has been, for the last 17 years ; what I have attempted, what I have accomplished, and what I think of the different dogs that have been prominent.

In 1877, the late Geo. C. Colburn presented me with a son of Sensation, named " Tom." The latter was out of Colburn's Belle. She was of the old " Edge " stock, a famous strain. Like most of Sensation's offspring, Tom was a " soft " dog. He had not much endurance and could not stand briars, yet he had a nose that could almost smell birds in the next county. Tom's offspring, from pointers of native strains were fine. He furnished quality and the native endurance.

The following year Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, gave me Beulah. There was nothing " soft " about her. If, instead of being a kennel dog she had been owned, from her youth, by some gentleman in the country, Beulah would have been a top sawyer in the field. She was a good one even when I became her owner. She was one of the famous Flake Lily litter, which included Rush, Rose and Ruby, besides herself. Beulah was not as pretty as Rush or Rose, but was built like a lioness, and her splendid physique showed itself in her progeny. She had been bred to Bow before I owned her, and Beaufort and Bellona were of that cross. My first effort with her was crossing her with Tom. The result was nothing remarkable, but I think that was because I gave the puppies to men who were not sportsmen.

I then tried her with Vandevort's Don. I had shot with the Vandevorts in Minnesota, and had seen the old dog work, and I want to tell you that he was one of the greatest dogs that has ever been in this country. He was a son of the famous Bang. Vandevort picked him up, by chance in London, and he never did a better day's work in all his life. Whenever you come across that old Vandevort's Don blood, to this day, you may count on its being good.



AMINÉ, DAM OF OSSIAN.

Don was no beauty, but great Cæsar, how he could hunt.

About this same time Snap Shot, one of the gamiest dogs to look at you ever saw, was famous on the bench, but somebody told me he was gunshy. I do not know whether that was true, but I do know that Louis Wright, of New York, had a little beauty of a pointer dog named Bob, that was shown year after year, and won prize after prize at the Westminster show, and that if any body exploded a cap in hearing of Bob he would almost go into convulsions. Such were the bench show winners in the early days. I don't know how it is now.

From the Vandevort's Don ex-Beulah litter I secured the famous Richmond and Aminé and Zobeidé, the latter two of the best dogs that ever were hunted. Aminé was perfect in form. I afterward bred her to Croxteth and secured the peerless Ossian. Observe that I bred to Croxteth because he was a grandson of old Bang. I believed in the Bang blood. I took him in preference to Sensation, or Faust, or Bow. He was a better dog than any of them. If old Crox had lived in the country and been allowed the freedom of the house, he would have been a glorious companion; but he had the fatal gift of beauty and was a regular kennel dog. Confinement made him a sour tempered old rascal, and he once came near biting me when, as judge, I was tying the blue ribbon on him, over Faust.

I next bred Beulah to Tom, and from that litter I secured the since famous Tom Pinch who went to California, and Young Beulah, who became my best pointer.

Then Meteor was imported. As he beat Beulah's son Beaufort, I sent Beulah all the way to Dallas, Texas, and secured a litter by him, one of which, Dolon, was a phenomenal dog. I sold him at a high price. He was stolen from his owner in a week and so we lost all trace of him.

Meteor was of the Garnet-Jilt stock; that was why I wanted him. I had nothing to breed from on that line but Nebula. She was hipped while a puppy and so was not much as a fielder; but I secured a fine puppy from her named Pomps. She was the result of the next cross I tried.

I think it was about 1882 or 1883, at the New York show, that Fritz, a grandson of Old Beulah, and son of Beaufort, won over Graphic and Robert le Diable, the son of Croxteth. I was present. They were three handsome dogs. I thought then, and still think, that the decision was rank. Robert was the handsomest, Graphic second, and Fritz third, as I placed them.

TRINKETT'S BANG.

Well, I had the Fritz blood, so I determined to have a son of Robert and one of Graphic, and cross them on the

Beulah blood. Seph G. won first in her class. She was a great granddaughter of Beulah, through Bellona, and as she was in whelp to Graphic I engaged three dog puppies. I then bred Young Beulah to Robert le Diable. Roswell was the name of Young Beulah's pup by Robert; Romeo the name of my Graphic-Seph G. puppy. They were about the same age. Roswell was a promising youngster. He was a beauty and as fast as the wind; but he died young.

Romeo was broken by Short and made a fair run, but he never was a first-class dog. He was handsome from head to back ribs, but was deficient in his hind quarters. Nor was he ever fast. As a sire he was not satisfactory, and his temper, like that of his sire, was fiendish. He had a great nose. I secured Pomps, however, by him out of Nebula, and she was a model of good disposition, intelligence and work.

STRIDEAWAY.

Having lost Roswell I bred Pomps to Robert le Diable and the puppies were beauties. In them, you see, I had combined Beulah, Meteor, Graphic, and Croxteth or Robert. I bred her three times to Robert and the offspring was good. One of these puppies, Soult, took first at New York in 1891, the last time poor Tracy judged. This puppy contracted pneumonia at the show, and died two weeks later. Then Pomps died and I lost that line.

Old Zobeidé (Vandevort's Don ex-Beulah) left me a daughter by Croxteth named Eva W, a full blood sister of Ossian (Croxteth ex-Aminé), and I had a fairly good dog by Romeo ex-Young Beulah, named John White. His puppy by Eva W. is named Beulah III. (Peggy), and she, of all my dogs, is the only female I now have left. Old Romeo, deaf as an adder, and his son, John White, are my only dogs. This is Peggy's first year in the field. Short broke her. She is as pretty as the pictures on a wad box, and is all I could ask.

In her I have the blood of all the dogs I most admired, Old Beulah and Young Beulah, Zobeidé, Vandevort's Don, Croxteth, Graphic, and three Bang crosses.

I came near losing the blood, but intend to replenish it now and save at least three females. I will place them with friends in Virginia, for New York is no place to keep dogs, and will direct their breeding.

It has always been a source of regret to me that I did not obtain a Mainspring cross. He was one of the best little field dogs we have had of late years.

There is no doubt that King of Kent is the greatest sire we have ever had, and but for the appearance of Strideaway I fully intended to breed to Rip Rap or King of Kent. I prefer Strideaway, because of his color, for I confess to the old-time prejudice against black and white pointers; and King of Kent is getting old. For these reasons I prefer his young son. Moreover, I believe in the theory of atavism, and would expect a reproduction of King of Kent, with more confidence, in the second than in the first generation, especially as Strideaway's blood, on his mother's side, is so good.

Bang-Bang is another pointer that would have been a great fielder, in my opinion, if he had not passed so much of his life in the kennel.

Pearl's Dot, the dam of Strideaway, and Trinket's Bang, her sire, were also two mighty good dogs.

Well, the next question is, To what pointer should Peggy be bred to obtain the finest field dog? I have studied that anxiously. There is the Duke of Hessen blood; there is the Duke of Kent; there is the Lad of Kent. They are all exceedingly good dogs; but after thinking it all over, I believe I have picked my dog, and little Strideaway is, in my opinion, the most desirable sire now living.

He is not a beauty, but what of that? How often do dogs reproduce themselves in the first generation?

He is a son of a splendid dog, and I much more confidently look for the reproduction of physical resemblance in the second generation than in the first. Strideaway is a phenomenal dog. The pointers have not had a representative like him, in field-work, since the days of Vandevort's Don. I intend to pin my faith to his three Bang crosses, and his wonderful performances. I know he is a dog of great intelligence, and has the sweetest of tempers. So the name of Beulah IV.'s papa will be Strideaway.

And now that you know what a breeder thinks and how he selects, good-bye.

BUSINESS.

"I don't understand it," he said in his glee,
"A prettier maid there is not in the land,
Yet you have bestowed all your love upon me
When others, no doubt, would soon seek for your hand."
"I *might* entrap one that's far greater than you,"
She said with a roseate, maidenly blush,
"But, dear, I believe in the maxim so true,
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Capt. Jack Crawford,
"The Poet Scout."

HABITS OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN GAME.

IRA DODGE.

Cora, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION.

In the Rocky mountains, the deep snows and the changes of weather conditions cause the game to shift from one place to another many times during the year. The Colorado desert, in western Wyoming, is the winter home for many thousands of elk, mule-deer, antelope, and an occasional bunch of mountain sheep and bison.

This tract of land, about 50 miles square, is mostly covered with a nutritious bunch grass, on which the game thrive, using snow to quench their thirst. It would seem like an act of Providence that there is no water on this range, as, for that reason, the sheep men are obliged to keep their herds from it in summer time.

As soon as the snow recedes in the spring, all animal life leaves the desert and wends its way back to the neighboring mountains. A good many of the elk, deer and antelope go back as far as the Yellowstone National Park, crossing over the Union pass of the Gros Ventre and Wind river ranges, a distance of several miles, on the crusted snow. This is locally called a game drive, and lasts from April 1st to June 1st.

The calving season commences about May 20th, and lasts from six weeks to two months. When one of a bunch of females is looking for a place to have her young, she will drop out from the band into some quaking aspen thicket, or even in the sage brush, far from timber, and there stay until her young is 10 or more days old, and strong enough to travel. Then the mothers and young commence banding together, and if not molested by hunters, bears or mountain lions, their numbers often reach into the hundreds The males follow up the snow line, where the grass is green and tender. In such places they may be found drying their horns in July and August. After that they are wherever you find them.

The few bison that winter on the desert go to some place in the summer, no one seems to know where, probably to some watering place in the Wind river mountains. However, their numbers are few, and it is to be regretted that they are so poorly protected.

Mountain sheep are about evenly distributed among the several adjacent ranges. While a portion of them go into winter quarters on the desert and on the low ranges, a great many, and perhaps the majority, of the sheep pass the winter months on the high peaks and ridges, above timber line, where the snow is blown off. At such altitudes the snow drifts are so hard that the sheep travel over them, from one mountain to another, with little danger of being stranded in a snow drift, a thing which, however, does sometimes occur, and then part if not all of the band perish. When spring comes, the sheep descend to the valleys for green grass; making these trips nightly, and returning to the mountains in the morning, having travelled, in many cases, 10 or 15 miles—just for breakfast.

A singular thing about the mountain, or blue grouse, is their following so closely in line with the mountain sheep, wintering high up in the mountains among the snowy ranges. They come down in the spring after green grass, lay their eggs, hatch their young, then gradually work back up the mountain side, and live on pine pins and nuts, from the nut pine trees, until spring. The snow in such places is usually from five to ten feet deep.

The sage hens winter with the large game on the desert, and when spring opens wend their way back to the foothills, where they rear their young. While young, and up to the time they are two-thirds grown, they are delicious eating. Then they commence feeding on sage brush, and soon taste of that obnoxious shrub. As soon as cold weather sets in and snow begins to fall, back they go, by easy stages, to the desert, where flocks may be seen numbering many thousands.

The ducks and geese flock here in spring, lay their eggs, hatch and rear their young, after which they have full sway among the lakes, rivers and sloughs of the Upper Green river country. Then, when fall comes, they fly away to the south, to become easy victims to misplaced confidence, not having had a shot fired at them during the whole summer.

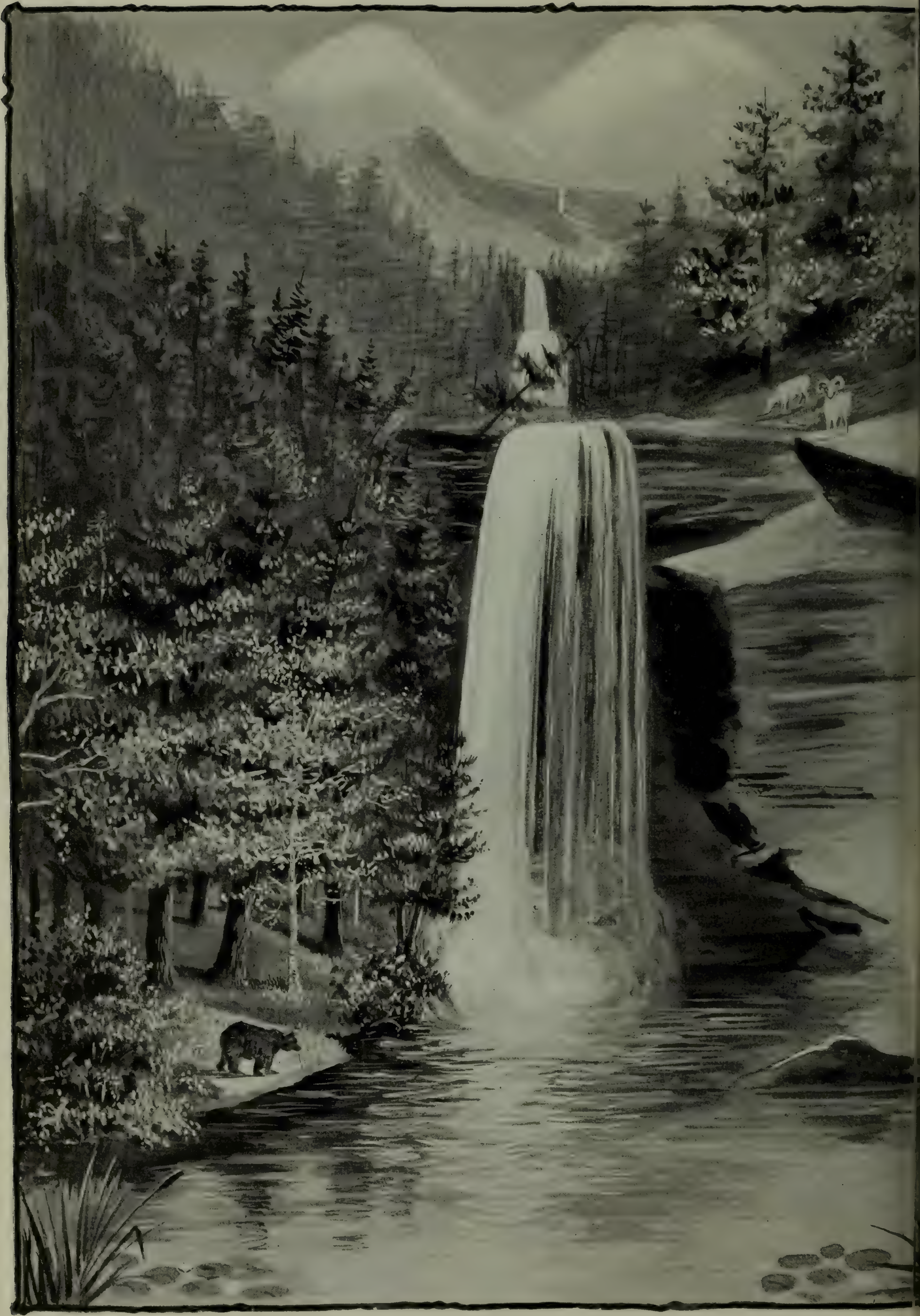
Antelope return to the desert in October and November, travelling boldly across the open prairie, seldom turning from their course, even when pursued or shot at, the bucks usually herding their harem before them.

The mule-deer follow a little later in November, but farther up in the mountains, and mostly under cover. They are so numerous, one may see from 10 to 20 in a single day's hunt, by careful hunting, all going in the same direction.

The Wapiti, after the rutting season, congregate in large bands, and hang back on the mountain sides until the deep snows drive them down. They will come down in the night for feed, where the snow is not deep; then at dawn of day start back up the mountain and get under cover for the day. They will undergo this half-starving plan for days, even weeks; then, when hunger drives them to it, they make a bold dash through settlements and across prairies toward the desert. They may be turned back many times by settlers and hunters, while endeavoring to get their winter's meat, but starvation makes the poor creatures desperate, and sooner or later they are forced to go on, although they may lose many of their numbers in doing so. I have seen thousands in one band running the gauntlet in this way. The bulls follow up the large bands in small bunches, but are more shy and cunning, and usually try to keep under cover.

Editor RECREATION. Okoboji, Iowa.

I see by the April number of RECREATION that you and the settlers of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, are making an effort to stop the Indians from slaughtering game. I am acquainted with some of the men connected with this movement and can say that each and every one speaks the truth. I have been there and seen what they describe, repeatedly. I have met Fort Hall Indians, have questioned them, and they said they had no pass, and that they were from Fort Hall. A. A. HENDERSON.



THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

FRANCIS P. OWINGS.

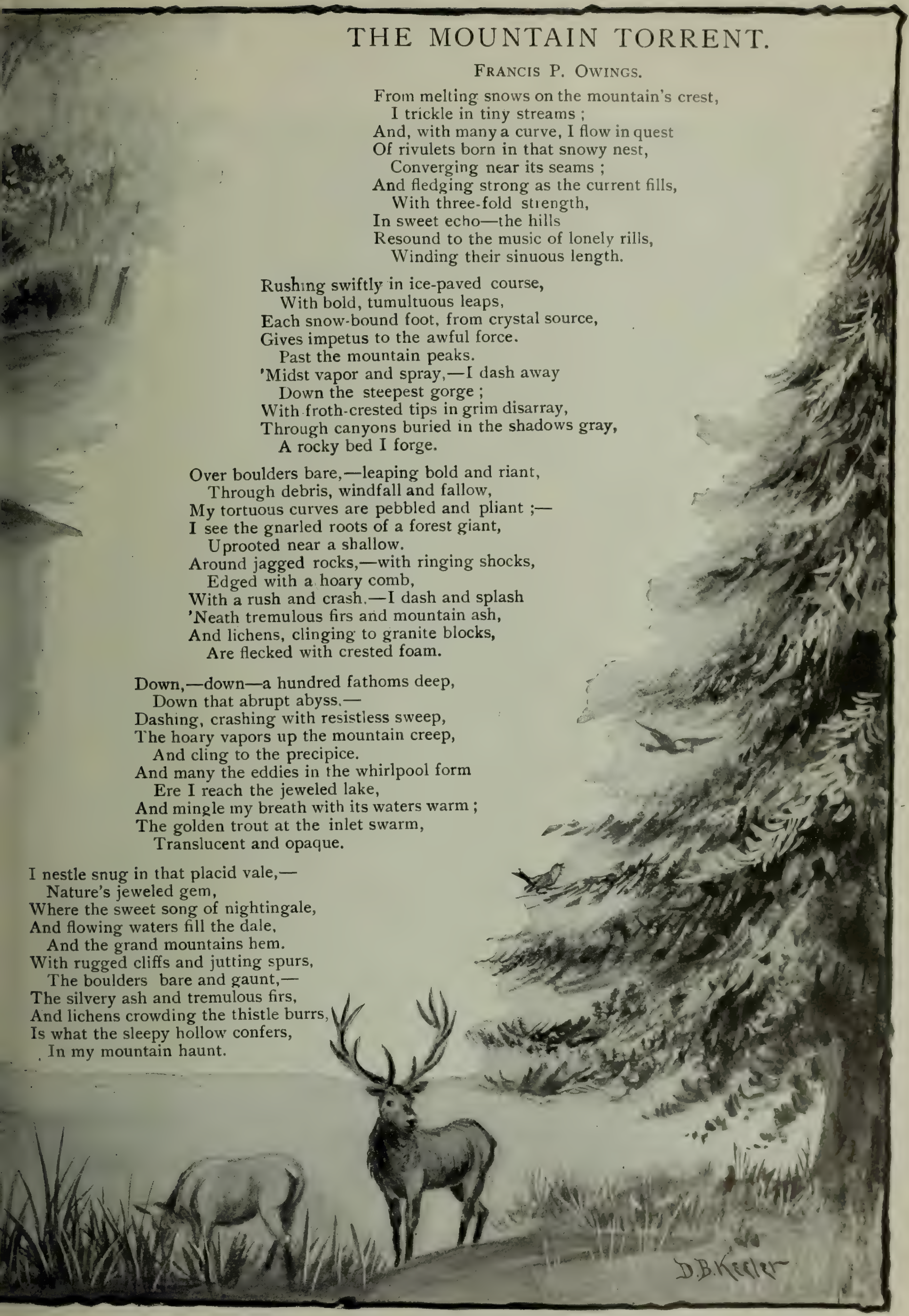
From melting snows on the mountain's crest,
I trickle in tiny streams ;
And, with many a curve, I flow in quest
Of rivulets born in that snowy nest,
Converging near its seams ;
And fledging strong as the current fills,
With three-fold strength,
In sweet echo—the hills
Resound to the music of lonely rills,
Winding their sinuous length.

Rushing swiftly in ice-paved course,
With bold, tumultuous leaps,
Each snow-bound foot, from crystal source,
Gives impetus to the awful force.
Past the mountain peaks.
'Midst vapor and spray,—I dash away
Down the steepest gorge ;
With froth-crested tips in grim disarray,
Through canyons buried in the shadows gray,
A rocky bed I forge.

Over boulders bare,—leaping bold and riant,
Through debris, windfall and fallow,
My tortuous curves are pebbled and pliant ;—
I see the gnarled roots of a forest giant,
Uprooted near a shallow.
Around jagged rocks,—with ringing shocks,
Edged with a hoary comb,
With a rush and crash,—I dash and splash
'Neath tremulous firs and mountain ash,
And lichens, clinging to granite blocks,
Are flecked with crested foam.

Down,—down—a hundred fathoms deep,
Down that abrupt abyss,—
Dashing, crashing with resistless sweep,
The hoary vapors up the mountain creep,
And cling to the precipice.
And many the eddies in the whirlpool form
Ere I reach the jeweled lake,
And mingle my breath with its waters warm ;
The golden trout at the inlet swarm,
Translucent and opaque.

I nestle snug in that placid vale,—
Nature's jeweled gem,
Where the sweet song of nightingale,
And flowing waters fill the dale,
And the grand mountains hem.
With rugged cliffs and jutting spurs,
The boulders bare and gaunt,—
The silvery ash and tremulous firs,
And lichens crowding the thistle burrs,
Is what the sleepy hollow confers,
In my mountain haunt.



"ON THE HIGH RANGE TO THE EAST."

Photo. by Wright & Spencer, Missoula, Mont.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

M. W. Miner.

Do you wish to spend a summer, or even a month or two, among the mountains and the native wilds, where the destroying hand of man has not fallen? Do you wish to hunt in the virgin forests, where game scarcely knows the fear of man, and is so abundant that even the most inexperienced sportsman or camera fiend may be almost sure of abundant success? Do you wish to cast your flies in dark, shaded, rocky pools and rushing eddies that have remained undisturbed since nature blazed out the boundary lines of the American continent, and where trout of some pounds in weight will respond to every cast? Do you wish to see water fowls at home on the surface of a dozen crystal lakes, where the does with their fawns come to drink? If so, and if you are willing to rough it, all these are within your reach, and you will be sure to find all as nature planned it.

I will suppose that you have a companion who will go with you. With your outfit of guns, tackle and blankets, proceed to Horse Plains, a small station on the Northern Pacific Railway, 80 miles west of Missoula, Montana. There procure four ponies, which will cost you about $60 for the bunch. Two of these should be broken to saddle and two to pack. Here you can also buy saddles, pack saddles, and other necessary outfit. If you want a guide and cook you can get him here; and unless you have had previous experience in that line, it would pay you to have such a man, at least for a day or two. He will instruct you in packing and the handling of the mild-eyed cayuse. He can start you on the right trails and go with you to the edge of what little civilization there is. Then you can turn him loose and let him go back home.

Supposing that you have now procured all necessary outfit for your cruise, and have obtained all possible information of the route from the natives, you will take a course North by West of North, one and a half days ride, to what is known as Buffalo Bill Ranch, a cabin, corral and meadow, where you can, in the afternoon, secure your first saddle of venison. The next

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, NEAR HORSE PLAINS, MONT.

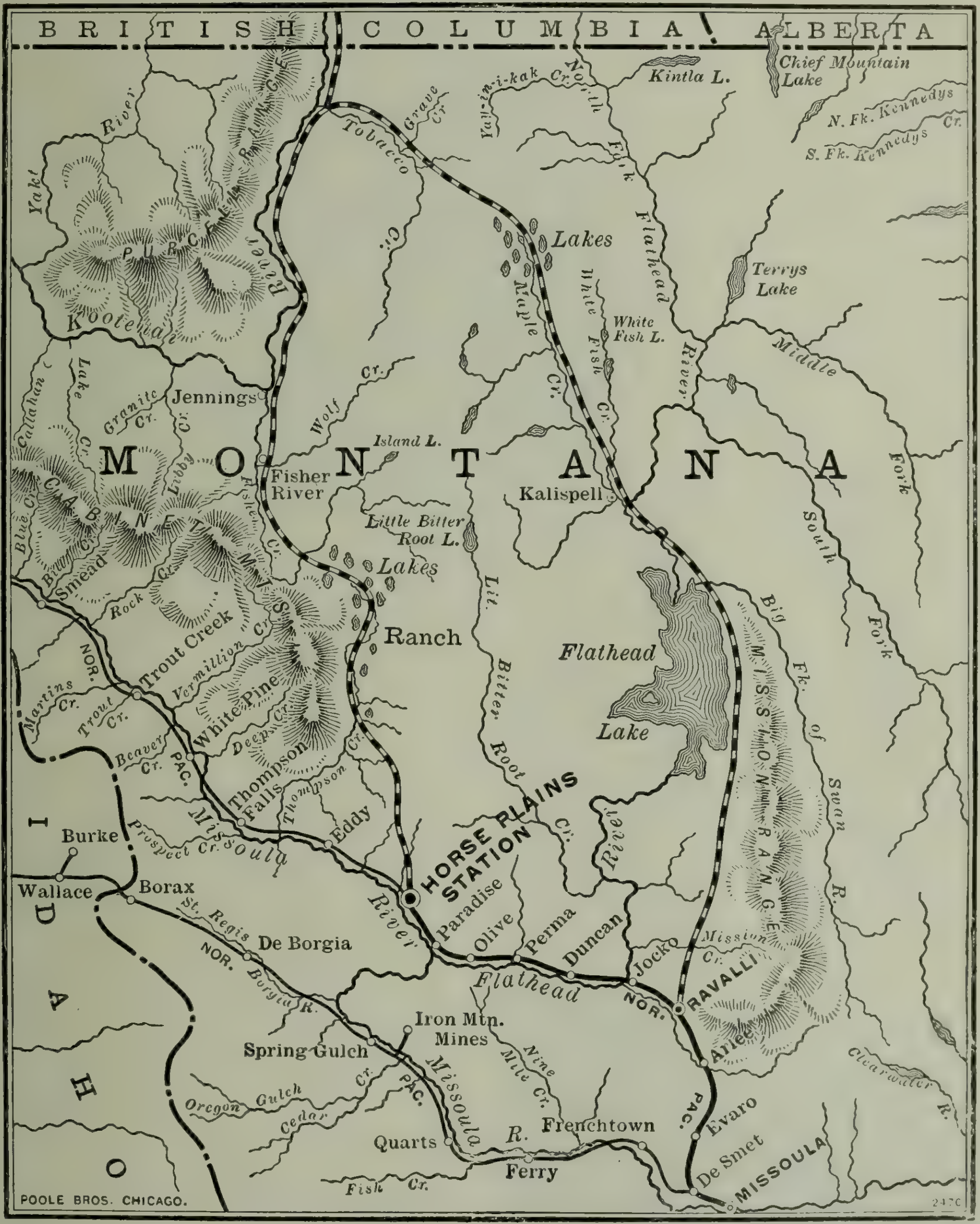
day's ride will take you to the Thompson river, where you can spend a day or two pleasantly. Then another day's ride, up the right bank and across the spur of a rocky range of hills, to a tributary of the same stream. This is a favorite fall hunting ground of the Flat Head Indians. Deer and bear are abundant, and are seen almost constantly along the trail.

"AND AN OCCASIONAL MOOSE."

Photo. by Wright & Spencer, Missoula, Mont.

Another half day's ride across country and up the left branch of the Thompson river brings you to an extensive meadow and an isolated ranch. This is the favorite haunt of herds of white tail deer. They can be jumped from almost every clump of willows, and the woods are full of them. They are constantly surprising you with their shrill whistles and with flashes of their white flags. Here you will find a perplexing state of affairs as regards the trail. With fallen timber and swampy ground your patience will be strained to the breaking point and you will spend the whole afternoon travelling a distance of three or four miles, but evening will find you at a crossing where you camp on the right bank, and get your revenge on the thousands of trout that are leaping and splashing in every pool, and that will rise to a crumpled leaf or a handful of feathers cast on the water. Or you can wander along the bank and, with a small amount of caution, secure a fawn, or a photo of one. Our party captured three fawns the afternoon we came here, all of which we released after marking their ears.

Another half day's ride across a beautiful upland, dotted with a dozen small lakes, among groves of noble pines and firs, brings you to the head of Fisher or Bank creek, a fine meadow and camping place. You will want to camp here for several days, as it is in the best natural game preserve I have ever seen. Mule and white tail deer are everywhere. Here, also, you will find beaver and otter, and everywhere small game. The lakes are fairly alive with young ducks. Black bear are very numerous, and on the high range to the east the royal elk and the ill-tempered cinnamon, the silver tip and an occasional moose, roam almost undisturbed. Trout are numer-


BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
MONTANA
IDAHO
Kintla L.
Chief Mountain Lake
N. Fk. Kennedys Cr.
S. Fk. Kennedys
Tobacco
Grave Cr.
Lakes
Terrys Lake
White Fish L.
Flathead River
Middle Fork
South Fork
Jennings
Fisher River
Island L.
Kalispell
Little Bitter Root L.
Lakes
Ranch
Flathead Lake
Kootenai
Cabinet Mts.
Trout Creek
White Pine
Thompson Falls
Eddy
HORSE PLAINS STATION
Paradise
Olive
Perma
Duncan
Jocko
Ravalli
Arlee
Mission Range
Burke
Wallace
Borax
De Borgia
Iron Mtn. Mines
Spring Gulch
Quarts
Frenchtown
Ferry
Evaro
De Smet
MISSOULA
Missoula R.
Flathead
NOR. PAC.
POOLE BROS. CHICAGO.

ous, but not so large as in the river. You will frequently be awakened here by the whistle of some frightened buck that has come down to investigate your camp.

When you have exhausted the attractions of this camp, move across the creek, taking the centre of three trails that leave that point—and a very dim one it is, too—toil up the mountain side, and after a three hours' climb you can look back into the valley or basin you camped in and see it as one vast panorama; every lake being plainly visible, and the head waters of the Thompson river and Fisher creek looking like silver threads among the dark green foliage. But tarry not too long, for you have a hard ride and a rough one before you reach Fisher creek again late in the evening

In the morning you will want to fish the large pool, just where the trail comes out of the canyon to the creek, for here it has increased to a noble stream. A day may be spent here most delightfully, with camera, rod or gun. Then a half day's ride down the creek to the slide, and deer licks, and across the creek, where you will camp again. Here are innumerable deer or salt licks, and any afternoon you can, with a little patience and caution, get several views of deer and occasionally of an elk. Across the creek, on the high range, are numerous goats, and if you are fond of hard climbing you can get one or a pair of them. Bear are almost too plentiful for comfort, as we found from experience, and deer were shot from the tent door, as they stood gazing at the strange intruders on their domain. You will stay a week or two here.

'ON GUARD."

ON THE TRAIL.

Then one day's ride brings you to Wolf creek, a town of considerable size. If content with your experience you can sell your outfit here and return to civilization, or you can turn east to the Kootenai river, go up the right bank, four days' travel to Grave river and Tobacco plains, where you can get a trail leading back to Flat Head lake, through a country alive with game and fish. Over all this route are old Indian trails that can be followed with a little care. There are Indian-painted rocks and curious chalk formations, like spires of some huge cathedral.

The Kootenai river is a noble stream. And if you were to continue your course to its head waters, as we did, you would find it all very interesting Some day I hope to again explore that country more fully. Don't attempt this trip before the 15th of June, or you will find high water, no fishing and spring rains predominating. After that date everything is lovely and the grass is knee high.

A NIGHT ON THE SENECA.

Capt. H. P. Bigelow.

Lou and I were boys together, and as the town in which we lived lay on the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, we both naturally became fond of the water, and in due time, had, what we called the "steamboat fever." We determined to own a steamboat. Our parents, though well to do, were not affected by this disease and our first boat was not an "Atalanta," nor even a "Gentleman's Launch." It was simply an old yawl to which we fitted an awning and a second-hand boiler and engine. In this odd craft we were happy for two seasons, at the end of which we were able to buy a small launch, which though she had seen her best days, was more trim and stylish looking than our "steam yawl."

Two years later we sold our launch and laid the keel for a yacht, a real 50 foot yacht. By this time we had interested the "governors" enough so that they came reluctantly to our relief, and although it was late in the season before the yacht was completed, she was one of which we could justly feel proud. She was built from selected stock by the best builder in our vicinity, who, before he laid her keel, made trips to the various yacht basins in the country, where a great many "crack" boats were hauled out for the winter. He studied their lines and build, and came home with many new ideas in construction, which he carried out in the building of our boat.

She was a pretty sight to us as we watched her growth upon the "ways"; long, graceful and slender, with sharp bow and tapering stern. Her machinery was also of the most perfect type, with a complete condensing system which we had put in to do away with all noise, and to keep the grease from her white decks.

Her trial trip was more than satisfactory. Fifteen miles was an easy gait for her. She had but one rival. That was the "Undine." She had been a private yacht and a fast one, in her day, but she was now owned and run by a townsman of ours as an excursion boat, or for charter; and though we had never yet had a fair chance at her, we knew she would give us a good pull, when the time did come. And now for my story.

An adjoining town boasted of a sportmen's club, organied for the purpose of enforcing the fish and game laws of the state. which they did by employing a special game constable to constantly patrol the river. His name was Johnson, and he was large, burly and disagreeable. With the objects of this club, we were in hearty sympathy, but with this man we were not. He was unpopular in our region, for he would arrest every poor farmer whom he caught spearing a few fish for his breakfast, while he did not molest the several "fish pirates" on the river who gained their livelihood by "legal" fishing.

As we had a chance to see all this, we made a protest to the club against this man, which naturally enough bred an ill-feeling between us. He did not lose his position however, and to use his own words, he was "laying for us," with the hope that he might at some time detect us in violating some of the fish laws, when he would, "warm things up a bit for us."

Now, we were also fond of camp life, and in a shady grove, about 10 miles above town, we had built a substantial camp house, which was well stocked and equipped with all the necessities of camp, and to these we had added some luxuries, one of which was a tennis court.

We had let the camp to a party of young ladies who, with a proper chaperone, had established themselves there for an outing of two weeks. One beautiful afternoon I received an invitation, by a special messenger, to spend the evening at the camp. The writer of the message was one of the party in whom I took an unusual interest—not so very unusual either, for this same feeling has been the theme for many a story, song and play. I will describe her—but, no, this is a steamboat story and I must get back into the "channel." The invitation ran thus:

"Be sure to come up to-night, and bring your friend or friends." With a P. S. as follows: "Please stop at the house and get my tennis net and bring it with you. It is an old one, but will do here. The court is in good condition and we are just dying for a game. Yours, lovingly," etc.

It is needless to say I lost no time in getting the net, and in hunting up Lou. We would go up in the yacht of course.

"I'll tell you," said he, "its going to be a still night; let's not invite any one else, but you take the wheel and I'll take the engine and we'll see what she can do."

That was just what I would have suggested, had he not done so, and with a lunch for two, we hurried to the boat house to get everything ready. Lou put in his fire, and got up steam, while I polished the railings and decks, and lighted the lamps. I wanted her to look as well as she ran. Lou was as good an engineer as ever stood at a marine throttle. The engine was his hobby, and he governed it carefully and scientifically. I had chosen the wheel from the first, and by experience had learned to keep her straight when in good water, and to keep the channel when there was one. I also knew the river like a book—all its bars, reefs and shore marks—so that nothing short of a fog could bother me in running, day or night.

I had finished my work on deck, and while waiting for the boiler to make steam I thought of "her" and the tennis net. Perhaps I would have time to patch it up a little before we started, so I got it out, spread it on the dock, and, with some fish line carefully mended the broken meshes.

Lou was now ready and I put the net aboard, took the wheel, gave him his bells, and we swung out into the river.

"Look at your watch," Lou shouted up through the tube, as I straightened her out, and put her nose up stream. As I did so, I gave him the jingler, or speed bell, and the boat shot ahead like an arrow. Then everything was silent except the ripple of the water as it curled and parted her bows. I settled back on my stool, and enjoyed the lovely scene about me.

It was a beautiful evening, early in October. The leaves had turned and were reflected in the water, with the last faint tints of the sunset, in colors unknown to art. The moon was rising in the east, big and full. Occasionally I could hear the croaking of the frogs, from the shore, mingled with the shrill whistle of a large night bird, which seemed to be following us up the stream. Every now and then, he would fly directly across our bow. I whistled an old tune and was in a happy state of mind. We were making splendid time, as I knew by an occasional glance at my watch, and at the landmarks along the shore. Lou was busy with the engine, which he had not left for an instant since the start. Suddenly he whistled up through the tube.

"Have we passed camp Echo yet?"

"No," I replied, "we are just below there now."

"Well, just run in," said he. "I have a message for one of the boys, and if you don't mind I would like to lay there for a few minutes. The packing in one of the valve stems is blowing out, and I want to fix it."

"All right," I answered; and giving him a slow bell I turned her toward the dock, where we stopped and made her fast. Lou at once set about re-packing the valve while I sat on the dock and chatted with the campers, who were all friends of ours. However, I was impatient to be off again, for we had yet five miles to go, and most of it was over bad water. Thus far it had been plain sailing, but above this point there were two sets of dangerous reefs, where a boat of our draft had to pick her way carefully through the narrow channel.

I glanced at the sky and saw it was fast becoming filled with black clouds, which at times completely obscured the moon and threw changeable shadows on the water and the shore. These shadows are puzzling to river pilots at night, as they make the shore-line appear indistinct. To help us out on such occasions we had rigged up a neat contrivance. We managed to get a small locomotive head-light, which we made more powerful by putting in a double lens. This we had mounted on a swivel on the top of the pilot-house. With this the light could be thrown in any direction by turning the hand-wheel on the inside;

so on dark and shadowy nights, like this, I could throw the light directly on the shore line, from whence I could measure the distance, and thereby get our exact bearings.

As I saw the clouds gathering, I lighted the headlight, and with a little polishing it was ready for business.

"All ready!" cried Lou and as I was bending over to take the bow-line off the post, I heard a whirl, a rattle and thud. Looking up, I saw Bert Hammond standing beside me with his bicycle. He was all out of breath, but trying to talk.

"I was afraid I would miss you," he gasped, "I did not intend to come up to-night, and asked Lou to stop here and tell the boys; but on my way home from the store I stopped into Judge Martin's office, on some business, and found Johnson there swearing out a warrant to search your boat and arrest you in case his charges proved true. He told the Judge that you had gone up the river with a fish net on board, which you would probably set, after dark. I followed him out of the office and down to the dock. The Undine had just landed from a trip down the river, and I heard him make a bargain with the captain to start right out and overtake you. By this time I felt as if I wanted to be in the game, so I hurried downtown and broke my engagement for the evening, jumped on my wheel and started in the race. I expected to get here even before you did, but it grew dark and I had to ride slow most of the way. You had better get out of here if you don't want to be searched and arrested."

As he finished speaking Lou and I laughed. I then told him about the tennis net.

"That's all right." said he, "but you know Johnson has a grudge against you, and he will make you go back to town with him just to be mean, and will tell you to tell that story to the Judge."

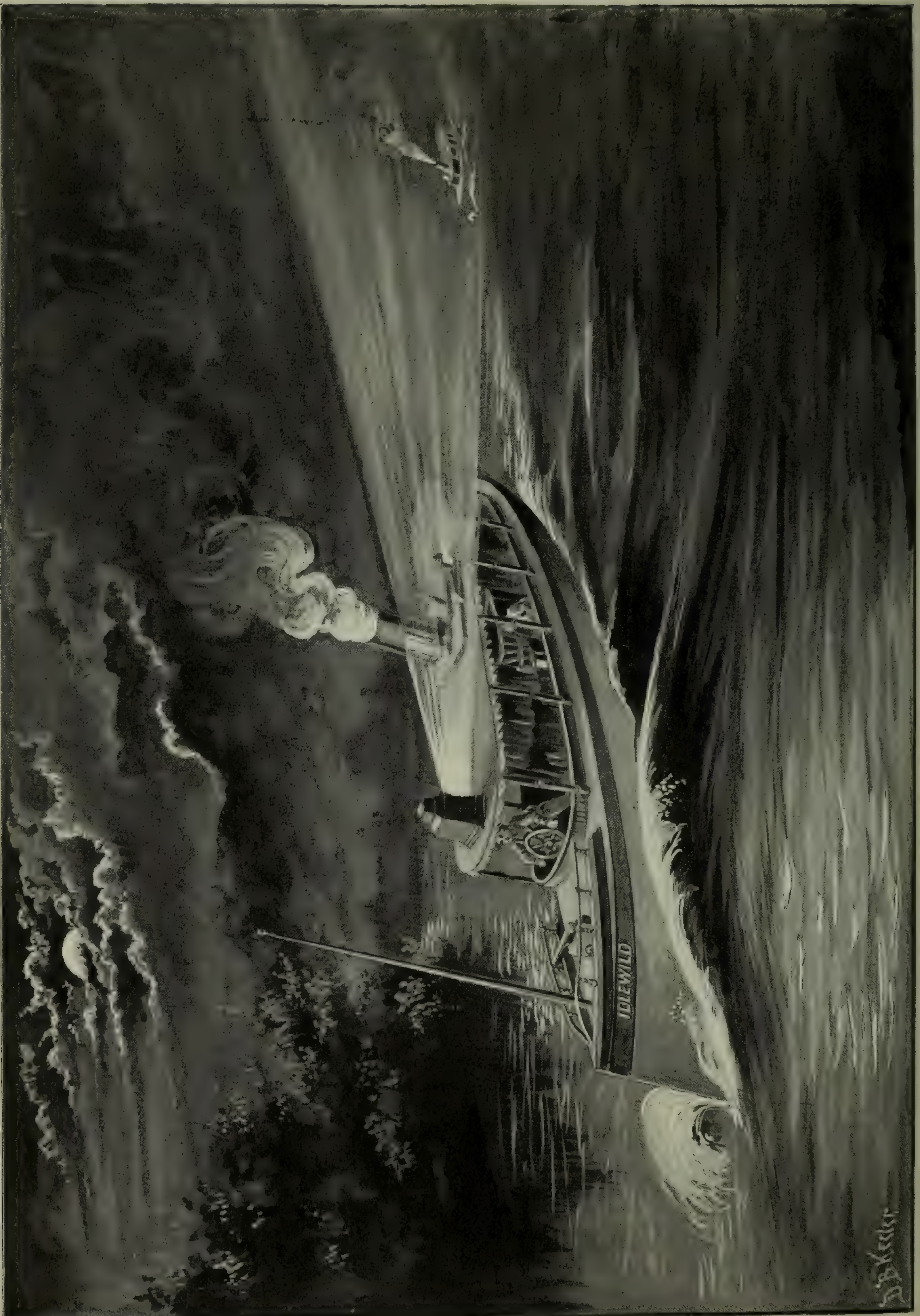
On second thought I saw that Bert was right, and that Johnson's time "to warm things up for us" had come.

"I haven't time to thank you, now, Bert," I said, "but we will take your advice and get out. Where are they now?" But at that moment we looked down the river, and saw the red and green side-lights of the Undine as she swung out from the behind the bend, not 200 yards below, while the heavy puffing of her exhaust grew louder each second.

"Well," said I. "He won't get the net until I have delivered it to its owner." Lou was at the engine. "Mind your bells and keep her hot!" I shouted to him, as I hurriedly cast off the lines and jumped aboard.

The race which we had so long hoped for had begun, and under circumstances which made it doubly exciting. As soon as we reached the middle of the stream I gave Lou the speed bell which he promptly answered by "letting her have it, wide open." I turned the headlight back upon our pursuers. They were only about two boat lengths behind us, and I could plainly see Johnson standing beside the pilot-house waving his hands and yelling to us to stop; but we had no such intentions. The race was beginning to be exciting. To run at full speed over reefs and rocks, through a narrow and crooked channel, on a dark night, was no easy task, yet I knew that this was what we must do, for the Undine had a slight advantage over us, being of lighter draft, and she could easily follow where we led. Her captain was a good pilot, and I saw that we must gain all we could while in good water.

We soon reached the foot of the reefs, which were a mile in length. I looked back and saw that they were still close up to us. I knew Lou would not slow down until I had given him the bell, even though he knew we were running into a stone wall; so I decided to run through at full speed. With a turn of the handle I threw the light on the shore line and began a wrestling match with the wheel. I shut my teeth hard on my cigar, and tried to keep one eye on the jack staff and the other on the shore as I climbed the wheel—first on one side then on the other. I knew the big rocks were sliding under us very fast with but a few inches to spare, while on either side were larger ones coming almost to the surface. It was not until we had reached the deep water again that I dared to look back, and was somewhat relieved to find that we had gained about two lengths on the other boat. I hoped to gain two more before we reached the next reef, so I


IDLEWILD
D B Keller

"I COULD SEE A SHOWER OF SPARKS SHOOTING FROM THE SMOKE STACK OF THE UNDINE, WHILE FROM OURS LEAPED A COLUMN OF BRIGHT BLUE FLAME."

switched the light back into their faces to give them something to look at.

It was now a race in dead earnest; each boat doing her level best. I could see a shower of sparks shooting high in the air from the smoke-stack of the Undine, while from ours leaped bright blue flames. I could feel the deck tremble under my feet, and knew that Lou was crowding her to her utmost speed. I began wondering what would happen when we reached the camp. Of course I would have time to put the net ashore before Johnson could overtake us; still I knew he would land there, create, a disturbance, and probably compel us to go back to town with him, "to prove our innocence before the Judge," as he would express it. So I tried to think of some plan to outwit him. Suddenly one flashed across my mind. On second thought, however, it seemed impossible, yet it was the only way out, and I resolved to try it.

The camp was now in sight. I could see the lights on the dock.

"Keep her hot, old man, we will not land yet!" I shouted down the tube. And we rushed by, taking no notice of the camp or of its fair occupants. And now came the next reefs—or reef—for it was really a stony bar stretching from bank to bank with only one break where the channel had been cut through. This was scarcely wider than the boat, and as there were no buoys to mark it, it was something of a trick to find it and run through it in the dark. Yet I knew its exact locality and had made my way through it many times in the dark, although never at such lightning speed. I had regained some of my nerve by this time, and was willing to take the chances.

I swung the light forward again until I found the landmark, the old white sycamore on the bend beyond. I soon had the jack-staff "dead on it," and she was "walking a crack." I could feel her draw down as we ran through the narrow channel, but we did not strike. When we were fairly in the cut, I switched the light back into the faces of our pursuers again.

"Find the sycamore if you can," I observed mentally. At the same instant the throbbing of the Undine's exhaust ceased, while a white cloud of steam arose from her valve. They had slackened their speed before running through. We now darted ahead into deep water, leaving them to grope their way as best they could, and giving us a chance to gain an eighth of a mile.

From this point up the water is deep for nearly 10 miles. Then come the long reefs, which are nearly three miles in length, with no channel. As they are almost unnavigable, it is only with the utmost care and perseverance that a pilot can pick his way through by by day-light, and no sane person would try to make it by night. The knowledge of this kept our pursuers in the race, for they knew they could overhaul us there, if not before. The river was very crooked now, but the water was good and I cut the corners as close as possible. We had now gained a quarter of a mile, and in a few moments more were half a mile ahead. I wanted a lead of about a mile and then I would show them a trick. This we soon had, and they were lost to view behind the bends.

I now lashed the wheel and ran down to the locker, from which I procured a lantern with a green globe. This I lighted and carried back to the wheel-house.

"Reduce your pressure to 80 lbs.," I shouted to Lou. "I will explain later," I added; for I knew that this order must have made him wonder, somewhat. He asked no questions, however, but opened the fire door, threw on fresh coal, shut the damper and started the injector, while the hand of the indicator began to fall back slowly. I now headed the boat for an over-hanging tree, which leaned out over the water from the point beyond. We then slowed up and stopped under the tree, so that I could easily reach the branches from the deck. It took but a moment to tie the green light to the branch. We then backed out and ran over to the other shore, which was well shadowed by heavy timber. I now headed her down stream, running her at half speed.

We soon reached the mouth of a creek and ran her in until she grounded in the soft mud. Then I ran back along the deck and hastily extinguished her side lights, and diving down the companion way put out the cabin lights, while Lou closed and tightened all the valves, so that there would be no noise of escaping steam. Then we waited and listened. The lights of the other boat soon appeared down the river. We almost held our breath as she came nearer. Would the green light keep them from looking our way? It did. For she rushed by us at full speed. Had the water been still, our plan would have failed, for upon reaching the light they would have noticed that we had left no wake above this point; but fortunately the wind had risen, causing a slight ripple, so that the absence of a wake could not be detected, and our plan worked to perfection. They had naturally mistaken the green light for our starboard side light. Now when they reached it and discovered what it really was, they at once concluded that it was placed there by us for the purpose of detaining them a sufficient length of time to ascertain its real character, thereby giving us a chance to gain ground, or rather water.

So, without stopping to look back, they again pushed forward at full speed, and soon disappeared around the bend. It was now time for us to be on the move, so without stopping to re-light the lamps, with the exception of the head light, we backed out into the stream and started at a merry pace for the camp. This time I had but little difficulty in finding the cut. We were soon over the reef, and in a short time our boat was tied to the camp dock, while Lou and I were on shore explaining matters and giving an account of our adventure, surrounded by the girls, who were all in a state of excitement. After our story had been told, I proceeded to the boat and brought back the net, which I handed to its fair owner.

The smiles which I received in return more than repaid me for the trouble and excitement caused by the attempt to deliver the net.

As it was getting late we had to cut our visit short, for we knew we must get back to town and have our craft safely locked in the boat house before the return of the Undine. So, bidding good-night to the girls, we cast off and were soon on our way to town.

Our return trip was uneventful, and when the boat house was reached our fire was drawn, and everything made secure for the night. Lou and I went directly to our homes and were soon in bed.

Early the next morning we went to the office of Judge Martin and told him the story of our adventure the night before. After a hearty laugh all around, we departed with a promise from the Judge that no trouble should arise from the false charges preferred by Johnson.

I might add, that I have another reason for remembering that night race, but this is a steamboat story, and you must guess the rest of it.

INCONSISTENCY.

Under the chandelier she sat—
I saw her yesternight;
Beneath her gown of modest hue,
Even the toe of her small shoe
Was hidden out of sight.

But now upon the boulevard
(May the Lord forgive her sins),
With blazing bloomers waving wide,
She sits, her bicycle astride,
And spins, and spins, and spins.

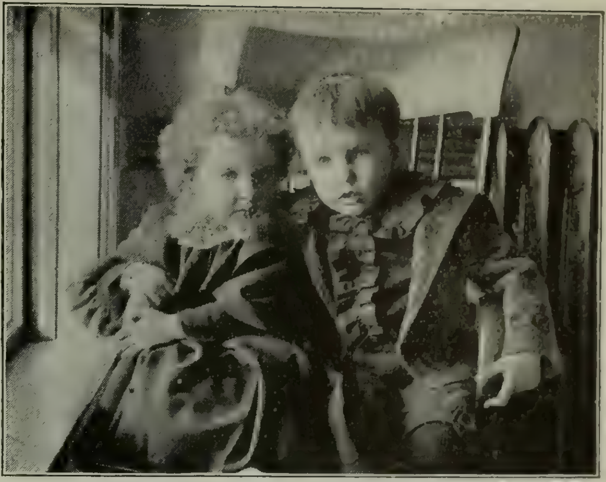
Geo. L. Thurston.

A FRIEND OF SPORTSMEN.

Mr. Jacob H. Studor is one of the men to whom much of the credit will be due for the success of the great Sportsmen's Exposition. He is a native of Columbus, Ohio. When 11 years of age he entered the printing office and followed that trade in its various branches until he was 17. During part of this time Mr. Studor enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Wm. Dean Howells. who was connected with the *Ohio State Journal*, and of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who was local correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. At 21 Studor opened a book store in his native town, and issued his work, entitled "Columbus, Ohio; Its History, Resources and Progress," in 1873. He began the preparation of his grand work, "The Birds of North America," in 1873. It contains portraits of all our birds, colored from nature, with a full descriptive text and is issued under the auspices of The Natural Science Association of America, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

Mr. Studor has contributed many valuable articles on natural history topics to encyclopædias, and to standard periodicals. He is a member of the American Ornithological Union, vice-president of the Sportsmen's Association, president of the Natural Science Association, and a member of other societies and clubs. A special Sportsmen's Exposition edition of Mr. Studor's 'Birds," is to be issued in honor of the first Sportsmen's Exhibition.

His intricate knowledge of ornithology and taxidermy, his artistic taste, his great business capacity, and his untiring energy have been of inestimable value to the promoters of the great show, and all sportsmen will hereafter regard him as a staunch friend of their best interests.



Springfield, Ill.

Editor Recreation: I inclose a small photograph of two children to show what can be done with the light of a window, without using reflectors of any kind. I took this in our office one afternoon without a moment's preparation, and have made many others equally good in the same way. I will gladly give the readers of Recreation any desired information as to how such results can be obtained, in almost any office or residence.

Paul A. Ulrich.

RIFLE AND PISTOL IN ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo.

Editor Recreation.

Rifle practice may soon become one of the leading amusements of the day in St. Louis. The recent matches with other cities have resulted in an added impetus to this pastime, and every day witnesses accessions to the membership of the several local clubs.

Last Thursday evening a joint meeting of the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, and the St. Louis Long Range Rifle Association was held. At this meeting it was decided to consolidate the two organizations for the best interest of all concerned. This makes it virtually one association, with a membership that runs up into the hundreds. The principal object of the consolidation is to make possible the purchase of a large tract of land. A portion of native forest, several miles west of the city on the line of the Missouri Pacific railroad, has been under consideration for some time, and a committee appointed for the purpose, by the Missouri Rifle and Pistol club, has paid several visits to the spot. It is 40 acres in area and faces on the Meramec river. The property is so situated that there is a beautiful valley running diagonally through it and is sheltered on three sides by large hills. It is expected that the purchase will be made in the very near future. The clubs that are contemplating the purchase are mapping out elaborate plans, and according to present calculations they will erect on one corner of the grounds a handsome club house equipped with all modern conveniences.

If all their plans are carried through, it will result in giving to St. Louis one of the finest rifle ranges in the country.

R. H. Combs.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

X.

John S. Wise was born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, December 25, 1846, his father being at that time United States Minister to that country. The family has lived for many generations in Accomack county, Va. John S. entered the Virginia Military Institute when 15 years old, and was in the battle of New Market, in 1864, where he was wounded. After that he served in the Confederate army, as a lieutenant, until the close of the war, and carried the last dispatch sent by Lee to Davis. After Lee's surrender, young Wise joined Johnston's army and surrendered with it.

In 1865, Wise went to the University of Virginia, whence he graduated in law in 1867, and opened an office in Richmond. He was elected to Congress in 1882. In 1885, he was a candidate for Governor, on the Republican ticket, and received 137,000 votes, against 151,000 cast for General Fitzhugh Lee. Wise was appointed United States Attorney for his district, by President Arthur, and has held many other public positions. In September, 1888, he was appointed attorney for the General Electric Company, with office at 44 Broad street, New York, and has lived here ever since.

He is a typical sportsman—one to whom all members of the craft may point with pride. He has been, ever since his boyhood, a lover of the pointer and the setter, and has bred some of the best pointers in the world. He is and has been, for many years, president of the Pointer Club of America. He has many times been called upon to judge at the bench shows and field trials.

He is a member of the Union League Club, the Aborigines, and several other clubs, and enjoys one of the best law practices in New York. Furthermore he is one of the most earnest and industrious promoters of the great Sportsmen's Exposition.

His good taste is shown by the fact that he is a staunch friend of and a contributor to RECREATION. Among other valuable papers, he has written for it an essay on, "The Pointer—Past and Present," which is printed in this number, and which will easily take rank as one of the ablest papers ever written on that breed of dogs.

He is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and is always in demand at the clubs and societies as a post prandial orator.

Judge Wise is a scion of one of the oldest and best families of Virginia. His father was Governor of the state in the stormy times, and was, for many years, prominent in the councils of state and nation. The son retains, in his make-up, many of the characteristics of the typical southern gentleman of the old school. He is frank, genial, kind hearted, and his hospitality is unbounded. Fortunate, indeed, is the man who counts among his friends John S. Wise.

New York, April, 1895.

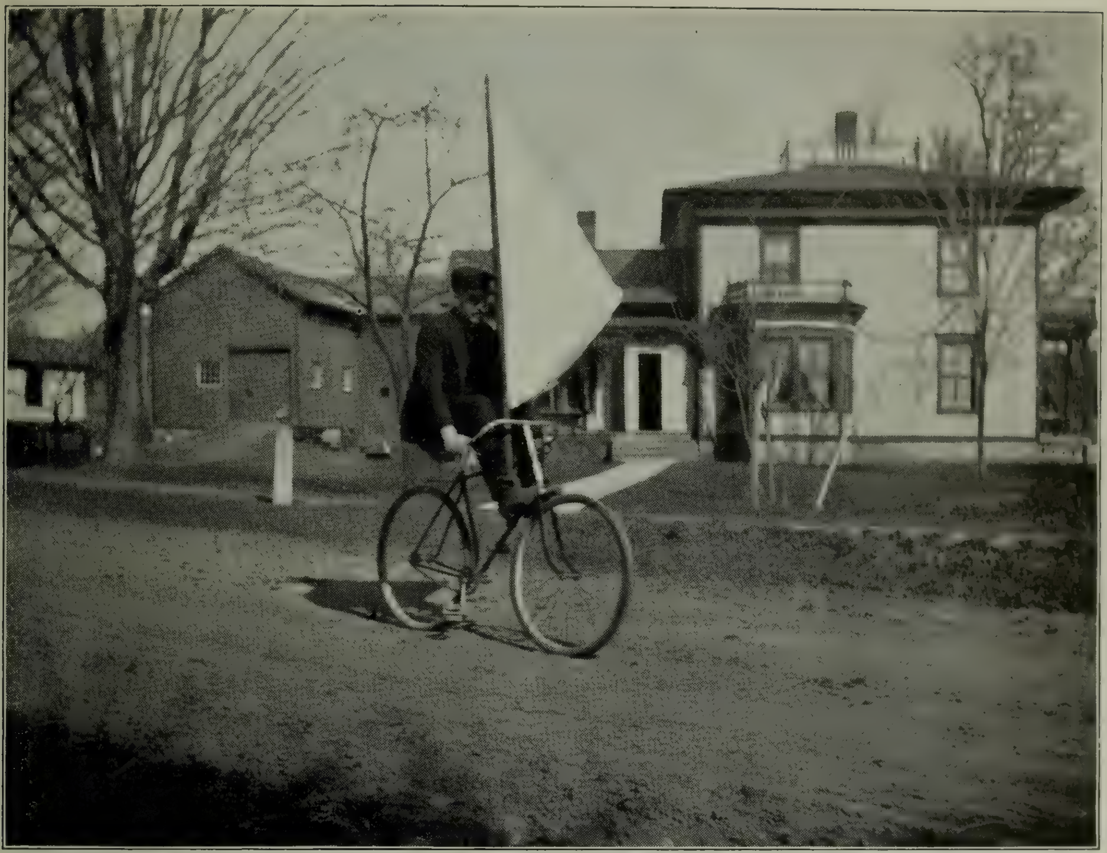
Editor RECREATION:

The Board of Trustees of the Sportsmen's Exposition has lately received many additions to the list of exhibitors, swelling the number of rented spaces to nearly 100.

Arrangements are now in progress to devote one day each to the several geographical sections in the vicinity of New York. The dates are not yet decided on, but one day will be devoted to all the shooting, fishing and field clubs of the State of New Jersey. On each of these days official badges of recognition will be issued to every club, and special courtesies will be tendered them by the association.

On May 13th the convention of hotel-keepers of the United States will hold its meeting. Several thousand delegates will attend, and special arrangements will be made with these gentlemen to attend the Sportsmen's Exposition in a solid body. The event cannot fail to attract a large representation from every quarter. In the same lines with this liberal policy, the Sportsmen's Exposition has undertaken the herculean task of sending out 200,000 circular letters, giving information regarding the Exposition. These circulars will be sent to every known sportsman throughout the United States, Canada and Europe, which will include ministers, lawyers, journalists, railroad officers and professional men generally, who are interested in field sports. This plan has been adopted as the most effective means by which the army of sportsmen, who will, if they are well informed of the character and objects of the exposition, be desirous of becoming associate members of the Sportsmen's Association, by which means they will be entitled to the advantages of special reduced travelling rates on railroad and steamship lines. In order for the general public to obtain the benefit of the one and one-third rate on the several roads, the companies require you to be a member of the Sportsmen's Association, and the association has, under its constitution, a class of associate members for exposition purposes only. For information regarding terms of membership and railroad rates, address,

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Secretary.
105 E. 23d street, New York city.



THIS IS EASY.

SAILING A BICYCLE.

CYCLISTS will be interested in the above illustration of Mr. L. E. Hudson, Ellisburg, N. Y., who has succeeded in sailing a bicycle over rough country roads by the aid of a sail and mast of his own make. The latter is of spruce, seven feet in length, and is lashed to the frame of the wheel with a strong cord. The sail is of light cotton cloth. While it is impossible to beat into a head wind on a narrow street, yet it runs well with a good stiff breeze on either quarter, or behind.

The managing of a wheel with a sail on is not as difficult as it may seem, and there is no reason why, on a good level road, with a large sail, a person should not make good progress, even with a moderate breeze.

New York, April, 1895.

Editor RECREATION.

The week of May 13th to 18th will chronicle an event in the history of field sports in this country worthy of consideration. How far-reaching the influence of such an exhibition, devoted to the sportsmen of this country will be, will depend greatly on the general support given it by the persons for whom it is held, as well as on the public generally. It is not expected to work wonders in an hour, or a day; but it is more than consistent to believe that the holding of an exposition in which all the paraphernalia used by the sportsman is exhibited; and the gathering of the sportsmen themselves at the same time, cannot fail to accomplish great good. The board of trustees of the association has shown a commendable devotion to the work in their hands, and a resource of energy and originality deserving of emulation. The quality required to push to a successful issue an enterprise so entirely new and extensive, speaks well for the basiness tact and judgment of the gentlemen who have developed and promoted the exposition.

The task of getting together such exhibits as will be representative and cover all departments is well nigh completed. The list of exhibitors has been extended during the past week, and includes such firms as Charles Scribner's Sons, Burgess Gun Co., Hulbert Bros. & Co., W. W. Hart, B. N. Morris, The Ideal M'f'g Co., The Tie Co., Pieper Gun Co., Obrig Camera Co. and Cornwall & Jesperson.

The trustees have been offered for exhibition a very valuable collection of old fire arms and weapons, the property of Mr. N. Spering, of Philadelphia, containing 40 or more pieces, and including:

Moorish flint-lock gun, very old,

Flint-lock hunting rifle, over 100 years old, barrel 49 inches long.

Three flint-lock guns from Revolutionary period.

Flint lock carbine and powder horn, used during Revolutionary war.

Double-barrel flint-lock fowling piece.

Muzzle loading, double-barrel, hammerless shot-gun.

Breech loading rifle, Hall patent, 1831; altered from flint to percussion lock.

Revolver captured from British during Crimean war.

Maynard revolver, 1845; muzzle-loading, uses tape caps.

Muzzle-loading pistol, hammer on under side of barrel.

12 Indian arrows, 7 with steel heads, 5 with grease wood points, 3 bows.

OLD IZAAK, JR. Amateur Photo by Frank E. Foster.

Stone axe-head used by early Indians.

Charles Scribner's Sons will also make a large exhibit of beautifully tinted plates of sporting scenes. Also their collection of game fishes of America, and their sporting publications. Another large collection will consist of 60 oil paintings of game fishes of this country, of high artistic merit, loaned by the artist. Other loans of a more or less important nature are also coming in from time to time, which will serve to make the display very attractive.

Frank W. Sanger Manager.

RECREATION.

To live without recreation,
Is to die an unnatural death.
Oh! for the glorious sensation
Of a whiff from the daisies' breath.
Give me love, life and vigor.
Give me the wild inspiration
That comes with the rod and the trigger,
And give me withal Recreation.

J. W. C., "The Poet-Scout."

Ottawa, Canada.

A peculiar sight can be seen almost nightly by those who have occasion to be walking one of our principal streets in the heart of the city after midnight. A cat and a rabbit have contracted a friendship, and during the stillness of night they promenade Metcalfe street unmolested.

N. H. H. Lett.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

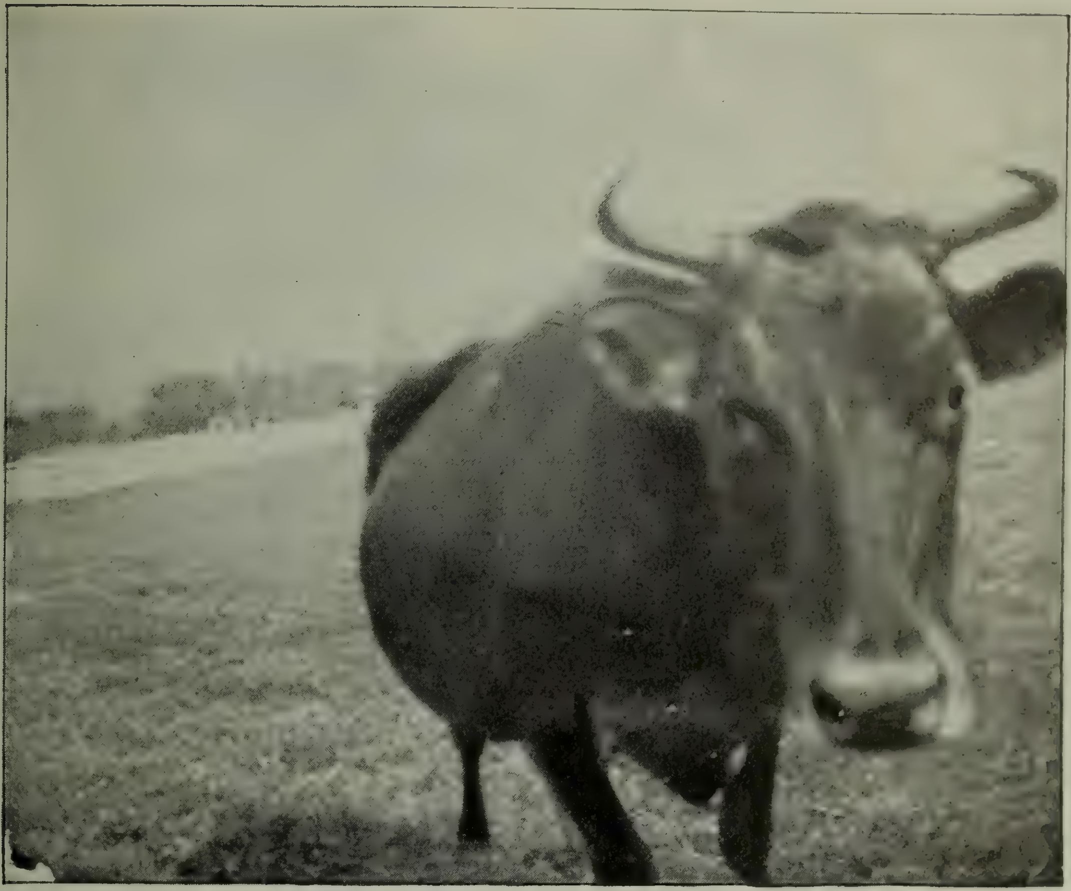
Ed. Recreation.

I am an amateur photographer, and would like to see that department made more extensive in your paper, for I am sure that sportsmen generally are coming to prize the camera more and more each year and it surely forms a pleasant companion when out on a jaunt, to retain snaps of familiar scenes with which to recall such expeditions in future. I see you ask that samples of photos be submitted. I therefor enclose an unmounted print which was taken specially for Recreation. It is in keeping with the scope of the magazine, I think, and shows a young three-year-old disciple of Isaak Walton who has already learned of Simple Simon's fishing expedition, with his mother's water-pail.

Frank E. Foster.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The official catalogue is now being printed and it will present to the manufacturer and exhibitor a valuable means by which their specialties may be placed before the visitors and buyers. It will be a unique affair, entirely new in design and execution. A preliminary edition of 10,000 will be printed, and other editions, if required, are provided for. It is not yet time to fully describe the special features of the many exhibits of the various firms, but several of them are so novel and will be such a feature of the Exposition, that a brief outline of the more important ones my prove both interesting and profitable. One of the exhibits will be a log cabin 30 feet long by 13 feet wide. This cabin will represent a western camp. The exterior will represent logs. One long side of the cabin next the aisle will be cut away and left open, which will enable all who approach it to see all the interior. This cabin will be decorated with specimens of mounted game and the paraphernalia found in the camp of a western hunter. Every thing will be thoroughly appropriate, and the camp will have as resident hosts, 14 famous trappers and guides. These guides will be from every part of the United States where game



AN UNFORTUNATE COW ; SHOWING HOW SOME AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ONLY CRIPPLE WHAT THEY SHOOT AT.

is abundant, and their reputations as leaders and guides have gone before them. They will be clothed in their hunting costumes. and in every minute detail the typical hunters' camp and home will be carried out and made as real and as actual as possible. This display will be one of the most extensive of the Exposition, and one likely to attract of itself a large attendance.

Another very important, and perhaps the most carefully planned, accurate and complete exhibit will be that of a prominent railroad, which has made in the past special efforts to care for the sportsman when travelling through its territory, and intends in the future to recognize how desirable it is to have the resources of their state understood by the hunter and tourist sportsman. The company is having made, in the forest, a regulation log cabin of acceptable type and convenient size. It will be about 20 feet by 16 feet, and every log will be hewed by an old time hunter, and each log will have the savory perfume of the woods. They will each be keyed and marked, so as to fit exactly when sent to New York. The same hunter woodsman will come to New York and put up the cabin.

A wide veranda or porch will be a pleasing feature of the exhibit. Upon this veranda the old hunter and fisherman will sit and entertain his legion of friends whom he has piloted on many a tough and eventful journey in the primitive forest. Just how many "swaps of truth" will be indulged in, remains to be heard. The stone chimney and fire-place, with the gas log fire, will suggest some of the comforts of home, and a savory meal made up a la camp style.

The cabin will contain a full exhibit of mounted game and fish. From this cabin 25,000 souvenir papers will be distributed, which will describe the resources of the great sate as a paradise for the hunter and fisherman. This exhibit will require a car load of material and the great expense incident upon the transportation of the natural logs to build the cabin, over 1,000 miles, will represent the faith the enterprising railroad company has in the sportsmen's exposition.

FREDERIC S. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

HAINES FALLS, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.—The habit, in which many amateurs indulge, of making snap-shots with the camera, at everything, and under all conditions, brings to light some curiosities, as well as being good for the dry plate makers.

The enclosed photo of a cow is from a plate brought in by an amateur last summer to be developed and printed. It tells its own story. I had a copy of it in my "foto factory," and many visitors would ask, "What is the matter with the cow?" I heard my printer telling an amateur, "That cow was run over by a train and had both fore legs cut off, and as she seemed to have a strong hold on life, she was furnished with two wooden legs, on which she gets around all right. You can find her over in that field yonder with the rest of the cows, if you wish to photograph her."

JOHN W. RUSK.

A GLIMPSE OF THE METHOW COUNTRY.

THE METHOW COUNTRY.

GUY WARING.

THE accompanying photograph shows, as well as one view can, the type of the Methow valley, where I spent two years recently. This valley, lying about half way between the Okanogan river and lake Chelan, reaches from the Columbia river almost to British Columbia. The point of view is 40 miles from the mouth of the river, near the confluence of the North Fork, or Chewuch, with the main stream of the Methow. Neither of these streams shows in the picture, although "The Forks" are only two miles away, behind the hill on the left. The lake, named after the settler whose ranch is on the delta extending into it, is called Pearrygin's, although known to the Indians as Che-wil-o-kap. It is a most picturesque little body of water, abounding in trout, about 18 inches long and of very delicate flavor. Pearrygin is, in many respects, a fortunate man, as he has the advantage of ample irrigation from a little creek that comes out of a ravine at the head of his delta. He lives in great comfort, having fruit trees, garden and hay land near his cabin, and wood and water in plenty. All about is the nutritious bunch grass for his cows and ponies to graze on in summer.

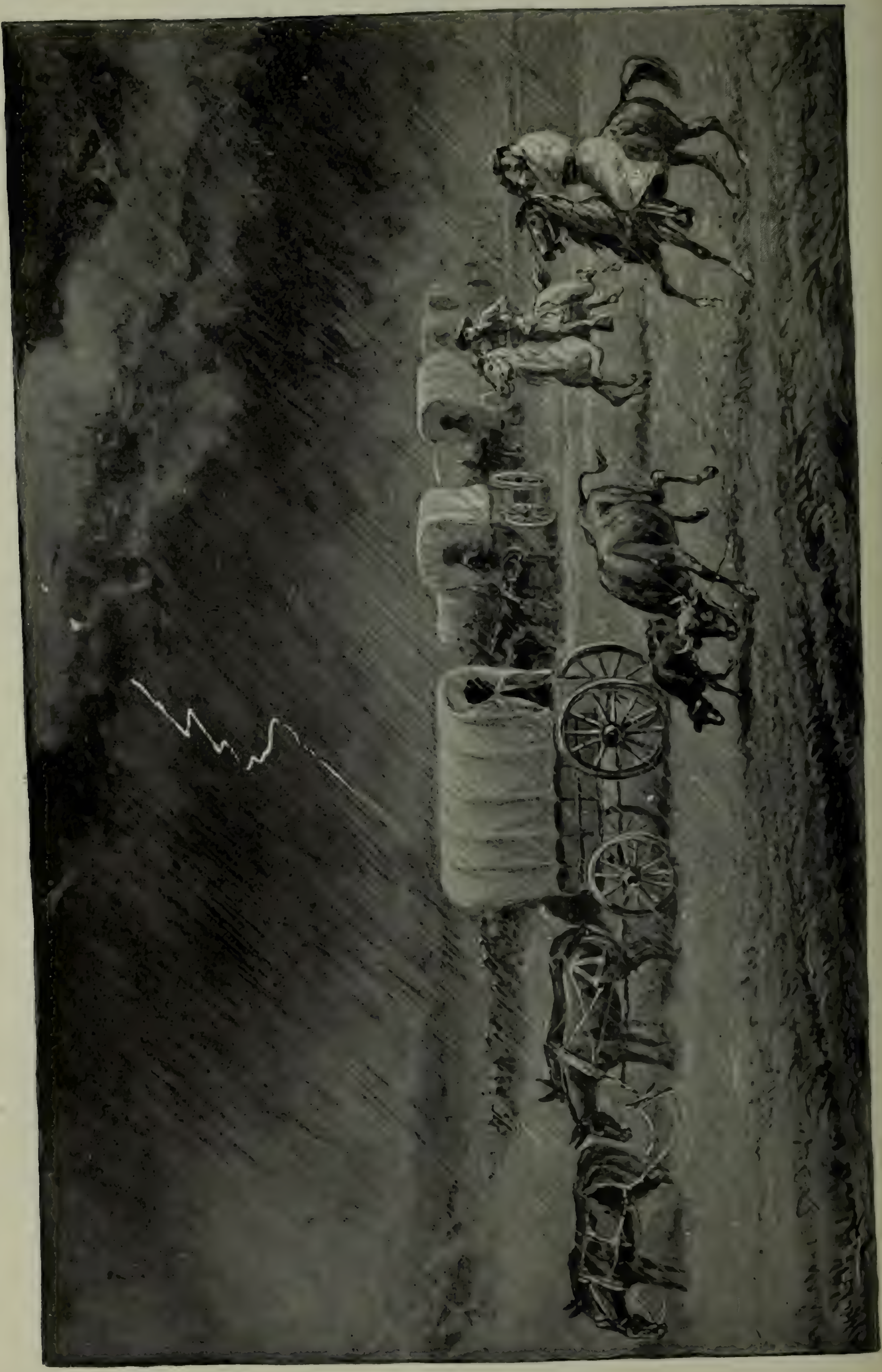
What will most interest your readers, however, are the supplies of game that he lays in every fall—deer and grouse—which hang about the eaves of his buildings, frozen up all winter, and best of all, smoked trout from the lake. I have shot four species of grouse near here, known by the following names, which I think are approximately correct: Spruce grouse, ruffed grouse, sharp-tail grouse, and best of all, as well as largest, the blue grouse, which seems to keep fat all the year, although in winter they are the most delicious.

This valley, although settled in 1886 by a mere handful of men, has now a population of about 500 souls, living up and down the river for 50 miles; and this fact, combined with the advent of the irrepressible gold hunter, has made large game more difficult to find. Two years ago one could go out from the river, where most of the ranches are, and count upon returning with a good-sized buck the same day. Now, however, it is necessary to take a day's journey back into the lofty mountains to be sure of success. For the true lover of nature this is fortunate, as, if not impelled to the higher land in search of game, he might not only miss the sublimest and most awful scenery, but would fail to breathe that most life-giving air of the rocky and wooded heights.

I have spoken only of deer, grouse and trout, as these were our staple articles of food. There remain, however, for the sportsman still greater attractions in the presence, on the steep sides of snowy Mt. Gardner, shown in this picture, large bands of the white goat. These animals are really plentiful all through this country to the summit of the Cascade Range, scarcely 25 miles from the Forks. Of course they are to be found only in the most inaccessible places. Black and brown bears and silver tips are common, but, as ever, hard to get a sight of.

The greatest of all attractions, to me, was the hope, which I never had time to realize, of making a trip up the valley to the dividing range between us and British Columbia, and into an extensive open plateau that several trappers report having seen, but which, from one cause or another, they have not ventured upon. It is undoubtedly a virgin country, and must be the greatest land for mountain sheep that there is left, as I feel sure it is to this point they have retreated from Mt. Chopaca, on the Similkameen river, as well as from the Ashanola country in British Columbia.

It would be a rough and daring trip, and would take time and perseverance to get the pack ponies in there. The reward, however, would be commensurate in the innocent adventure of the way, the beauty of the scenery and the abundance of game. Who will try it? Some of your friends, I hope. If it is done, let one man be armed with a 300-shot camera, if there is such a thing, and let his companion be a chronicler, for they will go into a land that, so far as I know, even no living Indian has ever penetrated. I write enthusiastically about this valley; but not all on account of its opportunities for sport. My tastes are more for a life of independence, away from the rush of the busy world, and in one of the secluded valleys of this region I hope, some day, to have my lodge.



"THE STORM OPENED ON US WITH GREAT FURY."

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

GEN. JOHN GIBBON, U. S. A.

Continued from page 305.

The next sheet in the journal is headed

"A STORM."

"Camp on the Big Blue, 13th June.

"After dispatching my journal from Seneca we waited long enough to get a good supply of ice and fasten it on the ambulance, when F. and I changed places with Lieutenant D. and Miss H. (sister to Captain H., 10th infantry, who was going out to visit another brother at Fort Kearney). They took their places in our ambulance and we rode their horses. It was very hot and we did not ride long, but after delighting the babies with a short ride, took our places again and continued a very hot and tiresome march of 12 miles to a pretty camp on Clear creek, the first running water we had seen, all the rest being stagnant pools with more or less (generally more) vegetable matter intermixed. I fished for some time in a deep pool, but met with no success.

"The troops are supplied with fresh beef by driving cattle along with the train, several milk cows, with calves, being included, so as to furnish milk, which is a great luxury. Our private cows are driven along with this herd so that we have little trouble with them. We killed the day before yesterday, and enjoyed a very good piece of roast beef, the first since leaving Leavenworth.

"During the night it threatened a storm, but we escaped without rain and had little wind, although this morning it had turned quite cool and very heavy clouds were banking up in all directions, which grew darker and heavier as we proceeded on our march. Vivid shafts of lightnimg seemed to divide the clouds almost every instant, but so distant that we heard nothing more than muttering thunder. At last, after we had been several hours on the road, the storm opened on us with great violence. The wind blew a gale, the rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed and thunder roared around us in every direction in such a way as to make the bravest feel anything but comfortable. The others were very uncomfortable. Although the storm struck us on the side, the mules refused to travel, and, turning their backs on the storm, stood perfectly still, shivering with fear and with the cold which was quite severe, the wind being from the north. At first, when the thunder began to rattle around us and the wind to rise, F. showed a good deal of fear, but she soon got used to it and went to work swabbing up the rain which, in spite of a good cover, beat into the ambulance.

"As I sat in front driving, the possibility of keeping dry was out of the question; but thanks to a good soldier overcoat, a good pair of boots, a pair of leggins, and my hunting coat thrown over my knees, I managed to keep fairly comfortable. After a while we got under way again, but had not proceeded far, when the wind suddenly shifted and the storm beat on us with renewed violence from the opposite direction. We, or rather our mules again turned our backs to the wind and anxiously waited to see what all this thunder, lightning, wind and rain was to result in. One flash of lightning was so close that we all thought it was becoming decidedly personal and one of the mules in the train is supposed to have been knocked down by it. One team stampeded, breaking their harness all to pieces, but fortunately without doing further injury. All things must have at least one end, and storms are no exception to the rule. After awhile the thunder ceased, the wind went down, the clouds drifted away, and we resumed our march through black mud and sloppy roads. The sun made several attempts to break through its thick covering, but it was not until we had nearly reached our camping ground that it succeeded, and as we drove up to our various positions, he was shining out as brightly as if he had never been obscured.

Everything was soon out and spread on the grass to dry, and the day closed as one of the brightest we had had, so that but few felt any disposition to refer to our late ducking except by laughing over the different incidents. To reach our camping ground we had to ford the Big Blue, a fine bold running stream which it did our hearts good to look upon. We had to go down a precipitous bank where great care was necessary to avoid accidents. Half a dozen held on to a rope behind each carriage; but we all got down safe, and poor "Mack" was obliged to wade across. Although it was not over his head he did not seem to fancy the idea at first.

"The first few days of a march are generally all confusion, and it seems as if things would never get straight, but as the men become skilled in pitching tents and all hands get the hang of matters, everything goes on like clock-work.

"As we have now been out long enough to have gotten fully under way, I may as well describe the method of pitching camp, for the edification of our friends at home. The ambulances being lighter than the wagons, and travelling faster, the families reach camp in front of the baggage. As we are not yet in the Indian country, each officer, with his family, as he drives on to the ground, previously selected by the quartermaster, selects his own camping place and halts his ambulance on it. The mules are at once unhitched and either turned loose or picketed in the grass. The ladies and children remain in their seats until the tents are pitched, or if the weather is fine and they feel so inclined, they descend and walk about. As the wagons come in they are directed to the different positions convenient to the camping places.

"When they halt the drivers unhitch the mules and turn them loose, with long ropes attached to their necks, by which they are afterwards caught. They are then all taken charge of by two or three mounted men and driven to water and grass, where they feed till near night. Then they are driven up, caught and fastened to the wagons, or to picket pins for the night. As soon as the men reach camp they are assigned their positions, and the mounted men, after unsaddling their horses and picketing them, are detailed in parties of four or five to pitch the officers' tents, unload the wagons, fetch wood and water, carry in the bedding, etc. In this way an hour after the arrival in camp the ladies and children have comfortable places to retreat to, to wash, dress and rest themselves. As we usually take a lunch about 9 or 10 o'clock, there is no hurry about dinner, which we usually take about five. After the tents are pitched and everything in order, I take my gun and dog, and jumping on a pony sally out to see the country and shoot for our table. As yet I have met with but indifferent success, as game is scarce and out of season, but hope to do better when we get farther on our route. We are now in fine working order, and form our houses for a night and strike them down in the morning, as we would say good night and good morning in an ordinary dwelling—all as a matter of course. We arrive at each new home with pleasure and leave it without regret. F. makes a first-rate soldier, and says she likes it very well as long as it does not rain. I think she is really beginning to enjoy it, as she has a most astonishing appetite and is in excellent health, and as for the children, they get along just as well and as happily as if in a settled home.

"Our party consists of about 150 recruits, one-half mounted. Col. Alexander is in command as far as Fort Laramie, after which Col. Cooke will have charge. The other officers are Captains Clarke, 4th Artillery; Bee, Gardner and Tidball, 10th Infantry; Buford, 2d Dragoons; Gibbon, 4th Artillery; Lieutenants Tyler and Robertson, 2d Dragoons; Villipique and Jackson, G 2d Dragoons; Dudley and Murray, 10th Infantry; Beach and Miller, 4th Artillery, and Dr. J. H. Hull, an employed citizen physician. Our ladies are Mrs. A. and Miss H., her governess; Mrs. B., Mrs. G., Mrs. R. and Miss H., Mrs. G. and Mrs. M.; altogether as pleasant a party as could be brought together. All the married ladies have children, from one to four each.

"14th. We had reveille later than usual this morning, and did not leave camp until 7, as we only had 9 or 10 miles to go, on account of not being able to get water farther on. F. and I adopted a new plan in the ambulance to-day. She takes lessons in driving, sitting on the front seat with me while I read 'Maud Vaughan' aloud. If anything more romantic than this can be devised I should like to hear of it. As the road is excellent, I have to take the reins but seldom, and by the time we reach Camp Floyd I have no doubt she will be quite an adroit whip of a four-in-hand team. Every now and then I have to touch up one of the leaders with the whip, but as I generally shout out a name at the same time they are beginning to learn their different cognomens, and 'Gus' or 'Cam' sung out in a loud voice is usually sufficient.

"By the way, 'Gus' has fallen a victim to her love of finery, for on leaving Leavenworth she put on a new collar which has rubbed her neck so badly that applications of cold water and ham fat became necessary. I hope she will soon be presentable again, even as Fannie (my little four-year old daughter) says, 'In a short naked dress.' Fannie has now all the names by heart, and sings out to them as she kneels on the seat behind me.

"Turkey, or Rock Creek, 15th.

"We made a good march of about 17 miles, and camped on a beautiful stream, with plenty of wood and good grass. We got fine, clear, cool drinking water from a spring a short distance from camp. For the last two days we have been travelling on a short cut, which was not quite so smooth as the old road, which we were glad enough to strike again to-day, about 10 miles from camp. It is said we will reach Fort '*Carney*' to-morrow week.

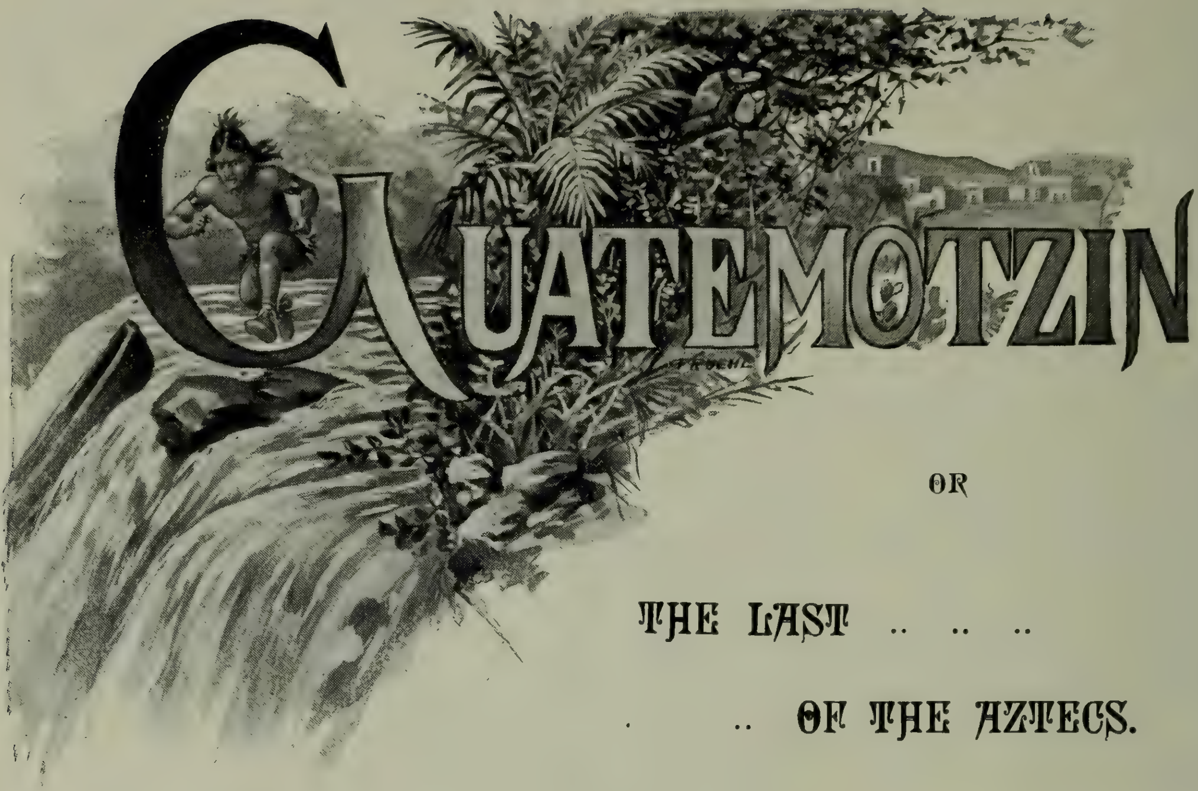
"Camp on the Big Sandy, Sunday, 17th.

"We lie over here to rest to-day, in a beautiful camp, right in the forks of the Big Sandy and Little Blue, the latter the largest stream in this part of the country, now swollen by the rains, and rushing down like a mill race. We forded the Sandy and came across to a position directly on the banks of the Blue, where we are convenient to both wood and water.

"We got ice, on our arrival yesterday, and, as we crossed the Sandy, bought good rusks from a woman, living and cooking in a tent, near the stream, at 50 cents a dozen; 30 cents got us a dozen eggs, and this morning, while writing, Lieutenant D. sent us over a fine soft shell turtle, all nicely cleaned, with about a dozen eggs lying in the shell. Two turtles were caught by the officers last night in the Sandy. They say we shall be on wild turkey ground to-morrow, and I think even an Englishman could 'worry along' on soft shell turtle and roast turkey. Of course, nothing will be thought of to-day but stewed turtle, with the accompaniments. The officers report plenty of turtle in the Sandy, and a large party is made up to fish for them to-day. I am writing up this to take it over to the mail station close by, carrying my gun along, in case I should see anything to shoot.

"We enjoyed a good night's rest, and slept till late this morning, breakfasting at 9 o'clock, quite a fashionable hour for the prairies. We are now about 105 miles from Kearney, from which point my next letter will probably be sent. We may remain there several days to get supplies."

A traveller now, over the road described in the journal, would, I suspect, scarcely recognize the description. Except as I passed over it the next year, on the way in from Utah, I have not seen it since; but the centre of population, by the last census, is out there somewhere, and the map shows that a railroad is running up the valley of the Little Blue to Hastings, and another up the Big Blue to Crete. If my young readers will get a map of the state of Kansas, place a finger on Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, at the eastern edge of the state, as a starting point, then pass the finger up in a north-westwardly direction till the junction of the Big and Little Blue is reached, and then up the valley of the latter to Fort Kearney, on the Platte, in Nebraska, an idea can be formed of the route we followed, as described in the journal. It will be perceived, too, how all the country lying to the west and south of that is cut up into square counties, dotted over with numerous towns, and crossed in various directions by many railroads. Some conception may be had of the wonderful development which has taken place in a region which we, 35 years ago, passed over almost in its natural state. The next leaves of the journal will conduct us still farther up the valley of the Little Blue, into and up the valley of the Platte to Fort Kearney.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

Chapter II.

THE FATE THAT RULES FOR GOOD OR EVIL THE LIVES OF ALL MEN.

With a sigh I turned to retrace my steps home, all inclination for shooting having vanished, when my eyes fell on the unlucky hat lying on the sward. With a cry of delight I seized it and bounded in the direction the maiden had taken. She was still limping painfully along. I called, but she refused to turn at the sound of my voice.

"Here is your hat, Miss," I said, holding it toward her. "You have forgotten it again."

She took the hat and looked at me coldly. I walked by her side some moments in silence, admiring her face and figure, when she paused and inquired :

"Are you going in this direction ?"

"I am," I replied.

"Very well," she said, freezingly. "I am tired, and will sit on this stone and rest, while you continue your journey."

"I was only going this way because it was your direction. You are lame ; will you not allow me to assist you home ?"

"I can go home alone."

"I live only a little way over yonder hill, and can have a carriage here in 15 minutes, if you will permit me."

"I am able to walk ; besides, I have not far to go before I shall obtain assistance."

"Look here, Miss," I said, pleasantly, "I am sorry for what I said, but you goaded me to it."

"You are like all men ; you blame women for your own misdeeds."

I was deeply offended and, without another word or look, turned and retraced my steps. I threw myself on the bank of the creek and wondered who the young girl was. I surmised she must belong in the city, which was some two miles away. Then I realized how impossible it would be for her to walk that distance with her lame foot. Springing to my feet, I hurried up the road with the intention of procuring a carriage, and again offering to take her home. I had not proceeded far when I met Steve driving down the road in the only carriage we owned.

I disliked to hail him, after the altercation of that morning, but I wished to be of service to the obstinate little stranger, even at the expense of my pride, so as he drew up, I said :

"I was just hurrying home to get the carriage ; can you let me have it ?"

"Impossible! I am going to town on important business."

"Can I attend to it for you?"

"You could attend to it," he answered with a sneer; "but I am afraid not in the way we would desire."

"Then I will go with you."

"No; I expect to bring back company."

"Who is it?"

"Oh, never mind, just now; you will know later."

"Well, perhaps you can do what I desire better than I. I kicked a young girl's hat over the bank of the creek, and in attempting to recover it, she slipped and sprained her ankle. She refused my assistance, and I left her sitting on a stone a short distance on the other side of the bridge. Will you take her home?"

"It is a nuisance! but I will see her as far as Main street to oblige you. I will not have time to go farther."

"That will do, but above all, do not inform her I sent you to her assistance until you arrive in town."

"Very well," he answered, a little impatiently.

"Oh! by the way, Steve," I said, as he gathered the reins and was about to drive on. "I have thought of our talk this morning, and have concluded I am not fitted to be a farmer; I am going to York to study medicine!"

"Indeed!" And the same disagreeable sneer lighted his otherwise fine face. "Living in York is somewhat expensive; but I suppose you have means unknown to us."

"I have not a cent outside of the farm," I answered hotly. "The farm has been making money and I have a right to a portion of the income, even if father did not owe me an education."

Choking with passion, unable to speak, he bestowed on me a dark frown, and gave the horse a vicious cut of the whip. The next instant he was moving rapidly down the road.

I now felt that the breach between us had perceptibly widened. He seemed to take delight in thwarting me, and many times had thrown out dark hints concerning the future of the farm.

I stopped short in the road. "Perhaps," I thought, "he may thwart me in refusing to give assistance to the maiden." My blood boiled with indignation at the thought. I clenched my hands, and vowed he should answer to me if he did not keep his word.

I am impulsive. The hot Saxon blood inherited from my mother often impels me to action regardless of circumstances. In a moment I was speeding down the road, and did not stop until I saw the carriage standing beside the rock upon which the maiden still sat. Steve was just alighting, and presently I saw him assisting her into the buggy.

He had not played me false, then, for which I mentally thanked him. I envied him the pleasure he would have in the long ride, and bitterly I regretted the boorish country manners that had caused me to offend her.

The longing to look once more on her animated face overcame me. This could be accomplished by a short cut across the fields, and by hiding behind a fence or a rock. I was speeding across lots ere the thought was fairly formed, and took up a station on a knoll that commanded the road up to Bromley's turn-pike.

Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, when I saw them driving slowly down the road. I was about to descend and secrete myself, when, to my amazement they turned into Bromley's road. It was a good three miles farther by that route, and for Steve, who was in such a hurry, I knew not what it meant. I determined to head them off by the other road. As I had plenty of time I walked leisurely, brooding on the future. Now, for the first time, I regretted the idle life I had lived, and determined in the new profession I had chosen, to make a name and fortune for—. I stopped short and gazed wildly around, lest some one should discover my secret.

Yes, like an inspiration from Heaven came the divine feeling that transforms, for good or evil, the natures of all men. This delicate creature, this dainty stranger, coming into my life like a fairy out of the woods, bringing with her the beauty and perfume of, to me, an unknown world, had in a morning changed me from a wild impetuous boy to a mature, thoughtful man. I loved the graceful fairy and determined to make every effort to win her.

Some of my new-born happiness must have been reflected in my face, for I was startled by hearing a voice exclaim:

"The healthful spirit and happiness of youth, with congenial thoughts are pleasant companions, my son."

Looking up, I saw a man dressed in black, with snow white locks falling to his shoulders. He was reclining in the shade of a tree by the road side. A wide brim hat, such as the Quakers wear, lay by his side. His face wore that mild, benevolent expression that is irresistibly attractive; while his voice had a flute-like intonation that gave to the man an additional charm. There was something so sweet and inviting in his beaming countenance, that I unhesitatingly sat down by him. He looked me over from head to foot, and said, in his pleasant voice, "Thy countenance, my friend, is to me like the open book of nature. I read here its varied mood. Thy soul is torn by conflicting emotions."

There was gentle soothing in his manner that drew me out in spite of myself, and I told him of my suspicions, of my growing dislike of my brother; of my new born love. Of the former we talked at length. He gave me good counsel, admonishing me, to honor my father in all things; that however much he might wrong me, he was the only living parent God had left me, and any rebellion against his authority would be a source of regret in after life. He condemned my sloth, while he commended my brother's industry, and intimated that he could not decide then who was to blame for the estrangement that had come between us. It was plain that he did not hold me blameless for, as he observed, my impetuosity had grievously offended my friend of an hour. I was so contrite, so despairing, that he finally said:

"I have been mediator in many lovers' quarrels and have brought harmony out of hopeless discord. Tell me the maiden's name and I warrant I will heal the breach between you."

I started in alarm, and exclaimed eagerly.

"Oh, sir! I have told you the state of my heart in confidence. You must promise me not to breathe a word to the young lady without my permission."

A sweet smile lighted his features.

"My lad," he said, "the Lord never granted me the boon of a son, yet such shalt thou be to me. Come to me when thou needst the counsel of a friend, and such as I have, I will give thee."

"Then you promise?"

"I do. What is the mysterious lady's name?"

"I do not know!"

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, laughingly, "that you two were talking a whole hour without exchanging names."

"I was so grief-stricken and anxious on account of her accident that I never thought of it; besides, she exercised such an influence over me I was tongue-tied."

"Thy tongue has been wagging freely enough for the past hour," he said.

"Bless me!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet, "Is it indeed so long; I had intended to head them off."

"I myself had forgotten how time was flying," he remarked, rising to his feet and gazing anxiously down the road. "I wonder what is keeping her?" he muttered.

"Were you expecting some one?"

"My daughter. She is in the habit of taking early morning walks, and I usually meet her on her return, when we walk homeward together. I suspect she has taken another direction this morning."

"I will walk into town with you if you do not object," I said.

"Thy company has already proven very pleasant, and will shorten the long path into town."

I now noticed that my companion was quite feeble and was obliged to rest several times, for he had ventured beyond his usual distance in anticipation of enjoying the long walk home with his daughter. I ascertained during our walk that he was the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of the Society of Friends. He and his daughter had lately come from Philadelphia and had located in Wilkesbarre. At his earnest solicitation I promised to call at the meeting-house and at his dwelling.

As we neared the city, a carriage passed us, and I saw that it contained Steve and Mr. Farrington, a lawyer of the town, who was noted for having never lost a case. We received a nod of recognition from the lawyer and a cold stare from Steve.

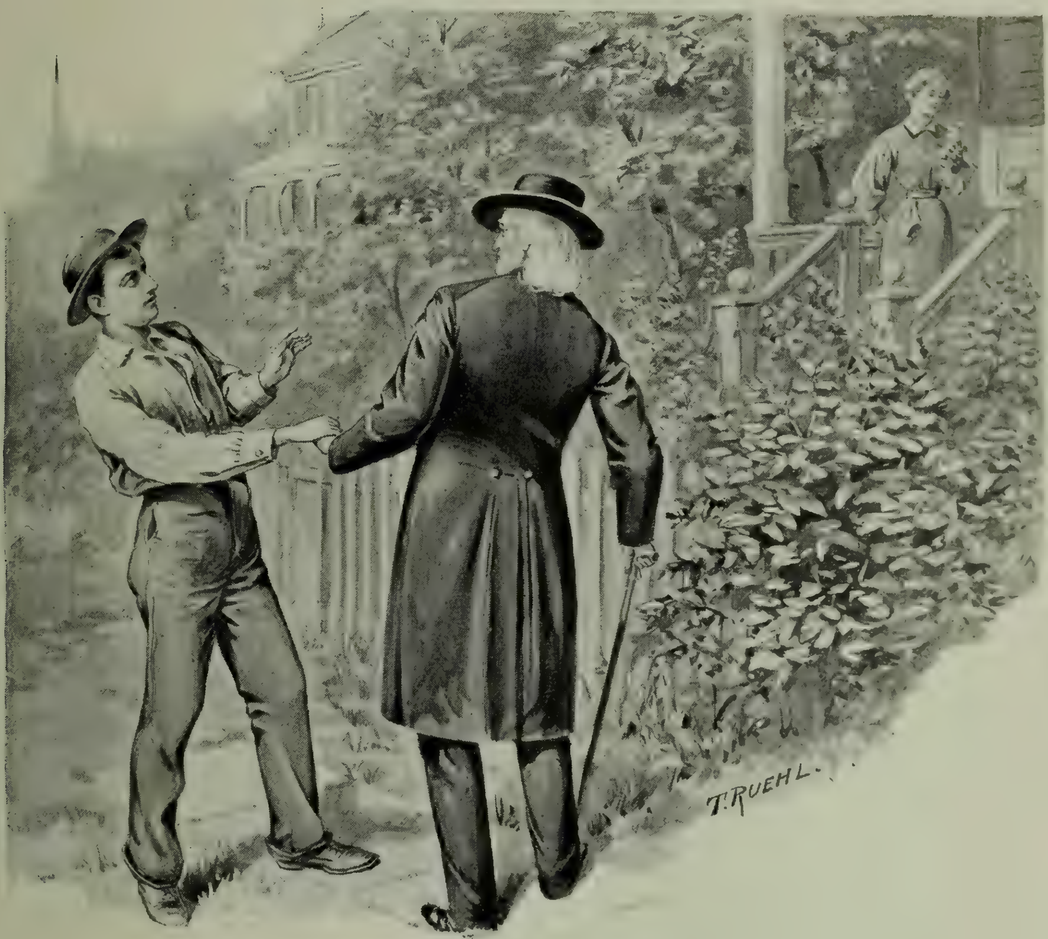
We continued our journey, and leaving the hot lane behind us, came to the brow of a hill, beneath which clustered the town of Wilkesbarre, while far on either side rose the hills of Wyoming.

We descended and entered the city, when, rounding a corner, we came to the meeting-house of the Quakers. The old man paused, and pointing with his cane to a little white house that nestled in the shadow of the church, announced that it was his home. I looked, and to my amazement saw, standing on the veranda, my divinity of the morning.

"Oh, sir!" I exclaimed, wringing the hand of the old gentleman; "yonder stands my beautiful stranger. Remember our compact."

"What! my daughter Jessie?" he cried in astonishment, as I fled down the road.

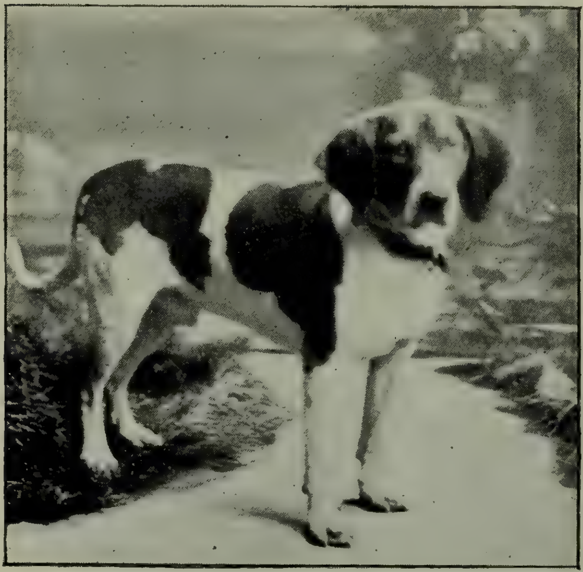
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GALLERY OF GOOD DOGS.

III.

This is the portrait of Driver, one of the most noted coon dogs in the country, having a record of 160 coons killed. He is now owned by Mr. Philip Stiles, of Somerset, N. H. A former owner writes, "I sold this dog to keep from hunting coons, as it is too hard work for me at my age, yet I could not quit while old Driver's music was ringing in my ears.



"Driver is undoubtedly the best all-round coon dog of some 33 that I have owned. He is a pure bred native fox-hound, and was started young at hunting foxes, but being in a coon country, and owned by a man who had a good coon dog, he was allowed to join in that sport, which he took to at once. He soon showed himself a natural tree dog; and as he was too fast on a fox track to give his master good chances to shoot foxes, he was not called a good fox dog, and I bought him. During the first season of his coon hunting, he would follow a started fox for an hour or so, but only when he accidentally started one. After this first season he gave up foxes entirely, and would not follow one even when he crossed a fresh trail.

"His sagacity in getting coons out of large ponds was something remarkable. Although a track barker, yet, when his coon ran into a pond, as the crafty varmints often do, he would stop all his barking and stealthily patrol the shore; and while I have often known him to go around the ponds, I never knew a coon to cross the pond, though they frequently do so if dogs keep barking. With Driver the coon always came out on the same side of the pond where he went in, and within an hour.

"The first sound to break the stillness of the night and rouse the drowsy hunters, after the coon left the water, would be a wild yell from Driver, followed by a steady stream of music, such as only a good fox-hound can make when close to his game. Every ear was then strained to catch the first notes of the tree bark, for we all knew that no coon could run far when Driver once took him out of a pond. Now comes the shout, 'He's treed! he's barking up!'

"All is excitement and reaction for the tired coon hunters, who now feel rewarded for their tramp. Every one is wild with excitement. One says, 'I see him!' But the old heads, just as excited perhaps as the young men, begin to clear up the underbrush beneath the big pine tree, where the dog is baying a continuous strain. Every few minutes he rises on his hind legs and smells up the tree as high as he can reach, and says, in dog talk, 'I've got him.'

"Now, the man who climbs for the coon looks where the dog smelled on the tree, and says: 'Sure enough. See here, boys, where he has gone up, with the water dripping from him.'

"After a crotched stick, like a pitch fork, has been cut, and all is ready, the man slowly climbs the tree, with irons on his feet, such as the telegraph linemen use. The man who saw the bunch that looks like a coon is chagrined to hear the climber say it is an old squirrel's nest. Some of the new recruits in the party venture to express a doubt as to there being a coon up there at all. Not so the dog, who *knows* he is there, for he has put him there, and has trailed all round the tree to make sure that he has not jumped off.

"Slowly the climber works up toward the top, looking carefully, trying each limb as he goes; and after a time, that seems an age to those on the ground, the climber shouts: 'I see him; look out he is going to jump.'

"Then the old hunters get to the side of the tree next the water, and down the hill a bit, when Crack! crack! crack! goes the revolver, in top of tree, and Crash! comes the coon down through the limbs, and bumps on the ground like a pumpkin; but no sooner does he strike than Driver nails him, and amid the snarls of the coon, they roll over and over down the side hill towards the water. The man with the crotched stick frantically cries for a lantern, while the coon gets in some sharp cuts on the hound's ears, and in return the dog is chewing away at him, with but little effect, as he has failed to get the coon by the throat, which is not always an easy matter in the case of an old coon.

"Finally, after perhaps 20 plunges of the crotched stick, one is successful, and the coon is pinned to the ground and held hard, while another hunter grabs the dog, who is now trying to pull Mr. Coon away from his fastening. Then some one finishes the coon with a blow of a club. All are now ready to carry him, and speculate as to his weight, which is found to be over 20 pounds. He is an old male, in fine fur.

"There is something particularly fascinating about coon hunting on a beautiful night. Few know the beauties of the forest, with its weird shadows by night, especially with a good moon, though the luck is not likely to be as good then as on a dull, cloudy night. Coon hunting is becoming more popular than formerly, but it will probably never be as common as hunting foxes and rabbits, for it is more difficult work, and requires dogs that either cost, or would sell for, high prices."

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

How He Did It.—Hon. L. A. Huffman, of Miles City, Montana, in a personal letter to the editor, says: I had an experience with one of those pneumatic hunting boats the other day that would have made you smile if you had been fortunate enough to see the show, and in the bargain got an invitation to sample at our family Thanksgiving board, and the geese I murdered with my old reliable Colt which you sent me so long ago, when we had more hair and life before us than we have now. It was this way. You know the long bar below the "old town" crossing of the Yellowstone—slack water and high cut banks for a mile; most unapproachable place. Many's the time, when going and coming from the Meadows, I have seen honkers and big fat laughing geese roosting out there in perfect security. You know how cunning those big white beggars, with the black markings, are; well, last Friday eight of them and about twice as many honkers were holding down the lower end of that bar.

I blew up the pneumatic, under the fringe of cottonwoods half mile above; trimmed it with rye grass quicker than I can tell you, slipped down to within 500 yards with the current, then dropped the 20 pound stone I had tied to a piece of fish line. It found bottom, and then the fun commenced. I had to stop perfectly still, every time one of the old captains made that queer remark, you have so often heard. Then when they had talked it over and settled down to business, oiling their feathers and scratching places that itched round under wings, I would work a little nearer.

It took an hour at least, and I would hardly have got in range at all, had not a little squall from down river come tearing along just in time, the noise and roughened water gave me my opportunity. I dropped the string, cocked both barrels and let her drift—sixty, fifty, forty yards, and old Captain Whitey screamed: "Great gosh, children, the thing's alive, come, let's go!" But just then a charge of BB.'s from my right knocked out his eye and broke his wing. Then a plump young honker, that hadn't been saying anything, rose straight toward me and fell to my left, so close, he splashed the spray in my face, and I crossed the slack water to the main land, 20 pounds richer in wild goose meat. I squeezed out the wind from the pneumatic and trudged my three miles home with a light heart, and goose enough for "ours" and one to spare for a feller that thinks I'm a blanked ——— for guns, decoys and prowling in the meadows, when it rains and blows great guns. But he enjoyed the bird just the same.

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Dubois, Wyoming.

Editor Recreation.

Elk, deer and mountain sheep are plentiful here at present. This is a direct result of our showing some of the Indians who were here last fall, who were supplied with hunting passes from their Agent, and who had been to the west of the Continental divide, slaughtering elk, the route to their reservation.

The Shoshone range, to the south-east of the Yellowstone National Park, and the Wind river and Gros Ventre ranges, to the south of the Park, are the best hunting and fishing grounds in the west, and since the buffaloes have disappeared, has become a famous hunting and fishing resort for the Shoshone Indians, of the Wind River Reservation, and for the Bannocks, of the Fort Hall, Ross Fork and Lemhi agencies. Had it not been for the Park, the elk might have been nearly exterminated long since.

In September last I met, near Rollins's camp, on Snake river, a party of Indians from the Lemhi Agency, and in talking with them, one buck said that when the elk heard the report of a gun, they would start for the "white man's country," meaning the Park, "and that," said he, "is the last we see of them. They never run toward the south." This remark I know to be literally true.

The elk trails, crossing the Buffalo Fork of Snake river, while the earth is still soft in the spring, all the tracks leading in the direction of the Park, show that the elk have already learned that there is one place where they are safe.

The Shoshone range is an excellent sheep country, but so rough that Indians do not hunt there, to any extent, as the lazy devils dislike to hunt on foot, and will not do so unless necessity drives them to it.

There are also a number of elk in this range, and if they can be protected from Indians, they will soon be plentiful. Nelson Yarnall.

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Editor Recreation. Kearney, Neb.

I can substantiate the accounts in your April number, from the residents of Jackson's Hole, being personally acquainted with most of them. In the fall of '92, I spent six weeks there, and saw two bands of Indians, besides six abandoned camps, where the hair from deer, antelope and elk hides lay in piles a foot deep. Carcasses lay strewn in all directions from the camp, making food for the beasts of prey. There is no waste of game by the residents, who strenuously object to it, and only kill enough for meat. The game ought to be protected for the pioneers who develop the country. Keep on with your good work and see if the red vagabonds cannot be suppressed. B. F. J.

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William Fahie, agent of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Service, at Rawdon, Canada, estimates the number of moose in his county at 60; John Bower, agent at Shelbourne, says that over 70 moose were killed in his district during the open season of '93 and '94, but that there are still plenty of them left; Edward Jenner, of Sherbrooke, puts the number of moose in Gaysboro county at 600. He states that 35 were killed in his county last season. C. R. Kelly, of Yarmouth, writes that 63 moose were killed in that county, and A. O. Pritchard, of New Glasgow, reports the killing of over 60 in his county within the year, one party of Indians having killed 14.

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A bill has been introduced in the Idaho legislature appropriating $2,000 for importing Mongolian pheasants. F. R. Fouch.

THE LATEST QUESTION.

"Shall woman ride the bicycle?" 's the problem of the hour,
For women must have problems—'tis a part of woman's dower.
"Shall woman smoke?" has gone quite out; "Shall woman vote?" also.
But "Shall she bike?" 's the point 'bout which just now she wants to know.

"She shall," 's the answer I would give, because I would not like
To see the woman I admire perched high upon a "bike;"
From what I know of woman's will, of what she does and don't,
I'm sure if man says she "shall," she'll tell him that she won't!

And, further, I would like to see the point vetoed or signed.
For I would really like to know what next will vex her mind.
Will it be "Shall she drive a cab?" or, "Shall she drive a 'bus?"
What other of our follies will she want to share with us?

Get all the problems settled. Let us know just where we stand,
So that we all may reach at last the happy, promised land.
But, mark my words, howe'er 'tis solved, on cabs or votes or "bikes,"
I think that woman 's sure to do exactly as she likes —*Tid Bits.*

Central Lake, Mich.

Editor RECREATION.

The superstition that the bicycle is purely a summer vehicle, is fast passing away. Many Northern Michigan wheelmen have ridden almost daily during the past winter, and have found that a good road for sleighing makes a much better cycle track than the average country race course. I have not, as yet, heard of any attempt at crusting deer on bicycles; but had the surface of our heavy snowfall, last winter hardened up a little more, there would have been a chance for some bold violator of the game laws to try his hand at that reprehensible kind of amusement.

GEO. L. THURSTON.

The local Entertainment Committee at Asbury Park have devised a novel entertainment for their guests at the big L. A. W. meet, to be held there in July. A vessel will be anchored off shore, and upon the display of signals of distress, the life savers will answer, and, appearing on the scene, will shoot life lines to the ship and rescue those on board by means of the breeches buoy. Provision will be made that if a few of the visiting wheelmen wish to go aboard and be rescued in this manner they may do so.

The Kings County Wheelmen have elected the following officers: President, I. S. Bowdish; vice-president, S. J. Graham; treasurer, C. W. McLaren; secretary, W. E. Benn; captain, George A. Needham; first lieutenant, W. H. Graham; second lieutenant, W. McKinley, Jr.; board of governors, D. McLaren, W. E. Tway, C. A. Martin, Charles Schwalback.

President Hildrick, of the Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs, has appointed the following as members of the Race Committee: W. C. M. Hotze, Prospect Wheelmen, chairman; A. H. Chamberlain, Union County Roadsters; R. G. Betts, Manhattan Bicycle Club; W. E. Scudder, Jersey City Club Wheelmen; George Parkkill, Harlem Wheelmen, and J. Valentine, Lenox Wheelmen.

The newly elected officers of the Manhattan Bicycle club of this city, are as follows: President, W. T. Stewart; vice-president, C. H. Cohen; treasurer, Joseph Oatman; secretary, R. L. McFarland; captain, Charles P. Stanboch; first lieutenant, R. G. Betts; second lieutenant, C. J. Dimeck; trustee, V. F. Relin.

The New York Tourist Wheelmen have elected the following officers: President, Dr. T. A. Myrick; vice-president, Dr. W. K. Doty; secretary, J. Eckstein; treasurer, A. Prybil; captain, A. De Yulo; first lieutenant, W. H. Kinton; second lieutenant, A. H. Shiemway.

The Georgetown Cyclers, of Washington, D. C., have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. B. McGirr; vice-president, C. P. Murray, secretary; J. W. Murray; treasurer, G. W. Cook; captain, Harry R. Stokes.

The officers of the Maryland Wheelmen are: President, Howard T. Williams; treasurer, James R. Blake; secretary, John P. Horsey; captain, Albert L. McCormick.

Captain Allen, of the Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, is arranging for a double century run to Newark and return, to take place on May 28th.

P. W. Westlake has been elected chief consul of the Connecticut division of the L. of A. W., vice Louis Tracy, resigned.

It has been decided to hold the annual century run from Philadelphia, Pa., to Wilmington, Del., on September 5th.

The National Cyclists' Union has set aside June 22d as the date of its annual championship races.

THE ADIRONDACK GUIDES' ASSOCIATION.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

The recent convention of the Adirondack Guides' Association, at Saranac Lake, has again brought this organization prominently before the people. It was organized June 27, 1891, but its full strength was not apparent until the recent meeting. Then some of those who had not been especially friendly to the association realized its importance, and saw what a power for good it is destined to become. Many persons who have not studied the matter carefully have misjudged it, but are now willing to believe that the objects of the society are commendable.

The association desires, above all else, laws that will keep our forests intact; protect the fish of our streams and the game of our woods. It realizes the wisdom of a judicious management of those vital interests, not alone vital to the people of the Adirondacks, but to every citizen of the State of New York; and it aims to assist, in every legitimate way, in the accomplishment of these ends.

There was a time, not long ago, when the people of this region looked upon the carcass of a deer in the light of the market man, who wonders how much he can get for the meat; but that time has gone by. The Adirondack Guide of to-day uses more logic in his calculations. He sees plainly, that it is to his interest that the noble game of our mountains be not wantonly destroyed. He sees in the forests, in the fish, in the game his stock in trade, and he does not purpose doing all his business to-day, being idle to-morrow, and suffering the day after.

The Adirondack Guides' Association desires that the hundreds of sportsmen who annually visit the Adirondacks region shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of shooting deer and catching trout, but it is determined that such shooting and catching shall have a reasonable limit.

Each member of this association intends, from this time on, to work in the interests of the future as well of the present, and he intends to constitute himself a vigilance committee of one with reference to game and forest preservation. The association hopes to enroll not only all guides as members, but all lovers of the woods are invited to become associate members and to assist in this work. The hotel men and the railroad people should become associate members. A letter from the editor of RECREATION, read at the late convention, shows us that that able and influential magazine is with us in this endeavor.

Other letters read at that convention were from such men as Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Superintendent State Land Survey; Colonel Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent Forest Commission; Major J. Warren Pond, Chief Fish and Game Protector; A. G. Mills, President Adirondack League Club, and many others, all proving that we have the sympathy and good will of a class of people who have the true interests of the Adirondacks at heart. Applications for associate membership were received from Hon. Warner Miller, A. G. Mills, R. C. Alexander, of the New York *Mail and Express*; Benjamin Douglass, of R. G. Dunn & Co., New York; Morton S. Parmelee, of Malone, N. Y.; A. R. Fuller, proprietor of the Meacham Lake House; D. W. Riddle, manager Saranac Inn Hotel Association, Upper Saranac Lake; John Harding, proprietor Hotel Algonquin, on the Lower Saranac Lake; F. A. Streeter and Wm. A. Dennison, proprietors of The Berkley, Saranac Lake Village; A. Nelson Cheney, so well and favorably known as a contributor to many sportsmen's journals; Wm. F. Rathbone, attorney for the D. & H. Canal & R. R. Co.; George S. Grice, proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, Saranac Lake; S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y.; Carl D. Smith, editor or the *Adirondack Enterprise;* A. W. Utting, merchant, and F. A. Isham, Saranac Lake Village, and the editor of RECREATION. We desire others to unite with us and lend their influence and encouragement. By becoming associated with us you signify your love of true sport, and of the glorious mountain region of which every citizen of this Empire state is so justly proud, and you add strength to the organization that has pledged its fidelity to the woods, the fish and the game, and its determined opposition to their enemies.

JOHN H. MILLER.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The general interest manifested in the Sportsmen's Exposition is still on the increase. One of the most encouraging signs as the affair progresses, is the evidence of the high character and standing of those who are interested in the event, which is indicated by the applications for information coming from the educated classes of the people of the country. All of the 200 or more letters which have been received by the association in the past ten weeks, have come from intelligent and cultivated persons.

Among the applicants for information regarding the exposition and the reduced railroad rates, there are judges, doctors of law and divinity, lawyers, civil engineers and manufacturers who are in any way identified with the manufacture of sportsmen's materials. This is very flattering to the projectors of the enterprise. It was apprehended that the exposition might be considered as purely a trades or manufacturers' affair. That this is certainly not the case is verified by those who are seeking information regarding the exposition. It is a singular fact, too, that many of the applicants reside in remote parts of the country, including Texas, Oregon, California, Idaho, Virginia, Maine, North Carolina, Tennessee and Florida. This information is worthy of comment, and will be a source of great satisfaction to those manufacturers who have made preparations to extend their business, and who are exhibitors in the exposition, when so many have said that it would be useless to calculate on an attendance from distant sections of the country. This having been the general belief, up to the present time, of manufacturers and dealers who have heretofore been lukewarm as to the benefits to be derived from being identified with the exposition, and who are of a very practical turn of mind, some of them were reluctant to identify themselves with the exposition, fearing that no special advantages might come to them from it. But such are feeling quite different now, and are inclined to change their opinion, swing round and get in for their share of the patronage.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

IN 1861, MAJOR W. H. SCHIEFFELIN, Mr. E. N. Lawrence and Mr. W. M. Cary, the well known artist, all of this city, made a trip across the continent, ascending the Missouri river to Fort Union, by steamer, and thence on horseback to Portland. The trip was fraught with incident, adventure and excitement, from start to finish.

Major Schieffelin has written a history of the journey, which will be published in RECREATION, beginning with the June number, and running through the July, August and September issues. The story will be illustrated by twelve full page drawings, by Mr. Cary, from sketches made on the ground.

These pictures treat of thrilling adventures in the hunting of big game, of a dangerous encounter with Indians, a steamboat explosion, etc. Altogether, the story is one of deep and absorbing interest, and no one who is fond of the early history of our western frontier can afford to miss it.

Other attractive features of the June number will be:

"Three Thousand Elk," a remarkable hunting story, by the well known mountaineer and scout, Nelson Yarnall; "Mystery," a tale of the Jersey meadows, by Dr. Hamilton Vreeland; "Our National Bird," by Arthur F. Rice; "Loafin' Round with Jim," and "Split Lights," two charming bits of verse by W. M. Hundley and D. B. Keeler; "Wild Broncos in the Service," a delightful camp fire story, by Margaret Gray Brooks, "Cruising off the New England Coast," a nautical story, of deep interest, by Charles Pryer, Commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club; "Trouting on the Gunnison." a narrative of the taking of big trout, that will stir the blood of every angler; the continuation of Dr. Tucker's "Guatemotzin," etc. The pictures in the June number will make it a veritable panorama of the chase, and no sportsman can afford to be without them.

BEFORE ANOTHER ISSUE OF RECREATION reaches its readers the great Sportsmen's Exposition will be a matter of history. This is my last opportunity to invite—to URGE you to attend, and I hope you will do so. This is the greatest opportunity ever offered sportsmen to learn everything pertaining to field sports. A two days' study of the exhibits in Madison Square Garden will give you a greater fund of information as to all the appliances of the chase; as to the life, habits, habitat of game birds, quadrupeds and fishes, and as to the various methods of taking each, than you could acquire in years of travel and reading.

This exhibition will be a great panaroma of the chase, as followed by all nations and all classes of people, from the creation down to the present day. How can you afford to miss it? You can't? You *must* see it. Decide that now. Then go among your friends and urge them to join you. Urge your club to come, in a body. Then you can charter a car or a train, hire an hotel, all to yourselves, and live like princes.

RECREATION will be at the show to welcome you. Its latch string will not be out, but the whole front end of its cabin will be sawed off and moved away, in order that you may all walk in at once. Come to, come to, come to the big show.

POOR OLD MR. HAGERMAN is having hard sledding with his Pecos Valley scheme. There has never been a week since he made his first investment in it, when he has not been called upon to put up further margins in order to protect his interests. Two years ago I heard him say that if he should stop to think over his losses in that enterprise, he would go mad.

The last draft on him was to keep alive the electric light plant and the ice factory, at Eddy. It is said that the original stockholders in these had grown tired of making up losses, and that both concerns were about to "close for repairs." To avert such a calamity for the struggling little town, Mr. Hagerman was compelled to come to the rescue and put up some $15,000. This sum is supposed to be sufficient to light the place and supply it with ice, for its beer, for several months.

WHAT A GREAT SCHEME this pocket coffee will be for beating the restaurants! When it is perfected the economical man can, on starting down town in the morning, stick a sandwich in his hip pocket, a coffee capsule in his vest pocket and no one will ever suspect that he is carrying a lunch. Then at noon, he can go into the cafe, sit down at a table, order a cup of hot water and a piece of pie. His pockets furnish the rest. Of course, the waiter can't charge him anything for the hot water, so he eats a hearty lunch, drowns his sorrow in a cup of steaming mocha, and slides out on five cents' worth of pie. See?

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY bought 2,600 copies of March RECREATION on first order, and 600 copies on supplemental orders. It bought 3,000 of April, at first, and 675 copies afterward. Its standing order for May is 3,800. Unsold copies are returned every Monday. When the company was buying 2,300 copies a month it used to return 300 to 350 a week; now the returns are less than 100 a week. Don't take my word for this; write the manager and ask him whether or not these figures are correct.

MISS ELLA COOKE, the little 12-year-old daughter of Mr. R. F. Cooke, of Boise, Idaho, is making a vigorous effort to procure 75 subscribers for RECREATION, in order to get a bicycle, as a premium. There are probably 50 men in Idaho who are not yet on my subscription books. Let each of these send his dollar to this little girl. He will thus make her task easy, and secure a year's supply of good reading. Mr. Cooke is a prominent citizen of Boise, an enthusiastic sportsman, and a contributor to RECREATION.

THE PICTURE on the front cover of this issue of RECREATION tells its own story, and will remind many an angler of the smiles and caresses bestowed on him by his wife, when he has taken home a fine string of trout that he—that is—well, you all know how it is. Mr. Cary is making an etching of this picture, 16x20 inches in size. Every angler and every sportsmen's club should have a copy of it.

PRESIDENT JORDAN, of Stanford University, has recently returned from Mazatlan, where he has been spending some weeks, resting his eyes and collecting the fishes of that region. More than a dozen new species were obtained and many new facts learned regarding hitherto known species. Descriptions of all these new fishes will be given in the "Fishes of North and Middle America," by Jordan and Evermann, which will be published by the National Museum within the year.

AT A COWBOY TOURNAMENT held at the Uvalde county (Texas) fair, in December last, Henry J. Bowles, one of RECREATION'S contributors, broke the world's record by roping and tying down a wild steer in 29 seconds. The best previous record was 33 seconds.

MR. CHARLES KLACKMER, 7 West 28th street, has published a large number of Mr. J. M. Tracy's hunting scenes, which are sold at easy prices. He also has in press some new hunting pictures by a noted English artist that will be issued soon.

IF A SAMPLE copy of RECREATION has been sent you it is by request of some friend of yours, who likes it and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES on pages 339 to 342 of this issue of RECREATION, were painted by Mrs. M. J. Churchward. These, as well as the delightful story they illustrate, will be enjoyed by all lovers of nature.

IF YOU wish to write any of RECREATION'S contributors, address your letters in care of this office, and they will be promptly forwarded.

TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

What you and I had better do, after this very unsatisfactory winter moping around home here, is to go down, or up, to Virginia and West Virginia, and have a real, bona fide outing. I think I can find that old sportsman. He is not so old but he has full knowledge of all the new-fangled fishing-tackle and shooting-irons that we use nowadays. He knows all about Virginia and West Virginia. The hills and gorges and defiles are filled with game this year more than ever before; so I hear. Partridges, wild turkeys, grouse, pheasants, wild pigeons, quails, rabbits and squirrels are so plenty that they are running and flying all over one another in the narrow passes. Then, if we want real, live sport, we can go back 30 or 40 miles from the railroad track and hunt deer and b'ar.

But we must keep out of trouble with the game laws. Every true sportsman does that, of course, not for fear of the law, but on the ground that game is entitled to a chance to increase and multiply on the face of the earth, same as—well—never mind that. What I was going to say is that I have precise directions about all that, in Virginia and West Virginia. My friend, Charles O. Scull, chief of the Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., has just sent me a neat little leaflet telling how to get there—all about the close seasons for game and fish. Write and tell him you want one—that you feel run down, aching for a sight at something; want to see how the fish bite down there. Mr. Scull will see that you get one.

But, wait! I forgot about the fish. The South Branch of the Potomac has the best black bass in America, and they bite harder than Hamlet's shrewd and nipping air. The Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela are great fishing streams. And they are all convenient to Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stations—some of them right there; guides waiting for a job at $1.50 a day, and "found." Write to Mr. Scull. It is time to think about it.

IN ANSWER to Mr. Leasure's inquiry in April RECREATION, as to breeding pheasants in domestication, Mr. James Morrison, who has charge of Mr. Schieffelin's country seat at Tarrytown, N. Y., writes:

"We breed a great many pheasants here of different varieties, and raised over 200 young last summer. I feed the young on Spratt's patent game meal, crissel, bread crumbs and hard boiled eggs, with a little crushed hemp and canary seed, mixed in with the meal; also onion tops and lettuce, the whole minced up together. The birds are fed twice a day, at 8 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Fresh water should be given twice a day—spring water, if possible. Most of our golden pheasants hatch and raise their own young; the Lady Amhersts are fine mothers, as also are the reeves and silver. We have never had the vesicolors, or ring necks, hatch their eggs. I have had a golden cock set on the hen's eggs, hatch them, and raise the chicks, 5 in number. Two broods of one kind of pheasants should not be put alongside of each other in the breeding season, as the one male attracts the other's attention all the time. A different variety of pheasants may be in the compartment between them. The eggs will then be fertile, but not otherwise. That is the reason I failed one year in breeding reeves and several of the different kinds. The partitions should be boarded up, so that the birds cannot see one another."

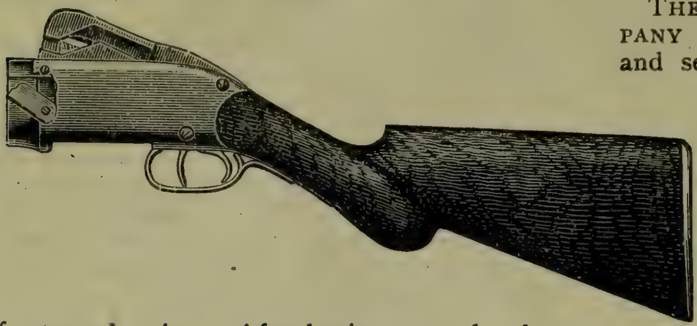
Marysvale, Wyo.

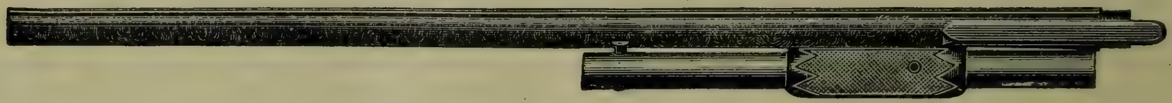
ON a recent two days trip among the big game on the winter range, for the purpose of making photos, I saw not less than 1500 elk. They have wintered unusually well. I saw not a single dead elk on the range. The snow on nearly the entire range had been pawed over by them, and great trails broken down, to and from the rougher hills, where they go to spend the day, working down the valley at night. S. N. LEEK.

H. S. SMITH, of Middletown, Ky., while out hunting, sat down on a log to rest. His dog came up to play with him and discharged his gun. The charge of shot entered Mr. Smith's abdomen, and he died in about an hour.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

In the April number of Recreation mention was made of a new trap gun which the Spencer people were getting out. The manufacturers now write: "We are sending you electrotypes of our new Spencer repeating shot gun for trap shooting. After having created so large a demand for our regular field gun, we have often been requested to turn out a trap gun, which we have now succeeded in doing. This gun is made with Damascus barrel, and has a finely tapered rib, for quick sighting. On the magazine we have also made an improvement, whereby the magazine spring is kept in place when the gun is taken apart. Each gun will be furnished with a small screw-driver, which is the only tool needed to take the gun apart. We feel sure this gun will be in demand among trap shooters as the first of its kind, combining all the points that are required." H. Boker & Co.
101 Duane St., New York.





Thomas D. Vondy & Co., 294 Broadway, New York, make some of the neatest fly-books in the market. One of these is 2½x5½ inches, holds 36 flies and fits in the vest pocket. Other sizes are 4½x10, 4½x12, 3¾x6⅛ and 3⅞x7, holding 20 to 100 flies each. The leaves are of celluloid or parchment, as preferred, but the former is best on account of being more thoroughly water proof. There is a new and novel device on the leaves for holding the flies and snells in place, and there are two large pockets in which to carry your leaders, hooks, swivels, money, etc. The covers are of Russia leather, canvas or snake skin, the latter being exceeding novel and beautiful. Besides it is well to familiarize yourself with the appearance of snakes, in general, by carrying one of these books with you; then you won't be frightened so badly when you come to have 'em. Write Vondy for a circular and price list of fly books.

The Rochester Optical Company, of Rochester, N. Y., has lately moved into its large and handsome new factory building, which has just been finished, at a cost of $60,000. It is 60x124 feet, on the ground, and five stories high. It is especially gratifying that such a fortune as this should have been built up, in the manufacture and sale of photographic materials, within a few years. Mr. W. F. Carleton, the manager, says his success is due to these three facts: that he has always made good goods; that he has used printer's ink, liberally, in making them known, and that he has invariably treated his customers fairly and courteously. This code of ethics will always win.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company write me that they are so busy making and selling guns that they have scarcely time to eat or sleep. This is the result of liberal advertising and of making thoroughly reliable goods.

The Natchaug Silk Company is getting out a new catalogue of its fishing lines. It will be ready in a few days and will probably contain something about prizes for big fish. At any rate it will contain a lot of pointers about lines to catch big fish with. The front cover will have a handsome picture of a fishing scene.

Read M. A. Smith's announcement in this issue of Recreation. It will interest you. He makes a hunting shoe that is as easy as a moccasin, as noiseless as a butterfly and almost as thoroughly waterproof as a turtle shell, three mighty important points in a still-hunting shoe. If you send Mr. Smith $7.50 and get a pair of these shoes you will always thank me for suggesting it.

If you have a gun that is not sufficiently general in its construction to meet all your requirements, send it to Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington street, Boston, and they will fit an extra pair of barrels to it, of any gauge, any weight and any choke desired. Write them for prices on such work, mentioning Recreation.

A. B. Shipley & Sons are old timers in the tackle trade. What they don't know about good rods, reels, lines, flies and all that, could be told in less space than this paragraph occupies. Write them for information and prices on anything, and when you get their answer rely on every word of it being true.

The American E. C. Powder Co. is adding largely to its works at Oakland, N. J., and has lately established branch agencies, with magazines, at Chicago and St. Louis. Von Lengerke and Antoine are the Chicago agents, while the Simmons Hardware Co. of St. Louis, distributes the "E. C." to consumers in the Southwest.

Layman's Pneumatic Rubber Boat is hard on the ducks and fish, as it gives them almost no chance of escape. So if you are after ducks or fish, put on a pair of these inflatable trousers and you'll be mighty apt to get what you go after. That's all.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Hartford, Ct.

I must congratulate you on RECREATION. Its neatness and beauty are beyond criticism, and its illustrations are of unusual merit. In my case, at least, it fills a long felt want. I am a lover of hunting and fishing, and although I have read many publications devoted to field sports, I have never seen anything in that line which pleased me as well as RECREATION does. No one who loves outdoor sports should be without it. It is interesting from cover to cover. I am impatient to see each number.

F. H. LANDON, JR.

102 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Had never seen RECREATION until I happened to pick up the February number in a book store. One glance at it was sufficient and it was mine. I have often wondered why some enterprising person did not publish such a magazine, for surely there has been a need of it for many a year.

Every admirer of good old Izaak Walton, who loves "to be quiet and go a fishin'" owes you a debt of gratitude which he can only repay by becoming a subscriber for life. L. C. YAGER.

Sandwich, Ill.

I received a copy of RECREATION about two weeks ago, and I must say am highly pleased with it. I also handed it to a friend of mine, and he likes it so well that he gave me a dollar and requested me to have it sent to him.

I herewith enclose you $2 for two subscriptions. Please mail all the back numbers.

CLARK GRAVES.

Corry, Pa.

I received January and February copies of RECREATION about one hour ago. Before reading them I started out to see what I could do for you, and hand you herewith the names of 10 subscribers, with check for $10. Will send you some more later. H. M. NORTON.

(Has since sent in six more subscriptions.—ED.)

888 N. 25th St., Philadelphia.

We are charmed with the March number of RECREATION. The illustrations brought forth exclamations of delight as the family and friends looked through the magazine. I speak of your delightful journal to all my friends, so they may know of so perfect a publication.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS.

11 Mt. Morris Park, New York City.

The only thing I see out of the way with RECREATION is the price, which ought to be about $3 instead of $1. J. B. SIMPSON.

Chazy, N. Y.

I think RECREATION the best magazine of its kind I ever read. It pleases every sportsman who sees it. J. W. HUBBELL.

Lay, Col.

RECREATION beats all its class out of sight, and steadily increases in value.

A. G. WALLIHAN.

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND.

Though the present Sportsmen's Exposition is the first of the kind, the management has been unstinting in its appropriations and expenditures. The outlay necessary to promote and successfully carry out the exposition on a liberal and dignified basis is very large, and represents a sum never before devoted to the sportsmen's interests. The association hopes, by holding these expositions, to accomplish the education of the spostsmen, by gathering together, from all climes, the manufacturer, the dealer, the inventor, the hunter, the guide, the painter and the author, and specimens of all the animal life which are worthy to be entitled game, and to hold conventions worthy of the cause we represent. We are seeking to serve the fraternity with a broad and liberal policy, and we ask the sportsmen and general public not to commit an error by believing this exposition is intended as a speculation. The association is a legally incorporated body, under the laws of the State of New York, and the idea of the association is the study and dissemination of a knowledge of field sports, the holding of expositions, the assignment of assembly rooms or headquarters, where those interested in field sports may assemble, and incidentally the founding of a sportsman's library in such headquarters, for the use of members and visitors. The vast scope and variety of the exhibits will make it absolutely impossible for one to see and fully appreciate more than a small portion in one visit, and those who are inclined to keep in touch with the march of inventions and improvements in the appliances of the sportsman, must not fail to attend the exposition.

The magnitude of the undertaking is increasing each day. Offers for the Loan and Trophy Department are coming in so rapidly, that we shall be able to select from the many collections, only the best typical examples to show the resources of this great country as a paradise for the sportsman, if properly protected. Several very valuable collections have been offered for exhibition, and already accepted. Selections of typical specimens of mounted large game have been made from the collections of Austin Corbin, William Zeigler, Archibald Rogers, G. O. Shields, Dr. N. Rowe, and many well known sportsmen.

Marysvale, Wyom.

Editor RECREATION.

Mr. D. L. Friend has just captured, alive, 12 elk calves He come here last fall for the purpose of catching some elk to put in a game park, in the eastern part of this state. We had such a light snow fall that he began to think he would not get them. On the first of March he went across Snake river, close to the Tetons, where he found the snow deeper, and in a few days got the 12 calves and now has them at my ranch. He found the elk unusually strong for this time of year. S. N. LEEK.

IF A SAMPLE copy of RECREATION has been sent you it is by request of some friend of yours, who likes it and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

POSSIBLE SMILES.

One swallow cannot a summer make,
By any means at all ;
But several, of proper strength,
Will oft produce a fall.
—*New York Herald.*

Mrs Highfly—Oh, dear ; what shall I do? Fido has swallowed my railroad ticket.

Highfly—I don't give a rap. Let the conductor punch the blamed dog.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Athletic wife—What a poor spirited creature you are ! I wish you would be either a man or a mouse !

Meek husband—I wish I was a mouse—I'd frighten you out of your wits !—*Burlington* (*Iowa*) *Gazette.*

Come hither, pretty Spain, and tell
Just why that gun exploded—
What's that? Good gracious me ! Well, well !
You didn't know 'twas loaded ?
— *Washington Star.*

"He giveth his beloved sleep !"—So said the dominie ;
But that fact I now am sheepishly deploring
For the tittering congregation had their mirthful eyes on me,
Who was loudly and irreverently snoring !
—*New York Herald.*

Mary had a little goat,
Its hair was full of dirt ;
And every place that Mary went
This goat hung to her skirt.

It went with her to the butcher's one day,
But forgot to go home again ;
He skun it, hung it on the hook,
And empty is its pen.

Mr. Einstein—How much is dose dickets by Biffalo ?

Agent—Eight dollars, one way.

Dots doo much ; I gif you six.

Can't do it. Only one price.

All righd ; I valk.

(Twenty minutes later, as train whistles behind him.) Oh you needn't vissel ; I vouldn't dake a dicket now vor doo dollars.

"You are my deer," the young man wrote,
His great love to aver,
And when his best girl read the note,
A spell came over her.
She sat right down and wrote him back :—
"I'm sorry we must part ;
I cannot, though you fawn on me.
Be to you a sweet-hart."—*Atlanta Journal.*

Feet of great men all remind us
We can make our own sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Fearful footprints in the sands of time.

"So you think she is two-faced ?"

"Certainly. I have seen her when her own showed through."—*Detroit Tribune.*

NEW WHATCOM NOTES.

Three ranchmen, living just over the line in British Columbia, are on the lookout for two hunters and their hounds. The ranchmen are thoroughly aroused and can, each of them, pick out the ace of spades at 40 paces with their Winchesters. The cause of the hostility is that the two hunters have, within the past few months, killed 80 deer between Clearbrook, Wash., and the Fraser river, with the aid of their dogs, and the neighbors intend putting a stop to it. It would, of course, be wrong to punish the innocent dogs, but the owners cannot be found, and the hounds will undoubtedly have to be sacrificed in order to stop the slaughter.

The popular sporting goods dealer, G. H. Garrison, has moved his gun store from New Whatcom, business having been too light to warrant its continuance. He will hereafter be found with his former employer, E. A. Kimball, the gun and tackle dealer, Tacoma. Every sportsman in Whatcom county regrets Mr. Garrison's departure ; he is sadly missed by his many friends.

Co-operation with the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is urged upon the sportsmen of the Northwest, to correct some of the existing errors in the game laws and their enforcement. Those wishing to become members should address the secretary, Fred. E. Pond, Westfield, Wis.

The past winter in the Pacific Northwest, has been mild. No snow to speak of, and in Whatcom county, Washington, 30 degrees above zero was the lowest registered. All game has wintered well, and there is plenty left for breeding.

Chinese Inspector Gourley, a thorough sportsman, captured a pair of magnificent swans recently, has had them mounted and placed in the window of a Whatcom store.

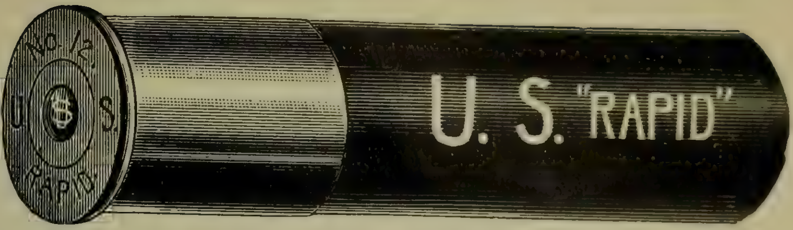
I have removed from Clearbrook to New Whatcom, Wash., where I shall remain permanently.

J. C. Nattrass.

The Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific Railway has issued a new edition of its elegant little book "The National Game Preserves of North America," which contains many new and beautiful pictures of hunting and fishing scenes, and a great deal of valuable information about where to find any kind of game or fish you want. Write Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, and ask for a copy of the book ; and while you are about it mention that you saw it in Recreation.

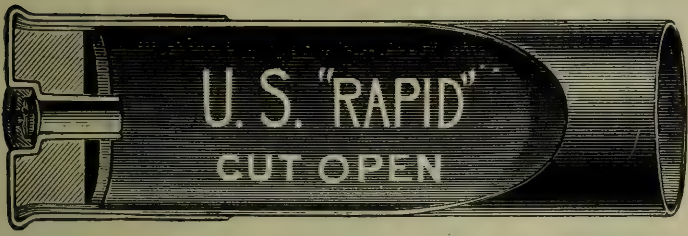
Mr. J. G. Messner, who won the Grand American Handicap, at the Paterson, N. J., tournament in April, used a Parker Gun. This one fact is worth more to practical shooters than a dozen pages of argument would be.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

Nitro

Powders.

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS:
U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers St., N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

A CHEAP STUDIO.

Editor RECREATION. Springfield, O.

For over four years I have been interested in photography, and the charm grows and the interest increases in a direct ratio with the lapse of time. Many amateurs confine their operations to landscape photography; others, in fact, most beginners, become especially interested in portrait photography, wishing to photograph all of their friends in various attitudes. I trust that some of these may profit by my experience in that line.

After many trials and much tribulation, both to myself and to my friends, I gradually evolved an ideal amateur's portrait gallery. The whole outfit has cost me but five cents, the materials being mostly found in the laundry and attic. Now, when I wish to make a portrait, I select a window devoid of curtains and which faces north, roll the shade up to the top. On the left of this window, about three feet from it and a little back, I set up a large old-fashioned clothes-horse, having the sides at right angles to each other. Over the side parallel with the window, I throw a light cloth or sheet, while over the other side I hang an old drab-colored window shade so that the shade-roller will not quite touch the floor. This weight keeps out all wrinkles, allowing me a good plain background. A blanket can be used where a shade is not at hand. Before throwing up the shade on the window I pin to it a yard of cheese cloth, which will cover about two-thirds of the upper part of my window. Over the lower part of the window I tack a cloth, or newspaper, so as to shut off all lower light.

The subject is seated with his back to the drab shade. On his left is the window, on his right the sheet reflector, which can be moved to and from him as judgment may direct, to soften or obliterate the shadows. Never turn the face toward the window, but from it. As the shading and lighting of a portrait is such an important factor, all this care is necessary in order to get the best results. A shadow at the side of the nose or about an eye will often require a separate small reflector to soften it down. This individual reflector is made thus:—an extra large palm-leaf fan is painted white or covered with some white material. A brown stick is fastened to a wood base, in any way convenient, and the fan tied to this stick so that it may be moved up or down or around so as to throw light in any part of the face. We now have perfect control of an abundance of diffused light, all of which comes from above the sitter. This requires an exposure of about 12 seconds, with a stop one inch in diameter—while on the same day I would need an exposure of one second out of doors, on a landscape view with my smallest stop, which is one-eighth inch in diameter.

I would like to show you some samples of my work before and after adopting this method. Before, my friends were always so horrified with the caricatures I made of them, that I had almost decided to give it up and take to landscape work. Now they actually order and pay for more of their own photos, to give away, and I receive many compliments from the best professional photographers in our city on my portrait work.

In our High School Scientific Association we founded an amateur photographic club, of which I was elected president, and we have pecks of fun out of it. Some of us learned, in a short time, that "little things make a big difference in the wonderful art of photography."

PAUL A. ULRICH.

MR. A. G. WALLIHAN, Lay, Colo., has finished up his winter's work photographing big game, has returned home, developed his plates, and has a veritable casket of jewels. His series now consists of 38 pictures of deer, 12 of elk, 9 of antelope, 18 of mountain lions, 1 of cayote, 7 of wild cats, 3 of rattlesnakes, 2 of sage hens, and many others of camps, hunting scenes, etc. The set complete numbers 94, of which 22 are 8 x 10, and the others 5 x 8.

Some of these pictures are so realistic as to almost make a man's hair stand. The most striking of the lot, perhaps, are those of mountain lions. Some of these are perched in low trees so near the audience that you can smell their breath. One has leaped from the tree and the lens caught him in the air with all his sails set. He is coming directly for you and you instinctively feel, as you look at the picture, that it is time to get behind the other fellow.

Then, the old rattlers are coiled so uncomfortably close to your feet and look so vicious, that you begin to think seriously of swearing off. You can hear them "zizz-z-z," and see their forked tongues darting from their venomous little heads.

This collection of pictures would afford you and your friends many an hour of deep enjoyment. Send for a sample dozen. Then you will buy the others.

Mr. Wallihan has been unfortunate in the selection of a publisher. His book is beautiful and, if properly handled, would have had a large sale. The original photographs are, however, much finer, stronger, and better every way, than the reproductions.

Ellensburg, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

Among the many uses of the bicycle, is that of patrolling the beach by the U. S. Life Saving Corps.

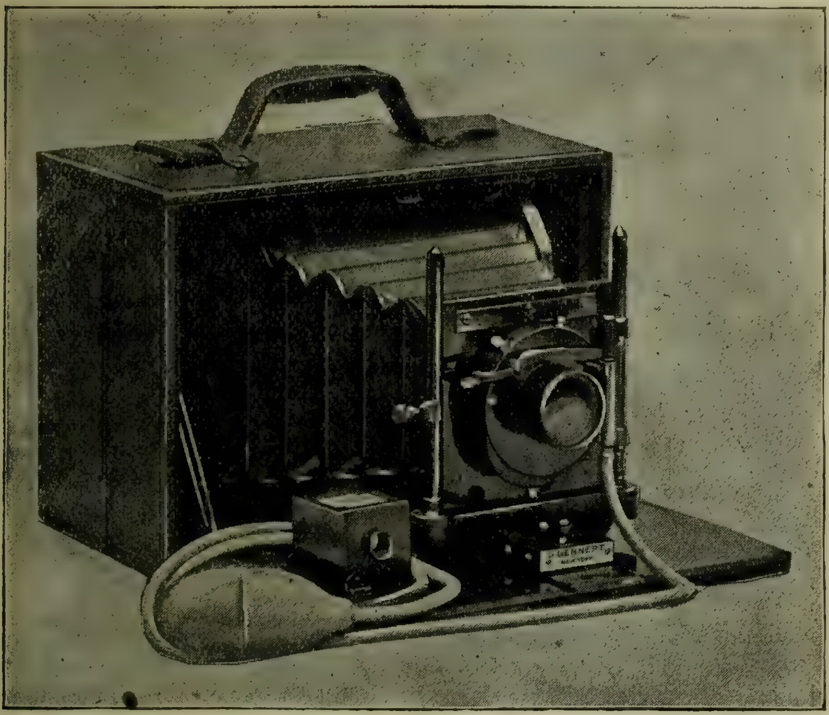
The past season a large schooner came ashore on Lake Ontario, and seven men were drowned before the L. S. crew could reach the scene. As their bodies did not immediately wash ashore, the captain of the crew ordered the beach patrolled for a distance of four miles, three times each 24 hours.

Without a wheel this would have been a very tedious duty, but the beach of fine sand was packed down hard by the heavy west winds and waves, and several of the crew being expert wheelmen, they were able to patrol this beat three times a day with little inconvenience.

L. E. HUDSON.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

Pleasure in Life

—the delight of rolling through smooth, shady ways on a perfectly adjusted Columbia Bicycle. Costs but $100 this year. We want you to ride.

THAT PLATE MEANS Columbia THE BEST BICYCLE

Boston
New York
Providence
Buffalo
Chicago
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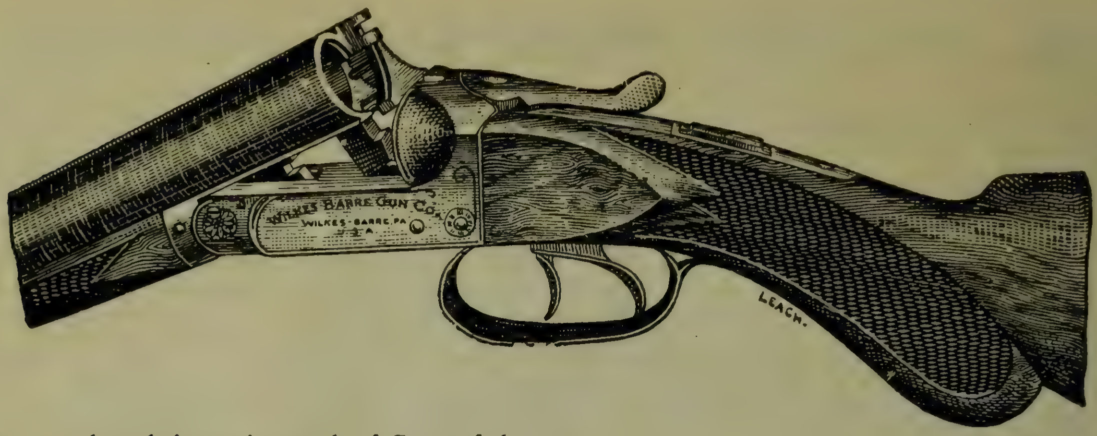
POPE MFG. CO.

General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD, Conn.

We shall take pleasure in sending you the handsomest Bicycle Catalogue ever issued, for postage—four cents; or the book is free from any Columbia agent.


WILKES BARRE GUN CO.
WILKES-BARRE PA
U.S.A.
LEACH.

Having purchased the entire stock of Guns of the

WILKES-BARRE GUN CO.,

we offer them at the following low prices :

Hammer Gun, Fine Twist Barrels	**List, $35.00;**	**our price, $17.50**
Hammerless Gun, Fine Twist Barrels	**" 50.00;**	**" 31.50**
Hammerless Gun, Damascus Barrels	**" 60.00;**	**" 35.00**

All guns latest model, 12 gauge, 7 to 8 pounds, bored for Nitro Powders.

EVERY GUN FULLY GUARANTEED.

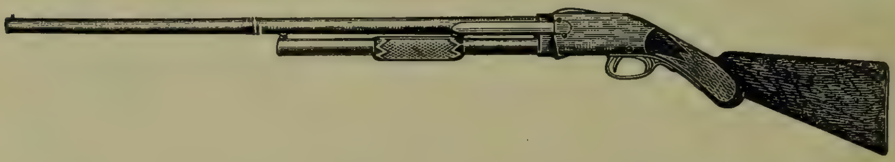
If in need of a gun it will pay you to buy one of these and order at once.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,
302 Broadway, New York.

Spencer Repeating Shot Gun.

BEST IN THE WORLD. **SIX SHOTS IN THREE SECONDS**

Twist Steel Barrel Case Hardened System.



Lincoln, Neb., May 21, 1892.

Dear Sir :—I have used a Spencer Repeating Shot Gun for eight years. I have fired many thousands of shots with it, and it is apparently in as good condition to-day as it was when I purchased it. Several years ago a friend of mine, now residing in this city, stood by my side and saw me kill six prairie chickens out of a covey that arose simultaneously, shooting each bird separately. For any kind of shooting from jack snipe to geese, I prefer the Spencer to any gun I have ever used.

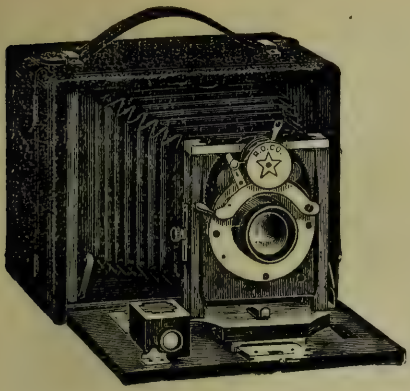
Yours very truly, J. E. HOUTZ.

HERMANN BOKER & CO., 101-103 Duane St., N. Y.. Wholesale Agts.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.

Also Wholesale Agents for Hallenbeck Guns. See page xx.

Mention Recreation.



PREMO CAMERA

BEST FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

SEND FOR
PREMO PAMPHLET
Giving Full Particulars.

Rochester Optical Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For Shooting and Fishing . . .

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND ST.PAUL
RAILWAY

TRY the territory traversed by the lines of the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

Some of the best deer shooting in the country is to be had in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

Prairie chickens, ducks, geese, partridge, etc., are plentiful along its lines in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and North Dakota.

For fishing—trout, bass, muscollonge, etc.,—there are numberless streams and lakes in Wisconsin, Michigan and the Peninsula of Michigan.

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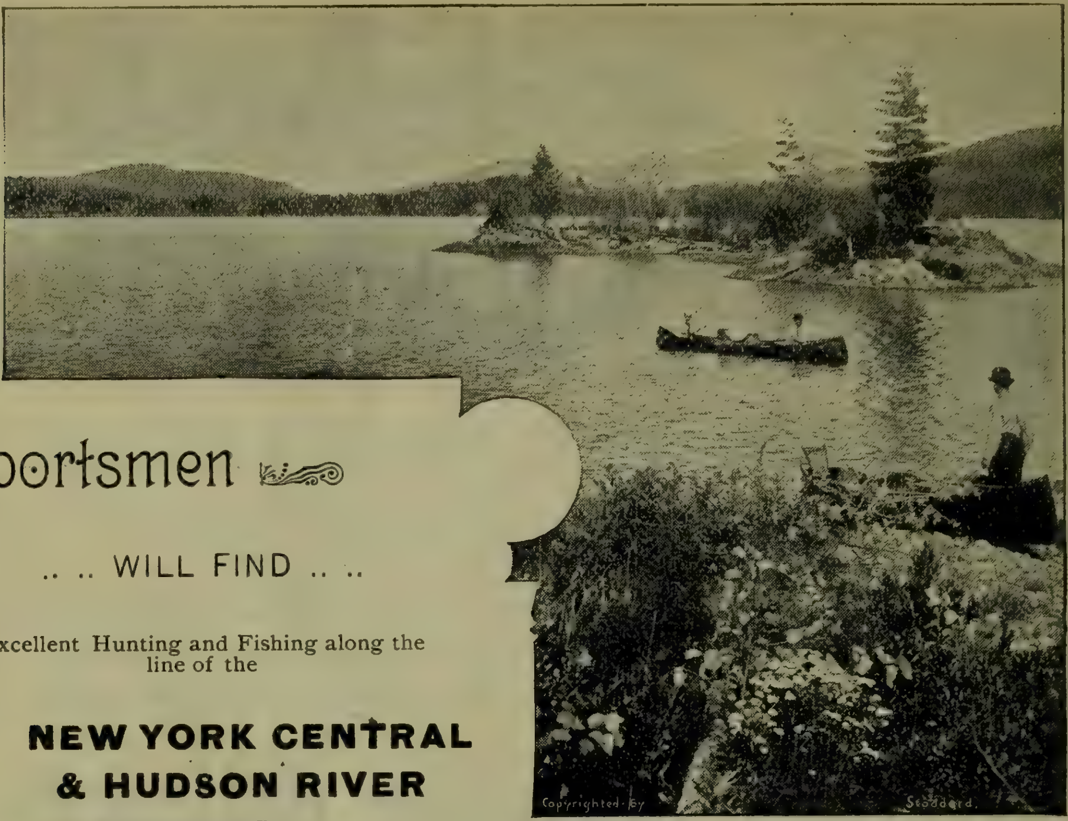

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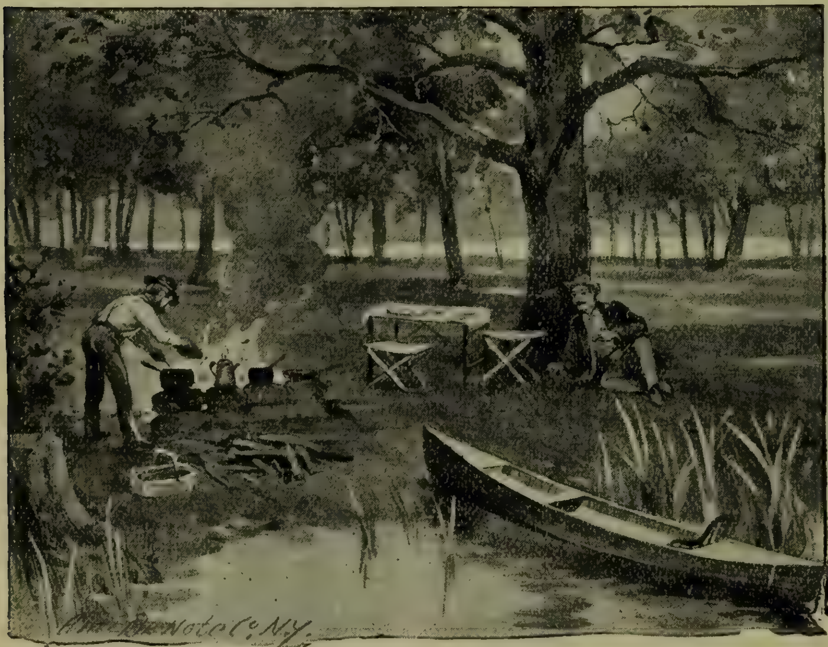
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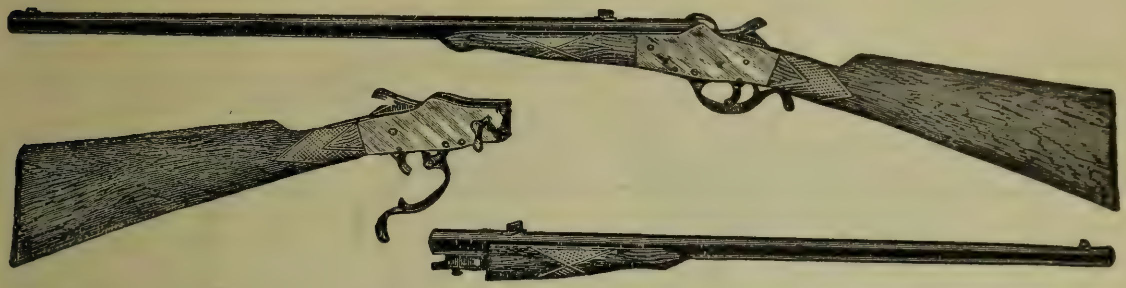

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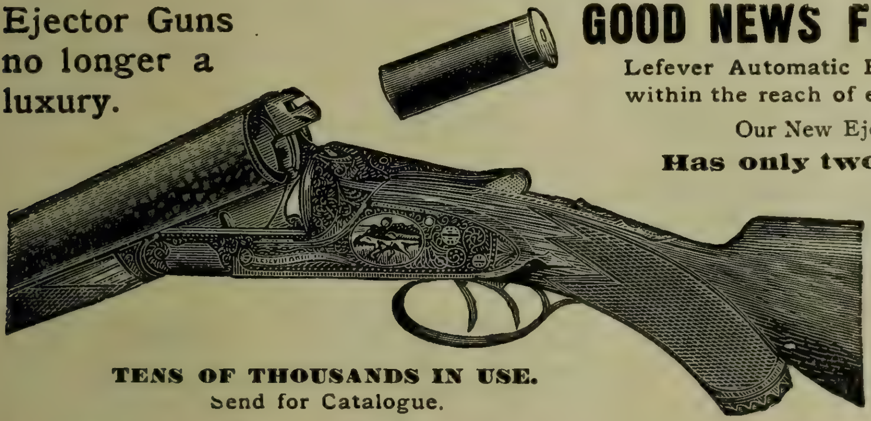

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She little dreamed 'twas fated
That maids would spin along the pike
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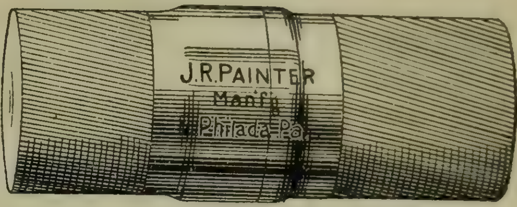

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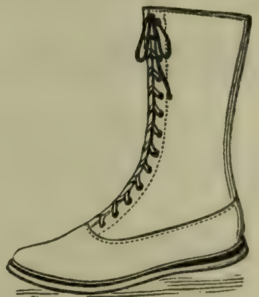

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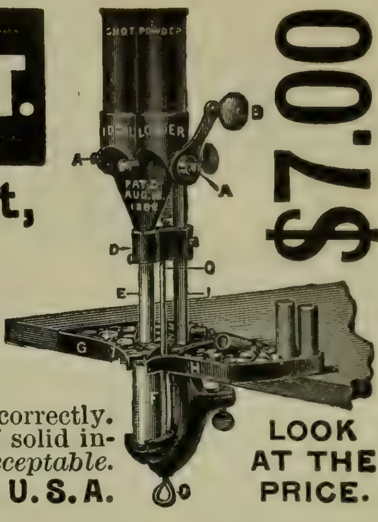

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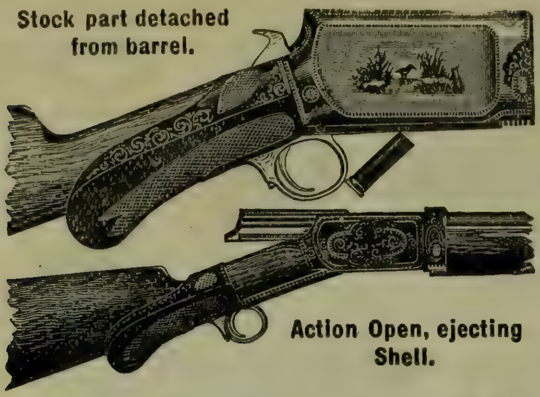
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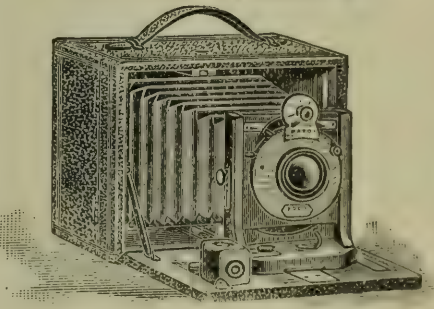

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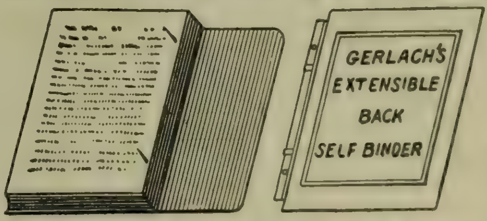

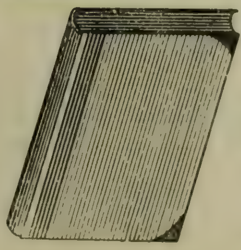

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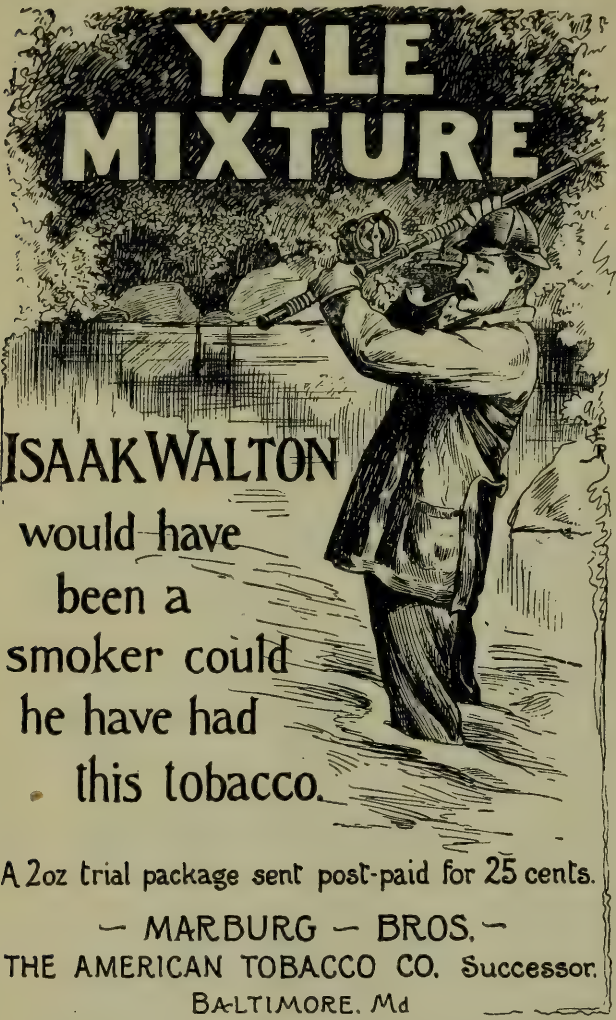

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"The Partridge," by the same writers, is similarly treated. These books are the first of the "Fur and Feather" series, edited by Alfred E. T. Watson, and illustrated with numerous superb plates by A. Thorburn, A. J. Stuart-Wortley and C. Whymper.

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Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Gray has pitched his tent by many a lake and stream, in northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Florida, and in "Camp Fire Musings" tells us about his out-door life. In his "Apology," he says: "When one opens his camp chest, he finds that even his blankets are redolent of the forest." So with this book. Quaint, clever, little pen and ink caricatures are scattered through it; also numerous half-tone engravings. A portrait of the author adds interest. The artistic binding and typography are a credit to the publishers, The Interior Co., Chicago.

Haines Falls, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

Our trout season opened April 1st. Not so with the streams. They were covered with two to six feet of ice and snow. We had a severe rain 8th and 9th, which opened the streams, but as they are high and full of snow water, will probably not have any good fishing before May 1st to 15th, depending, of course, on the weather.

We have plenty of trout in the mountain streams, but the average size is not large. Last season some were caught, measuring 18 and 19 inches, weighing up to two and a half pounds; but that size is an exception, and if one gets a good basket, averaging 10 or 11 inches, he is doing well. JNO. W. RUSK.

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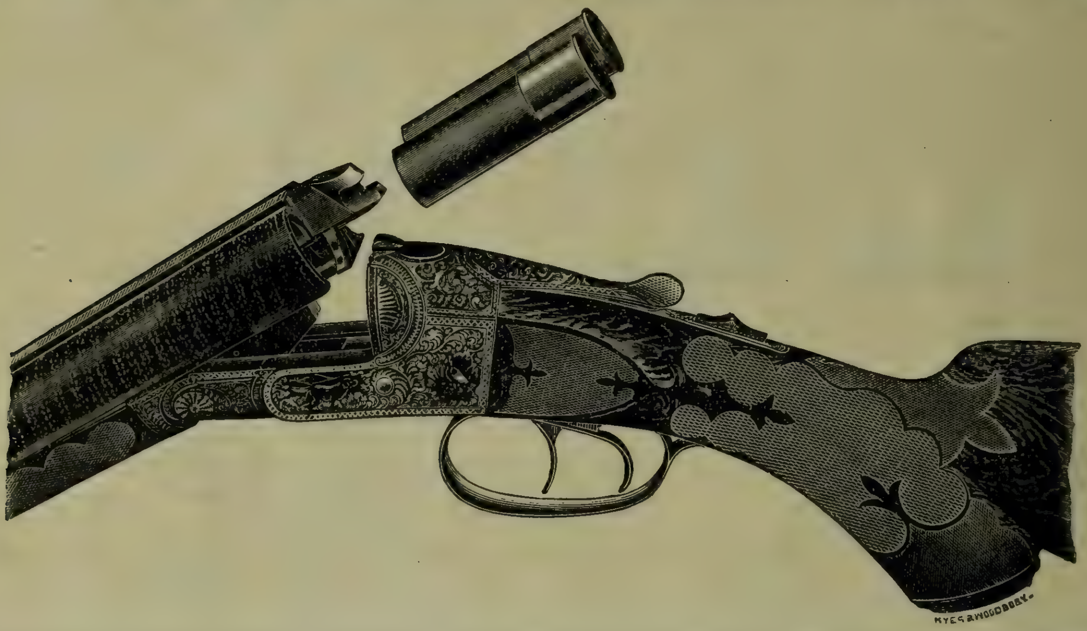
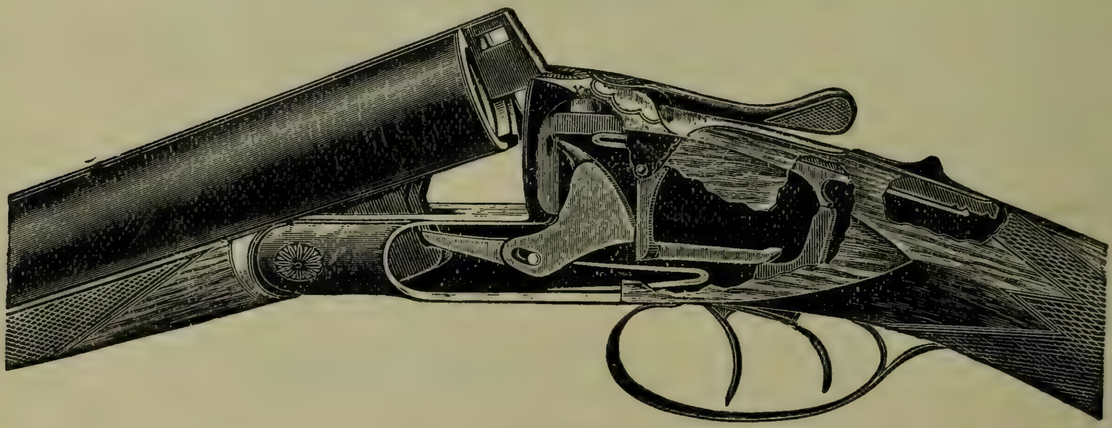

KYES & WOODBURY.

We challenge competition in Beauty, Workmanship, Simplicity of Mechanism, Shooting Qualities and Price. We target all of our guns with nitro powder.

For Catalogue, address **FOREHAND ARMS CO., Worcester, Mass.**

The Hollenbeck Hammerless Gun.

The Simplest, Strongest, and Most Durable Gun Made.



No. 1. As per cut, best twist barrels. List price, $40.
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Bored Especially for Nitro Powder and Fully Guaranteed when Using Same.

We make the 12 ga. from 6½ lbs. up, and 10 ga. from 7 lbs. up.

SYRACUSE ARMS CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR OF PRICES TO

HERMAN BOKER & CO., 101 Duane St., New York, Sole Agents.

Also wholesale Agents for SPENCER GUNS. See page viii.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT"

RIDE A

NIAGARA

THEY ARE

LIGHT, STRONG & SPEEDY.

Buffalo Wheel Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

Responsible Agents Wanted. **Send for Catalogue.**

FIRST ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION,

(INCORPORATED,)

Madison Square Garden, New York City,

May 13th to May 18th, 1895. **Under the Auspices of the Sportsmen's Association.**

CHARLES TATHAM, President.

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A magnificent display of everything appertaining to sports, including mounted and living specimens of North American game animals, realistic cycloramic groups of camp life and hunting scenes, log cabins, and hunters' camps, showing the life of the sportsman. Also valuable paintings, books, etc., etc.

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Smokeless Powder.

The Safest, Strongest, Quickest and Cleanest Nitro Powder in the world. Less Smoke than any other Nitro. Will not Pit or Rust the barrels. High Velocity with Moderate Pressure. Close and Even Pattern, with Great Penetration. The Nitro for which Sportsmen have been waiting.

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**An Illuminator,
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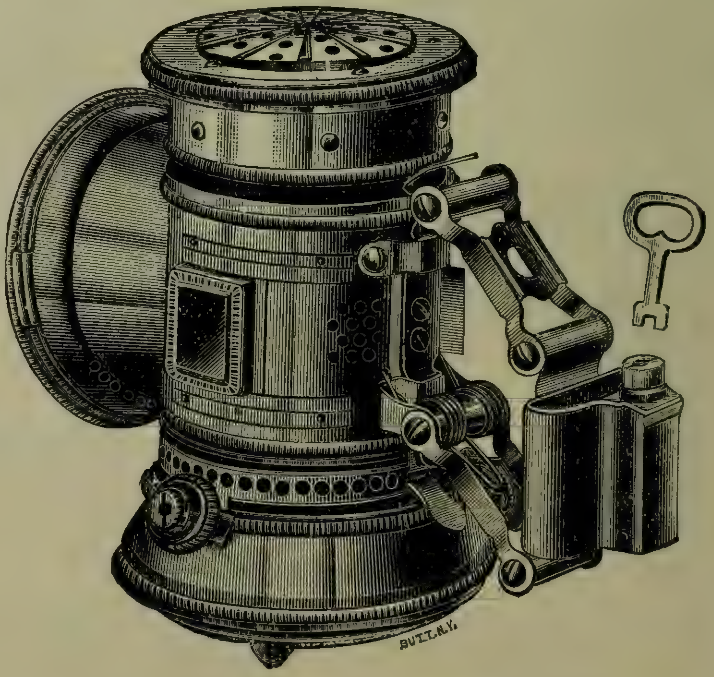
It Burns Kerosene. It Burns 10 Hours.

(No special oil required any more.)
Will not jar out.

Always cool, and wick does not char. The central draft principle; perfect in construction; handsome in appearance. A circular tells all about it. Send name and address and mention RECREATION.



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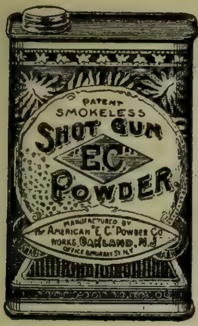
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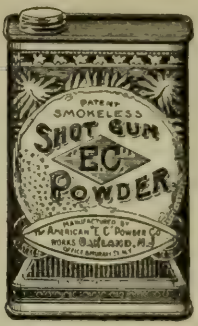
The American "E.C." Powder Co
Works Oakland, N.J.

E. C.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MR. JIM ELLIOTT,

Although handicapped at the limit distance of 33 yards, divided with two shorter distance men the sum of $1520.00 in the Grand American Handicap of 1895. He says:

"Any sort of powder will kill pigeons at a short distance, but to stop fast birds at 33 yards rise you must use a perfect powder. I use E. C., because practical tests have shown me how far superior it is to others *in regularity and killing power*. This big handicap and my score of 199 ex. 200 in a 50 yards boundary, in matches against Dr. Carver, have convinced me that E. C. powder is what Armin Zenner calls

'An Extremely Meritorious Propelling Agent.'"

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited.

Orange "Extra" Powder.

PATENTED APRIL 17, 1888.

THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with shotgun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, Orange Special Powder.

"TROISDORF,"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,

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St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Nashville, Denver, Boston, New Orleans.

☞ **Send postal card for illustrated pamphlet, showing sizes of grains of Powder. MAILED FREE.**

MISS KATE FIELD,

Editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several States, were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks, we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.

Peter Möller's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil

MÖLLER'S
COD LIVER OIL
TRADE MARK

MÖLLER'S Cod Liver Oil, prepared by an improved process, which is the result of years of scientific investigation, is the best preparation of cod liver oil because it is the Most Agreeable, the Most Digestible, the Easiest to Assimilate, and the Only Oil Which can be Continuously Administered without causing gastric disturbances. Put up in flat, oval bottles, sealed and dated. For sale by all rightly-stocked druggists.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co., N. Y., Sole Agents.

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Fishing Rods and Fine Fishing Tackle.

Address, **T. H. CHUBB ROD CO.,**

Please Mention RECREATION. **POST MILLS, VT.**

Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Talk of El Dorados! This is good enough for me. Look at the variety. Elk, sheep, deer, bear, lions, antelope, birds, trout—all within 15 miles, and enough for all but a hog. Then the climate is simply superb. No wind, no flies, no rain, cool nights and warm days. No winter worth speaking of. Just enough to know the seasons change, and the healthiest country out of doors. JAMES FULLERTON.

St. Louis, Mo.

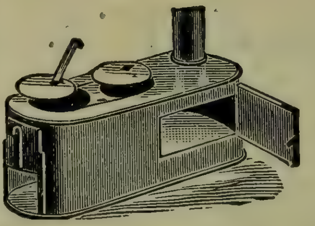
Editor of RECREATION.

The Consolidated Gun Club of St. Louis, held its annual election of officers, at its country home, at Allens, Ill., April 14th.

The Modoc Rowing Club, of St. Louis, is building a $5,000 club and boat house, and will open it, with proper ceremonies, about May 1st.

About 400 Associated Wheelmen started on the 9th annual tour on Sunday, the 7th. The run to Clayton and return was made without accident. R. H. COMBS.

A Practical Common-Sense Camp Stove.



In six sizes; patent applied for. Used by over 2,700 campers. Only one stove returned out of the lot. Lightest, most compact, practical stove made, either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape; combination cast and sheet steel top; steel body; heavy lining; telescopic pipe carried inside of stove. Burns larger wood and keeps fire longer than any other stove made.

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Some Rare Opportunities.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

10 Yearly Subscribers to RECREATION and $10 I will give a Single Shot Rifle worth $10.

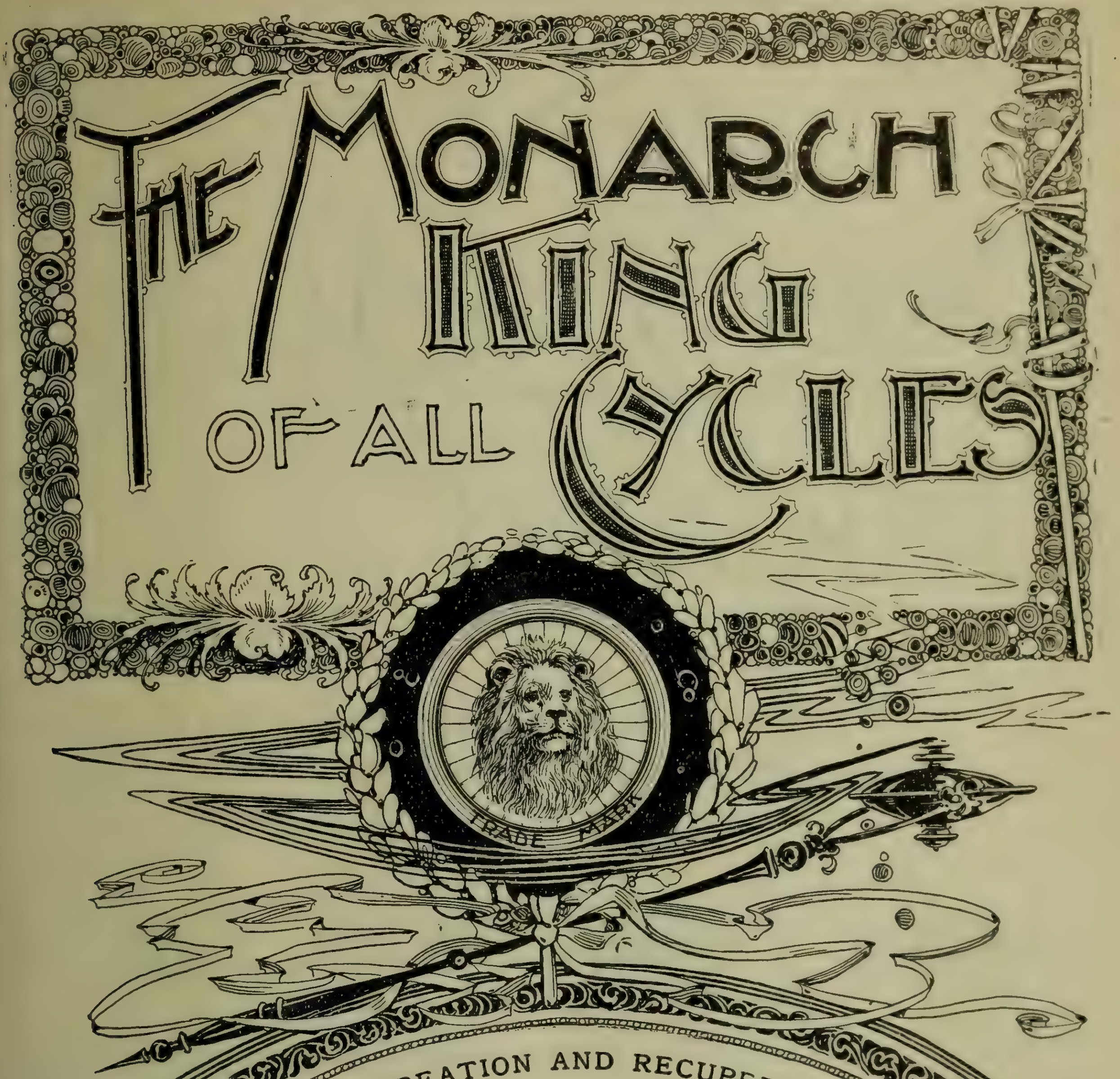
For 15 Subscribers and $15 a Single Barrel Breech-loading Shot Gun worth $15.

For 25 Subscribers and $25 a Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot Gun worth $25.

For 35 Subscribers and $35 a Double Barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot Gun worth $35.

For 75 Subscribers and $75 a Safety Bicycle worth $75.

These goods are new and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers sell. Here is a good chance to get a gun or a bicycle free of cost. RECREATION, 216 William Street, New York.



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RIDE A

MONARCH,

The King of Bicycles.

The best spring tonic you can take for "that tired feeling."

The MONARCH is absolutely the best bicycle made. Light, strong, speedy, handsome.

FIVE MODELS. WEIGHTS, 18 TO 25 POUNDS.

PRICES, $85 AND $100.

Send for Catalogue.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.
LAKE AND HALSTED STS., CHICAGO, ILL.
EASTERN BRANCH: 97-99 Reade St., N. Y., The C. F. Guyon Co., Ltd., Mgrs.
OTHER BRANCHES: San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Portland, Denver, Memphis, Detroit, Toronto.

SPEND THE SUMMER AT

Deer Park

OR

Oakland

On the Crest of the Alleghanies.
3,000 Feet Above Tide Water.

◆

Season Opens June 22, 1895.

THESE famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies, and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

The houses and grounds are lighted by electricity. Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming pools are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and suitable grounds for lawn tennis; there are bowling alleys and billiard rooms; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, $60, $75 and $90 a Month, According to Location.

ALL communications should be addressed to GEORGE D. DeSHIELDS, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.

"So you told your friend about my three hours' speech?" said the emancipated woman.

"Yes," replied her husband.

"What did he say?"

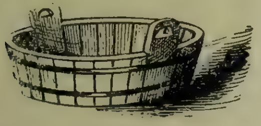
"He said he wished his wife would make her speeches to an audience instead of to him."—*Washington Star.*

He—Where did you say Miss Foote was from?

She—Chicago.

He—Why, of course. I ought to have known that.—*Detroit Press.*

The other day a wagon maker who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt, and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.—*Victoria* (*B. C.*) *Home Journal.*



"**Keeler**, a shallow tub."
—*Webster's Dictionary.*

THIS IS A
MISTAKE
OF WEBSTER'S

Keeler, D. B., is defined, properly, in the Business Directory as ARTIST, DESIGNER, AND ILLUSTRATOR.

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KEYSTONE DRY **Wayne Junction,**
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Send for New Catalogue and Reduced Price List.

The Kankakee Shooting and Fishing Club

Offers for sale its lands in Laport and Stark counties, Ind. The lands have a frontage of about four miles on the west side of the Kankakee river in Laport Co., and about two miles of the river frontage on the east side in Stark Co.

The Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R. passes through these grounds at Davis Station, 64 miles east of Chicago.

The principal Club Houses are situated near Davis station, comprising three Club Houses, Farm House, Barn and Boat Houses, Orchard, grounds all fenced. There is about 60 acres of good upland, and about 100 acres of meadow, with a pleasant grove containing about ten acres of nice oak timber, surrounding the Club Houses which front on the river. Good catches of Bass and Salmon are frequently made a few steps from the houses. North of where the railroad crosses the lands, and at the extreme northern portion of the lands, there is a comfortable Farm House, a Club House and Boat House. Sufficient farming land and meadow for the support of the steward and family. From this point the distance is but a few rods to the best Snipe and Duck shooting ground on Kankakee river. Good fishing is to be had also at this place. All along the river heavy crops of wild rice grow annually, and numerous bayous and ponds throughout the rice fields afford resting places for the wild fowls. The entire tract is unequaled for sporting with both rod and gun, while the river affords opportunity for those who delight in aquatic sports.

The entire tract contains about 1,200 acres, including the meander land, and is offered at the sum of $10.500, cash. It would be desirable to have intendidg purchasers visit the land, and our steward will show the boundaries. No better opportunity can be afforded to those desiring to form a club. Address

U. BAIRD, Secretary,
43 North Diamond St.,
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IDEAL RODS.

Bethabara—the acme of perfection in a rod wood, discovered by us and imported by us alone.

Double Enamel Split Bamboo—the best Bamboo Rod ever made. Stronger, more lively, more perfect.

Lancewood, Ash, Plain Calcutta and Japanese Bamboo Rods and Poles in great variety, from 10c. to $250.

The Bethabara Trout Rods are made up in many styles, the most popular of which are the three joint Fly Rods, weighing from 4½ to 8 ounces, 8 to 11 feet long. Brass mountings, $7.50; nickel mountings, $9.00; German silver mountings, banded and milled ferrules, closely silk wrapped, either celluloid or cork swelled butts, $12.

"Fish Takers and Medal Takers."

Our Tackle includes every accessory to the angler's pursuit. The best lines for fresh or salt water, the best hooks, reels, flies, artificial baits, etc., etc. Send five 2-cent stamps for Illustrated Catalogue.

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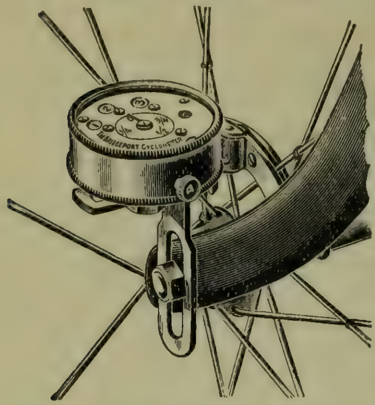
Have You a Model 1894



Bridgeport Cyclometer?

DO YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE IT FOR A '95 MODEL "A" ?

Then Read This Offer.

Upon receipt of 60 cents with your 1894 Bridgeport Cyclometer, we will alter over same to our new, improved 1895 Model "A," with celluloid face plate and enlarged figures, and return to you by mail. This includes cleaning and re-nickeling.

ALSO, WE WILL CHANGE FOR 35 CENTS a 28 in. instrument to a 30 in., or a 30 in. to a 28 in., if this amount is mailed to us with cyclometer.

Remember that our guarantee makes good any defect found in our cyclometers which is not due to the owner.

BRIDGEPORT CYCLOMETERS FOR 1895

will be made in three styles and will be fully guaranteed.

Model "A" registers 1,000 miles. Model "B" registers 1,000 miles, and has a bell attached which rings at every mile. Model "C" registers 10,000 miles and repeats, and cannot be set back to zero.

Sold by all dealers. Send for illustrated list.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.

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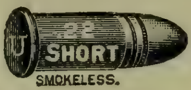
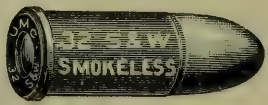
Sportsmen, Look Here!

RIFLE AND REVOLVER CARTRIDGES

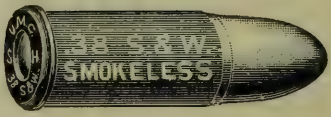
LOADED WITH SMOKELESS POWDER.



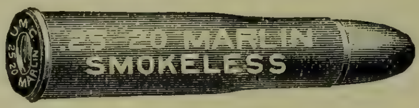
22 Short R. F. NOW READY.



32 S. & W.C. F. 38 S. & W. C. F.



NOW READY. 25-20 Marlin C. F.



Other Calibres
in Preparation.

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in Preparation.

Compared with cartridges loaded with **Black** powder

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are equal in accuracy and have many advantages, including the following:

INCREASED VELOCITY, GREATER EXECUTION, ALMOST SMOKELESS, NO LEADING OF BARRELS, LESS RECOIL, LESS NOISE.

A NEW SHELL.

Now ready in limited quantities. Branded "Nitro," maroon color, using new No. 5 Primer. A perfect shell for nitro powders, and positively does not require priming with black powder. Same price as other low-priced shells.

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IN DESIGN, MATERIAL, FINISH AND DURABILITY.

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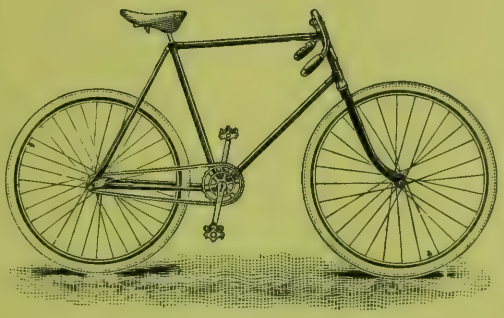

SWIFT.

They are fitted with PALMER TIRES and have no equal.

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313-315 BROADWAY,

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IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1894, WON BY ROLLO O. HEIKES, WITH A

WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOT-GUN.

MODEL 1893.

May 18th—Chicago, Lake Street Elevator Gold Cup. Score 81 out of 100.

May 9th—Columbus, Ohio, State Championship Cup, 49 out of 50. Ohio State Journal Cup, 28 out of 30. 1st average, 98 per cent.

Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th,—New London, Conn., Standard Keystone Trophy, L. C. Smith Trophy, and Peters Cartridge Co. Trophy. Longest straight run.

June 28th—Elwood, Ind., 50 straight. (Novelty Rules.)

June 27th—Columbus, Ohio, 100 straight. (Unknown Angles.)

Sept. 19th—Chattanooga, Tenn., 137 straight. (Unknown Angles.)

FIRST AVERAGES.

April 19th, Pittsburg, Pa., 92 per cent.

May 8th, 9th and 10th, Columbus, O., State Tournament, 98 per cent.

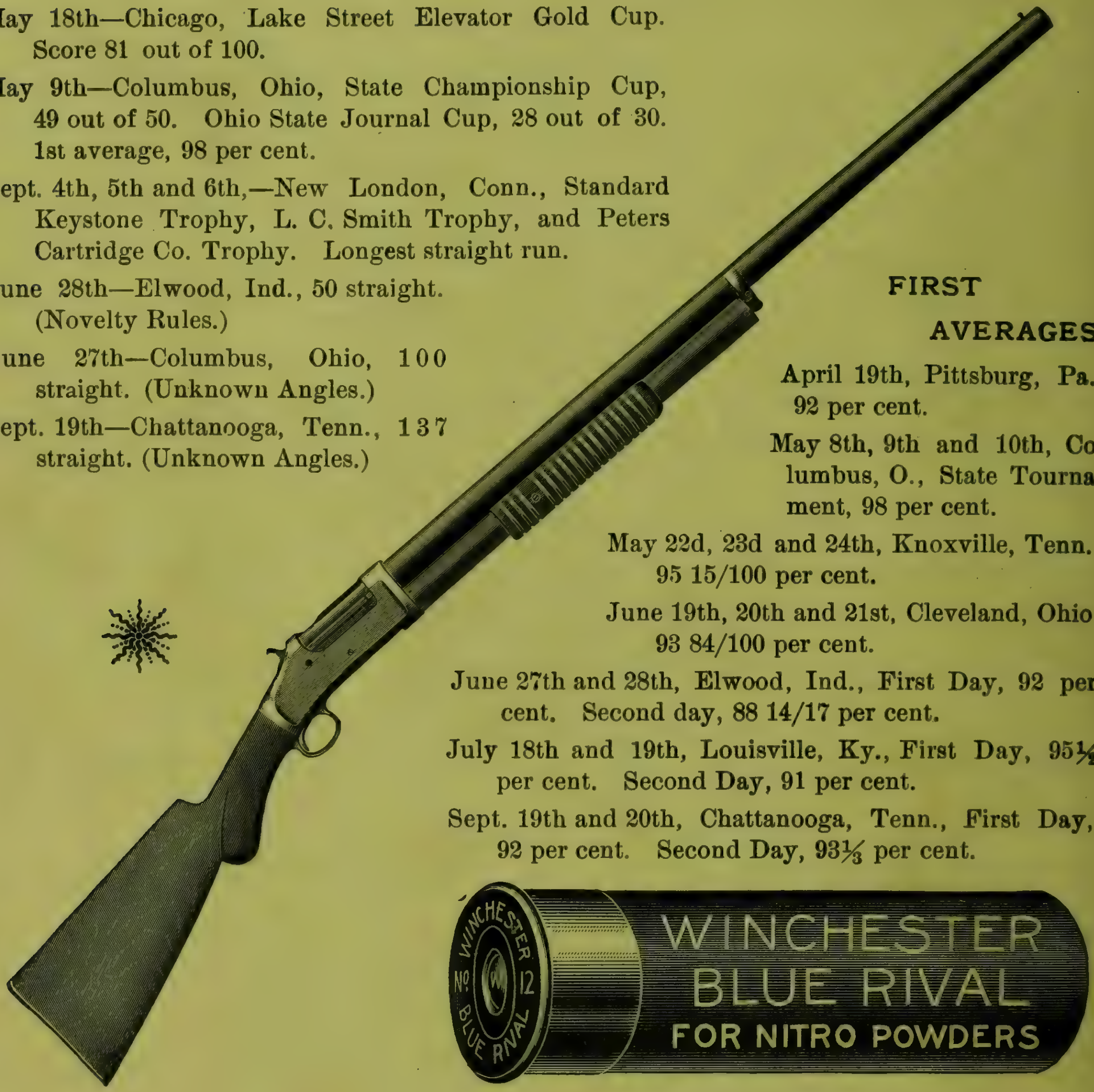
May 22d, 23d and 24th, Knoxville, Tenn., 95 15/100 per cent.

June 19th, 20th and 21st, Cleveland, Ohio, 93 84/100 per cent.

June 27th and 28th, Elwood, Ind., First Day, 92 per cent. Second day, 88 14/17 per cent.

July 18th and 19th, Louisville, Ky., First Day, 95½ per cent. Second Day, 91 per cent.

Sept. 19th and 20th, Chattanooga, Tenn., First Day, 92 per cent. Second Day, 93⅓ per cent.



The Winchester Repeating Shot-gun is manufactured by the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

New Haven, Conn.

For sale by all dealers. Not retailed from the factory.

Mention Recreation.

OLUME II.
UMBER 6.

June, 1895.

$1 A YEAR.
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A POSSIBLE SMILE.

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WON THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP IN 1895.

It is the Strongest Shooting and Best Gun in the World.
WE ARE THE OLDEST MAKERS OF BREECH LOADING SHOT GUNS IN AMERICA.
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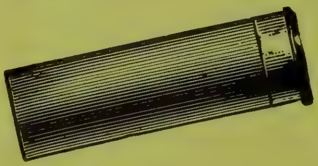

We have these with
ordinary style
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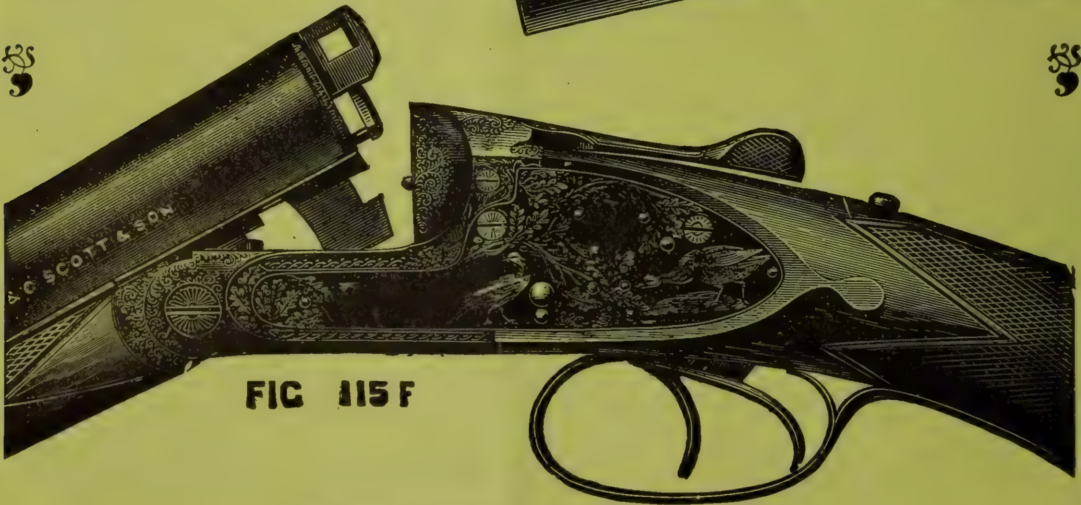

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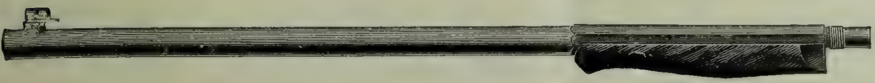

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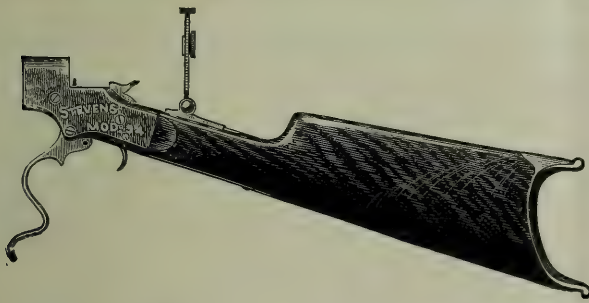

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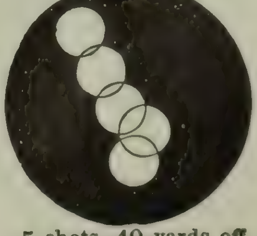

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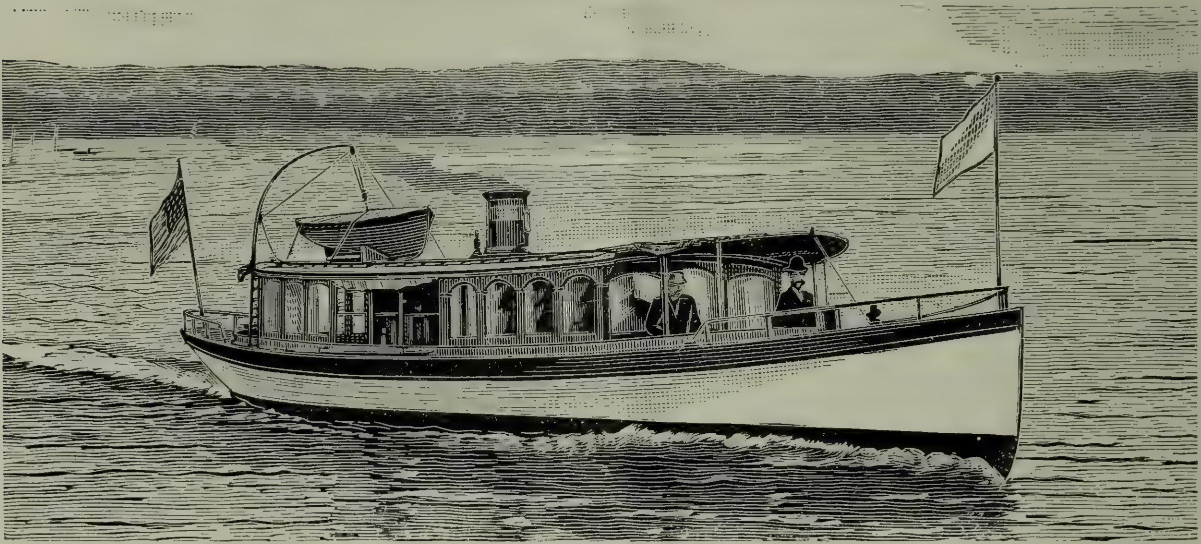

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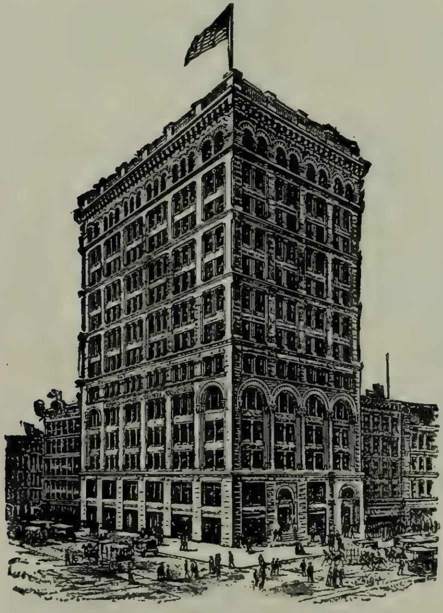

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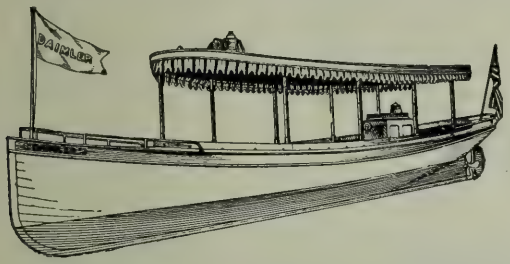

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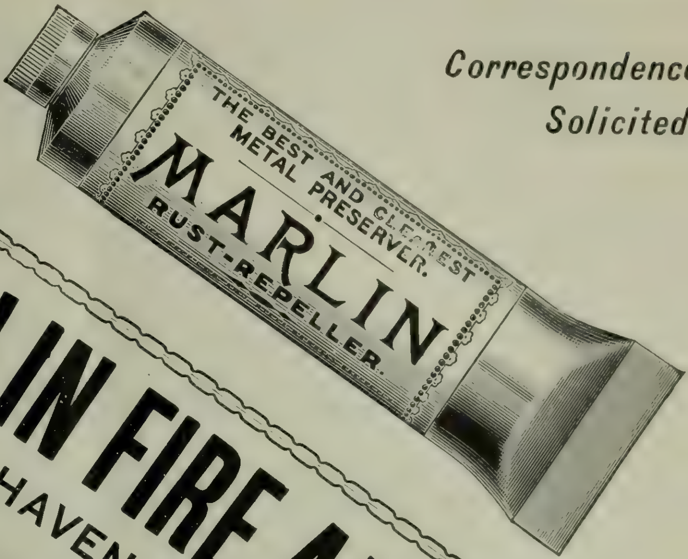
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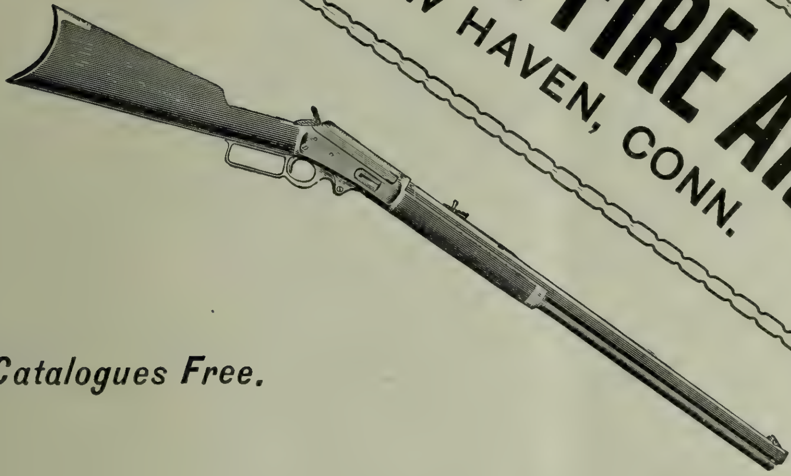

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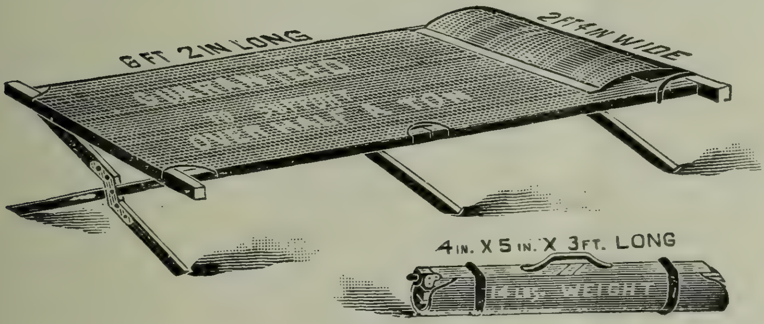
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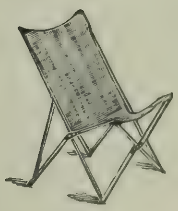

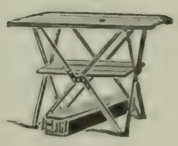

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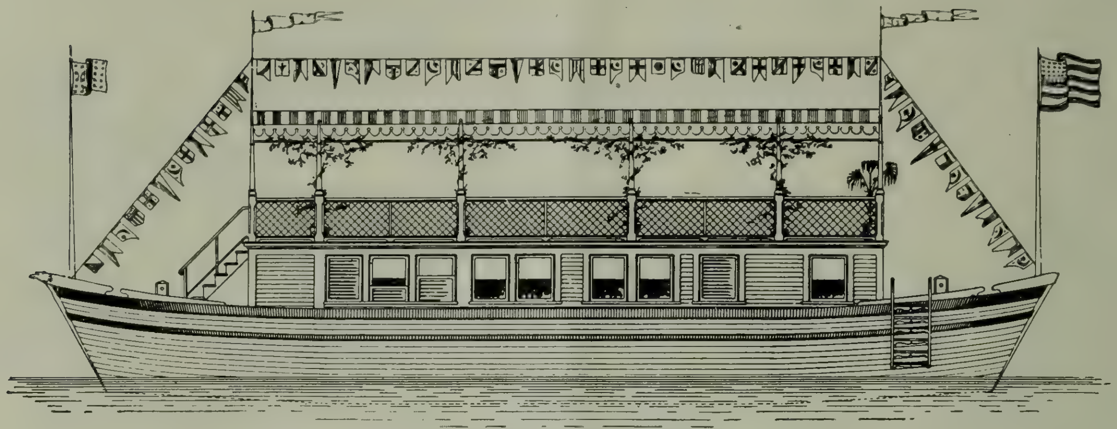

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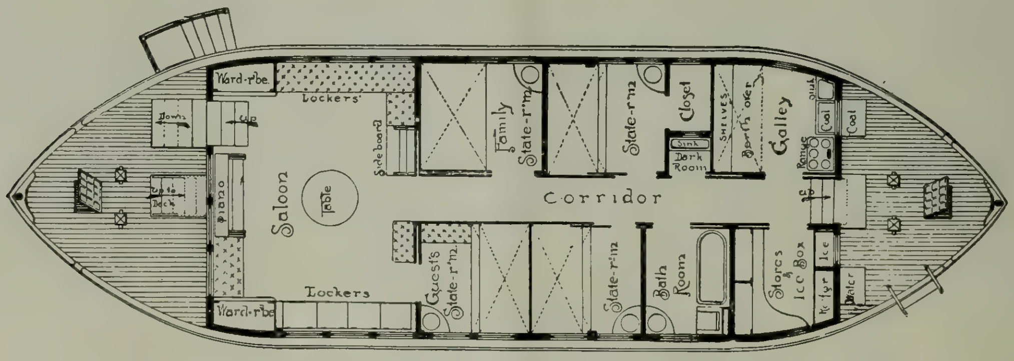
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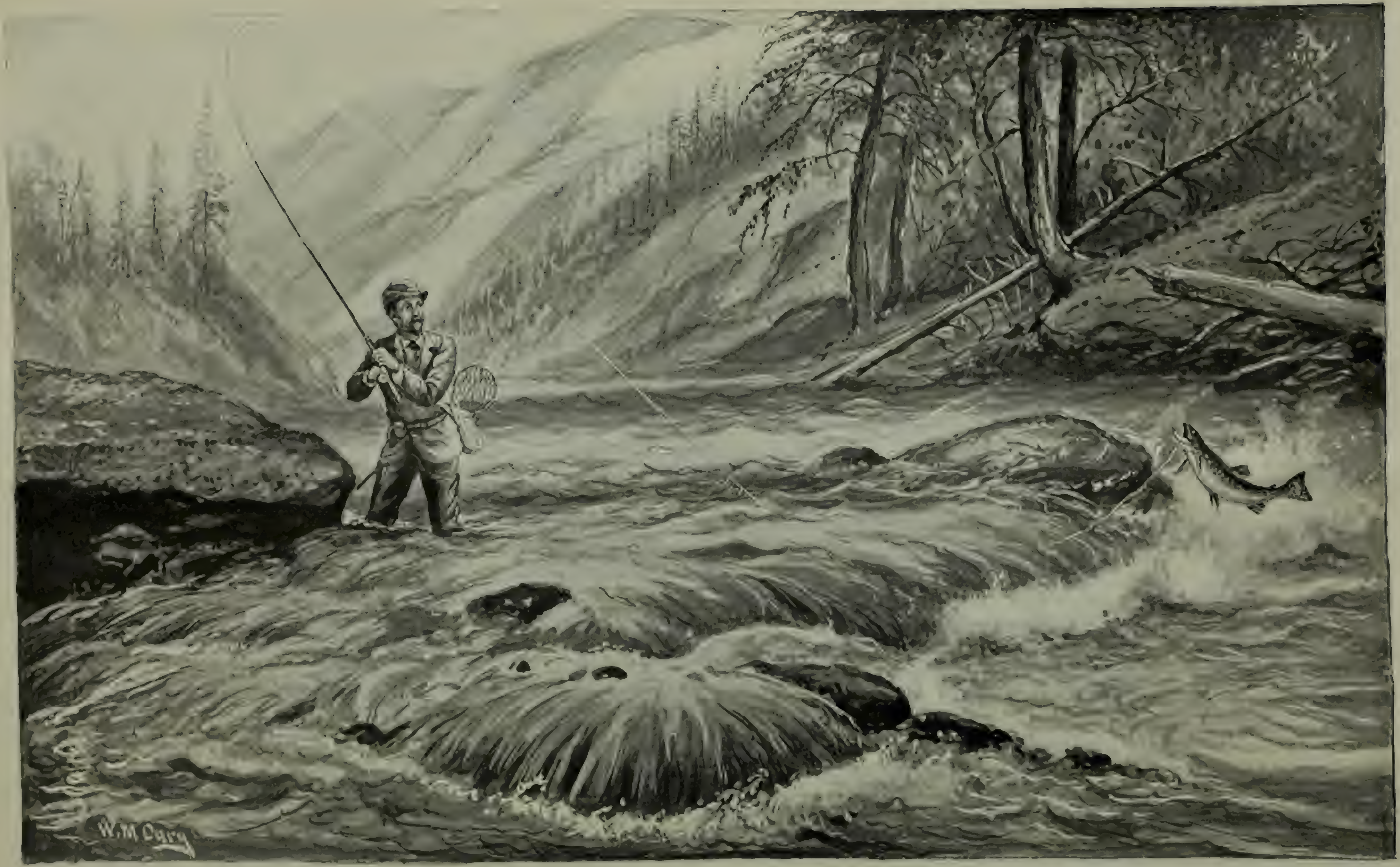


"FINISHING HIS RUSH WITH A LEAP IN THE AIR."

RECREATION.

Volume II. JUNE, 1895. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

TROUTING ON THE GUNNISON.

F. D. Sanford.

Gunnison county has over 500 miles of trout streams. The Gunnison river, proper, is formed 10 miles above Gunnison city by the junction of Taylor river and East river. Twenty-six miles below Gunnison city the Black canyon begins and the good fishing water ends.

East river, Taylor river and all their tributaries are good fishing streams ; as are also all the streams that run into the Gunnison river.

I have fished almost all of these streams and have caught good baskets of trout ; but of late years I have confined myself to the Gunnison river, from a point five miles above the city to five or six miles below.

Seven years ago 10,000 rainbow fry, *Salmo irideus*, were planted in Stubend creek, by County Commissioner A. K. Stevens. Last summer large numbers of them were taken in the Gunnison river, and many of them were above five pounds in weight. I have read of the big trout of the Rangeleys and of the Nepigon, and of the skill with which large fish are killed. I have longed to meet some of the eastern anglers here and show them where the big trout of the Gunnison lie. When I say big trout I mean it ; for our mayor, E. P. Shove, is the captain, having landed, after a 45 minute battle, a rainbow trout that was 29¼ inches in length and weighed 10¼ pounds. There are still larger fish than this in the Gunnison.

My score, for last summer, included 268 fish, that weighed from 2 up to 7¼ pounds.

Now as to the gaminess of our trout. The native trout, *Salmo mykiss*, is not much on the fight. A few rushes and he comes to net. The eastern brook trout, *salvelinus fontinalis*, of which there are quite a number here—and some of good size—are gallant fighters and give good sport. Now, last but not least, we come to the rainbow. As found in the Gunnison river he is the gamiest of his species. I know nothing of him in any other water. He is extremely wary and no tyro can go splashing and smashing along and catch him.

He affects the deepest and swiftest places, and it often requires a cast of 30 to 50 feet to reach him. You must be very quiet or he will not rise, and of course your cast must suit him. But when he is suited he comes with a mighty rush, and when you strike, he turns and cuts away 50 or 100 feet at a terrific pace, finishing his rush with a leap in the air, and giving himself a grand shake and probably you the same. If, however, the hook should still hold, the moment he is in his native element again he tries it all over, only with a little more vim. Varying these rushes, he turns and twists in the water, trying to rid himself of the barb. He never sulks for a moment, and his captor knows how to prize a rainbow when once he has him in his basket.

I have known one to make his rush directly across the river, out on the opposite bank several feet, and then back into the water again. I have had a five pound rainbow leap 17 times before he gave up, and they have a way of giving several short, hard jerks, so fast and so hard, that you must have the best of tackle, or it will part, or your rod will be broken.

Now, I wish to reiterate that if any lover of the "gentle art" wishes to try for this kind of fish and will come this way in July, August or September (the last two months are the best), I will show him where the big fellows hide, and there are many other lovers of the sport here who will do the same.

MYSTERY.

HAMILTON VREELAND, M. D.

SEVEN little liver and white puppies came to town one cold, February morning. Their eyes were sealed, but they were endowed with good appetites and good noses for locating the refreshments. In the course of a month they grew boisterous, and Mine Herr enclosed a space with wire netting, where they could run and play. One fat little toddler, the "no account pup," always managed to escape by crawling over or under. She would caper about while the others sat inside and gazed at her. Mine Herr, replacing her a score of times, said, "It's a mystery how that pup gets out," and an hour later, madam, looking up from her knitting, sees through the open window a piece of linen bobbing about the yard, exclaims, "There's that Mystery at the clothes again."

At intervals during the summer, purchasers came and took away the brothers and sisters, for these were dogs of high degree, of a noted field trial family, and they moved about with the grace and dignity born of conscious superiority. But poor Mystery was a Bohemian among nobles. She divided her time between hobnobbing with street curs and ransacking garbage barrels in search of stray bones.

Occasionally a whisp of jack snipe drops into our meadows, during the fall flight, and Mine Herr, saying, "Better start on the hardest birds first and she will never know but they are the easiest," would take her out for an hour each morning. After a few lessons she began to show what a marvellous nose she had, and the local sportsmen whispered among themselves, "Its a mystery how that pup gets all the points;" and Mystery she has been called to this day.

Mystery has a great notion for music, especially the kind furnished by the little German band—perhaps because her sire was bred in the kennels of a prince of the Hohenzollern blood. She will squat in the centre of the circle of mud-gutter performers and howl in harmony with the trombone. Patti could

"AN' HER TAIL IS A STICKIN' OUT STIFF."

" MYSTERY HAD A BEVY IN SOME TALL GRASS."

not accord with more than one instrument at a time, in this orchestra.

Like other prima donnas she has a series of photographs, and I will tell presently how we got them. We disembarked at Whitehall, a little station on the D.,L. & W. road, on one of those genial days of autumn when nature in most beneficent mood had perfected her harvests; when she overflows with a superfluity of love for her children and scatters her blessings over all the earth. There was a hoar frost on the ground and along the top of the fence as we crawled through the bars at sunrise. We worked out several likely looking fields without finding birds. Then Mystery disappeared, and Mine Herr whistled till a ragged urchin called out—

" Mister, are you whistlin' for a dog? If you is, she's over behind them bushes, en I guess they's suthin the matter with 'er, 'cause she's a standin' still with one foot up like they was a briar in it; en 'er chops is a workin'; en 'er tail is a stickin' out stiff; en I was a goin' ter stone 'er, only she rolled 'er eyes 'round so funny like, it kinder skeered me." Mystery had a bevy in some tall grass, and the old dog pointed a little to one side as we walked up. It was a fine opportunity for a photogragh, and the photographer unlimbered and focussed his camera, blew his fingers and his nose, made two exposures, picked up his gun and walked in. The birds had run a bit and Mystery drew along behind him, then pointed again just before they flushed. I ought to write—" We each killed right and left." But, alas! we did no such thing. We just muffed. But the photographer got one with his second barrel. Mine Herr sagely remarked, " The holes were bigger than the birds in that bevy."

Mystery is not like the classic dog that we read of, that looks disgusted and sneaks for home when you miss a shot or two. In fact, she seems rather astonished when some fortunate worries down a bird. Most of these birds had dropped into a bog and it puzzled the dogs for a time to locate them, as they lay like stones under the tussocks; but one by one they were rooted out and brought to bag. About this time Mystery's social proclivities got her into difficulty. Spying a rabbit hunter in the next field, off she went for a visit. Unable to express all her feeling with her tail she wags from her ears back. Mine Herr whistled and she stopped, irresolute, for a second. Then, with a "yes, I'll be back in a moment" air, she rolled her fat sides along like a Dutch sloop before the wind.

Mine Herr whistled and whistled, and called, "Come around here again alreaty."

Returning she pointed a single at the edge of some brush and escaped a flogging. The old dog backed beautifully. Up went the camera on the tripod, and down came the quail when he jumped. The old dog retrieved the bird, for Mystery is not one of those ideal dogs that always picks up the bird by the northeast wing and lays it tenderly with unruffled feathers in the master's hand. Neither do our dogs drop to shot and wing. In the old days of muzzle loaders it was the thing to have your dog down while you fumbled with powder flask, shot-pouch and caps; but in these days of hammerless ejectors and few birds, you want him to hustle all the time. I rarely find it necessary to ask my dog to charge in the field; besides he can see better to mark the birds down when on his feet.

A clump of alders grew in a wet spot, just the other side of the fence. Here Mystery pointed again and a woodcock whistled as he arose, only to drop to the photographer's charge of Walsrode powder and No. 8 shot.

We now crossed the marsh below the pond and Mystery suddenly turned half way around and stood like a statue. "Scaipe!" "scaipe!" said the jack snipe, as he jumped and stole along, close to the ground, with an erratic flight that would puzzle many a good shot; but Mine Herr, equal to the occasion, downed him at a good 50 yards.

There were no more woodcock in the alders, above the pond, but in the thick growth of white birch saplings, at the foot of the hill, Mystery drew and stopped, drew and stopped for perhaps 75 yards; then stiffened into a fixed point. Three guns spoke simultaneously and down came the grouse. Here in the course of a few moments she had consecutively pointed four varieties of game birds. This is one of the reasons why we all swear by Mystery, and because we can find grouse, quail, woodcock and snipe—not in great numbers, but in a comparatively small area—is why we like Whitehall for a half day's shooting.

Emptying our pockets we counted seventeen head. Then crossing the railroad and canal, we struck a bevy at the edge of the woods, back of the flagman's shanty. They flushed wild and flew to a graveyard, on a hill top, in the rear of a little white church. One of the dogs crossed over and pointed a single bird. "From prey to prey," says the proverb, "we come to the devil." Wierdly incongruous were the surroundings; the three active hunters with nerves strung to high tension, the little cemetery lying peacefully, inclosed within a fringe of natural brush; the pointing dog, motionlesss as the marble slab near by, which bore the strange inscription, Charles the Fifth's prayer, "May God do and Satan not undo."

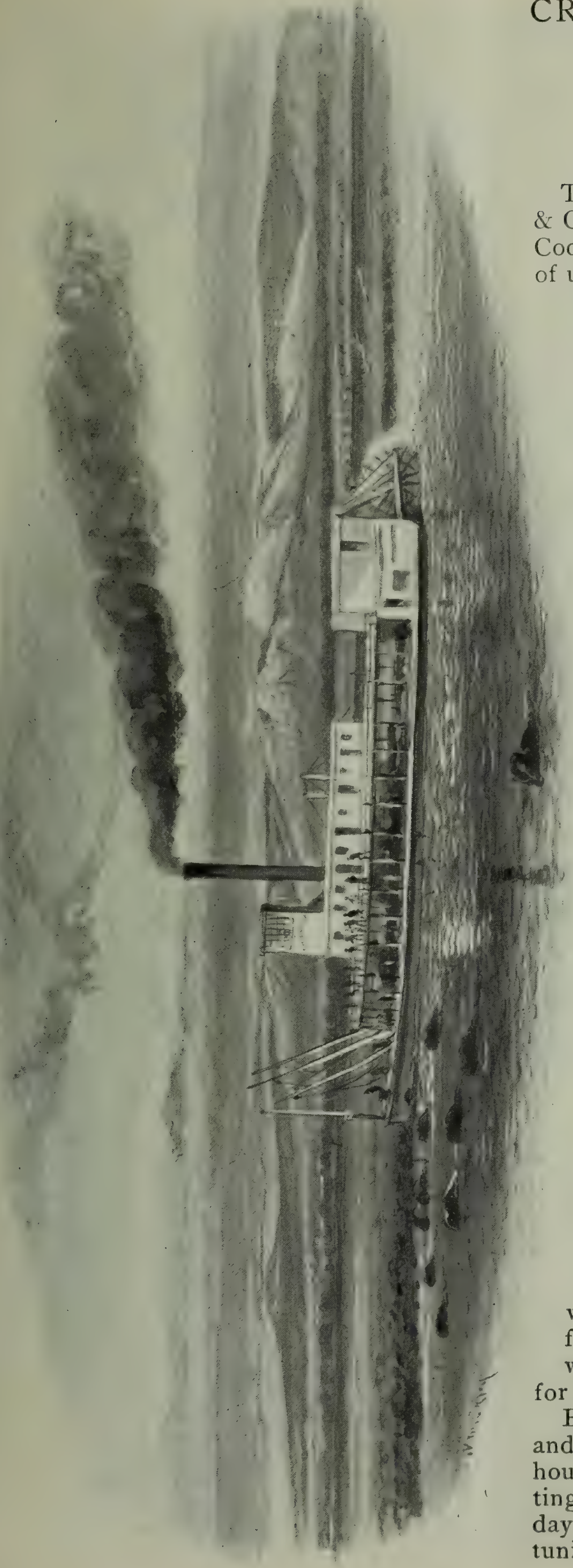
"I draw the line at shooting here," said the photographer, and he walked up and flushed the bird. The three hunters watched it fly across the ravine and drop among the cedars, then they turned about without a word, and went to the station.

◆

CROSSING THE PLAINS

IN '61.

Maj. W. H. Schieffelin.

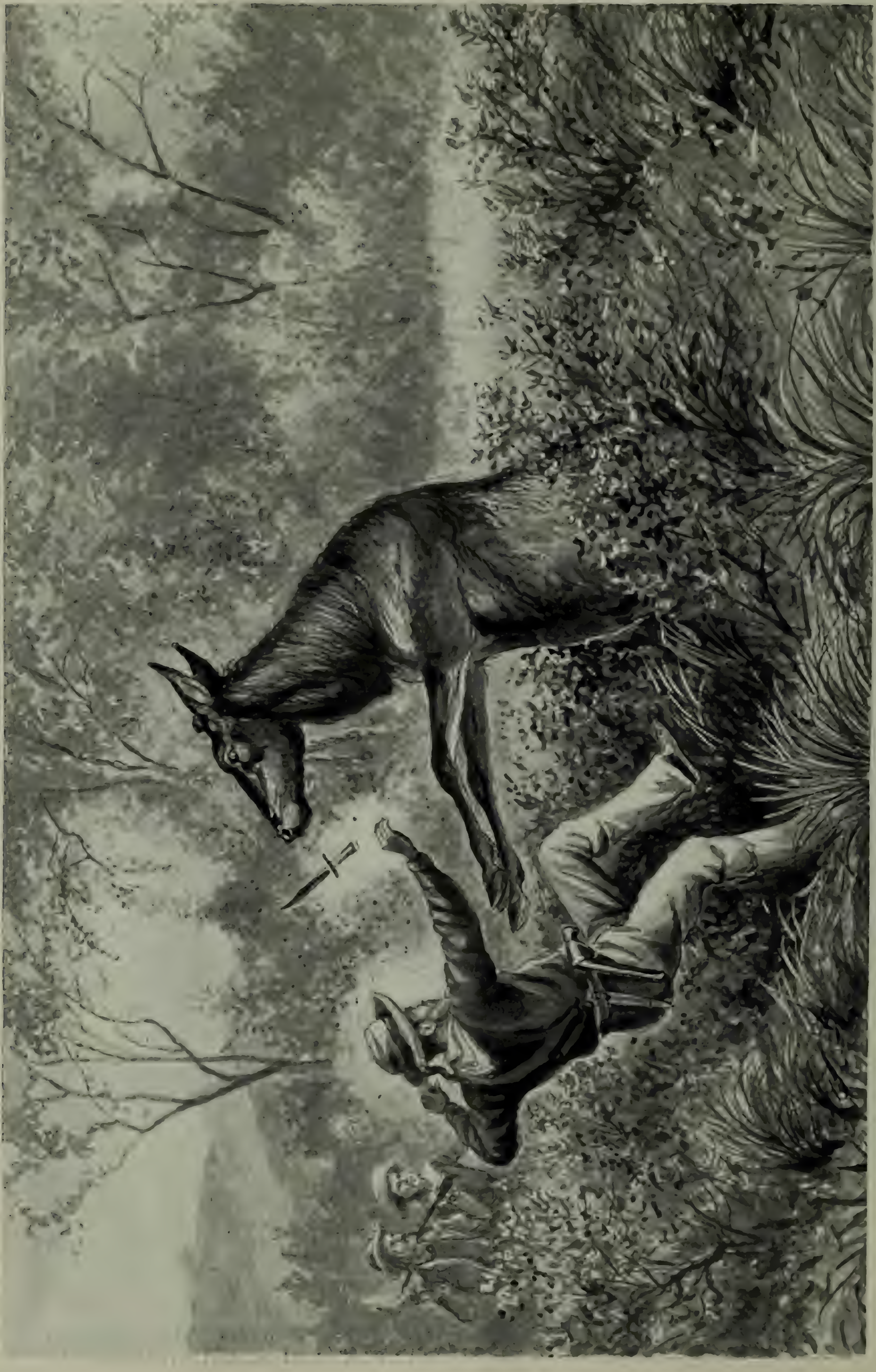


THE CHIPPEWA.

The reading of the history of Lewis & Clark's expedition, and of Fennimore Cooper's tales, awakened in us a spirit of unrest and a desire for travel and adventure. By us, I mean Mr. E. N. Lawrence, Mr. W. M. Cary, the well known artist, and myself. We determined on a buffalo hunt, and a journey across the continent, and after securing complete hunting outfits, including saddles, bridles, blankets, clothing, tents, cooking utensils, currant jellies and other luxuries, not needed and not often seen on the plains, we set out for St. Louis, at that time the rendezvous of nearly all west-bound travelers.

About the 12th of May, 1861, having letters to Mr. Pierre Chouteau, of the American Fur Company, we left St. Louis on two of that company's steamboats, the "Spread Eagle" and the "Chippewa," for Forts Union and Benton, on the upper Missouri. These boats made but one trip each year, and that in the spring, when the water was highest.

The distance from St. Louis to Benton is 3,000 miles. It took us about six weeks to make the trip, traveling by day only. At night we made fast to the shore, or, in case of danger from hostile Indians, anchored in the middle of the river. The vessels were loaded principally with goods for the trading posts in the far Northwest, there being but few passengers for that remote country in those days. Every afternoon a landing was made, and the crews were employed for two hours or more in cutting wood and putting it on board for use during the next day. These stops gave us ample opportunities for hunting, and there was always



"AS I PUT THE KNIFE IN HIS NECK HE MADE A JUMP FOR ME."

plenty of game hung on the lower deck of the boat, such as elk, deer, buffalo, bears, antelope, ducks, geese, swans, etc.

Often, as we steamed along, the cry would be given, "Game in the river!" when each of us would grab the weapon we liked best, and then would commence a fusillade. When an animal was killed the captain would send a boat for it, as the meat was always needed to feed the passengers and the crews. As some of the Indian tribes were hostile at that time, a company was organized for defense and was drilled on the larger boat, every day, in skirmishing, loading and firing, by an United States officer. Fortunately, however, we were not called on to exhibit our prowess.

The trip was in every way a most delightful one. The days were full of incident and adventure. Now a snag and then a sand-bar to be lifted over; next Indians and other wild animals; but the nights were always quiet and restful, with the boats at anchor.

* * *

I killed my first elk one afternoon when the boats were tied up to the bank taking wood. With my two companions, Lawrence and Cary, I went on a hunt. About a mile from the boat we came on three or four elk. They were kind and gentle to us. They seemed to know no fear of man, and probably had never before seen one. I crawled up to within about 100 feet of them, and taking careful aim at the largest bull, fired: and was, I confess, surprised to see him fall, for I was not then a good shot with a rifle. I immediately and foolishly laid down my gun (unloaded), and drawing my hunting knife, ran in to cut his throat. As I put the point of the knife in his neck he made a jump for me. His foot struck my hand and sent the knife, ringing, 20 feet one way, while I was sent as far the other way. Fortunately, he was too badly hurt to follow up his advantage, and I scrambled back to my rifle, loaded up and shot him dead. It being in the spring of the year he had no horns, and to this fact I doubtless owe my life.

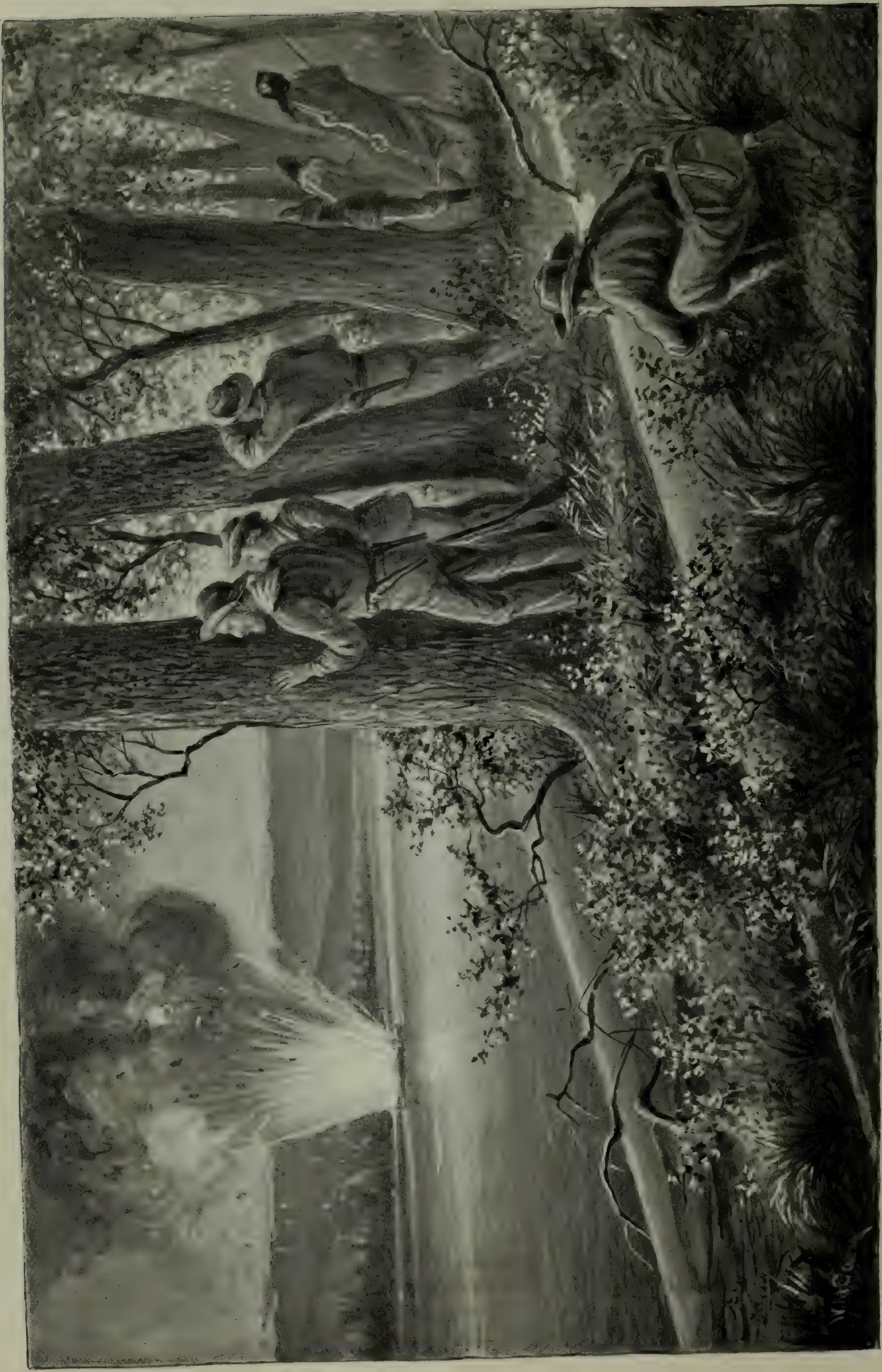
We cleaned him and started to drag him to the boat. When we had gone about 10 feet we discovered that it was a very hot night, and that the mosquitoes were numerous; so we cut off his head and shoulders, and started again with the hind quarters. By this time the night seemed hotter, and the mosquitoes thicker than ever. We had only gone about 100 feet with the saddle when we cut off one hind quarter and started in with that. We dragged this about a quarter of a mile further, when we concluded that there was enough game on the boat, and that if the captain wanted more he could send for it; so we dropped our load and started on a run for the boat, leaving the mosquitoes in possession of the ground. They were too many for us, and I regret to say my first elk was wasted.

* * *

On arriving at Fort Union the boats were unloaded, and the river being now very low, only the small stern wheeler was loaded to go to Fort Benton, and all the passengers were crowded on board of her. This was very unlike the ease and luxury we had enjoyed on the larger boat, where each had a good stateroom to himself.

One beautiful Sunday evening, after supper, when we were enjoying our smoke on the upper deck, a cry of "fire" was raised, and on going forward we saw the smoke pouring from the forward hatch. One of the crew, being thirsty, had taken a lighted candle and a gimlet, and had gone below and bored a hole in a barrel of alcohol. The liquid coming out ignited, setting him and the boat on fire. He was, with great difficulty, hauled out, but was so badly burned that he died some days later.

As we all knew there were 300 kegs of powder in the bow of the boat, we did not want to stay on board long. A panic ensued. The women and some of the men lost their heads, and were with great difficulty prevented from jumping overboard. The shouts and screams of the people, and the columns of smoke and flame leaping from the hold up the open hatchways, were enough to shake the nerves of the bravest men. Several of us rushed to our staterooms, grabbed our best rifles and belts, and prepared to escape at the first opportunity. The engineer stood at his post and ran the boat ashore. Our captain had the instinct of self-preservation strongly developed. He stood on the prow in his shirt sleeves, without a package of any kind in hand, and as soon as the boat got within six feet of land he leaped like a wild man. In doing so he pushed



"IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES THE FIRE REACHED THE POWDER MAGAZINE AND THE ILL FATED STEAMER WENT UP IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE."

the frail little steamer out into the water again, but the engineer drove her up to the shore and held her there until all the passengers were safely off. Then he, too, went ashore, and we all left the vessel as fast as possible. We took refuge behind some large cottonwoods, at a safe distance, and watched the fated craft float helplessly out into the stream. In about twenty minutes the fire reached the powder, and the unfortunate steamer went up in a cloud of smoke, and with a roar that must have startled the wild beasts for miles around.

We could see the lighter wreckage floating down the river. Among it we could recognize a choice saddle, a bundle of good, heavy blankets, and some strong, serviceable clothing. Oh, how we shivered as we thought how cold we should be next fall for want of those blankets and clothes! How we ached as we thought of the hundreds of weary miles we must ride on the bare hurricane decks of Indian cayuses, and how we should wish for those saddles! How our mouths watered as we thought how good that currant jelly would have tasted on our venison and buffalo steak! But, alas, it was now in the bottom of the Big Muddy, food for vulgar turtles and catfish! Still, we knew there was no use crying over lost jelly, and the best we could do now was to do the best we could.

In order to be prepared for prairie chicken shooting I had bought a pointer dog in St. Louis. He was said to be well trained, but, like some children, he liked to have his own way, and was sometimes slow to obey orders when he did not see the necessity of it. This trait cost him his life. When the "Chippewa" took fire he was lying on the upper deck, and when I ran for my gun and belt I called him to follow me. He did not stir. After calling him three times I left him to his repose, and that was the last I saw of him. He is, no doubt, in repose yet, but must have been rudely disturbed for an instant when the boat blew up. Moral: Children, obey your parents, and do it quickly, or you may get left.

* * *

The next day some of the men went down along the river bank, below the scene of the explosion, and picked up cans of roasted oysters, tomatoes, and chunks of roast pork, corn beef, &c. The trees along the bank were festooned with annuity blankets and bolts of red flannel and red cotton cloth, all badly scorched. Both Indians and whites helped themselves to these, and there was a wild scramble to see who should get the most. Some valuable goods were thus rescued.

Fortunately, we found an old flat-boat near here that belonged to the fur company. We rigged a shelter, or awning of bows over this, and returned in it down the river to Fort Union. Another lucky thing for us, there was an Indian camp near, from which we obtained some buffalo meat, or we might have starved.

In our party there were several ladies, who showed great fortitude in the face of these hardships.

The pleasure of the trip was especially augmented by the presence of an agreeable English gentleman, his wife and protegé, a young lady from New York. They returned down the river in the 30-foot flat-boat clear to St. Joseph, always making the best of everything and looking on the bright side, even after losing their clothes and trunks on the steamer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EXILE'S WAIL.

Quick ! fly ye on and o'er,
  Cruel year of "ninety-five,"
And let me on thy farther shore
  In lightning speed arrive ;
For if thou haste thy toil,
  Sooner, O God ! I'll tread
America's dear, hallowed soil
  From which (*a fool*) I sped !

HENRY HAWTHORNE.

JAMAICA, W. I.

YACHTING.

R. E. DEANE.

Take from your life one week of strife,
And add a week of leisure ;
That memory may some future day
Fall back upon with pleasure.
—"NESSMUK.'

A LOVER of the sea considers yachting the acme of all out-of-door sports and that out-of-door element is the fundamental principle underlying all of our higher sports. Fresh air and sunshine, combined with moderate exercise, stimulate the digestion to feats undreamed of ashore. The healthful change and excitement bear their part in the building up of a glorious physique and added strength with which to combat business or professional trials. This healthfulness is gained almost unconsciously. Condemn a man to swing Indian clubs a stated time daily, and he rebels. Put him with congenial companions on a snug cabin boat for an outing, and he will shirk no exercise, but will take his

A HANDY SMALL CRUISER.

AN AMERICAN SLOOP.

share of the pulling, hauling and hustling as part of the day's recreation.

Outdoor sports are the means by which youth gains the stamina needful for the fulfillment of the duties of manhood ; and it is fortunate for the rising generation that they live in an age that not only tolerates, but encourages all rational sports and games. In my youth, when our men's minds were bent chiefly on money making, any indulgence in such pastimes was generally looked upon as the rankest folly. I thank my stars that my parents did not share this general sentiment. I was encouraged to go out of doors as much as possible, and to meet nature face to face.

Yachting has not as many followers as some of the other sports, although its followers make up in ardor their lack of numbers. Of course, the true stage for the yachtsman's efforts is the sea, although on this vast continent of lakes and inland seas we find flourishing yacht clubs at what are generally thought of as inland cities. Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, are all yachting centres, although the inland yacht differs in many essentials from the standard demanded for salt water cruising.

When I speak of yachting, I mean cruising rather than racing. To the racing mania may be justly attributed the popular idea that yachting is an expensive pastime. So it is, if we attempt to keep tuned up to racing pitch, ordering a new boat, centreboard, cutter or fin-keel, from year to year, to keep pace with the experimental theories of our crack builders ; but four men can live better and more cheaply afloat in a 30-footer than they can live at a hotel, during a vacation. Handicap races, with their liberal time allowances, furnish exciting sport for such as are fond of them.

A COSY SUMMER HOME.

While cruising in your yacht, you may enjoy many other sports, such as wildfowl shooting, fishing, photography, sketching, etc.

Some people are afraid of the sea, but we have all heard of the old salt who thanked God he was safe at sea, from the perils of life in towns. A staunch non-capsizable boat, of the cutter type, will outride any gale you will be likely to encounter in an ordinary cruise. I have been yachting for many a year, sometimes in queer craft, but have yet to see a serious accident or one involving loss of life. Even the veriest old tub develops an antipathy to a rugged lee shore, and there's "a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," who looks after the lives of yachtsmen as well as of the Jack of song.

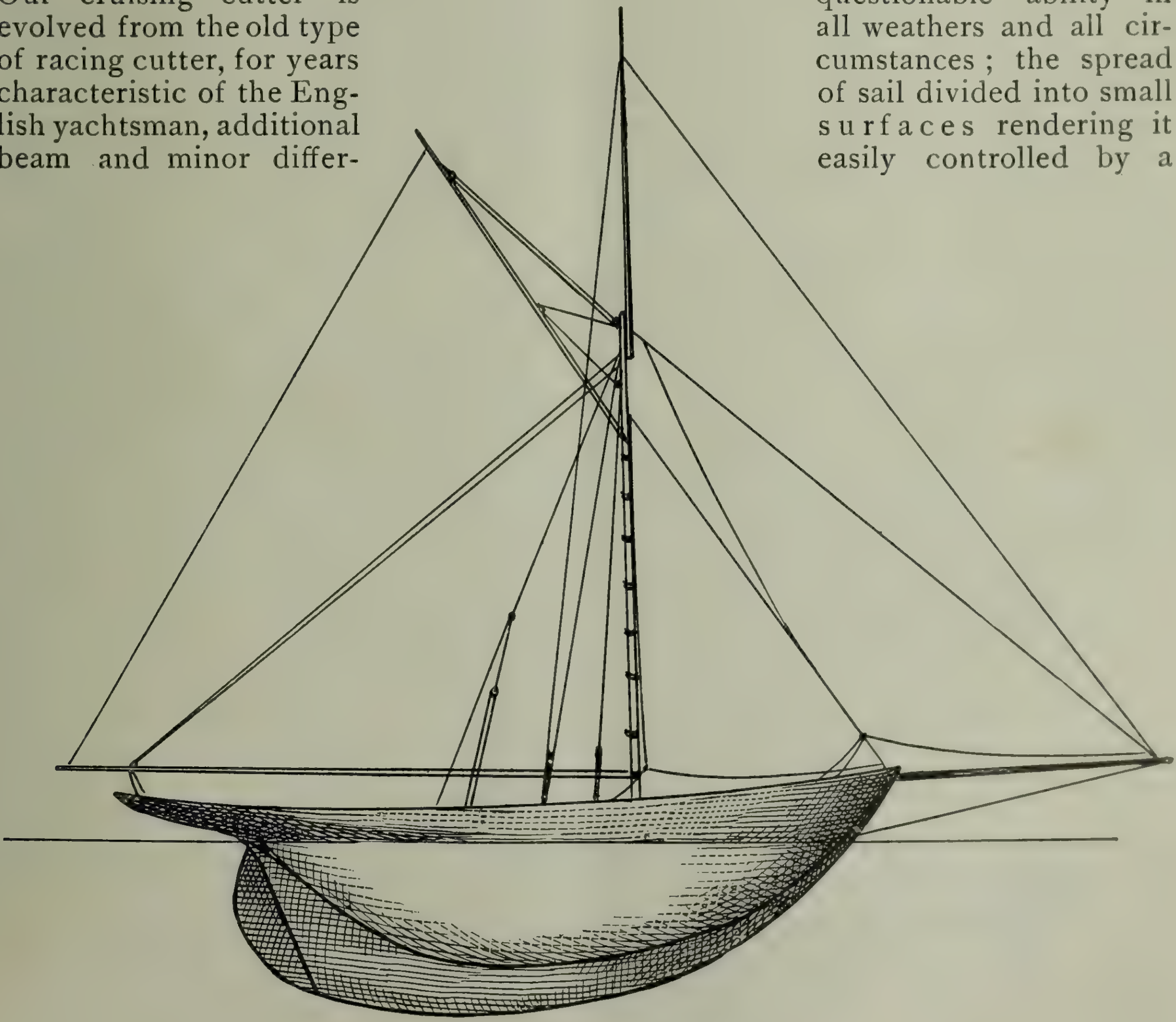
The limits of this article do not permit a discussion of the vexed question of centreboard versus cutter. Suffice it to say that for outside cruising the cutter type, of a generous beam and depth sufficient to give stability, is dryer, more comfortable and safer than the centreboard, although the latter has many advantages for inshore work, dodging about rivers, sounds, &c. A handy non-capsizable cutter, with a snug rig, is the better in a blow or for offshore work, and is more suitable for cruising.

A cruising boat need not necessarily be a tub, although the dream of a racing craft, of small size, being at the same time a satisfactory, all round craft, has yet to be realized. There is more than one staunch little cutter, sloop or yawl afloat that combines dry quarters, reasonable dimensions, safety and speed within its trim form. Much, of course, depends on the area of sail carried. The fewer skyscrapers and clubtopsails displayed by a small cruiser the better; the snugger the rig, within reason, the better it will prove for all round cruising purposes.

As a detail, the cutter rig of double headsail, forestaysail and jib, is an improvement on the large single jib, that becomes a wet, unmanageable incubus when reefing in a heavy, plunging sea. Our British brethren surpass us in some of these particulars, and in some points, again, their boats are inferior to ours. Our cruising cutter is evolved from the old type of racing cutter, for years characteristic of the English yachtsman, additional beam and minor differences of rig being the main essentials. The British racing craft of the smaller rates, for the past few seasons, has taken on the Herreshoff lines. Several of the more successful of the one, two and three raters have been built by that firm for British yachtswomen.

Although the English sailmakers have a world-wide reputation, they run to some peculiar rigs, the fad of the past two seasons having been the lug sail, frequently with a jib attached, set to the boat's stem instead of to a bowsprit. For river sailing, on the Thames for instance, the balance lug, as seen on so many of our own canoes, may have possible advantages, but a boat so rigged lacks grace and that unity of line and all-over-drawing appearance noted in the cutter, yawl or schooner. The latter is the handiest of all rigs, although hardly adapted for small yachts. For my own part I should prefer the leg-of-mutton to a lugsail.

The yawl displays an excellent arrangement of sail power, handy, of unquestionable ability in all weathers and all circumstances; the spread of sail divided into small surfaces rendering it easily controlled by a



A HANDY CRUISING CUTTER.

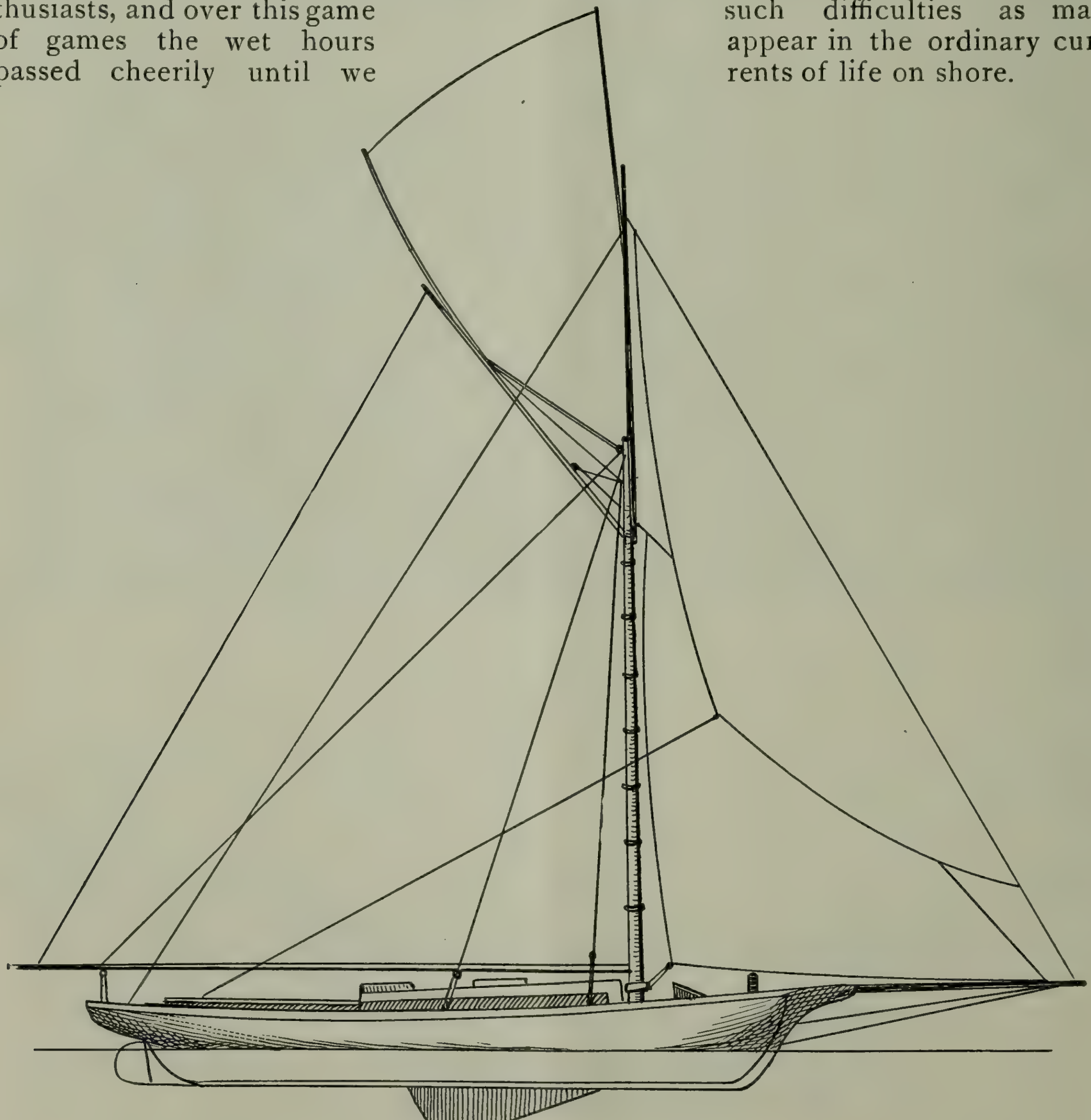
small crew. The utility of this division of the huge cutter mainsail into smaller surfaces is proven by its adoption by the large racers in their transatlantic voyages.

Nearly anywhere along our great seaboard, on either the eastern, western or southern coasts, we find enjoyable cruising grounds. Charming trips can be made on the great lakes, although heavy weather is probable in that region, and during the summer the weather is apt to be variable, with intervals of exasperating calm.

Much of the success of a yachting party depends on the congeniality of the members of it. I remember one cruise that, on account of head winds and cold rains, would have been the flattest kind of a failure had it not been that all four of the party were whist enthusiasts, and over this game of games the wet hours passed cheerily until we were again favored by sunshine and a fair breeze.

Photography furnishes a charming pastime and interesting souvenirs with which to recall summer outings when seated by midwinter fires. Shooting, fishing, swimming and rowing all bear their parts in passing the hours of calm, and there are many lazy moments when a novel is acceptable. If you have an artist aboard he is certain to find amusing and instructive material for his pencil, and for a last resort there is always sleep. Insomnia, with kindred ills, is left ashore, and for many a long day after his return will one feel the benefit derived from an outing afloat.

Boat sailing, above all, gives a coolness and readiness in emergency or danger, that not only insures one's safety at sea, but will aid materially in overcoming such difficulties as may appear in the ordinary currents of life on shore.



AMERICAN CENTREBOARD SLOOP.

OUR NATIONAL BIRD.

Arthur F. Rice.

The public has been calld on to express its opinion as to what should be considered our national flower, and after a full discussion of the subject, there is little doubt that the final decision will meet with general approval.

Unfortunately, the people at large have never been consulted in the choice of a national bird, and while the eagle is tacitly admitted to be such, it may not be presumptuous to question the wisdom of the selection or to dispute the right of the eagle to occupy this proud position.

It is true that the poets have invested this bird with all the rare qualities to be found in the feathered creation, and attributed to it characteristics which naturalists have never been able to discover. They have drawn on their imaginations to the extent of making the eagle the symbol of literature, art, science, valor, liberty, pride and power. In their fantastic nomenclature he is known as "the monarch bird," "the lord of light," "the feathered king," "the playmate of the storm;" he is "imperial," "princely," "royal," "thunder-grasping," etc., etc. All this sounds well, but is somewhat overdrawn, and those who are best acquainted with the bird and his habits, are content to use less flowery titles and more humble adjectives. At the risk of shattering a popular ideal, truth compels me to say that the eagle has received from those closet-naturalists something more than his due. It is not a fact that his powers of flight and vision exceed those of all other birds, for the vulture excels him in the one and the condor in the other; yet both of these birds are in bad odor with the poets and are called hard names by them. Neither is he braver than many other birds, and much smaller ones that himself, at that. The king bird chases him and some of the tiny songsters do not hesitate to peck and hawk at him. He is an arrant coward when crows are about and makes haste to escape from these sable enemies.

The poets have displayed their ignorance by picturing the eagle as a follower of armies, scenting the carnage from afar; as though he fed on dead bodies, which he never does. No less a poet than Shelly, in speaking of the vegetation on a mountain top, mentions "the feathery weed sown by some eagle on the topmost stone;" a performance which would be something out of the usual line for a carnivorous bird! Still another speaks of "the fair tree on which the eagle builds." Now, as a matter of fact, most eagles build in the rocks, and those that do nest in trees, select some old dead stub or lightning-stricken trunk that is anything but fair to look on.

If then, we cannot believe what the poets say of our so-called national bird, and inasmuch as the progress of civilization has made him a "rara avis," which we can seldom get sight of; where shall we look for a correct delineation of him? Practical people will probably refer us to the coins from our mints, for is not the bird of freedom stamped thereon in all his glory of wing pinions and tail feathers? Taking it for granted that the effigy of the eagle is on the gold coins—which always seem to be in some other pockets than our own, and are therefore inaccessible—let us examine the silver coins and see what we find thereon. Something is certainly there which was intended for a bird, and we will admit, for the sake of argument, that it is an eagle, although it looks more like a pterodactyl. It bears about the same resemblance to a live eagle as the king of clubs to a live king. Its head looks more like that of a tapir, or a rhinoceros without a horn, than of an eagle, and it wears a peculiar sort of pantalets entirely unknown to natural history. The best that can be said of it is that it looks like a disreputable fish hawk with a swelled head, and was probably engraved by a man who had just returned intoxicated from a cockfight, bringing with him some mixed impressions of the noble birds he had

HE SHOULD BE OUR NATIONAL BIRD.

seen clawing each other. As the matter now stands, our national bird is something which we seldom see alive, which is utterly worthless when dead, which the poets have lied about, and which the United States government has caricatured out of all semblance of its original shape.

Would it not be more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things to repudiate the eagle altogether, as our national bird, and set up in his place that shapely, well-dressed and toothsome biped, the North American turkey! He has claims on our regard that no other bird possesses;—he is a native born American, for all turkeydom had its origin in the wild species found in this country alone. He is the product of our soil, and the sweetness of his flesh demonstrates that the soil is good. He is a picturesque accompaniment of rural life, and a succulent feature of the bill of fare. For generations his wings, in the housewife's hands, have been potent agents for sweeping the dust from the home, and his feathers have made the soft beds on which tired humanity has slept the sweet sleep born of hard labor and a clear conscience. In our tribute to his worth we should by no means forget or despise those old turkey-feather fans, which have been handed down to us, and behind which our grandmothers hid their blushes long years ago.

It is true that the turkey is proud and pompous, but these are rather respectable vices; then, too, he has something to be proud of, and his vainness does not detract from his good qualities. He is essentially domestic in his habits and is generally willing to do his share of the nest warming and bread winning. He is no coward either, and would as soon fight as run if the occasion demands it. He is jealous of his rights and not averse to doing battle with any rival for the favor of some mild-eyed member of the feathered harem. His voice is not sweet, but it has the merit of strong individuality, and is, perhaps, as mellifluous as the yell of his competitor for national honors. In fact, he possesses most of the merits of the eagle, with very few of his bad qualities. It is no argument against the turkey that he cannot soar among the clouds, for he has important business to attend to on earth, and his sphere of usefulness would not be increased if he took his breakfast in one county, his dinner in another, and his supper in an adjoining state. The turkey is a permanent resident, who is law-abiding and pays his taxes. The eagle is a Bohemian rover, belonging to no particular locality, and like those undesirable people who come to stay only so long as they can pick up something for themselves.

The apotheosis of the turkey occurs when he has finished and rounded out his earthly career and is sacrificed to furnish forth the thanksgiving feast. His honors continue even after death! When turkeys were first introduced into England, Archbishop Cranmer considered them so essential, from a gastronomic standpoint, that he made them an element of the Christmas festivities. Our Puritan forefathers, with that wisdom which characterized them in matters of national moment, transferred this noble bird to the position of honor on the Thanksgiving board; a place which he has since occupied with great dignity, and to the inward satisfaction of his many admirers. On such occasions he is already our national bird, and, if a ballot were then taken, would get all the votes.

In selecting a national coat of arms there is no good reason why we should be servile imitators of the ancient Romans, and adopt their well-worn emblem.

With the stately turkey wandering through our fields and threading our forests, we have no need of looking elsewhere for the fitting insignia of our commonwealth. If the eagle is the emblem of war, let us have the turkey; he shall proclaim the piping times of peace, and represent good cheer, full granaries, and fruitful fields.

Then usher in the turkey as our national bird! the turkey with his flaming crest and full rotundity of shape. Let his head appear upon our flagstaffs, and his proud and fan-like tail be graven on our dollars. Let the sound of the gobbler be heard in the land, and let the scream of the eagle, among the crags of the wilderness, give place to the soft cluck of the maternal turkey leading her brood afield!

MY MOTTO.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "The Poet Scout."

Here's a motto mighty old,
    But 'tain't no use o' talkin'
Foller it an' you'll have gold,
    An' carriage, 'stead o' walking'.

If at first you lose your grip
    On anything you try,
Keep a rigid upper lip
    An' you'll get thar by and by.

And if yer grip should slip an' slip
    Just get some force of habit,
Have at command a bit of sand
    And don't be skeered to grab it.

TWIN LIGHTS.

D. B. Keeler.

Oft I think of the millions I might have,
If I only had brains to " catch on ;"
But I'm in such a plight,
With this dismal old light,
That I wish I had never been born.

" There are others" that seem to be winners,
And my writings are better, I know ;
But they're not in this plight,
With such a bum light.
Oh ! confound it, things do go so slow.

Tools and poor workmen, they oft disagree,
But with me, this is not quite the case ;
For, look at that light,
It will ruin my sight.
How am I to compete in the race ?

As it is, the landlady is kicking,
She complains that I burn too much gas ;
" Your brains need a light,"
She said, out of spite.
" Woe is me," has it come to this pass ?

As I sit in my six story chamber,
On her harsh words my thinker doth work,
And I turn out the light,
I guess she's dead right,
And I'll answer an ad. for a clerk.

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

VI.

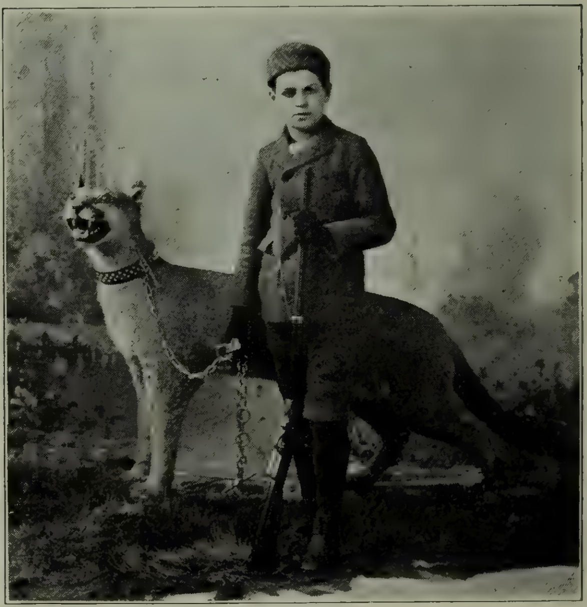
Missoula, Mont.

Editor Recreation.

George Grover, the subject of this sketch, is a bright little lad of twelve years, who lives with his parents at a logging camp called Nine Mile, which is 27 miles west of Missoula. He is an intrepid hunter, and often takes his rifle and goes into the mountains alone to hunt big game.

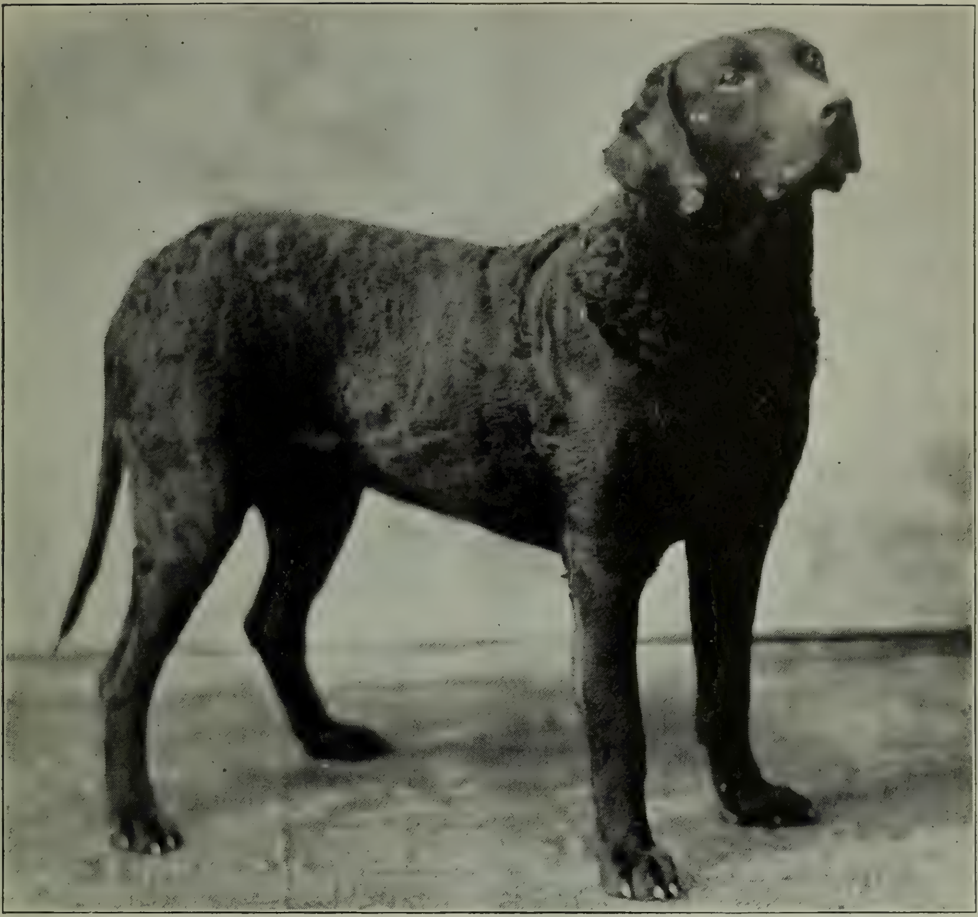
On December 25th last, having been out the greater part of the day and not having killed anything, he was returning to camp, and when in a deep wood, within about a mile of home, he found the carcass of a large buck that had been killed by some beast of prey. It had apparently been dead but a few minutes. Its body was still warm and blood was issuing from many wounds. There were indications of a desperate struggle. The snow was plowed up, trampled and sprinkled with blood ; bushes were broken down and tufts of hair were scattered about. George was not alarmed, but hurried home and told his parents what he had seen. Their curiosity being aroused, they went with George to a neighbor's house to relate the story to him. Mr. Mingus is an experienced trapper and hunter, and on hearing the story said the deer had evidently been killed by a mountain lion. George remembered having heard Mr. Mingus tell of trapping lions, and asked him to lend him a trap. This Mr. Mingus did, explaining how to set it by the use of a pry, and giving him a few instructions in regard to placing and securing the trap.

Away George went to the scene of the tragedy, and it was almost dusk when he returned to say that he had securely fastened and set the trap. The older people smiled at the boy's enthusiasm, but the laugh was on them when the young hunter returned the next morning, from an early visit to the trap, and reported Mr. Lion fast. It was then determined to capture the animal alive. A strong cage was made of heavy lumber, loaded on a wagon and carted into the woods. The lion was secured and brought to camp. Our little hero's ambition was not yet satisfied, however. He returned to the bait, reset the trap and on the following morning had another lion. This was secured in the same manner, and the third night still another was anchored.



The first lion caught would never take food, and soon died of a broken heart. The other two are alive and healthy, except that each has a lame foot. They are fine specimens and can be seen any day in a little building on Higgins avenue, Missoula.

George is a brave, handsome little fellow, a skillful hunter, an excellent shot with rifle or shotgun, and there are few men with whom I would rather spend a day in the mountains, or who would be more congenial companions or more reliable guides.
A. J. Stone.



GALLERY OF GOOD DOGS.

IV.

Mr. Harry M. Belt, Des Moines, Iowa, writes as follows of the dog whose portrait is shown herewith :

" Drake is a cross between a Chesapeake bay dog and an Irish spaniel, and is larger than either sire or dam. He weighs, when in full flesh about 100 pounds, is very docile and extremely fond of children, thus being a valuable house dog as well as a hunter.

He is a tireless worker in the field and never loses a dead bird.

I have shot ducks over him both spring and fall, and find him as true one season as another. In the fall, when rice and reeds are high and thick, he is much better than a smaller and weaker dog would be. He has brought me many a crippled canvasback and redhead from the bottom of Lost Island lake.

He is a great favorite with every one who has had the pleasure of shooting over him, and we consider him the best duck dog and all-around retriever in this country.

Mr. W. E. Wilson, the owner of the dog, is in the drug business at Ruthven, Iowa. I shall go there in a few days for a two weeks shoot with Wilson and Drake. I find them both royal good fellows and true sportsmen.

If you publish Drake's picture you will please many of your Iowa readers, for he is well known all over the northern part of the State."

BREEDING PHEASANTS.

Rochester, N. Y.

Editor Recreation.

Mr. John Leasure asks for information as to the best methods to be pursued in breeding pheasants. The Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association has done some good work in this line, but instead of trying the pure Mongolian, we procured 100 eggs obtained from a cross between the English and Mongolian pheasant. We placed these eggs, as did Mr. Leasure, among friends. In this we erred, for, while some brought out every chick, others got none. Experience has taught us it is wiser to employ some skilled person to look after the work of propagating. We have about 30 birds, one year old, to start this season's work with. The hens have already commenced to lay, and if we are so fortunate as Mr. Leasure's friends, in getting 100 eggs to a hen, we shall have several hundred birds to liberate next fall.

We do not consider these birds hard to raise. Of course, they need some care until about eight weeks old ; after that they are able to rustle for themselves. Just before hatching, the sitting hen and the nest should be well dusted with insect powder. Our pheasantries are roofed over in winter, but during the severe weather which we had in January last the birds suffered no inconvenience ; in fact, they seemed to enjoy playing in the snow.

It is not well to have more than one cock to five hens, as at this season the cocks fight furiously. Later, if practicable, I should like to exchange some of our eggs with Mr. Leasure for those of the pure Mongolian (so-called, but properly Chinese ring-necked pheasant), as I believe the Oregon pheasant is more gamey than those of our English cousins.

Four of our birds escaped last summer, and we have advices that they have wintered all right.

Thos. W. Fraine,
Chairman Bird Committee.

A NOVEL FOX HUNT.

Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 16th, 1895.

Editor Recreation.

During one of the blizzards of last winter, a friend telephoned me that a fox was in his meadow; said he had been there all day, and most of the time for several days. He wanted to know if I would not come out (some two miles or more) and see if I could not get him. As it was the coldest day of that cold time, I declined with thanks, telling him that when the weather grew warmer, if the fox still continued to make that particular meadow his headquarters, I would be on hand.

Meeting my friend the next day, I made some inquiries which enabled me to successfully plan for Reynard's capture. By Monday, the weather had moderated. My friend left word at the office that the fox was there, and sending word to two friends whom I had invited to go with me, I ordered a fast horse and cutter to call for us in five minutes, and we were soon on the way. We had nearly reached my friend's residence, when, as we were passing over a hill, we saw the fox. He was out in the centre of a meadow, some 500 yards across. He looked handsome as he trotted around in search of mice, etc. While we were watching him, about a dozen or fifteen snow birds flew toward him. How quick he noticed them! Crouching low, he awaited their approach. They were flying close to the snow, when, as they passed over, he made a high leap, and evidently secured a small bite for his interior department. He trotted up to a little knoll, where he seemed to enjoy the fruits of his efforts, apparently wishing, as he looked around, that he had another.

Leaving George at the barn, overlooking the field, we had our driver take us to a knoll, some 40 or 50 feet high, near the woods, which I had found the fox was in the habit of going over every time he left the meadow.

In half an hour we reached the top, although we had to struggle through snow four to five feet deep. Here my brother selected a corner in the fence, which nearly concealed him, and which gave him a good view of anything that might come on to the knoll. Then I attempted to reach a tree at the base, where, if my brother missed, I would be apt to get a shot. The time had elapsed that I had said we would require to get into place, before I reached the tree. George had already started out on to the meadow, carrying his favorite 38-40, with which he secured the big bull moose on our trip in October, and was making his way towards the fox, keeping in range of some bushes as he crawled slowly along; but somehow or other, the fox either saw or winded him and started. He had got to within about 150 yards, but owing to his exertion in getting through the deep snow, failed to hit the fox, though he fired several times before he got out of range.

In a few moments, I heard my brother shoot once, and then again; then all was still. Making my way up on to the hill, in answer to my inquiry, he said, "I got him; there he is, over there." Going in the direction indicated, sure enough, there lay the sly varmint. We found the ball from the 45-90 had passed through the top of his back. He said the fox was running when he fired. The first shot missed, but he hit him with the second. We picked him up and started for the sleigh, getting back to the office in less than than two hours from the time we left it, quite elated with our success.

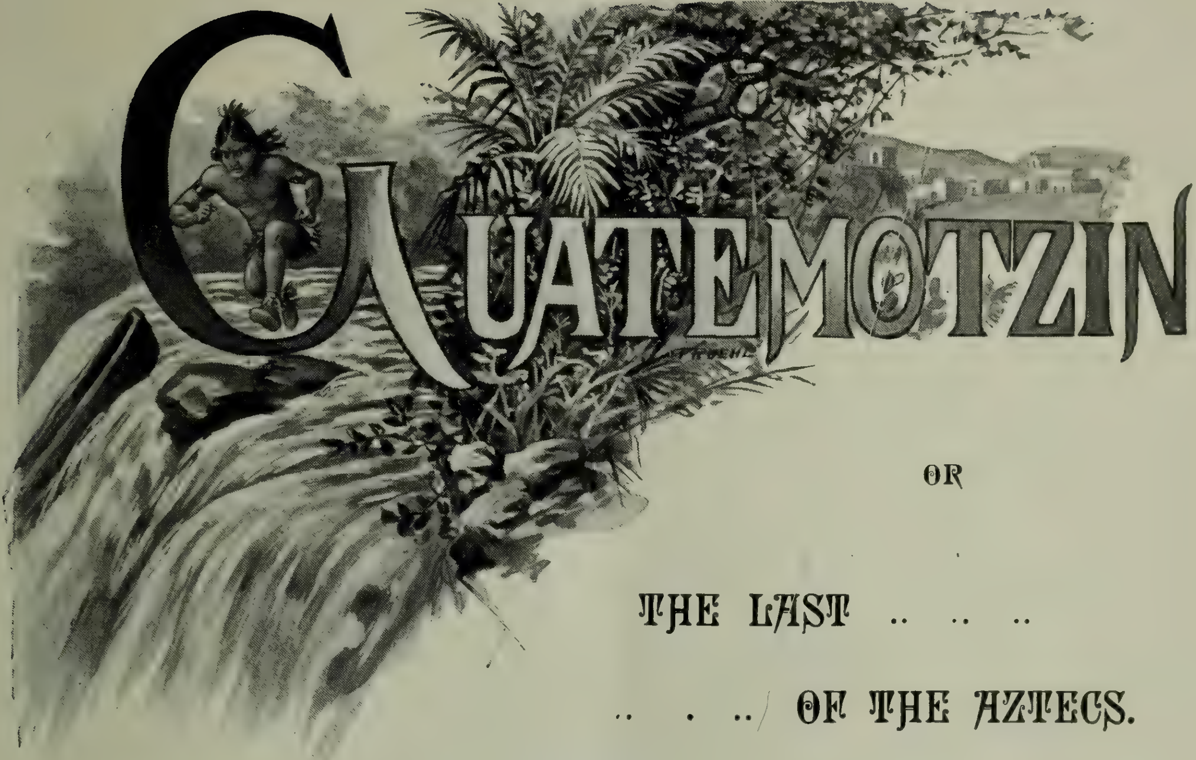
C. D. Butler.

Bellevue, O.

Editor Recreation.

It seems to me there is a chance for you to elevate the tastes of your patrons to means of recreation quite as healthful as and more edifying than simply catching fish and killing game. Worthy as these may be, under proper circumstances, the study of geology, zoölogy, botany, etc., may be made quite as interesting and recuperative, if properly conjoined with social camp-fire life and joyous games. Last season our little party that camped on the slopes of Mt. Tacoma about two weeks did no hunting; but, in connection with the two neighboring camps of four or five each, we had "lots of fun" and genuine recreation. Camp life may be made glorious, even without rod or gun, pipe or bottle. The time ought to come when many parties, of both sexes, habitually take to the wilds of the north and west, and spend weeks in simple, restful outdoor life. The hunting and the fishing might be done by the few in each party who particularly enjoy such sports, while the greater number should habitually get an abundance of sport out of the various schemes that intelligent persons will naturally invent. I believe in living out of doors a while each year, for every city man and woman who can possibly get away from the "busy haunts of men."

Lyman B. Sperry, M. D.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

Chapter III.

JESSIE.

It was evening when I arrived home. Father and Steve were at supper, but neither spoke until I sat down and helped myself to a cup of tea, when father inquired in a sullen voice:

"Allen, what is this Steve has been telling me of your desiring to study medicine in York?"

I looked at Steve, whose face was bent over his plate, and answered,

"I have been taunted so much lately about leading an idle life, and eating bread earned by you and Steve, that I have determined on striking out for myself in a line that will be more congenial than farming. It is useless to attempt the latter, for though, physically, I am more capable of attending to the work of a farm, than Steve is, it is distasteful to me; but what is the use discussing it? Steve says there is no money to pay my educational expenses. By the way, Steve, your important business and haste to get to town did not prevent you from going by way of Bromley's Pike."

A hot flush overspread the pale features of my brother. He looked at me a moment in amazement and demanded.

"Who told you I went by Bromleys Pike?"

"I saw you; and I say, Steve, you were a precious long time getting to the Pike. Did you cast a shoe?"

"Look here, Allen!" he exclaimed angrily, "who appointed you to spy on my movements; and what business have you to inquire why I take one road in preference to another?"

"It was my business to inquire whether you kept faith with me in assisting the stranger to town."

He meditated a moment, then rose from the table and leaned on the back of a chair. "I found the stranger so interesting I did not notice the horse had turned into Bromleys Pike until it would have taken more time to retrace our steps than to continue."

I felt a chill at his words, and I knew if it came to a question of rivalry, his gentle dignity, his pale, delicate, handsome face, would, in a contest for such a girl as Jessie Sheldon, be strongly in his favor as against my rugged, healthy, coarse, sunburnt face and rough country manners. I was so painfully conscious of the difference, I could not repress the groan that escaped my lips. I raised my head and encountered a fierce burning light in Steve's eyes. His face was a shade paler than usual, and such was the intensity of his expression, that it lashed me into a passion. I replied with a sneer:

"Your conversation must have been interesting not to have noticed the road your horse was taking."

"It was," he remarked. "It was of you."

"Of me!" I cried in astonishment.

"Certainly. She inquired if I had met a rough, country lad with a gun on his arm. I said I had. She then said you had assisted her, and that had it not been for you, she would have been unable to regain the bank, and in all probability would have fallen into the river. I told her no gratitude was due you; that instead you had earned her cordial disapprobation, for had you not kicked her hat into the stream she would not have sprained her ankle in attempting to recover it. She was highly indignant and expressed her dislike of you in unqualified terms."

JESSIE.

"I listened in speechless amazement at this cool confession of treachery. As he finished, I leaped to his side at a bound.

"You treacherous hound!" I said, as I seized him by the throat, "did you not promise not to mention my name to her."

In a moment I was forcibly torn from him by father, who forced me into a chair. As soon as Steve recovered his breath, he said.

"I promised not to mention you had sent me to her assistance, a promise I kept; what I told her was only the truth."

"Told to you in confidence, and to her to humiliate me; the finesse and brutality of which is only exceeded by your treachery!"

A flush overspread his face, as he answered. "I do not see what this stranger is to you. She insisted on trudging two miles on a lame foot, in preference to accepting your assistance and company."

"Come, come, boys," said our father. "This has gone far enough, we do not want a Cain and Abel affair to grow out of this."

"For my part," answered Steve, "I merely talked to the young lady to pass the time, and had no thought of injuring Allen. How was I to know he had fallen heels over head in love with a girl he had met for the first time this morning?"

"No!" I replied, with a withering glance of contempt, "you could not keep the innate treachery of your disposition from gaining the ascendancy; especially as you found Miss Sheldon as interesting as I had found her."

"Well, Allen, I suppose you will not condone my offence, but to prove I am sincere, I will give you the sum you consider necessary to pay your expenses in York, or Philadelphia, while studying medicine; the session opens this month and you can start at once."

I gazed at his face and saw a trembling eagerness for my acceptance of his offer, that contrasted strangely with his cold indifference of the morning. Is it possible he is willing to pay to get me out of Miss Sheldon's way, I thought.

"Come, Allen. You will accept my offer to pay your expenses at college."

"How is it," I inquired, ignoring his offer, "that you had business of such importance at the farm with lawyer Farrington, that I, older than you, was not consulted?"

My father sprang to his feet, while my brother dropped into a chair, each with the guilty look of a detected criminal. I now became convinced they meditated the seizure of the farm, expecting from my former indolent manner to achieve an easy victory. Yesterday, they might have accomplished it without difficulty, but now, the love for Miss Sheldon, that had so suddenly and violently taken possession of me, made me a different man. I laid my hand on my father's shoulder and said.

"I believe Steve is capable of any treachery to me, but I cannot understand why you have taken sides with the son you have hated, against the son you have always cherished. There has been some mysterious influence at work, and I tell you both, I shall fight for every inch of ground. Instead of taking money from you as a beggar, I shall demand it as a right. In two months I shall be of age, and as you have deemed it advisable to consult Mr. Farrington, on important business, I shall consult some other lawyer."

Speechless, the two gazed at each other, and, without further debate, I sought my room.

I was now positive I was being swindled out of my inheritance. I was equally sure Steve had a warm regard for Jessie Sheldon, and that, owing to the two circumstances, he was anxious to get me out of the way. I determined to stay at home until I ascertained I had no prospects of winning Miss Sheldon, in which event the farm would be of no value to me. The more I thought over the situation the more perplexed I became. If Miss Sheldon was the cause of Steve's desire to get rid of me, I knew father would not sympathize with him, but that the two were in sympathy there was not the shadow of a doubt. It was equally hard to believe he would assist Steve in getting possession of the farm by illegal methods. I could understand my brother's desiring possession, as he, only, had made it pay, and made it valuable, and he naturally did not desire to work his young life away on the property of another. Altogether there was a perplexity of affairs that made my head swim.

As I thought of Steve's exposure of my boyish prank, my blood boiled, and I smiled with satisfaction as I recalled how helpless he seemed in my powerful grasp. No doubt he would report to Miss Sheldon my treatment of him, and she would despise me the more. My ears fairly tingled with shame at the ungallant manner in which I had treated her. "If she had only been one of our rustic country girls," I said, as I paced the floor, "she would have laughed and entered into the spirit with which I had been led into the action that was now causing me such bitter pain. I had often played such pranks on the girls of our neighborhood and had had them repeated on me. If I could only bring myself again under the fire of the quiet scorn of those brown eyes I would apologize and beg her forgiveness. Suddenly I stopped short in my walk. Her father had called me his son, begged me to visit his house and had offered his counsel. I would offer my apology through him, and, if she refused to accept it, I would then go to New York and banish her from my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

After a restless night I rose rather late, and, breakfast over, I proceeded to the stable with the intention of hitching up the horse and driving to town. I was, however, too late, as the horse and buggy were gone. Gnashing my teeth with rage, I walked to the field where father was at work and asked who had taken the buggy?

"Steve," he answered laconically. "He has gone to town."

"On more important business?" I inquired, with a sneer. "Well, never mind; I'll be after him on Robert le Diable."

"Allen! You must not ride Robert. He'll break your neck, yet."

"It will save you the trouble of stealing my farm," I answered with a reckless laugh, and, going to the stable, I saddled the stallion, a powerful beast that had been imperfectly broken and that was noted throughout the country as having killed two trainers. He was a vicious brute and I was the only man in the neighborhood not afraid of him. I sprang on his back as he bolted through the open door and dashed down the road. As we neared the field where father was at work, he sprang over the fence, while I laughed recklessly and gave Robert his head, merely keeping a strain on the bit. I felt as wild and heedless as the horse. He made one or two vicious snaps at my leg, but I cured him of that by bringing the loaded butt end of the whip between his eyes with a force that nearly felled him. Faster and faster we flew, in a cloud of dust, for Robert had not been out in the paddock for some time and was thorougly enjoying his spin.

As we entered the town I endeavored to pull him in, but his neck was like a bar of iron ; there was no help for it, and I had to let him swing at full speed and get out of the city as soon as possible. I turned down the next street to get back on the country road, when it instantly flashed across me we were on the street where the Sheldons lived.

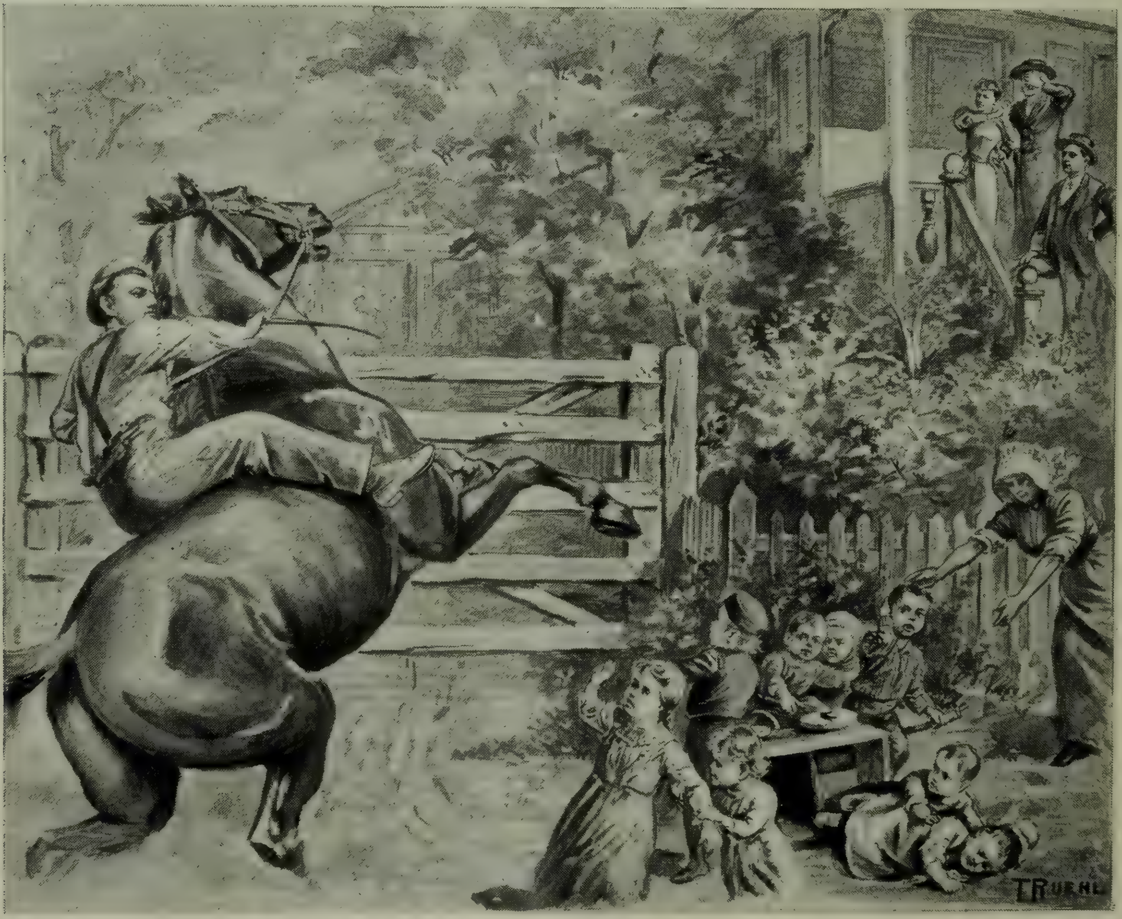
I looked ahead and saw Miss Sheldon, her father and Steve standing on the porch. The buggy was at the curb, and, oh horror ! in the same glance I saw two little carts, each containing two children and each drawn by two others, blocking the narrow road. The children were paralyzed and motionless with terror. There was no room to pass them, as they were drawn across the road. I might easily have leaped over their heads, but that a mother of the children, seeing their peril, came running toward them.

I could not stop the devil of a horse, and, as I swept toward them, I cast about me for a means to avoid crushing them. Almost in front of the Sheldons' house a private carriage road branched from the main road. I glanced hastily up this road for a means of escape and saw it was closed by a five-barred gate.

" One life or seven !" I cried in agony. I threw another glance at the party on the porch and saw they were sickening with fear and horror. Jessie's hands were raised in supplication, her father's face was covered with his, while Steve gazed in stony silence.

" Oh, thou devil !" I cried, addressing the horse by his name. " Kill me, but do not disgrace me before Jessie."

Like a whirlwind I was swept toward the children, who were but three feet beyond the road I meant to take. I now lashed the horse furiously, and at the proper moment threw all my weight on the left rein. Robert either



" KILL ME, BUT DO NOT DISGRACE ME.."

saw the children or responded instantly, as the next instant I was sweeping toward the gate.

In that moment I felt I could not go out of the world without one farewell to the girl I loved, and, turning in the saddle I waved my hand, and then faced my fate. I was, however, by no means willing to submit to it tamely. I plied the whip and yelled like a madman. At the instant when I expected to crash into the gate, Robert bounded into the air. Up, up, up he went and cleared the gate like a greyhound. I heard a cheer as we galloped on.

Robert was now willing to stop, and in a short time I had him in perfect control. I turned him and made for the gate, which was opened by several men. The children were in the arms of their mothers; the trio still stood on the porch. Cries of "Bravo, Allen!" sounded on all sides; but I hung my head in shame and mortification and would not once look toward the house where centered all my hopes and aspirations. I turned down the first street I came to, Robert going quietly enough now. I rode on until I came to Main street, when I paused in front of Mr. Farrington's door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUNE TIME.

WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Noon-time and June-time,
  Katy-dids a singing;
Bloom-time and sleep-time,
  Zephyrs softly bringing
Perfume from the clover,
  Kisses for the lips,
That once again and over
  Of the perfume sips.

Noon-time and dream-time
  By the brimming river;
Wish-time and thank-time,
  Blessings for the giver;
Dreaming in the shadow,
  Peeking at the fish,
With nought to do in all the world
  But fish again and wish.

WILD BRONCOS IN THE CAVALRY.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS.

"THAT reminds me of the herd of wild horses I once brought 58 miles overland, in Dakota."

The man who spoke was a young officer, of fine physique, belonging to Uncle Sam's "Regulars," and one of a good sized group of West Pointers who were seated around a blazing camp-fire on the Missouri river. They were at the beginning of a march, that it was expected, would cover several months.

"I've heard of that lot," said Captain Jack, the veteran of the circle, as he slowly filled his pipe. "Its reputation reached us down at Sill the same year. Were the horses really as bad as rumor made them out?"

"Quite as bad, I am sure, for a meaner lot of brutes I have never seen."

"Let's hear about them." "Go ahead." "Spin your yarn," came from various places in the circle.

"All right, though it isn't much of a yarn. It only serves to show how the best of us may be badly bitten in what we think is good horse flesh. It was this way:

"After the long march we made in '88, the one I mean in which the whole regiment moved from Texas to Dakota, a distance of 2,000 miles, and covering over four months, our two troops found themselves in need of about 33 horses.

The number required was bought by an officer detailed for that duty, and he supposed they were good; for while they were in the hands of the "vaqueros," who owned them and were kept under control, as you know these cow-boys have the knack of doing, they seemed as good as the average horse in that section.

I was ordered by the post commander to go up to the railroad, receive and bring down the horses.

I picked out ten of the best riders from the two troops, intending each man to ride one horse and lead two others, on the return trip. Besides the ambulance which I used, I took along a big escort wagon, for the men, camp outfit and thirty odd saddles. The first night we camped near the half-way-house, and the next day proceeded to the post on the river, seven miles from the railroad, where we made camp, and I then rode over to the point, on the tracks, where the horses were in the freight cars.

This was four miles west of the station. It was then 6 o'clock, and in a little while we had the animals in the corral. You know on those western roads there is always a small enclosure, with a sort of incline adjoining, to facilitate the unloading of stock from the trains. After the horses were in the corral it wasn't long before we found what a bad lot we had to deal with. They were just from the plains of Montana; half-broken, for I found several not even bridle-wise. They were tall, gaunt and altogether out of form for cavalry use. I lassoed one after another, for the soldiers, and after mounting, they were each bucked off and scattered in the dust of the corral. One man, a little the worse for drink approached a horse from the side: I shouted to him, but in drunken stubborness he did not obey quickly. In another minute a pair of flying heels laid him out unconscious on the ground. We carried him out, poured water over and revived him.

I picked out, in the dusk, what I supposed was rather a decent black horse, but on counting his teeth and finding him a four-year-old I decided not to ride him. I didn't relish the idea of mounting a wild colt that I knew nothing of, especially in the dark and on strange ground.

The last animal to be caught was a demon. He was long-legged and slender-bodied. As I threw the rope over him he jumped straight through it and made a dash at me. I didn't stop to see what he would do, for I had seen that kind of horse before. I ran to the high gate of the corral, and leaped on it, just out of reach of the maddened brute, as he raised his fore feet and beat at the bars a trifle lower down than where I sat. The soldiers at once named him the "Man-eater," a name that clung to him during all his short term of army life.

After frequent struggles we succeeded in leaving the enclosure at 11 o'clock at night, and took the herd to camp, where we arrived at 3 in the morning. The men simply could not ride the horses any distance, and after repeatedly being bucked off, kicked at, and made acquainted with numerous other fancy tricks these horses knew, the soldiers walked and led them. The men were pretty well fagged out, and after putting the animals on picket line, we all turned in for a couple of hours' rest.

At 7 we broke camp, and again started on the 51 mile journey towards home. The men made little attempt to mount, but were leading the horses, as they had done the night before. I saw this would not do, for a good portion of the journey lay over rocky land, with steep ascents and bad roads. The old saddler, a conspicuous character in the troop, who was at the end of his third enlistment, attempted to ride a full-chested, slender-bodied horse ; but after he was bucked off, the saddle slid and slid till the animal, nearly frantic, dashed across the prairie kicking and bucking at the dangling seat till he finally rid himself of it. I next tied the horses all together and let the men ride in the escort wagon. This was all right for a few minutes ; then they tied all kinds of knots in the ropes. Next we tied them in pairs and turned them loose, knowing we could catch them again later. They ran several miles out of the road and up among the canyons of one of the tributaries of the Missouri, giving those few of us who had succeeded in keeping our saddles, a hard ride ; but we overtook them before we reached the half-way house, where we again camped for the night."

Here the young officer laughed in his hearty way, startling his listeners out of comfortable positions around the fire.

"Well, what's up ? Give us the whole story."

"Oh, I was thinking of their first dose of nose bag. It was no fun to get the straps over their heads, for immediately after, they stood straight up on their hind feet and pawed and struck at the bag of grain with their fore feet like mad things. Fine horses for cavalry, eh !"

The following day we didn't even tie them in pairs, but turned them loose again separately. They led us far out of the way, but finally we reached the post, with every horse, every saddle, and a wiser lot of men than when we started. The bays were turned over to our troop and the blacks and browns to the other. The men had the most fearful time imaginable for weeks, till the broncos were broken, at drills, inspections, in fact at all formations, and many a time a soldier was bucked as high as the picket line in trying to break his horse.

After many months, by earnest work and patience, some pretty good mounts were made, though they were not of the right sort for such service, on account of their general build. The "Man-Eater" never was tamed,and finally broke his neck by jerking up and running away with one of the wooden posts to which he was tied. It flew in the air, and as he ran struck him, killing him instantly. We were all glad, for we had been afraid he would eventually kill some of us.

Soon after he finished speaking, "tatoo" sounded through the big camp. "Good night. I'm officer of the day. I suppose you'll all turn in soon on account of the long march to-morrow?"

After he left, Captain Jack, who had been an earnest listener, said : "That young fellow is one of the best riders and judges of horses in the cavalry today, and I'll take his word for that ugly Montan adetachment any time. Good night." One by one the officers went to their tents, pitched along the wide stretch of western prairie, miles from any habitation, beyond the Mississippi, and the camp fire slowly burned itself out as the quiet moon came up over the camp.

THREE THOUSAND ELK.

NELSON YARNALL.

IN December last I saw the largest band of elk it has ever been my good fortune to look upon, and, I believe, as large a band as has ever been seen in northern Wyoming.

I had previously discovered what I believed to be a vein of anthracite coal, and went out to get some samples of it for assay. At the same time I wanted to get a few pack loads of elk meat for winter use.

In order to do this I would have to cross the continental divide on to the head waters of the Gros Ventre, one of the main tributaries of the "Shoshone," or Snake River, and, although so late in the season, I determined to take the chances on getting snowed in, and push across.

Having supplied ourselves with canvas for wickiups, and with plenty of good, warm clothing, we put on our packs and, on the morning of the 25th of November, made a start. My party consisted of three men besides myself—namely, Wiggins, Youmans and Butler, all good mountain men, and men on whom I knew I could rely in any emergency.

Our first day's march was in a westerly direction and along the Wind river valley to the confluence of that stream with the Dunoir, one of its main tributaries. This we reached about 3 P. M., and here we saw our first elk sign. During the previous haying season some one had cut and put up a small stack of hay. Near this we found the trail of about 100 elks. They had been feeding on the hay and, from the appearance of the little stack, had had an "Omaha dance" on it.

We moved around the spur of a ridge, just out of sight of the hay, and went into camp, thinking the elk might return to resume their dance, but in this we were disappointed. They had finished and were gone. Their trail led up the Wind river and in the direction of the Lincoln pass. As this was the pass on which we expected to cross the range, we packed up early the next morning and followed them. They had evidently filled their stomachs from the little haystack, for they did not stop to feed or bed until they reached the summit, a distance of about 22 miles.

After following them about 15 miles we gave them up and went into camp, just at the base of Mount Gregory and to the east of the pass. On the morning of the 27th we packed up early and started over the mountains on the Sheridan trail and still on our elk trail of the previous day, they having come into the Sheridan trail where it leaves the Wind river and strikes across the range.

We reached the summit after a pretty stiff climb of about two and a half hours, and found that our elk, after feeding and resting, had turned to the left at a right angle from our trail and had gone in the direction of the Green river and to the west of the Union Peaks. I was now satisfied this band had been run by some party (possibly of Shoshone Indians), and might not stop in a long distance, so we did not follow them further, but pushed ahead and made camp on the Gros Ventre, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, having traveled about 20 miles.

We were now on the lower levels and in an ideal game country, where bodies of pine timber alternate with parks covered with the richest of grass. There are many springs, from which little streams of water run in every direction. The whole country, as far as we could see, was covered with elk tracks. There were trails going in every direction. Some of the game had been feeding and some traveling, giving evidence of a very large band near by.

We did not try to stalk the game that afternoon, as it was getting late, but prepared our camp for the night, and, while sitting around the camp fire cooking our evening meal, I looked across the Gros Ventre (which at this point is but a small creek) to the south of our camp and saw, about half a mile away, what to the true sportsman is one of the grandest sights imaginable. Eleven bull elk were standing on the crest of a ridge, looking at our camp. There was not a tree or bush between us and them, and nothing behind them on the line of our vision but the blue skies. What a picture they would have made.

"Mr. Butler," said I, "is your camera unpacked?"

"Is my camera unpacked? Why, I left it at our main camp," said he.

"Look yonder," said I, pointing in the direction of the elk.

"Great Scott," said he, "why didn't you tell me we might see such a sight as that. I should then have brought the camera."

We watched to see if the elk would become frightened and run, but they seemed satisfied no enemy was near, as they were still feeding on the ridge when it grew dark.

We had a very early breakfast next morning, and, as soon as it was light enough to see clearly, started out in different directions, each man anxious to find the big band. I had only gone a short distance from camp when, on climbing a low hill and looking with my field glass, I found that the main elk trail led down the Gros Ventre. They had moved during the night, and I was quite sure we would not see them at all that day. I went in another direction, thinking I might find some stragglers. I had only gone a short distance when I saw five young bulls.

I stalked them, and got within 150 yards of them, when they became uneasy, turning their heads first in one direction and then in another. I chose the darkest-colored one (which, at this season, would mean the fattest one) and fired. He ran about 50 yards and fell headlong, burying his head and antlers in a snow drift. I had made a good shot, however, as, upon dressing him, I found my ball had cut nearly its full calibre into his heart.

While butchering my elk I heard Butler firing, and counted until the shots numbered to 17, when, looking across the Gros Ventre in the direction of the firing, I saw first about 10, then about 15, then about 12, and then 3 elk making their way across an open park, toward a body of heavy timber, which they were not long in reaching.

I packed my elk to camp, and shortly after Butler came in. He had killed one bull, and had seen about 50. Wiggins and Youmans came in later. They had not been so successful.

We hung our meat up in the trees, and the next morning moved down the Gros Ventre about 12 miles, to my coal claim, and went into camp. I had not yet killed as much meat as I wanted, and thought it best to kill the game before doing the work on the coal. I was especially anxious to see the main band of elk which I knew must be very large; and on the following morning started out as soon as it was light.

About four miles to the south of our camp I came on a band of about 75 cows and succeeded in getting a fine fat one. This was all the meat I wanted, and I did not fire my gun again on that trip. Butler found a bunch of about 30 cows and killed one. Wiggins came in late in the evening with the butt of a cartridge shell blown off, and the remainder of the shell stuck in his gun, which made of him a camp fixture for the rest of the trip. Youmans came in late also, but had not killed anything.

Early on the morning of December 1 I started in a northwesterly direction from our camp, with the intention of beginning work on my vein of coal, which was some five miles distant.

The country there is rough, with long ridges sloping to the South, and toward the Gros Ventre. These ridges are covered with fine grass, and between them are little springs of the finest water. This kind of country extends some 30 miles, and only ends at the valley of Jacksons Hole. It is all an excellent elk country, and should we come on a large band under unfavorable conditions, such as the elk winding up or being in the pine timber, they might scatter over this vast range, and we might miss the pleasure of seeing them in one body.

I therefore advanced cautiously, and on climbing to the apex of each ridge, would scan the country with my glasses. While on one of these ridges I looked in the direction of the Yellowstone National park and saw that the Tetons, Mount Morau, Mount Sheridan, and the whole country at the heads of Two Ocean and Pacific creeks, was buried in snow. I now understood why so many elk had collected together at this point.

I had reached my vein of coal, but my desire to see the elk was so great, that leaving my pick and shovel, and mounting my horse I started across the country in a westerly direction toward the Red Buttes on the Gros Ventre. I had travelled some four or five miles, when coming to the lower point of one of the ridges, which overlooked Fish creek, a tributary of the Gros Ventre, I saw, on the little valleys on either side of the stream, the biggest band of elk in America.

When I first came in sight of them they were about two miles away, but by retreating a short distance I came behind another ridge which led down to within half a mile of them. I took advantage of this cover, and by approaching cautiously got very near them. I tied my horse to a sage bush and crawled to the crest of the ridge.

Did you ever see a very large band of elk? Well I did, at this time. I had often seen, in the neighborhood of Laramie peak, what I then called large bands of elk, but this one was as much larger comparatively, as the herds of buffaloes on the Arkansaw used to be larger than are our little bands of bison up here in the park. On either side of Fish creek is a level valley about three-quarters of a mile wide and about two miles long.

This entire valley was covered with elk, packed as closely together as elk usually are in feeding.

I watched them two hours perhaps, then returned to camp. In a short time Butler came in. He had killed a fine fat cow from a band of 15. This made all the meat we could pack over the range, so we decided that we would all go, on the following morning, to see the big bunch.

We saddled up early and started to Fish creek. A brisk ride of about two hours brought us to the hill I had been on, the previous day, but our elk were gone. This I expected, as I knew they must keep moving to get feed. We soon found they had gone to the north and in the direction of the Elk Horn, as we could plainly see their trails over the hills for some miles.

"Well," said Wiggins, "I am going to see that band of elk, if I have to follow them to the Buffalo Fork."

All of our party being of the same mind we mounted and followed them. We could now ride rapidly as we were on a well beaten trail, and in about an hour came up to them. They were on the higher hills, some feeding, some travelling and some lying down. They discovered us before we did them, and began to move off; and in about five minutes it looked as if the hills for some distance around had taken life and were moving.

The elk came together from either side and in a short time were making a solid trail about 50 yards wide. This we followed with all the speed we could get out of our horses, and soon came up to within 200 yards of them.

"Great Cæsar," said Wiggins, "smell that trail?"

"I do," said Butler. "It smells like a sheep corral."

At this point the great living, moving mass of brown started across a ridge, and we halted and dismounted. The elk were now in plain sight, and still in a dense body about 50 yards wide. We watched until the last one disappeared over the hill. They reminded us of water going over a fall.

"Well," said Wiggins, "I have seen the biggest band of elk in the world, and am now satisfied to go back to camp."

"How many do you think are in the band?" I asked.

"I should say anywhere from 3,000 to 5,000," said Wiggins.

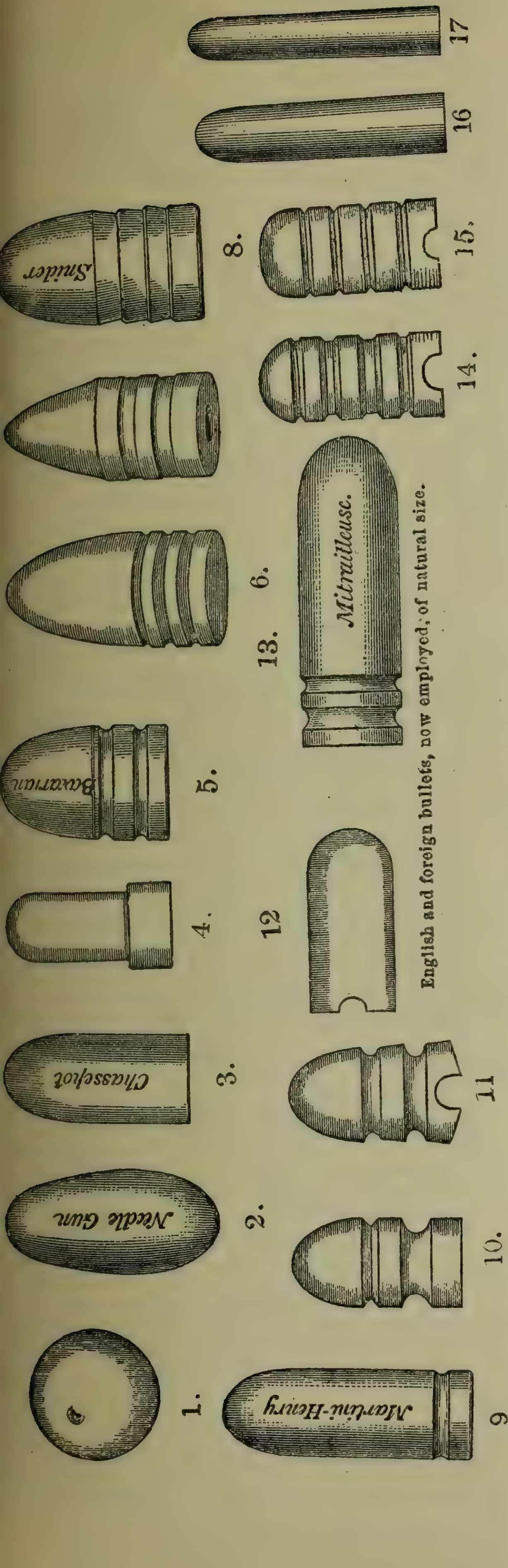
"Say there are 2,000," said I.

"Oh, no," said he. "I have driven 3,000 beef steers in one herd, and they did not make as big a trail as this by one half."

Perhaps Wiggins was right. I approximated the herd at 2,000, and they were nearly all cows.

We now returned to camp and on the following morning began work on my coal; having completed which we packed up and started on our return trip. We picked up the first elk that Butler and I had killed, and on the 5th December recrossed the continental divide.

We arrived at our main camp, at Dubois, on the 7th, and made a solemn vow that should we ever return to the Gros Ventre in the fall season, we would be sure to take our camera along, to photograph the biggest band of elk on the continent.



English and foreign bullets, now employed; of natural size.

1. Old round musket ball, 480 gr.
2. Needle guns, 530 gr.
3. Chassepot, 387½ gr.
4. Belgian rifle, 385 gr.
5. Bavarian rifle, 386 gr.
6. Enfield rifle, 530 gr.
7. Old Austrian rifle ball, 400 gr.
8. Snider rifle, about 400 gr.
9. Martini-Henry, 485 gr.
10. Mauser, 337 gr. (improved, 216 gr.)
11. Mannlicher, 372 gr. (improved, 235 and 165 gr.)
12. Prussian rifle, 372 gr. (improved, 203 gr.)
13. Mitrailleuse, 840 gr.
14. Carcano rifle, 170 gr.
15. Schmidt rifle, 215 gr.
16. U. S. Army Krag-Jorgensen, 235 gr.
17. U. S. Navy bullet (caliber .236).

FIXED AMMUNITION.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION.

The changes in small arms of projection are indicated by the cuts here given, showing various projectiles, from the old round musket ball to the bolt-like projectile proposed for adoption by the United States navy.

The diagram is a compilation made by A. M. Fernandez de Ybarra, from the works of Agnew, Bryant, Wyeth and Fischer.

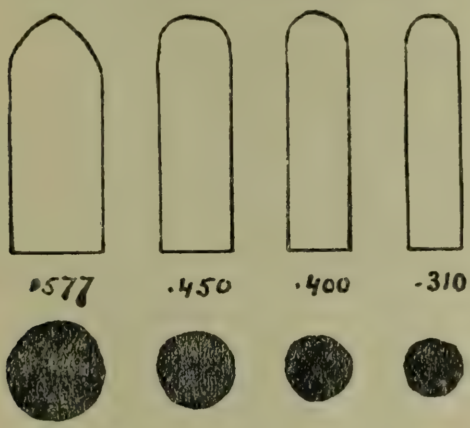
As the bullets fired by infantry and cavalry produce more than 80 per cent. of all wounds in action, the recent adoption of small calibre rifles by the armies of most of the principal European nations, and finally by the United States, gives special interest to the subject of bullets. The modern term for bullets is projectiles, just as the name propellant has superseded the old-fashioned word powder.

Dr. Ybarra has made a special study of the Mannlicher rifle bullet and its effects, during the actual trial the arms received in the civil war of August, 1891, between Balmaceda and the revolutionists, a campaign of eight days, but in which 10,000 lives were sacrificed. The government troops, under the defeated President Balmaceda, were provided with the Winchester, the Comblain, the Remington and the Gras rifle, but had no ammunition for the Mannlicher, whereas the victorious Congressists' army, under General Canto, was possessed of the Mannlicher. Sixty-six per cent. of Balmaceda's forces (aggregating 20,000 to 22,000 men) who were wounded, were wounded by the Austrian small-bore magazine arm.

This Mannlicher was selected by Major Koerner of the Chilian army. It had a calibre of 0.315 inch, weight 9 pounds 6 ounces; the bullet was made of a core of lead, hardened with 5 per cent. of antimony, incased in a sheet of steel, nickel plated. Its length was 1.20 inch; diameter, 0.322 inch; weight, 215 grains; projected by 35 grains of smokeless powder; initial velocity, 1,968 feet per second. Its range was 2,500 yards, with a parabolic curve or trajectory at 600 yards' distance, of only about 4½ feet, which rendered its aimed results very dangerous. One hundred and fifty of these cartridges weighed only 9 pounds 8 ounces, thus enabling the soldier to carry with him, in his cartridge box, from 50 to 75 per cent. more of ready shots than with the old rifles.

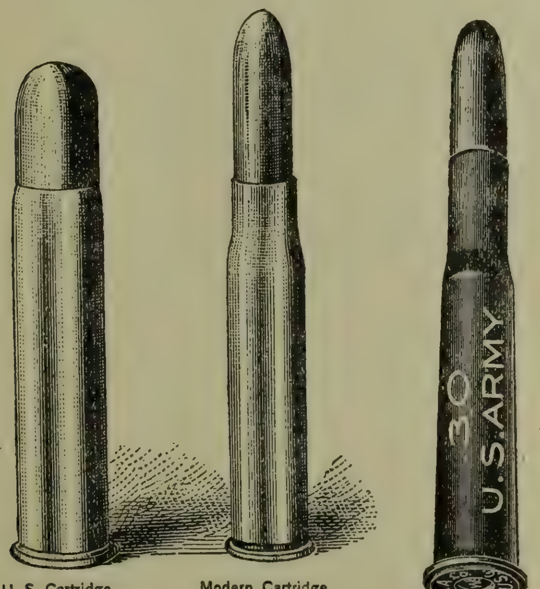
During this brief Chilian campaign, 3,446 men were provided with the Mannlicher rifle. The consternation, demoralization and defeat of the government troops was due to the effects of the Mannlicher rifles in the hands of the brigade under command of Colonel Salvador. Between eleven o'clock A. M. and 5 o'clock P. M., of August 21, 1891, the Balmacedists lost 1,000 dead and 1,500 wounded; seven days later the government troops sustained exactly the same casualties, from the same missiles, and the triumphant revolutionists entered the city of Valparaiso. Thus the rifle, had its practical test, and what had been experimentation at pine planks, dead horses, cadavers, etc., had become a matter of fact.

In this Chilian war, the last of any consequence, the advantages of the modern magazine rifle were found to be: 1st, greater initial velocity; 2d, flatter trajectory; 3d, greater accuracy of aim; 4th, much greater penetrating force; 5th, greater range; 6th, less weight of gun and the charged cartridge; 7th, only 6 to 7 per cent. of foul guns after battle.



Had the Carcano rifle, adopted by the Italian army, been used, the casualties would have been even greater.

The two cuts show the extension in length, but diminution in other respects, of the United States Springfield 500-grain cartridge, as at present and as proposed.



U. S. Cartridge. Modern Cartridge.

The large cartridge is for the Springfield single loader. It contains 70 grains of powder and 500 grains of lead. The smaller cartridge is for the Krag-Jorgensen, contains about 30 grains of chemical powder and the bullet weighs 230 grains. The bullet is sheathed or jacketed hard metal.

These four cuts illustrate the shape, calibres, length and size of small arms bullets, since spherical ones were superseded by elongated projectiles. PHILIP READE, CAPT. U. S. A.

INACCURACIES IN "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

W. A. WHEATLEY.

DEDICATED TO MRS. EMMA CARROLL TUCKER.

All adolescent men and maids of Athens and the world read both with eyes and hearts, Sir Walter Scott's exquisite romaunt, "The Lady of the Lake." Why is this musical poem read scores of times while the lesson on conic sections, linear perspective, of the graduating essay, are shoved under students' pillows for the night, to be dreamed into the brain ere golden Phœbus has chased silvery Luna beneath the horizon? It is because Scott pours out the heart's language, the mother tongue of nature and of love, which began in Eden, knew not Babel and is the court language of the universe. Like Gawain bidding a thousand farewells to Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, only to return, so older hearts are thrilled by memory's tinkling silver bells, chimes of youth's ardors. Rarely are we too old or cold to admire Malcolm Graeme's ardent and chivalric devotion, the royal and rejected love of Fitzjames, the disguised King of Scotland, and as for divinely fair Ellen Douglass, "let no man dream but that we love her still." The exordium to Roderick Dhu's sword duel with the Knight of Snowdoun is the chase, the ending of which loses the Knight, who finds the maid in her shallop. In this exquisitely musical and rhythmic poem are errors of forestry; and the stag,

"Deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartny's hazel shade"—

but deer feed all night, and lie in lairs during the day only.

"The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way"—

deer are never hunted with bloodhounds; dogs bay only at end of a chase when attacking wounded deer.

"Faint from further distance borne
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn"—

Winding the horn calls the hounds back, and is to stop the chase,

"A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale"—

The woodland morning gale is sweet as Hymettus, or as Thisbe unto Pyramus, and it is the hound that snuffs the tainted gale.

"Ere his fleet career he took"
"A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh."

So these bloodhounds were in full cry and chase before the stag had left his heathery bed of the previous eve. But these anachronisms come from grand old Sir Walter's not having been born in Mississippi or Arkansas, and our Wade Hampton or Zeb Vance, or D. Boone or Coon Skin Davy Crockett could and would gladly have given him "pointers," on deer hounds of the flop ear, bell-mouthed, true type, and *we* would have loved him even more, if possible, for his deep love of Maida, his most noble staghound. His errors are but motes, his genius the equatorial sun. With this bard of nature it were sheer sylvan joy for votaries of Diana and Nimrod to—

> " Stray where babbling waters flow
> And watch unfolding roses blow,"

in the land of Rob Roy or of Hiawatha, Maid Marian, or Minnehaha, on Nature's breast. May the birds of Paradise be singing to him now, who so divinely sang to us.

LOAFIN' ROUND WITH JIM.

W. M. HUNDLEY.

Slippin' round with Nigger Jim,
Foun' er rabbit in 'er bed ;
Took er rest frum off er lim';
Tried ter shoot 'er in ther head.
Overshot 'er, aimin' high;
Keep frum spilin' meat, I swo';
'Ear Jim holler—" Lordy, ki !
Ain't yer shame-e? Hain't no fool ;
'Ear me talkin'! I kin knock
Rabbits settin', far an' cool,
Heep sights better, wid er rock.
Tiger got 'er ! Tole yer so ;
Hoop-ee, whi' folks, thet's er *houn'* !
Hab ter fly ; 'e sartin sho'
Cotch 'em fa'rly on ther groun'."

Lyin' roun with Nigger Jim,
In ther sedge on Graveyard Hill,
Restin' back, an' beggin' him
Fur the rabbit Tiger killed.
" Tiger's *numbered ;* that 'e am—
Dar 'e go now, up de slant !
Lordy, mussy ; save me Lam'!
Dat's no rabbit ; hit's er *hant !*
' How I knows dat ?' 'Kaise I do !
Ain't I seed 'im ? I'se got eyes !
Great big, white thing, burnin' blue—
Seed it yander, on dat rise.
' K'ep er runnin' ?' 'Deed I did.
' Couldn't cotch me with dat gun ?'
'Cose yer couldn't, 'kaise I hid ;
Do I'se runnin', *des for fun.*"

Settin' round with Nigger Jim ;
Fire er roarin' on the hearth ;
Stretchin' uv er rabbit skin—
Proudes' on top o' earth.
Jim's ole daddy lookin' on',
Talkin' to us 'bout our hunt ;
Sayin' how, 'fore we 'us born,
Sich er rabbit wus er runt.
" Bless yer, honey ! 'fore de wah,
Over yander, in der seep,
Us is seed 'em, me 'n yo' pa,
Mos' es bigger dan er sheep.
'Cotch em ?' No, sah ! narry bit !
Dey was s' vig'rous es er horg.
When us jump em, us des lit,
'*Kaise us skeered dey cetch de dog.*"

"I set four pies out on the window sill to cool," said Mrs. Hunker to her husband, "and they have all been stolen."

" Then we must number them among the lost tarts," was the philosophical reply.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FISHING NOTES.

EDITOR RECREATION. Middlebury, Vt.

It is too commonly supposed that the waters of Vermont and Massachusetts have become nearly destitute of trout, except where controlled by private parties. A few years since it was my fortune to demonstrate that good trout fishing could yet be had in some of the public streams of the former state, if not of the latter.

Probably it is not known to many sportsmen that the best time to take large trout, in a stream of swift running water, is in the night, from sunset until nine, ten or even eleven o'clock, especially if it be moonlight. Then it is that large trout " lay out" of the deep water of the pools to feed in the shallow waters, where throughout the day not a fish would be found. The coming on of the darkness finds the rapids alive with the trout, and ever and anon one will hear, or see, the splash of the big fellows as they leap for the white millers, or other insects, skimming the surface of the water.

Once, an old time angler and expert fly caster, who was stopping at our house, passed by a large dam on the New Haven river, and the right of the river with its deep holes and swift water, and especially of the old dam, elicited the remark that there must be trout in the stream, and that he guessed we had better try them some time.

He needed only the suggestion. The next evening found us—a party of three—on the rocks below the dam, my old friend full rigged for fly fishing—just as the shades of evening were beginning to fall. At that time I had not learned the art of fly casting ; neither had the other man who was with us. We stood by, interested spectators. It was an experiment with us, for few trout had been taken from the place for years, though there was the proverbial tradition that the deep, dark hole, under the dam, contained some " old sock dollegers." The first few casts brought nothing. The trout had never seen artificial flies before, and felt justified, at first, in refusing to take notice of them.

But soon the programme changed. Two or three small ones had been caught, from a quarter to a half pound in weight, when our friend struck something of more consequence. A short but spirited contest followed, ending by there landing on the rocks at our feet, a fine two or two and a-half pound trout. We fished, or rather our angler did, about two hours, and we returned home with a large basket filled with trout.

We repeated the experiment on the following Saturday night, with like success. From that time on, we caught many fine trout out of the river. We fished the whole length of the main stream, or nearly so, and usually with excellent success. The fish were fine mountain trout, often weighing a pound and a half to two pounds, and I have no doubt that good fishing may still be had on the streams. Every body was astonished at the fish we caught, and doubtless there are other streams in the state that would yield good sport if properly canvassed with rod and fly. The two catches to which I refer yielded 16 pounds of fish; place, New Haven Mills, Vt., on the river of the same name.

W. A. REMELE.

Box 273, Middlebury, Vt.

MALLARD SHOOTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

G. M. DILLARD.

A FEW years ago, I was the guest of Mr. Percy K., of Helena, Montana, after hunting bears, elk and other large game with him and some friends, in the Bitter Root mountains, in Idaho.

When I left Helena, about the first of October, he and Mrs. K. and his brother Sam, came east with me, on the Great Northern railway, as far as the Cascades, on the Missouri river, where it was understood we should all stop for a day or two, to shoot ducks.

To me the place possessed an historic interest, owing to the experiences of the early explorers in that locality. It is just east of the romantic "Gate of the Mountains," where the Missouri river breaks through the Belt Range of the Rockies, so graphically described by Lewis and Clark, the first white men who visited the section.

Northeast of us lay the Great Falls, Sun river, Marias river, Fort Benton, and Milk river—all names bearing distinct associations on account of early western history.

We dined on the train and, on arriving at Cascade station, early in the afternoon, took a team, drove over a long bridge across the Missouri and out into the broad meadows beyond. The river at this point, 2500 miles from its junction with the Mississippi, and 3700 from its outlet into the Gulf, is a bold, almost navigable stream 200 yards wide.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful locality. The river banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, clothed in the richest colors of autumn. The meadows were green as spring. The mountains, in view for a hundred miles, were already clad in new snow, which seemed to purify the atmosphere.

Ducks were coming from the north, in considerable numbers, and were perhaps attracted to this particular place by its quiet and genial atmosphere, and the abundance of tender herbs along the margin of the marshes and sloughs, with which the meadows were intersected. We separated and endeavored to stir up the game and get it to moving. The shotgun seemed awkward after such close companionship with the rifle, but I managed to get down two sprigtails from the first bunch which passed over me. Shortly after I killed five mallards from a bunch of ten or twelve, as they rose from a slough, and as they doubled and returned I killed two more, one with each barrel. They all fell in water too deep for me to reach them, even with waist boots. That was provoking. My acquaintance with the three retrievers was so slight that not one of them would accompany me. I went over on the prairie to join my friends, who had disturbed a large number of ducks from their feeding ground, in a shallow pond, and were having good shooting; but it lasted only a few minutes. Near sunset we all drove over to a slough, or lead, which followed the course of the river. This was what we wanted. It was in the flight of the ducks, which were already beginning to move. The birds were too high for Mrs. K.'s small gun, and she retired to the wagon, a little distance off, and became simply an observer. Besides, I believe that Percy had loaded her cartridges without shot to keep her from beating him.

For a time I stood with my companions, who were both experts in duck shooting; but I missed so often that I became discouraged. I knew that K. had given me his best gun and best ammunition, yet he and his brother were killing, as it seemed to me, out of the very sky, while I could not hit a fowl. I went out and sat on the prairie, hoping to improve my shooting by a few moments of deliberation. It was almost more attractive to see my friends shoot than to shoot, myself. The ducks were moving rapidly, with the wind, at a great height, yet they missed comparatively few. Going with such rapidity, at such a height, the heavy fowl, though struck dead, would fall some distance away, either on the prairie or in the water. Those falling on the prairie were picked up by our driver; the others would strike with a splash, rebound and make a long skip over the water, when the retrievers would dash in and swim for them.

Now the wind has lulled, the sun has set, daylight has passed into twilight. The mallards have dropped to a height of only about 30 yards, and are straggling up the slough in rapid succession. I know I can hit them at that height and once more wade out waist deep, and take my place abreast of my friends. This is like a dream of shooting, except that in dreams your gun never fires, or never shoots strong enough to kill. We scarcely have time to reload. From the three guns the ducks are falling in every direction, two or three every minute. The dogs start to retrieve one only to release it for another that has fallen nearer to them. They become confused and exhausted. The fading after-glow makes the scene weird, yet enchanting. The forms of the mallards are almost invisible in the dusk of evening, yet on they come and go, traced now only by the music from their wings. Our cartridges are exhausted. We collect and count the result—52 fowls. We probably left as many more dead in the grass and on the water.

The next morning we drove several miles farther down the meadows and observed large numbers of ducks and geese feeding in the sloughs; but the day was fine and there was no flight. We were sportsmen and did not like shooting them as they rose from the water. We again separated and endeavored to get the game to moving. Three mallards—a green-head and two females—came directly over me, quite 70 yards high. I of course tried to kill the drake. I led him about eight feet. To my surprise down came one of the hens, about four feet behind him, perfectly dead. There was the mystery of my missing at long range. I corrected the error at once and commenced killing. We drove about the meadows most of the day, enjoying the splendid surroundings. Lunch, spread on a small island, and presided over by Mrs. K., possessed attractions which are still fresh in my memory. Most of the chance shots which we got while driving about were, I think, given to me, as I was still treated somewhat as a guest. Once, a bunch of mallards came over, when Percy and I both leaped out of the wagon. They were so high that he did not shoot. Two were flying close together. I led them a considerable distance and fired. To my surprise they both fell dead on the prairie. My gun had improved. Another lone greenhead was coming over like a bullet. Percy and I were standing together. He gave me first shot, and the old drake folded his wings and almost fell into the wagon.

At twilight we again had a good flight and fine shooting. We collected 107 ducks from the day's shoot. Percy brought in the largest number, but he would not tell how many of his Mrs. K killed. Relying on the inefficiency of her gun, he had loaded her cartridges this time, with shot, and felt too chagrined to acknowledge the result. I therefore credit his brother with the greatest number, himself second, myself third. There is no telling how many Mrs. K. killed. She was too modest to say.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW.

GAME PROTECTION.

A. C. Collins.

President Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, etc.

Nov. 14, 1894.

This is a suggestive subject, and should be dear to every sportsman's heart. But in many cases we find those who talk about "protecting the game from illegal capture," without even lifting a finger to carry out their prating, are like the miserly man who said, "I love to hear the rain patter on the roof." "Well you may," replied his wife; "it's a cheap amusement."

There is altogether too much exuberant linguistic display, and too little genuine earnest work for the actual preservation of game in the "close" season. There are too many who grapple the game protection problem as gingerly as if they were seizing the hot end of a poker.

Their theoretic assertions, "We can't do anything," are empty, unmeaning, impracticable and dreamy. There is a wretched lack of work, but plenty of talk.

Of course, there is comparatively a small proportion of the community that recognizes the real importance of game protection in its true sense, but if only one true hearted working sportsman in a community will make up his mind and work, "poaching" will stop, for he will revolutionize the feeling of indifference and awaken a sympathetic thrill among the weak-kneed sportsmen. It is just as easy to enforce the game laws of a state as it is to enforce any other law, provided that the prosecutors are really in earnest.

The trouble arises in the dilly-dallying, half-hearted way the officers and others take hold of these cases, simply because the sportsmen generally hold aloof, and will not lend their aid and influence as they should. Every sportsman should be ready at all times to testify and aid, in every possible way, the prosecution of law breakers. Persons who advocate the protection of game, while they do not try to help the officers by their presence in the court room, aid and abet the violators in many ways. When a man talks game protection, and will not be seen in the court room where the violator is being tried, look out for him.

I am writing this from a personal knowledge of the situation. I would not give a cent for a car load of such men for enforcing the game laws. Give me the man who talks little, but works and acts for suppressing violations, and we get something that means something.

No work means no game protection. Let every person who violates the game law be punished, be he rich or poor, high or low, and in a short time the violators will understand that it is not safe to kill game illegally. Three-fourths of the violations of the game law are aided and encouraged by wealthy people. It is rare—very rare, indeed—that a man shooting for the market eats any of his game, but the "nabob" wants a "bird" in the close season, and is ready to pay a good price. He gets the bird. Now, the law ought to stretch out its strong arm, and reach the class who encourage the destruction of game in the close season.

Although local officers are often negligent in administering the game laws, they may be stimulated to activity if interested sportsmen join their forces against the common enemy and take a little trouble.

Public feeling will at once be enlisted, and the local papers will gladly lend their aid in upholding the law. No law is effectual unless public sentiment is back of it. Let the sportsmen create this. It is entirely within their power.

It consequently becomes necessary that the law abiding sportsman should start out with the determination that no friend or foe shall violate the game law, without comprehending that something is liable to explode under him. The plan outlined is feasible. It has been tried in some sections and has worked well. Men who take game illegally must not be allowed to think they will not be caught. Indifference forms the greatest obstacle that the law abiding sportsman has to encounter.

Let conscientious sportsmen work for game protection in mid-winter and midsummer, and banish that old worn out theory that the game laws cannot be enforced; but adopt the motto that they must and shall be enforced.

Sometimes gun clubs have made some pretensions of enforcing the game laws.

They have in the club's constitution, beside the trap shooting clause, the gauzy elaboration, "and to protect the game and fish of the State."

It reads well, but amounts to about as much towards actually carrying out the game and fish protection idea as toward making the sun shine.

Trap shooting and game protection will not mix. There is a strong, insurmountable barbed wire fence between them. One of the objects must suffer, and you can rest assured it will not be the trap shooting department.

The evidence on this point is full and explicit. The club's constitution alluding to the preservation of game and fish sounds well to those who sail under false colors; but smashing targets, and not trying to solve the game protection problem, is their motto. Every citizen should feel that his responsibility in regard to game protection begins the moment he declares himself a sportsman, and does not end till the battle is over. That is a guaranty,that the name "sportsman" is not a misnomer.

There comes a time to most men, in the course of their lives, when they have to choose between two diverging lines of action, for or against the enforcement of the game law, and they should remember that the illegal shooters are too strong to laugh at or to play with.

The duty of the sportsman lies in forcing upon the public the realization of the vital fact that all infractions of the game laws will be punished. Any other course shows the grossest neglect of their duties. There can be no half-way position on this question.

Why allow the game to be exterminated illegally through the carelessness or incompetency of others? The need of work in the interests of game protection covers a multitude of contingencies not necessary to mention.

The sportsman should remember that his mission on earth is not simply to breathe.

He should roll up his sleeves and see that the game laws are respected and lived up to by friends and foes.

The angler now, with rod and reel,
  Sits silent, as still as death,
And the frantic struggles of fish and eel
  He watches with baited breath.
—*Albany Times-Union.*

THE LEATHER WOODCHUCK.

Ellisburg, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

Hundreds of hard working people enjoy, each season, the pure air, plain food, and beautiful scenery of the Adirondack mountains. No other class of men appreciate a joke more than these health and pleasure seekers on their annual vacation. The best of humor prevails, and at every hotel and camp fire the story teller is the main attraction of the evening, which is usually devoted to story telling. It is here that you will also find the practical joker, who is always on the alert for an opportunity to play some joke on his unsuspecting fellow man.

Last summer, while spending a few weeks hunting and fishing, at a small hotel in these mountains, a piece of deception was practiced on a number of new comers. The hotel was a small wooden structure, where comfort, regardless of appearances, was the main feature sought after in its construction. It was built on a small hill, overlooking a beautiful lake. At the right, a short distance, was a sharp knoll, the evenness of which bore a striking resemblance to a railroad embankment.

The morning after my arrival, while sitting, with several other boarders, on the veranda, a member of the company remarked, "Well, I wish some one would come along and kill that woodchuck." This remark, although a mystery to me, caused considerable laughter among my companions. The conversation drifted into other channels, and I had almost forgotten the remark when a stranger emerged from the woods in the direction of the nearest hotel. At sight of him, the chore boy of the place knowingly asked, "Shall I work the woodchuck?" A nod of assent, and he disappeared over the knoll.

The stranger in the meantime came up, and after the usual salutations, said, "I am stopping over at 'Muncey's,' and thought I would take a walk over and see your place. Brought my gun along, as I hear that a bear has been seen in the woods near here. But," he continued, "I have not seen an animal larger than a squirrel since I came in the woods."

At this, one of our company remarked: "If you had been here a few days ago, you could have had some fine sport shooting woodchucks. There is any quantity of them around in this clearing."

"Shooting woodchucks is my best hold," replied the stranger. "One shot is all I want at 30 rods. I used to shoot lots of them down in Cortland county."

At this moment one of the boarders, who had remained out of sight, rushed around the corner of the hotel, and exclaimed, "There's another woodchuck, boys," pointing in the direction which the boy had taken.

Sure enough, about 30 rods from us was, to all appearances, a large woodchuck, sitting beside his newly dug hole on the side of the knoll.

The stranger reached for his rifle, and asked excitedly, "Shall I knock him over?" "Let him have, before he goes back in the hole," replied the man who had seen him first. The stranger raised his gun, and taking careful aim, fired. Out of the little cloud of dust that arose where the bullet struck, crawled the apparently badly wounded woodchuck. After giving him another shot without effect, the stranger dropped his gun and started on a run to bring in his game, which lay kicking near its hole. He cleared the fence at a bound, waded through a tangled mass of berry bushes and burdocks, and at last reached the now dead woodchuck.

When he reached the old boot he looked it over, then slowly retraced his steps, picking the burrs from his trousers as he came. The expression on his face was a study. Before we could speak, he exclaimed, "It's on me this time; come in and have something."

L. E. HUDSON.

SOME STRANGE INCIDENTS.

St. Louis, Mo.

Editor RECREATION.

I have, with my friend Geo. H. Small, punctured the Rockies in several places, and have had some experiences worthy of a better pen than I can wield. We have often thought of you and your book, "Rustlings in the Rockies," and as often said, under our breath, that we doubted some of the romances related therein; but now we believe all the book says and a great deal more.

For example: while camped on the Yellowstone, in September, '93, my friend Small had a tilt with a bear, who came down to the tent, attacked him, took from him a saddle of venison, while he was cleaning it, and made his escape with it, getting clear out of sight before a gun was thought of.

Again: on August 29, 1893, I had an experience that might be of interest to any old sportsman: While in Grippies canyon, in the Rockies—south of the old Sitting Bull camp—I shot an elk at a distance of about 150 yards. At the report of my big 45-90 Winchester, the elk squatted almost to the ground, and then darted off down the mountain, crossed the brook and disappeared in the distance. I said to my friend Small, who stood near me, that I believed I had hit that elk, as he acted strangely when I shot.

We stood for a few minutes waiting for a calm after the excitement, and then walked to where the elk stood when I fired, to see if we could find any signs of blood or hair. We had arrived on the spot and were looking around for signs, when we heard heavy tramping and smashing of brush, as if made by a runaway horse. We looked in the direction whence the noise come, and saw, dashing down upon us a huge elk. The shock to us both was great indeed, but before we could think of shooting, the elk ran to us and fell dead on the spot where he had received his death wound, some 12 or 15 minutes before.

These, with many other exciting scenes that we have witnessed in the far west might be of interest to your readers, if properly written; but as I am under the weather at present, I will have to say good bye.

C. H. TYLER.

"To be well shaken before taken," said the New York policeman, as he hustled the poor drunk on his feet preparatory to starting for the station house.

A GOOD MOTTO.

Potsdam, N. Y., April 1, 1895,

Editor RECREATION :

You are probably aware that we have had a severe winter up in our country, with a great depth of snow. The contrast between this spring and last has been marked. A year ago the 10th of March, I took a ramble through the fields and woods. The snow was gone, except in sheltered places. Robins, bluebirds, blackbirds and song-sparrows, were numerous. I lay on a sunny bank, picking wintergreen berries, with grasshoppers jumping all about me. March 16th, this year, I took the same stroll, but what a difference. Snow everywhere, in some places six or seven feet deep. No voice of bird was heard, except the occasional "caw" of some straggling crow. I stood, with four feet of snow beneath me, where the year before I picked the berries. There was not even a "sap-fly," to say nothing of grasshoppers.

Spring began with us in earnest April 5th, and the birds seemed to come all at once. On Friday and Saturday I saw robins, bluebirds, song-sparrows, crow blackbirds, red-wing blackbirds (starlings), a blue heron, a hen-hawk, a pigeon-hawk and two killdeer, or wring-neck plover. But a moment ago, a killdeer flew over with that cry which so thrills a true sportsman. The electric lights seem to attract or bewilder them. Last fall whole flocks of them would hover, for an hour at a time, over the village at night.

I feel as though I should like to grasp your hand and bid you God speed in your fearless efforts to arouse a proper sentiment against unsportsmanlike hunting, of whatever nature. To my mind, a great missionary work is needed in the midst of so-called sportsmen. I fail to see the difference between a market, or pot hunter, and a "sportsman," who goes out and wantonly makes as large a bag as possible, giving away or allowing to waste what the market hunter sells. Why can't our sportsmen content themselves with moderate bags? Can it not be said that those only are worthy of the name "sportsmen" who do thus limit themselves?

Gray squirrels were unusually plentiful here last fall, and one day, when out with a friend, I bagged 13. I have felt guilty ever since. I could go out on Saturdays only, and after that I limited myself to five squirrels at each hunt, just what we could readily use at my house.

In these days of growing scarcity the motto for game legislation should be: "Make it as difficult as possible for the man, and as easy as possible for the game." How it grates on one to hear the weak argument advanced for hounding and jacking deer, that there are many who would not be able to shoot a deer if those two methods were stopped! Why, that is just what they are crying for, something to keep the deer from being shot, and yet they are not willing to accept the only sensible remedy. He only is worthy of the noblest game of our state who can go into the bush, put his wits in fair contest against the deer's, and win. All others may better stay in camp and practice shooting at a mark or turning flap-jacks. Stop hounding, stop jacking, and with the other admirable features of the deer law, the supply will be insured for generations. Nor would there be any difficulty in securing all the venison a camp might need for use, which is all that should be allowed.

JAMES M. GRAVES.

CHANCE SHOTS.

De Kalb, Ill.

Editor RECREATION.

I have hunted in northern Michigan twelve seasons, for deer and bear, and have had some interesting experiences during these outings. Once, when still hunting, I saw the hind legs of a deer; the rest of the animal being hidden behind a bushy sapling. I shot through the brush top, calculating to hit the deer's body. The first jump showed that he was mortally wounded. His ears were laid down on his neck and his tail switched at every jump. He ran about 60 rods before he dropped. I trailed him by the blood and found him dead.

At another time when traveling through the woods with a pack on my back, I started two deer. A sharp whistle stopped them in some small hemlocks and all I could see was one white flag. I aimed for the body and fired. I saw from the commotion among the hemlocks that the deer was down. I threw off my pack, went to see what I had done and found I had broken both legs on one side. In this condition the deer would get its balance on the other side and make some long jumps. I have often wondered why nature gave the deer this white tail or flag. It leads many to their death. I can now bring to my mind several deer that I have killed and which I should probably never have seen if they had not hoisted their white flag. This seems like a violation of nature's general laws, for, as a rule, she is with the wild animal and against the hunter.

In my hunt last fall I made some observations to try to learn whether or not the age of a deer could be judged from its teeth, and am confident that the same rule that applies to sheep will apply to deer, *i. e.*, the centre pair of teeth are shed at one year of age, and the larger teeth take their place. At two years of age the second tooth on each side is replaced by a larger one and so on to the fourth year, when the deer has a full set of new teeth. Any one who has made a study of a sheep's mouth will readily understand this. I believe the number of prongs on a deer's horns prove his vigor and condition and nothing more. I killed a six prong buck, last fall, that I am confident was but two years old, past.

H. B. GURLER.

I have been a regular reader of all the periodicals devoted to field sports and was never pleased with any until RECREATION came to my notice. It has the proper ring, and its sanctum sanctorum seems camp. Enclosed please find check for $8, for which send RECREATION, one year, to each of the following personal friends. [List inclosed.]

DAL DE WEESE.

Canyon City, Colo.

The only fault I find with RECREATION is that you don't publish it often enough. I read every line—ads. and all—and then want more.

J. R. PAINTER, Phila., Pa.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Few who live in towns and cities can imagine the tragedies enacted, under cover of darkness, by many of the furred and feathered creatures inhabiting the fields and woods; and even he who lives among them is continually learning something new. I once had a mink trap set in some open timber bordering a river, in Washington, and on visiting it one morning, found evidence of a royal battle having been fought some time during the night. A small hawk, of a kind that appears after sunset, had essayed to sample the bit of nice fresh venison, but its plans were foiled by the trap gripping its toes. Misfortunes never come singly, and another imp of darkness in the shape of a large owl, happened to espy its unfortunate comrade and fiercely attacked it. The ground for some distance around was strewn with feathers, mostly those of the hawk, which had fought bravely, as tufts of the soft, fluffy plumage of the owl attested. The remnant of the hawk—most of it having been eaten by the victor—was deposited with the bait, and the very next day I found a large owl serenely perched on the balance pole, to which the trap was attached, and guiltily blinking at me in the sunlight. Dire and speedy vengeance followed, but until that time I never knew that owls and hawks, that pass in night, were such deadly enemies.

One would think a skunk would be safe from attack at any time, but a somewhat similar case to the above once occurred in Montana. The fowl house was occasionally raided by skunks, and measures of reprisal were accordingly resorted to, a couple of steel traps being arranged for their benefit. Several captures were made and the victims promptly slain, but I found, on one occasion, that the last operation had been performed for me. An enemy of my ill-smelling captive had happened along, and took a mean advantage of its predicament. Nothing but a fore paw remained in the trap. The rest had disappeared, apparently into the stomach of the assailant, and the broken sticks, torn-up ground and sundry other indications, all pointed to a violent difference of opinion between a trapped skunk and—what? I learned next day. The thing that ate skunks o' nights had returned. Like the immortal Oliver, it hankered after more, but never got it, and a snarling, large-sized badger, of hostile mien and fetid odor, occupied the place of its victim and shared its untimely end by being brained instanter.

The ways of wild creatures in their native haunts are full of interest to me, and whenever an opportunity of noting their habits unobserved presents itself, I always take advantage of it. Quite recently one such occurred. I was lately up on the British Columbia coast, in a small yacht, and one calm day, when at anchor in Burrard Inlet, I saw a young loon rise close alongside. There was no sign of fear in its bright, beady eyes, for I was in the cabin watching it intently out of the window. All seeming quiet, it dived after its breakfast, and the instant it disappeared a whole shoal of little fish broke the placid surface of the water, evidently being in mortal terror. The loon made for the thickest of them, the long, slender mandibles closed over a victim, and then it reappeared on the surface, licking its lips as it were, with extreme satisfaction. Twice more was this performance repeated, within six feet of my eyes, and the perfectly mirror-like clearness of the water allowed every movement to be seen. The marvelous rapidity of the bird, as it dived aftar its prey, was a perfect revelation to me, for the swift, gliding, fish-like movement resembled the rush of a bull trout harrying a shoal of minnows; neither wings nor feet seemed to be brought into play, and I learned on this occasion how a loon obtains its food.

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

Editor RECREATION. Ropesville, Tex.

We have, by all odds, the sportsman's paradise down here. Florida cannot be compared to it. There is no month of the year when fish, of some species, are not biting sufficiently fast to suit the most nervous. In March tarpon are on our bays in great schools, and I have counted as many as 400 strikes at the troll in one day. Unlike Florida, we do not have to fish all day for a strike, but the tarpon strike all day. Last fall three sportsmen, from Wisconsin, landed 12 tarpon in one day. One landed five, one four, and one three, besides several jack or cabbillio. Trout, redfish, Spanish mackerel, jack, crokers, pompano and many others bite well the year round. Last fall I captured one jewfish that weighed 408 pounds. In the spring of '94 I landed one weighing 556 pounds, and during the season I judge that no less than 200 jewfish were landed, ten being taken in less than two hours by parties from San Antonio.

I am located at Ropesville, near Aransas Pass. Three years ago our fishing grounds were hardly known to sportsmen. To-day they are considered the best in the world.

F. D. PERRENOT.

"What do you think of the woman question, major?" asked the judge.

"I think it is asked much more often than is necessary, judge."

"What do you mean?"

"I am speaking of the woman question. I understand that to be the subject of your inquiry."

"But what do you understand to be the woman question?"

"Is my hat on straight?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

We have been very much pleased at the number of mail inquiries we have received from our ad. in RECREATION. We have every reason to believe that it is a valuable medium for advertisers, and one whose value is rapidly increasing. The publication as a magazine speaks for itself.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD.

Cæsar's Wife—You seem ill at ease, my lord. What vexes you?

Cæsar—I dreamed last night, Cornelia, that the American papers, 1,900 years from now, after they had got tired of Napoleon Bonaparte, began printing a lot of fake stories about me.—*Oakland* (*Ia.*) *Acorn.*

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

Greensboro, Vt., May 5, 1895.

Editor RECREATION.

The advent of spring reminded me that I had intended to write you how game (such as we have) wintered in Northern Vermont, but have neglected it until now. Our game consists of ruffed grouse, rabbits, squirrels ; a few woodcock, with ducks and geese in season. Woodcock are always scarce here.

Grouse were very plentiful last fall and the winter has been favorable for them. I see them nearly every day in making my professional drives in the country. Gray squirrels were much more numerous last fall than usual, have wintered well and ought to breed to such an extent as to give us some good shooting next season. Rabbits, always abundant in Orleans county, are more so than ever. Their tracks are to be seen in every swamp through which I drive. They have not been hunted as much as usual the past winter and are protected from May 1st till September 1st. Deer have been frequently seen of late years, and the prospects are that after the present close season expires, which will be in 1900, we can have a short "open season" on them.

F. C. KINNEY.

Douglas, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION.

In your May number is an article by O. D. Lyon, "Ducks, Geese and a Wolf," in which he openly declares that he was hunting grouse on January 24th, in Nebraska. In that state the open season on grouse closes on January 1st. In the same issue, J. S. Stangroom, of New Whatcom, Wash., writes that he is going to the mountains after goats, in the spring, in order to obtain a hide in prime condition. The law of Washington makes it unlawful to kill the mountain goat before August 15th, and unlawful to kill any game animal for its hide, at any time. Items like these breed dissatisfaction with the laws and cause them to be violated when opportunity offers.

MORTIMER JESURUN, M. D.

Wilson, St. Croix Co., Wis.

Editor RECREATION.

After being earnestly petitioned, our state solons have finally given us a fairly good game law. During the past two years, the open season for large game in this state, has been the month of October. As a natural sequence most of the game killed has spoiled in the woods. We are now to have the first 20 days of November, with three days in which to dispose of the venison. Each nimrod is allowed to carry out of the state, in person, the carcasses of two deer, not more. The disciples of one "Walton," may take with them out of the state 20 pounds of fish, or not more than two large ones.

H. B. CRANE.

Augusta, Me.

I strolled out in the woods, a few mornings ago, taking my shotgun and thinking I might shoot a hawk or two. After a short walk I heard a partridge drumming. Creeping through the brush for half a mile I came upon six good sized fellows, under a large hemlock. I might have shot some of them, but it being close time I contented myself with flushing them and taking aim, without firing.

HARRY BOYNTON.

[The writer of the above is a boy 17 years old, and he teaches a lesson in self denial and strict observance of game laws that many an old sportsman might well heed.—ED.]

Spokane, Wash.

The best section in the country for all around hunting and fishing is on the Yakt river, in Montana. I have hunted there twice, am thoroughly acquainted with the locality, and should be glad to guide a party to that hunters' paradise. Game of all kinds is abundant—bear, moose, elk, deer, goats, sheep, trout, grouse, ducks, geese, etc. Fishing is excellent. The country is easily reached, being only 65 miles from the Great Northern Railway.

W. A. MONROE.

Boise, Idaho.

Fort Hall Indians hunt not only in Jackson's Hole, but wherever game is plentiful within 200 miles of their reservation. Sixteen lodges, numbering about 80 Indians, from Fort Hall, have been camped near Glen's Ferry, Lincoln county, Idaho, all winter, and have been slaughtering all the game they could find. One of the bucks told a ranchman that the reason they left the Agency was because "Indian heap hungry ; agent no feed him ; Indian starve at Fort Hall."

R. F. COOKE.

South Butte, Mont.

I am familiar with some of the best hunting grounds in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Am prepared to outfit and conduct parties who wish to come to the Rocky Mountains in quest of large game, such as elk, deer, sheep, goats, antelope and bear ; and in season, geese, ducks and grouse. Can also show parties good trout fishing.

C. H. ROBINS.

Lay, Routt County, Col.

While you are after the Indians and Indian agents, you should give the Utes a go, at Uintah and Uncompahgre agencies, in north-east Utah. They come up and slaughter thousands of our deer, as soon as they reach their winter range—nearly all for hides alone. There seems to be no way to stop it, either.

A. G. WALLIHAN.

Ten Sleep, Wyo.

"Game is quite plentiful yet, large herds of elk, plenty of deer, no lack of sheep and antelope, and Ten Sleep lakes beat all creation for trout. Too many bears and lions for the good of our stock."

JAMES FULLERTON.

BICYCLING.

Chief Consul Potter announces the following offer of cash prizes for the purpose of encouraging personal effort on the part of members of the New York state division, L. A. W., in enlarging the membership roll.

A first prize of $100 will be paid to that member of our State division, man or woman, who obtains the largest number of paid applications for membership between April 30th and December 31st, 1895, both dates inclusive. The second prize, of $50, will be paid to the member obtaining the second largest number of paid applications during said period. The third ($40), the fourth ($35), fifth ($25), sixth ($20), seventh ($15), eighth ($10), and ninth ($5) prizes will be paid to the persons obtaining the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth largest number of said applications during said period.

Competitors will file their names, addresses and league numbers with the secretary-treasurer, W. S. Bull, No. 78 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y., before beginning competition.

The local committee having in charge the programme of racing events for the national meet of the L. A. W. at Asbury Park, has decided on the following:

First Day (Thursday, July 11).—One mile novice, two mile (handicap), class A; half mile (open), class B; half mile (open), class A; two mile (national championship), one mile (open), with pace makers, class B; one mile tandem, class A.

Second Day (Friday, July 12).—Half mile novice, two-thirds mile (open), class B; one mile (handicap), class A; half mile (national championship), two mile (handicap), class B; one mile (open), with pace makers, class A.

Third Day (Saturday, July 13).—Two-thirds mile, 2:35 class; one mile (open), class A; one mile (open), with pace makers, class B; half mile (handicap), class A; one-quarter mile (national championship), two mile (handicap), special, class B.

SUBMISSION.

She's a maiden fair and haughty,
And so very, very naughty
That she doesn't care when Mrs. Grundy kicks;
For she will go out a-wheeling,
Notwithstanding public feeling,
In the dearest, most distracting pair of "knicks."

But she looks so sweet and charming
In this rig they call alarming,
That I make a vow if ever for my wife
I shall chance, by love to win her—
This dear, precious, little sinner—
She may *wear the knickerbockers* all her life!

—Mabelle E. Anderson in *Truth*.

The second annual cycle show will be held at the Second regiment armory and Battery D building, on Michigan avenue, Chicago, the week of January 4 to January 11, 1896.

ONE MORE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

A new woman attracted a great deal of attention yesterday morning as she made her way from Thirty-first street down Broadway. Any one having attended the late costume show would have recognized at once that the suit worn by this woman was an exact counterpart to one on exhibition. It was of brown cloth, the short skirt reaching from four to six inches below the knee. The jacket was short and jaunty, and gaiters reaching to the knee were worn over tan boots and were the same shade as suit and hat. The hat itself was a small derby worn well over the face.

At the costume show the model wearing the original costume was displayed with a bicycle, which she mounted from time to time to demonstrate the practicability and comfort of such a suit for bicycling. The woman seen yesterday had no wheel with her and evidently intended to wear her costume for walking solely. The men, especially, seemed to be overcome with wonder at the sight, for they forgot good breeding and simply stopped and stared as she passed. Some of the women looked, then looked away in haughty disdain. Some gazed in awe-struck admiration. Some snickered, and others chuckled or tittered, or giggled, or smiled, or laughed. But the emancipated woman strode through the street, with dignity and with an air of absolute unconsciousness that she was the cynosure of all eyes.—*New York Herald.*

An eminent physician of Paris has sent out a series of questions to a number of the most prominent doctors in France, as to the use of the bicycle by women, and gives the result of his inquiry in the European edition of the *New York Herald*, as follows:

"The far greater amount of testimony appears to be in favor of bicycle riding for women, on the express condition that it be done in moderation, and never during any indisposition or sickness. Not only is cycling claimed to be harmless, but it is said to have a beneficial effect by its action on the general health of the rider; for this reason it is recommended in the treatment of certain complaints, such as neurasthenia and other nervous disorders, hysteria, morphiomania, anæmia, chlorosis and lymphatism. It is said to stimulate nutrition in intellectual fatigue, diabetes, dyspepsia, hypochondria, gout, subacute and chronic rheumatism, constipation, migraine, tuberculosis in its early stages, emphysema and chronic bronchitis; but it is strictly counter-indicated in organic complaints of the heart or abdominal organs, and in cases of even slight albuminuria dependent on the renal lesion.

The result of my advertising of the "Layman Pneumatic Sporting and Outing Boat" in Recreation is far beyond my expectations. The number of inquiries mentioning Recreation, place it in line with several of the older magazines, notably Harpers' and Munsey's, both of which I am using with gratifying results. H. D. Layman.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Here are the names and addresses of a few of the staunch friends of Recreation, the figures opposite indicating the number of subscriptions that each has sent in :

C. H. Douglas, Chicago	184
H. C. M. Hambright, Lancaster, Pa.	60
E. I. Root, Denver, Colo	43
J. S. Strangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.	35
E. J. Pauli, St. Paul, Minn	35
O. A. Richardson, Lowell, Mass	33
John Bowman, London, Ontario	26
E. A. Corey, Geneva, Ohio	25
Chas. H. Kingsbury, Rochester, N. Y	25
J. G. Messner, Wilkinsburg, Pa	22
Barclay Smith, Van Buren, Ark	21
E. W. Campbell, West Pittston, Pa	19
Harvey B. Crane, Jr., Wilson, Wis	17
C. H. Westlake, Geneva, Ohio	17
E. W. Tilton, Newburybort, Mass	17
H. M. Belt, Des Moines, Iowa	17
Chas. H. Laird, Washington, D. C	16
C. F. Hatch, Jr., Lake Park, Ia	16
E. P. Robinson, Sidney, Ohio	14
O. B. Hark, Bethlehem, Pa	14
Captain H. H. Cooper, Nacogdoches, Tex.	14
H. M. Norton, Corry, Pa	13
W. S. Raymond, Potsdam, N. Y	11
Dr. E. J. Tucker, Morrisania, N. Y	11
G. W. Shampanore, East Bangor, Pa	11
Willie Hamm, Calais, Me	10
H. A. Shields, Johnstown, Pa	10

There are many others that should be included but for lack of space, Some of these gentlemen have taken advantage of my premium or commission offers, but the majority of them have done this work purely in the interest of their friends, or from a love of the magazine, declining all compensation. If you doubt this statement write any or all the parties. Postage is cheap this year.

Recreation for July will carry joy to the hearts of all its readers, whether at home, at the seaside or in the woods. It will contain a charming story of woodcock shooting by Mr. F. W. G. Johnson, illustrated by some of the finest photographs of that sport that have probably ever been made. These latter are from the camera of Mr. E. P. Robinson. Among other prominent features there will be a novel story of trouting, in a Nova Scotia lake, by Mr. A. O. Pritchard : a well told tale of "A Morning with the Varmints," by Utiles Baird, secretary of the Kankakee Shooting and Fishing Club ; an interesting recital of what an Indian guide terms a "Heap Good Man," by Wm. Edward Coffin. This story will appeal with especial force to all who know the wierd, picturesque characters that are so often found in the Maine woods. Doctor Tucker will continue his story, "Guatemotzin, the last of the Aztecs," and Major Schieffelin gives us another series of the more important incidents of his trip "Across the Rockies in '61." Some further facts and observations on the great sportsmens' exposition, will be given, and there will be a rich fund of information in the various departments. There will be pictures from original drawings by Keeler, Carey and Watson, and from photographs.

The Great Sportsmen's Exposition is a thing of the past. It is unnecessary to say that it was successful. That fact was assured from the beginning. The character of the men who had the work in charge was a guarantee that it would be well done. The only question was as to the attendance. Were there enough people in New York and vicinity, interested in field sports, to save the promotors from loss ? This problem was solved on the opening night. Madison Square Garden was thronged that night, by as large and as brilliant an audience as ever opened a horse show, a dog show or a bicycle show. Society and wealth were there in all their splendor. The genuine sportsman was there in full force, as attested by the bronzed faces and eager eyes that beamed about the exhibits of guns and fishing tackle.

The First Sportsmen's Exposition will go down in history as one of the most important events ever chronicled in the literature of field sports. It is second only in importance to the invention of the breech loader. It has taught the general public the true character of the men who shoot and fish. It has brought manufacturers, dealers and consumers into closer touch than ever before. It has shown railway and steamboat companies the full strength and influence of the craft.

There are a hundred railway companies and manufacturers of sportsmen's goods who were invited to exhibit at this show, but who did not do so ; who said it would not pay them ; who predicted that it would be a failure. These people are now deploring their lack of judgment and will do so for a year. They are ready to concede, now, that they don't know quite so much as some other people do, and when the next Exposition is announced they will be among the first to secure space.

There are thousands of people who did not attend the show, for similar reasons, and who now regret that they should have missed so great a treat. The 55,000 people who did see it will not soon allow them to forget their loss ; and when the gates open next year these stay-aways will lose no time in getting to the box office.

Great good will result from the First Sportsmen's Exposition.

Mr. B. W. Kniskern, G. P. A., of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, has issued a beautiful book called "Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line." It is from the pen of W. B. Leffingwell, and is illustrated by W. L. Wells, an artist who has evidently burned plenty of powder and waded in some pretty deep water for trout. At least his pictures look as if he had.

If you will write Mr. Kuiskern and tell him you saw his book mentioned in Recreation, he will send you a copy. His address is Chicago.

This issue of Recreation was nearly all in type when the Sportsmen's Exposition opened, so that it is impossible to make more than brief mention of it herein. Illustrated articles, bearing on the great show, will be printed in several succeeding numbers.

In answering advertisements, please mention Recreation.

MR. HARVEY M. HARPER, a warm friend of and a contributor to RECREATION, has lately been admitted to partnership in the law firm of Doolittle, Tolman & Pollasky, Chicago. Judge Doolittle is an ex-member of the U. S. Senate and one of the ablest lawyers in the west. I congratulate Mr. Harper on forming so valuable an association and hope wealth, business and honor may flow in on him until he will have to flee to the mountains to avoid being buried under them.

ON MARCH 12TH, the American News Company raised its standing order for RECREATION from 2,600 copies to 3,900 copies, an increase of 1,300 copies in 30 days. Its order for June is 4,200. Returned copies are less than 15 per cent. Write the manager, and ask him whether this statement is correct.

HON. JOHN BOWMAN, of London, Ontario, who wrote the charming story in January RECREATION, "Trouting on the Nepigon," has been elected President of the Board of Trade of his native city. His neighbors evidently appreciate brains.

IF A SAMPLE copy of RECREATION has been sent you, it is by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

"MAINE OUTINGS" is the latest candidate for a place among sportsmen's periodicals. It is a monthly magazine, published at Portland, Maine. It is printed on good paper, neatly illustrated, and the text is of a high order. I wish it abundant success.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

He was a young man of station in life, but he looked too often upon the wine when it sparkled in the bar glass. He was a victim of the heart disease so prevalent in the glad holiday season when Cupid is abroad with his love-tipped arrows, and closed a note to his adored one with the line:

"The bloom of your plump cheeks outrivals the rose."

She read it with a blush of pleasure, and wondered if he really meant it. Not to be outdone in poetic compliments, she wrote in reply:

"They really ain't in it compared with your nose."

This was a stumper, but believing it a bit of girlish fun, he overlooked the reflection on his bibulous habits, and wrote her:

"Yours comes from a heart filled with love's rosy hues."

And back came her coy reply:

"And yours from a stomach just pickled with booze."

And now they meet as strangers.

She—Are you going to any balls this season?
He—I am going to three balls to-morrow.

—*Dallas* (*Texas*) *Visitor.*

The young man had just gone out of the shop when the assistant who had attended to him called up the shop-walker.

"Did you hear that young fellow?" he asked, nodding toward the door where the customer had gone out.

"No, ; what was the matter with him?"

"He wanted a pair of knickerbockers to play football in."

"Didn't he get them?"

"He did not."

"Why not? We've got plenty."

"Yes, but he wanted flesh-colored ones."

"Well, we've got them."

"No we haven't; I showed them to him, and he turned up his nose and said that wasn't his flesh color. He said he wanted them black and blue."—*Tit-Bits.*

At Frank's house they had quince jam for supper, but Frankie had been ill, and his mother said to him:—"Frank, you cannot have any jam; it will make you sick, and then you might die." Frank took this like a little man until he saw his mother help herself to jam a second time. Then he pushed his plate slowly toward the forbidden dish, and said, with deliberation:—"Well, if you are going to die, I might as well die too. Gimme some."

—*American Review.*

The saucy, barefooted boy had been fishing.

"My son," said the kindly old gentleman, "why do you waste your time fishing when you should be earning money with which to buy shoes?"

"I don't need any shoes."

"Why not?"

"'Cause"—and he displayed his catch of two eels—"I've got a pair of slippers."—*Washington Star.*

She had married a young naval officer and was so pleased over it that she had gone with him into a little house on a side street and was running it herself.

"Have you any beans?" she inquired of the grocer's clerk during the first week of her incumbency.

"Do you wish navy beans?" he asked politely.

"Oh, certainly," she twittered. "How clever of you to guess we weren't army people!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Guide (in camp.)—See hyar, One Lung, these ar gentlemen wants good squar cookin', savy? None 'o your rat pie, dished up with dressing, and put on ther table as chicken fricassee.

One Lung (camp cook.)—Me savy; no lat pie. Me makee allee same Melican man eatee bymeby Nlew Yok; him bow wow pie. You no savy? Allee samee Flankflurter. Him no lats.

Sportsman (whispering excitedly.)—There it is, shall I fire?

Guide.—Yes, but aim high. The report of your gun will frighten the bird, but for heaven's sake don't kill the dog.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting Coquina, face to face, I have enjoyed many of his excellent articles on hunting and fishing, and when my newsdealer handed me a copy of RECREATION, some months ago, asking what I thought of that for a magazine, I could not help thinking then, as I think now, that the success of the magazine is certain if Coquina has the management of it. Judging from the April number, received to-day, I did not miss my guess very far. I can but feel proud of RECREATION. Am glad to know the people are supporting it as they should, and sincerely hope and trust your promise to more than double its size within the next year will be kept.

May the face of RECREATION never get a wrinkle on it; may the pants of the boys, whose pictures you publish every month, never grow shorter; may the fish stories never get scales on them; may the women (God bless 'em!) continue to visit our camp-fires at frequent intervals; may every bicycle rider in the United States and Canada get a spike in his tire if he fails to take RECREATION; and may your subscription list swell until it reaches the 100,000 mark.

JOHN D. HOWE. (Cheyenne Bob.)
Omaha, Neb.

I was captivated by the first number of RECREATION I saw, and at once ordered all back numbers. It is bright, clean, pleasing and instructive. When I receive a new copy I look the pictures over on my way from the office. Then after supper I sit down with the intention of reading one or two articles; but when one is finished another is begun, and so it is until the Remington Bicycle ad is reached. I am then impatient to think I shall have to wait a whole month for another number. That is the severest criticism I can give RECREATION.

JAMES M. GRAVES,
State Normal and Training School,
Potsdam, N. Y.

Had never seen RECREATION until I happened to pick up a copy of the February number in a book store. One glance at it was sufficient, and it was mine. I have often wondered why some enterprising person did not publish such a magazine, for surely there has been a need of it for many a year. Every admirer of good old Izaak Walton, who loves "to be quiet and go a fishin'," owes you a debt of gratitude which he can only repay by becoming a subscriber for life to RECREATION. L. C. YAGER,
102 W. 4th street, Cincinnati.

The "sample copy" of RECREATION received, and apostleized me at once.

I want to say to you frankly that it is the most attractive magazine I have yet seen. Good taste and judgment shine out all through it, and if you can keep it at its present standard, you will have the gratitude of all sportsmen.

H. B. CRANE, Sec'y,
West Wis. Mfg. Co., Wilson, Wis.

RECREATION is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. R. H. COMBS, St. Louis, Mo.

Of all publications pertaining to sports afield, in the forest or by the stream, RECREATION stands most conspicuously to the front. The illustrations alone are worth many times the price asked, and the moral tone of the magazine is of the highest. L. CLARK HOYT,
Elba, N. Y.

I am delighted with RECREATION, more and more, and wish to add my congratulations to those of so many others on its phenomenal success. It fills a long felt want and will, I am positive, soon have one of the largest circulation lists in the country. EDWARD W. WILD,
Editor *Sentinel*, Keene, N. H.

I am greatly pleased with RECREATION. It is well worthy the author of Coquina's splendid books. It should be in the hands of every sportsman who loves to be "near to Nature's heart." I enclose you three subscriptions.

W. STARK.

I have yet to ask a man, interested in outdoor sports, to subscribe to RECREATION, and have him refuse. A. D. WHEELER,
Boston, Mass.

[Mr. Wheeler has sent in 22 subscriptions.—EDITOR.]

Every gun club should take RECREATION. My friends are all delighted with it. I also have "The Big Game of North America," a book second to none of its kind.

E. LAMBERT JONES.

I greatly enjoy RECREATION and read every thing between the covers, including advertisements. WM. A. STERNBERG,
Attorney at Law, Tacoma, Wash.

Your March number was a stunner, and all subscribers in this place are more than pleased with it. G. W. SHAMPANORE, Editor,
The Press, East Bangor, Pa.

RECREATION is one of the best magazines published at the present time. The engravings are the finest I have ever seen in any sportsmen's periodical. GEO. O. GREENE,
Princeton, Ill.

I am glad your list of subscribers is growing so fast. You deserve it, for RECREATION now ranks as the first periodical in the country.

CHAS. H. LAIRD,
P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C.

I receive RECREATION once a month and the only objection I have to it is, that I can't get it once a week instead. J. H. MOGGS.

RECREATION is an artistic success, and I hope will prove a financial one, that we may all continue to enjoy its good things. H. W. VOSS.

RECREATION is the best magazine of the kind published in this country.

Hon. G. A. BUCKSTAFF, Oshkosh, Wis.

A GREAT BOOK.

Editors and publishers seldom buy books and pay cash for them. They like to pay for their books in advertising. I have, however, bought from Funk & Wagnals Company, New York, a copy of the Standard Dictionary, and have given them a check for it at regular trade price. Now I am so well pleased with it that I want to commend it to my friends. I cannot do this more effectively than in the words of my friend W. J. Hunsaker, editor of the *Detroit Journal*, who says:

"In no work of its kind has the idea of grouping related words been carried so far or so carefully systematized, and with such excellent results in the way of clearness of presentation and breadth of scope. . . . The general definitions in the Standard are noteworthy for their clearness and brief comprehension—brief when few words are sufficient, but by no means discarding even encyclopedic treatment when the subject demands it.

"The Standard is a safe and impartial guide in spelling. Every one of the 300,000 words received the attentive consideration of that eminent philologist. F. A. March, LL.D. and the decisions seem to have been made to avoid equally new departures and the conservatism which clings to mistaken forms that obviously should be corrected. . . . Taken altogether the Standard Dictionary is without a peer. Nothing has been left undone to make it a complete success. It is a decided improvement over even such dictionaries as Webster's and the Century. Admirably suited for newspaper work, it has been adopted as the authority in many offices, and we predict that in a short time it will be adopted by all the leading schools and colleges."

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE KANKAKEE Shooting and Fishing Club offers for sale its great game preserve of 1,200 acres, in Laport and Stark counties, Indiana. The tract comprises three club houses, a farm house, barn, boat houses, orchard, 60 acres of good upland, and 100 acres of meadow. It has a frontage of four miles on the Kankakee river, and is an ideal site for a club or private preserve. Address, U. Baird, 43 North Diamond street, Allegheny, Pa.

Washington, D. C.

Our party goes every fall up to Edwards Ferry, Md., 35 miles from Washington. It is a grand place to fish. Four of us took, in three days, 108 bass, averaging two pounds apiece. Edwards is easy to reach. Fare from Washington only $1.26. It is a wonder to me more eastern sportsmen do not go there.

CHAS. SULLY WHEELER.

Augusta, Me.

I am much interested in hunting and fishing. With a number of my schoolmates I have organized a sportsmen's club, called the "Knights of the Rod and Gun." We are all working hard for the advancement of the club. The average age of the boys is 17 years. We meet often to practice shooting glass balls.

HARRY BOYNTON.

Harrisville, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

Trout fishing is excellent this season at and in the vicinity of Forest Home. Large catches are being made almost daily. During the week commencing May 12th, about 300 trout were caught near there. One party of two caught 35 one day, averaging about one pound each. Another party of three caught in one day 50, weighing about ¾ of a pound each. Now is the time to catch trout.

HUMES BROS.

Baker City, Ore.

RECREATION for March is simply out of sight. The boys are all talking about it. The newsdealer here sold 15 copies this evening, almost as soon as placed on sale. He could have sold 10 more, and has made his standing order for 25 a month hereafter.

M. W. MINER.

We have every reason thus far to believe that RECREATION is covering an excellent field, resulting in numerous inquiries, those from remote points, such as California, Texas, Canada and the Canadian provinces, being especially noticeable.

W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO.

Enclosed please find money order for three subscriptions to RECREATION, the champion true hunter's magazine of to-day. I'd rather miss my dinner, any time, than lose a copy of RECREATION.

Capt. H. H. COOPER.

"Have you read that article on how to tell a bad egg?" "No, I haven't, but my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently."

American Review.

I have received the copy of RECREATION, and think it the best little magazine I ever saw. I enclose draft for $2.00, for which please send it one year to me and to G. F. Benson.

H. B. JEWELL.

North Platte, Neb.

Duck and goose shooting has been exceptionally good here this spring, but the prospects for prairie chickens are not encouraging.

M. K. BARNUM.

Crystal River, Fla.

I landed a 166½ pound tarpon on a phantom minnow. Have you heard of a better record than this with artificial bait?

WM. E. CARLIN.

Dallas, Tex.

Snipe were numerous here during May. A party of us bagged over a hundred in one day's shooting.

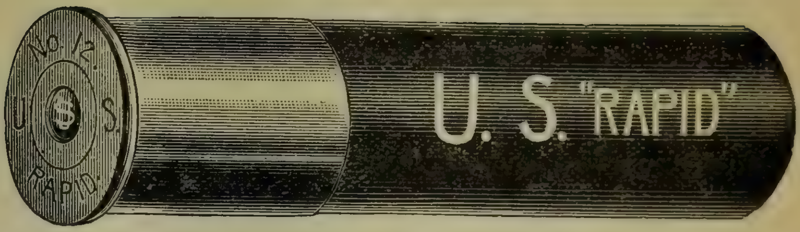
W. F. THATCHER, M. D.

Bethel, Me.

During the past season 77 bears were killed in eight towns in the northern part of Oxford county, Me.

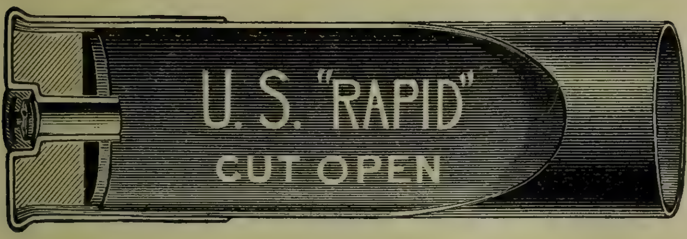
J. G. RICH.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR
**Nitro
Powders.**

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

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San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT.

Before photography was thought of, certain wise men found out that light had a decided effect on bromide of silver (ag. br.) but whether a chemical or physical change takes place when light strikes the ag. br. they have never been able to ascertain. They soon utilized the fact by applying it to art in the form of silhouettes or shadows, which all prints really are, of leaves, laces, etc.

Step by step the art progressed till now we have our perfect films or plates covered with a solution containing this wonderful silver bromide.

Many are those who love to withdraw—Druid-like—to the mysterious dark-room to develop a plate. The gallery-man does not enjoy it anything like so much as the amateur, who, as he knows not what capers his plate is about to cut up, must arm himself for an intelligent *operation*, just as the surgeon does. If he is posted on what remedies to use he can be confident of success. So by understanding the chemistry of development, the amateur will know what each transition demands. One good negative is a thing of beauty and a joy forever and worth a barrel of poor ones. First of all don't get excited; take your time—for slow development with weak solutions generally gives the best negatives. Like the Dutchman who told of his success in the milk business, I would say to you "I use plenty vater." Dilute your development at the start. The first thing to learn is what chemicals are absolutely necessary in the development of a plate. The answer is, two—that is—the oxidizer or blackner (such as pyro., amidol, etc.), and the accelerator, as sal soda, ammonia to push along and hurry up the pyro., which, being clumsy in its work, often gets in its own way and acts as a hindrance to development instead of a help.

Let us take a seed plate for example, which calls for this formula; sul. soda, 4 oz. sal soda, 4 oz.—pyro., 1 oz. (the sal soda is put in to preserve the pyro. if used in the stock sol. form.) The pyro. when exposed to the air in the solution form absorbs oxygen (for which it has a ravenous appetite or affinity), and turns black. To overcome this "spoiling" of pyro. solution, I myself keep the pyro. in the dry form not in the solution and use it as I develop, thus: From my single stock solution of sal soda, 1 oz. —sulphite, 1 oz.—water, 8 oz., I take 1 oz. and add to this a mustard spoonful of dry pyro. and 4 oz. of water. This will develop several 4 x 5 plates. It is best to begin with little or no sal. soda; that is, just pyro. and water, and if the plate does not flash up and turn dark at once, we know it is not overtimed and can add the accelerator as needed.

Like many amateurs I used to think an under exposed negative called for more pyro. while from the above we must form exactly the opposite conclusion. Remember that pyro. gives contrasts in the under exposed plate, while in an over exposed plate a strong developer gives flatness or monotone. Remember the pyro. does not intensify till the sal. soda is added.

For the above facts I can claim no orginality, but do heartily endorse the sentiment, "Mix brains with your developer."

PAUL A. ULRICH.

Haines Falls, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

It looks as if the problem of producing photographs in natural colors has been, or is about to be solved. The inventor this time is Mr. Jas. W. McDonough. The process seems to be based on the "resistance to light" principle A multicolored ruled screen is used in front of the plate in making the negative, from which a positive is made on glass or other medium, and a screen corresponding to the one used in making the negative is placed before it in perfect register, when the photograph is seen in natural colors.

It would seem almost impossible to compute the capabilities and utility of this process, when perfected and brought into universal use. It is said that Mr. McDonough patented his process in 1892. I hope ere long to give a more extended account of this discovery.

JNO. W. RUSK.

Lowell, Mass., April, 1895.

Editor RECREATION.

I should like to ask your experienced amateur photographers through the columns of your valuable magazine, what they consider the best size and style of camera for a hunter to take to the Maine woods to get a few pictures of the scenery, etc. I should like the opinion of experienced parties. It seems compactness would take precedence over every thing else. At least this has been my experience in carrying camp outfits of all kinds.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. H. WORCESTER.

In using a hand camera always place it on a box, stump, log, rock, fence or other stationary rest and hold it down firmly with one hand while you press the button with the other. It is almost impossible to simply hold one of these cameras in the hand, make an exposure and prevent the box from moving at the same time; and a movement of 1-100 of an inch is sufficient to blur a picture. Always have a solid basis to work on before you release your shutter.

Redfield, S. D.

Editor RECREATION.

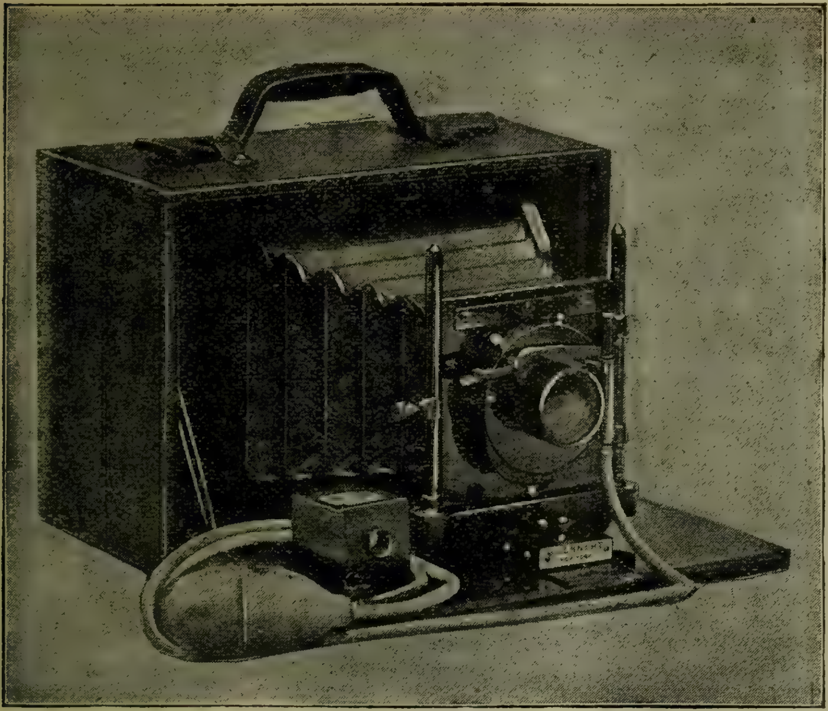
Will "Brains," who wrote the article in April RECREATION on "How to Develop," kindly tell us in what proportions to combine metol, eikonogen, pyro-glycin and hydrochinoid. What formula does he consider best for films?

I find the suggestions in this department of great help to me. J. H. J.

DON'T FORGET that you can confer a lasting favor on your friend by making him a present of a year's subscription to RECREATION, and that it costs you only $1.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer !

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

All Outdoors ❖ is Yours

THAT PLATE MEANS *Columbia* THE BEST BICYCLE

The possession of a bicycle will bring park and country within easy reach---will double your enjoyment of life. *Highest* pleasure, though, comes only with the best of bicycles

Buy a Columbia, $100

or a Hartford, $80 $60 $50.

If you would know all about these superb wheels, get a Catalogue from the nearest Columbia agent, or send two 2-cent stamps to us for postage.

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Hartford, Conn.

BOSTON, CHICAGO,
NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO,
BUFFALO, PROVIDENCE.

TRI-COLLEGIATE BOAT RACES.

The contest between Poughkeepsie, Newburgh and the other competing towns, for the boat racing of the crews connected with Cornell University, Columbia College and the University of Pennsylvania, has been decided at Philadelphia in favor of Poughkeepsie. They will be run June 21st.

The people of the midway city of the Hudson are properly jubilant over this decision and so are the towns adjacent. Even Newburgh, which failed to get the races, acquiesces gracefully, one of its papers saying that the course is very convenient for visitors from the lower city to reach. No doubt, too, the crews and their friends will also appreciate Poughkeepsie's advantages for the sport anticipated, and for wholesale hospitality. Boat houses that are elegant and fully equipped, and one very stylish house on the banks of the river, are tendered to the various crews for their use while the races last, and so long as they may remain in the city.

Those who know say that the course selected is not to be surpassed by any space of water that the Hudson affords. Both of the Hudson's shores at Poughkeepsie are bluff shores, so that spectators can hardly find a view point amiss on either side, and as the course passes the entire city boundary on the river, the opportunity for seeing the races will be good for all who wish to attend them.

The Poughkeepsie bridge, which will be an interesting feature to those who come to the boating contest, will be in full view of the whole field, and the boats will pass under it. It is not likely that spectators in any great number will be allowed to occupy the bridge for seeing the races, though some privileged persons may get that opportunity. There is room there, of course, for a large aerial crowd, but as it is not so adapted for crowds or for broad masses of foot passengers as the Brooklyn bridge is, it will probably be regarded as imprudent or provocative of accident to crowd it, in such a way, on such an exciting occasion.

But there will be no need of so lofty an eyrie. Enterprising citizens of Poughkeepsie have already seen that the view from river boats will be extensively demanded, so that sightseers may keep within a uniform distance of the racing boats, and several steamers have been already chartered by them to meet this want.

The date set for the races, either fortunately or unfortunately, will hit the school vacations of Vassar College and the various seminaries in Poughkeepsie, which the out-of-town students may regret. But they could hardly have found time to see the races, had they come earlier and at the busy end of the scholastic year.

In reference to the crews that are to row at these races, there can be nothing better offered than the following paragraph from the Poughkeepsie *News-Press :*

> It is, of course, early to know much about the crews to row here. Cornell has a crew already entered in the Henley regatta to be rowed on the Thames, England, early in June, which crew is probably the strongest one representing Cornell. This team will not be here. Cornell has three other crews, and they are all in training under Charles Courtney, the famous oarsman, on the lake at Ithaca. Two are 'Varsity crews, and two freshmen crews at Cornell. The first 'Varsity crew is the Henley crew, but its make-up is subject to some change before it sails for England. Some rowing sharps have supposed that the University of Pennsylvania, or Columbia, have a better chance to win than usual this year, because Cornell's crew in the race will be a second one. This does look reasonable, but in several scrub races at Ithaca the second crew has generally beaten the first, although the first contains most of the veterans of former victories.
>
> It is said that the crew Mr. Courtney will send to England will be lighter in weight than the one that will compete with the old rivals of the college at Poughkeepsie, because the Henly course is shorter than the regular four mile American college course for eight oared crews.

As evidence of the interest taken in these races, it is said all the available boats between New York and Albany have now been engaged to carry passengers to the racing course.

JOEL BENTON.

YALE
Mixture
The Gentleman's Smoke
Wherever he may be.
We are satisfied if you try it.
you will be satisfied if you do.
A 2 oz. trial package sent post-paid for 25cts.
MARBURG BROS,
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO, Successors
BALTIMORE, Md.

REGISTERED **3 IN 1** TRADE MARK
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FOR BICYCLES AND GUNS.
PREVENTS RUST, CLEANS, LUBRICATES.
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SEND FIVE TWO CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.

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Relieved and Cured.
We can refer you to thousands of cured patients. No operation. No detention from business. For circulars and examination— FREE—address
The O. E. Miller Co.,
126 E. 23d Street, New York.

E. C.

ANOTHER RECORD.

Capt. Jack Brewer,

On April 26th, 1895, at Dexter Park, N. Y., 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, killed **100 PIGEONS** without a miss, using E. C. Smokeless Powder. Mr. J. A. R. ELLIOTT also killed 100 straight in his match with Dr. Carver, using E. C. Powder, which proves the wonderful regularity and killing power of E. C. These scores have never been equalled with any other powder, and are the highest professional records of the world.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited.

OAKLAND, BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

Orange "Extra" Powder.

PATENTED APRIL 17, 1888.

THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with shotgun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, Orange Special Powder.

"TROISDORF,"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,

New York Office, 29 MURRAY ST.

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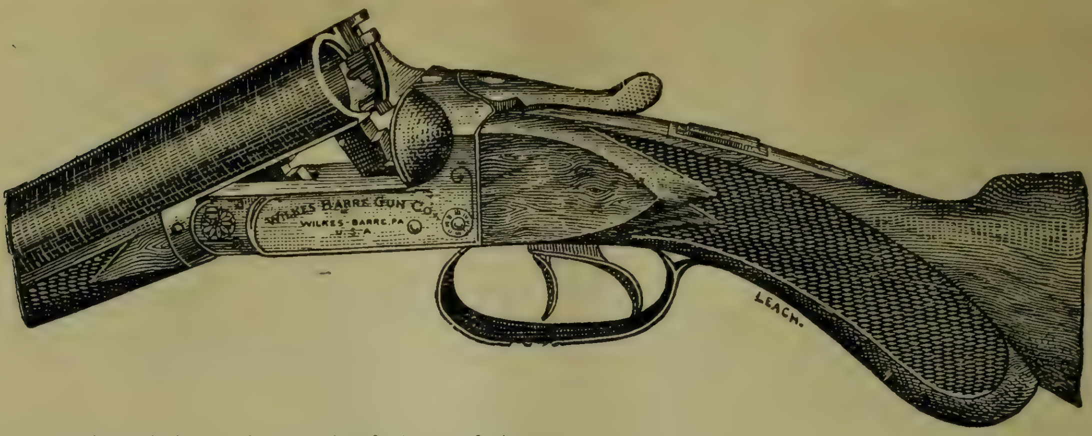
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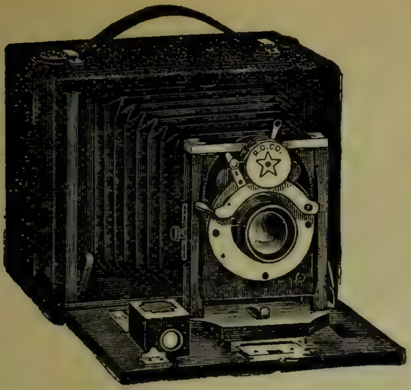

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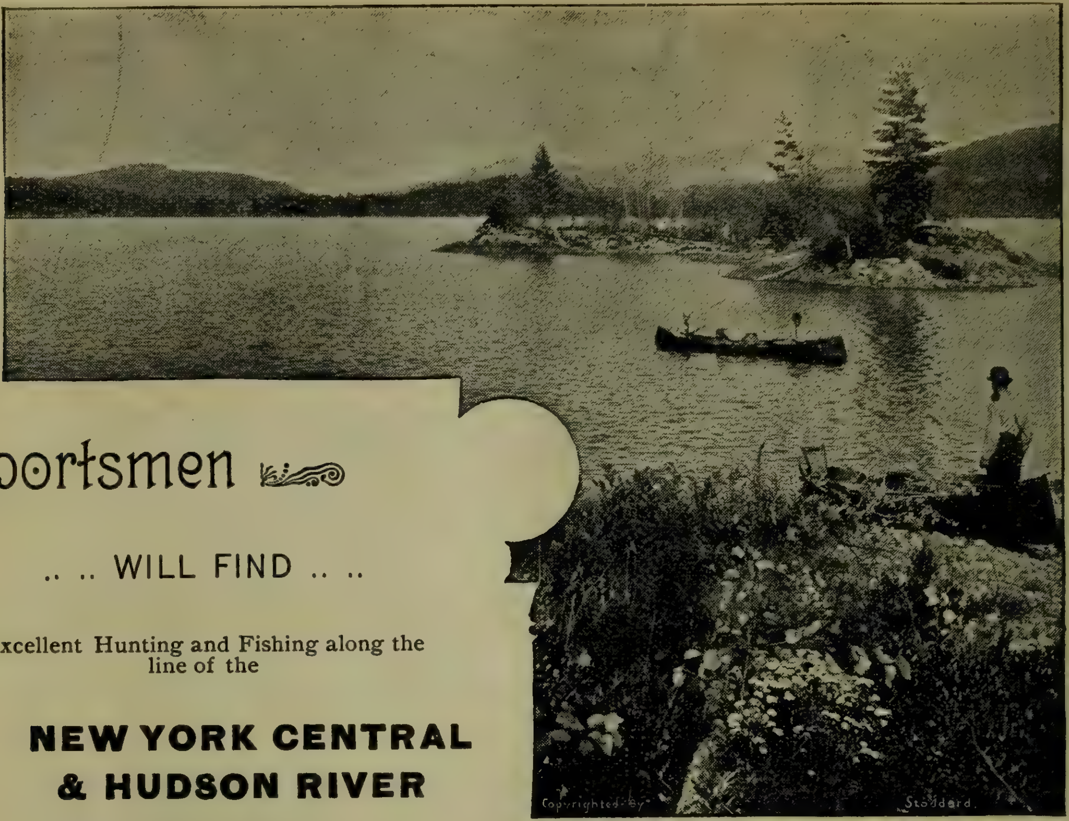

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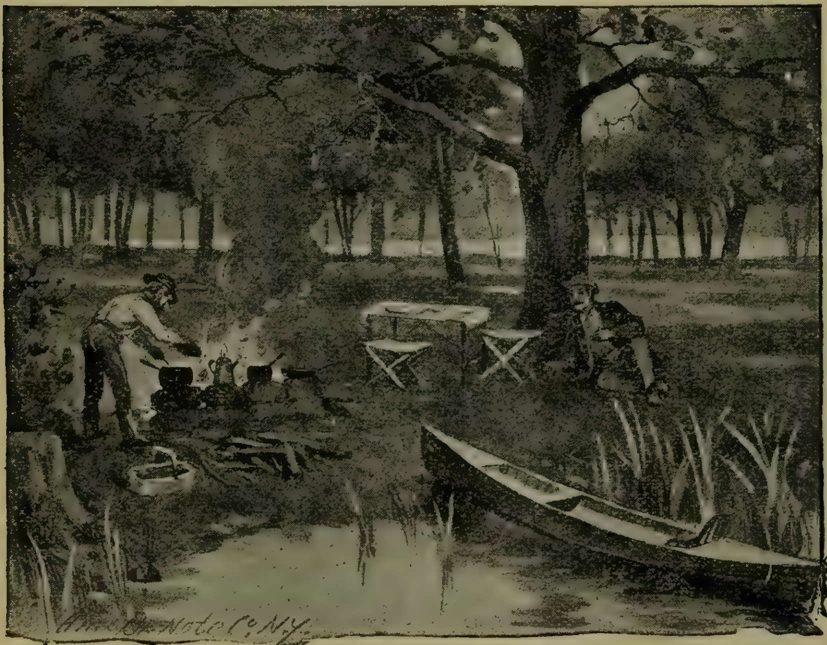

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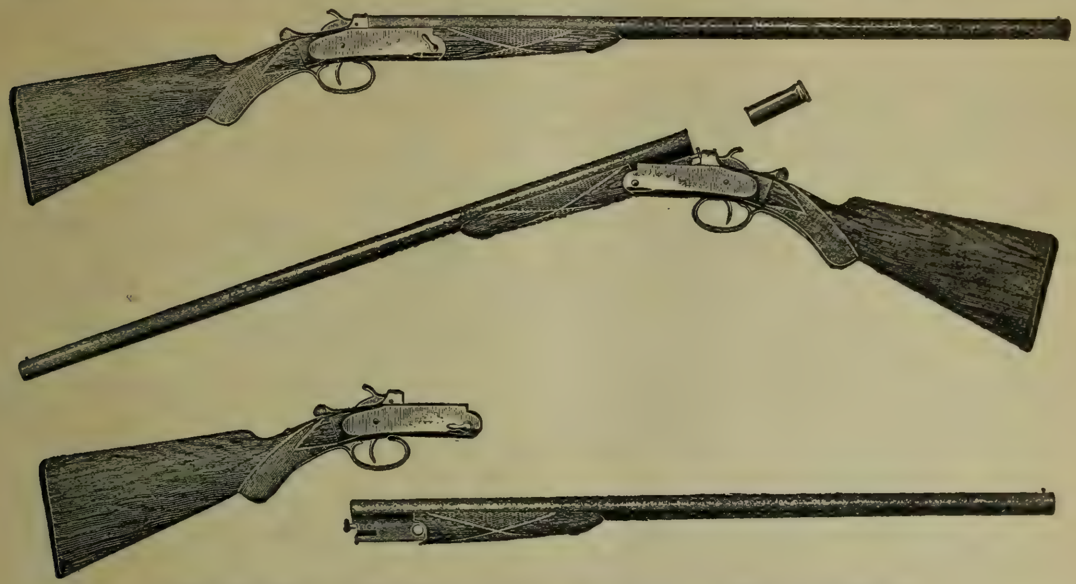

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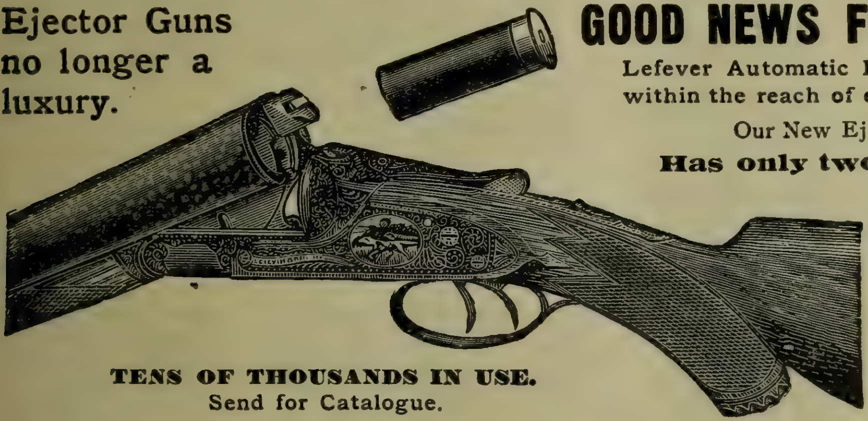

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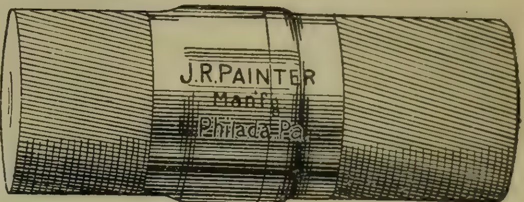

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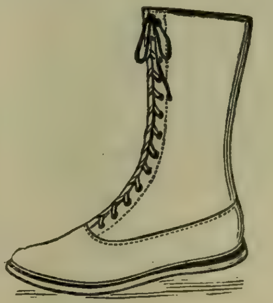

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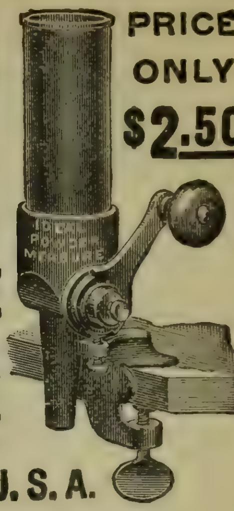

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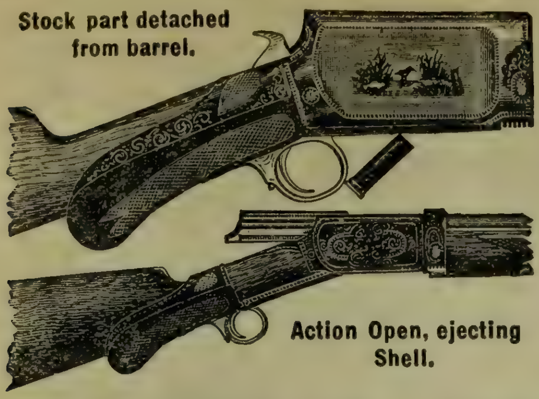
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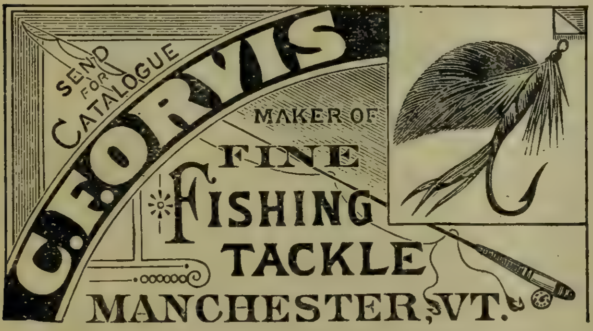

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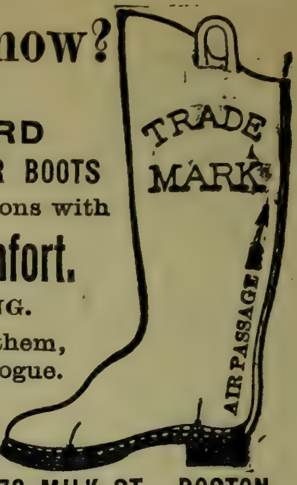

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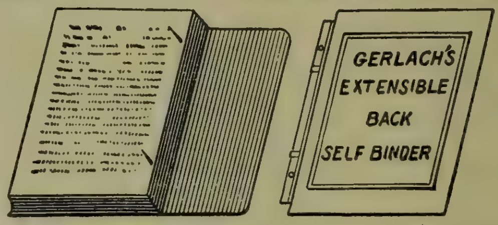

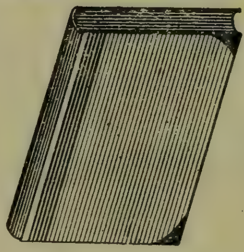

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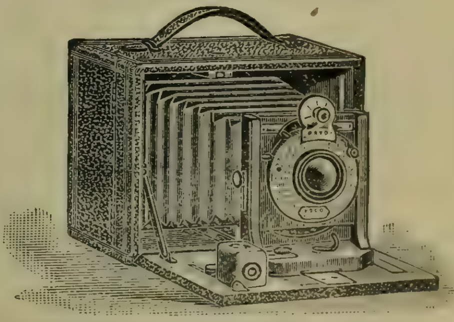

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MR. F. U. HUGUNIN, of St. Louis, the champion bass fly caster of that city made a catch of 80 lbs. of black bass on May 5th, at Spring Lake, Ill. Several of the fish weighing over 5 pounds each.

THE Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, shot a telegraph match with the Springfield, Ill., Gun Club, May 3rd, and were again the victors. The totals of the scores are as follows,—

Mo. R. & P. Club	4495
Springfield	4239
	256

Majority for the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club. German ring target was used.

At the Southern Race Meet, held at Castalian Springs, Miss. May 6th, and 7th, the Monarch captured nearly all the honors. The Monarch riders, Whitehead, Pickens, and Morriss, won not less than ten races out ofeleven, including the state championship, riding the Monarch 22 pound road wheel against 17 and 18 pound racers of most every other make.

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You can't make him relax.
He knows that he's a car-pet,
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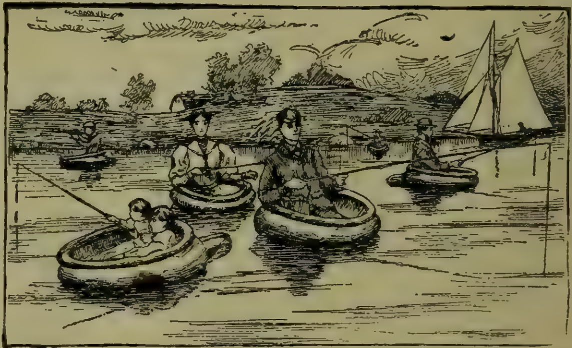

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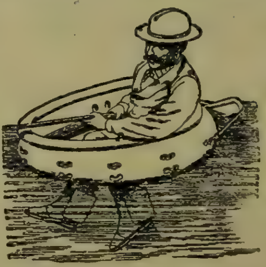

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(*Mention this Paper.*) 15-B

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Twenty-five subscriptions and $25.00, a double barrel breechloading Shot Gun worth $25.00.

Thirty-five subscriptions and $35.00, a double barrel hammerless breechloading Shot Gun worth $35.00.

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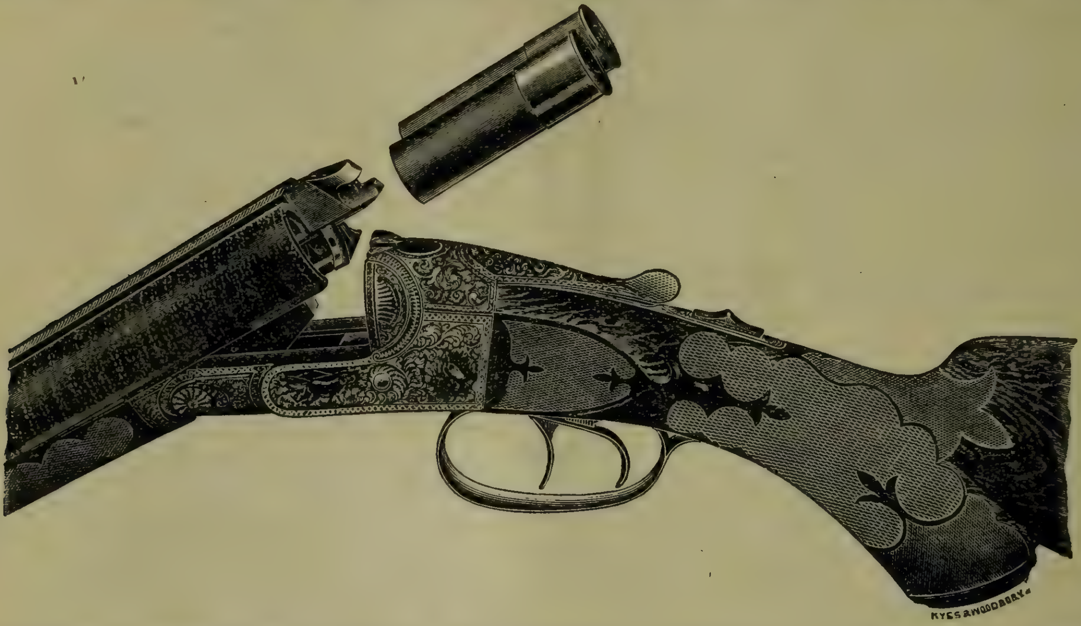

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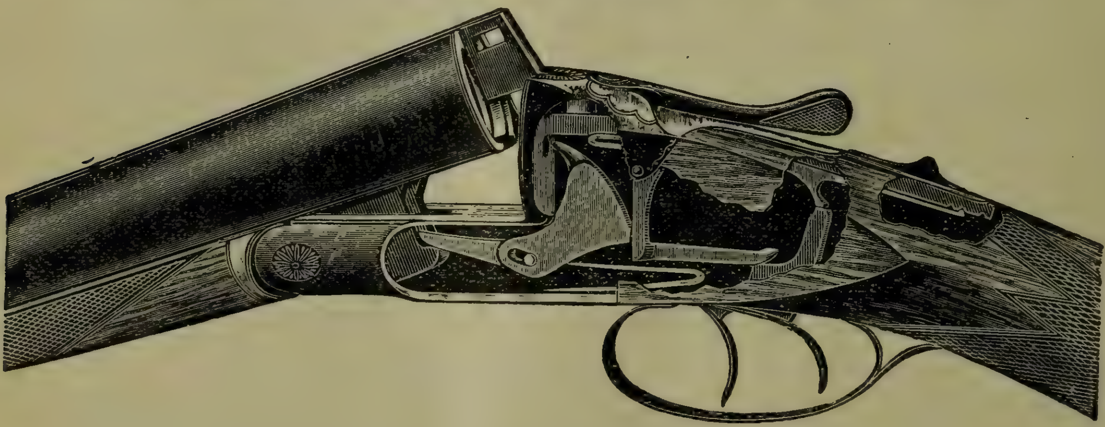

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Bored Especially for Nitro Powder and Fully Guaranteed when Using Same.

We make the 12 ga. from 6½ lbs. up, and 10 ga. from 7 lbs. up.

SYRACUSE ARMS CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR OF PRICES TO

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Also wholesale Agents for SPENCER GUNS. See page xxiii.

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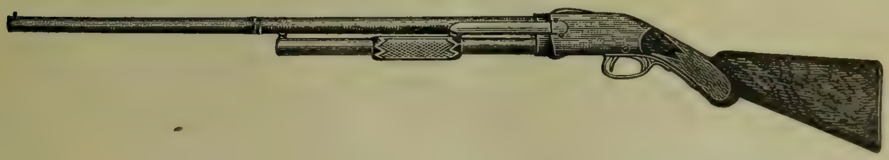

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Also Wholesale Agents for Hallenbeck Guns. See page xxii.

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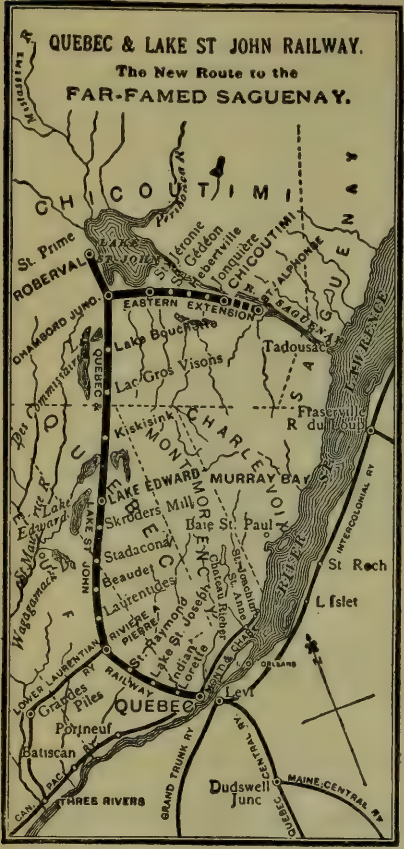
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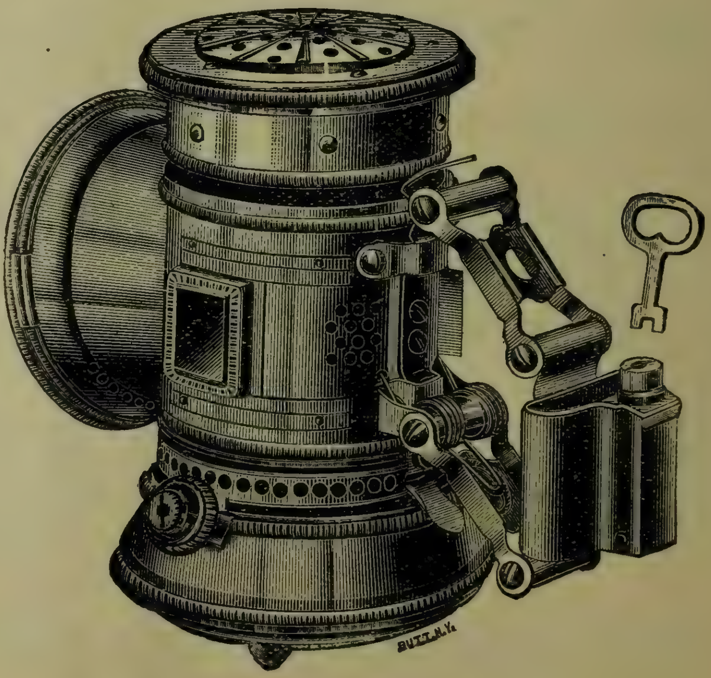

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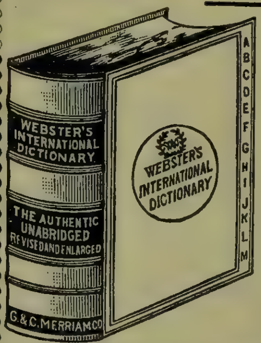
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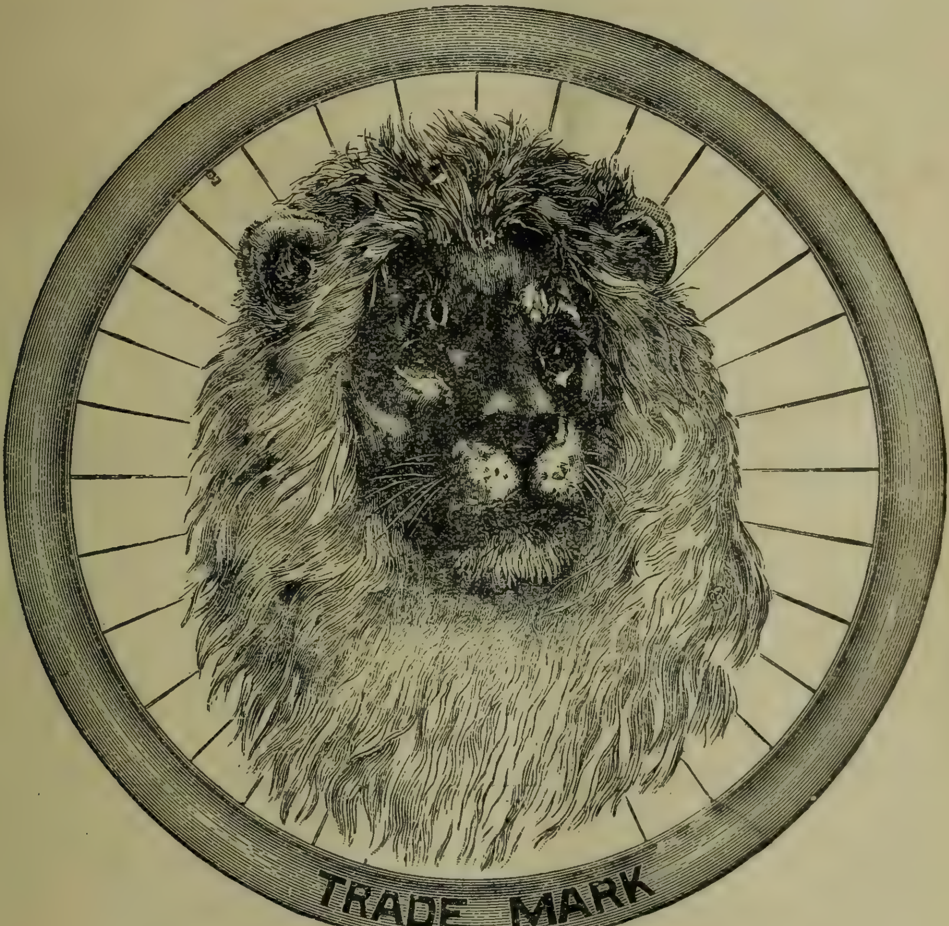

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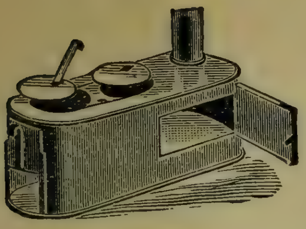

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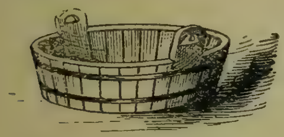

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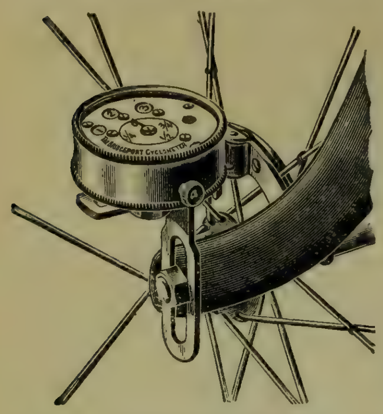

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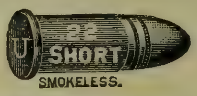

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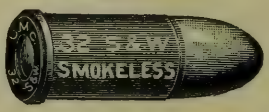

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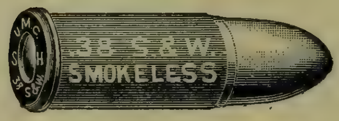

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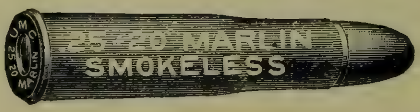

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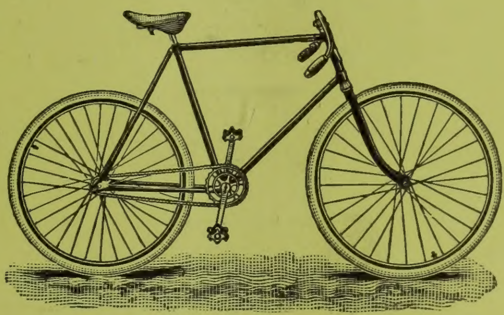

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MODEL 1893.

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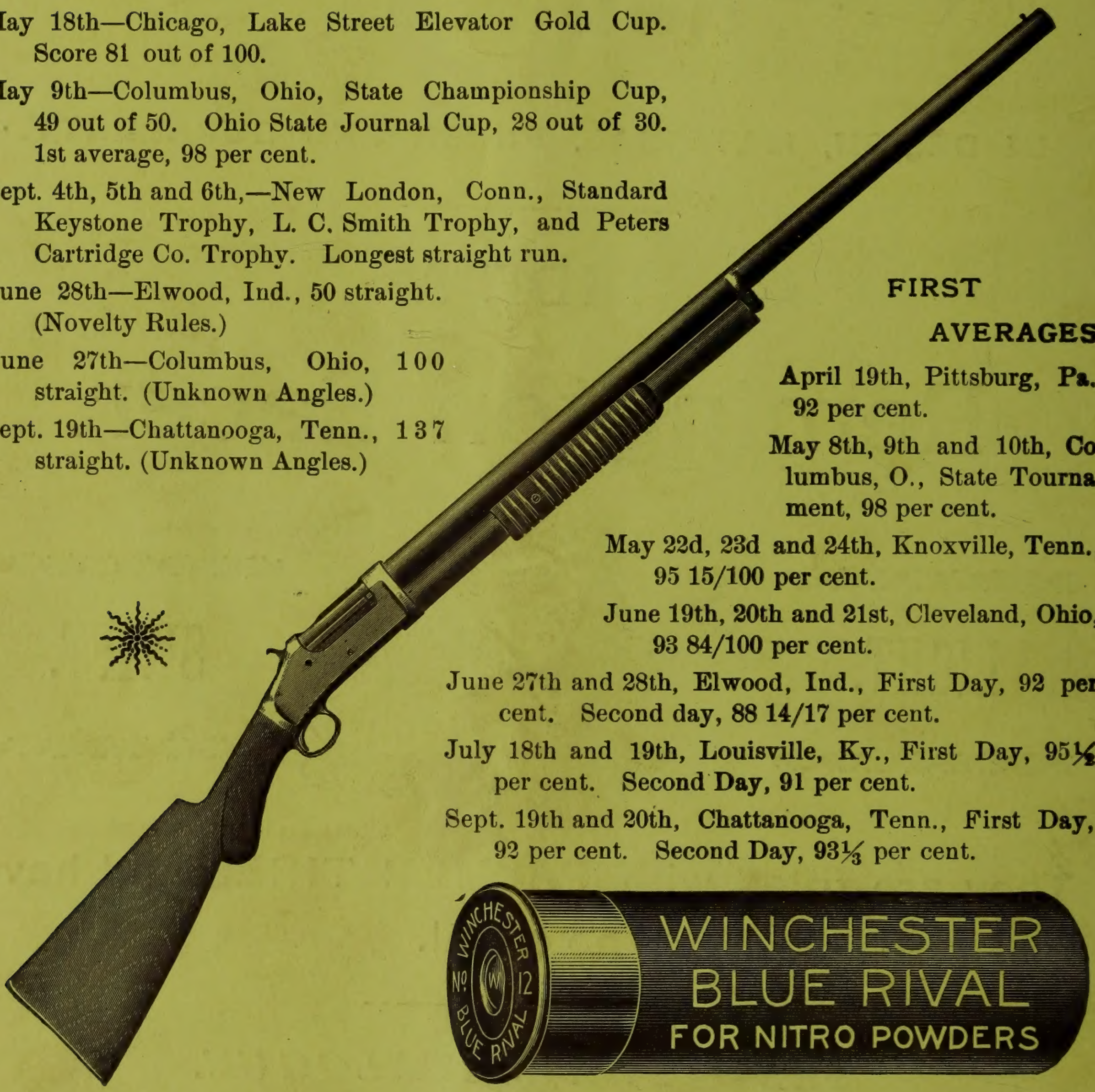
June 27th—Columbus, Ohio, 100 straight. (Unknown Angles.)

Sept. 19th—Chattanooga, Tenn., 137 straight. (Unknown Angles.)



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